THE

LONDON MAGAZINE.

JULY TO DECEMBER,

1824.

Why should not divers studies at divers hours, delight, when the variety is able alone to refresh and repair us?

BEN JONSON'S *Discoveries*.

VOL. X.



London:

PRINTED FOR TAYLOR AND HESSEY,

93, FLEET STREET,

AND 13, WATERLOO PLACE, PALL MALL.

1824.

C. Baldwin, Printer,
New Bridge-street, London.

ALPHABETICAL TABLE

OF

CONTENTS.

NEW SERIES. No. XXXVII.

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LONDON MAGAZINE

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CORRIGENDA.

Our readers are particularly requested to correct the following errors, which have by an accident been permitted to remain, between pages 33 and 58.

Page 33, line 12, for *line*, read *time*.
36, — 33, transfer *after the death of his father, Lord Arranmore*, to line 39.
38, — 13, insert *him*, after *before*.
42, — 37, for *as felt in*, read *and fell is*.
44, — 2, for *forces*, read *horses*.
46, — 31, for *Coriaris*, read *Coricius*.
48, — 8, for *Sante*, read *Santo Xisto*.
— last line, for *faults*, read *facts*.
50, — 16, for *vented itself*, read *inflamed*.
58, — 23, for *proportionate*, read *passionate*.
— — 30, to *honour*, add *to both*.
— — 37, for *heroines*, read *triremes*.
— — 46, for *Villepatura*, read *Villegiatura*.

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TO

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ALPHABETICAL INDEX

TO

VOL. X., NEW SERIES.

THE

LONDON MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1824.

CONTENTS.

LONDON.

PRINTED FOR TAYLOR AND HESSEY

THE LION'S HEAD.

THERE are many communications sent us from time to time, which our limits prevent us inserting when and where their authors would wish to see them. We have asked leave of our Lion this month to publish a few of these articles under the sign of his head, and he, with a kind of grumbling graciousness, has awarded us his permission accordingly.

The champions of the female sex are rising *en masse* against X. Y. Z.; SURREY breaks a spear with him a few pages onwards, and our correspondent H. N. T. S. appears quite as ambitious, under a somewhat less aspiring name, to try his strength with the aforesaid ungallant knight.

To the Editor.

SIR,—I am no advocate for the doctrine occasionally advanced, which affirms the original equality of the sexes in intellectual power; on the contrary, I think it as false in fact, as it is dangerous in tendency, yet I cannot help feeling that your gifted correspondent, X. Y. Z. has, in the consciousness of his own sexual and individual superiority, treated the ladies with but little justice, and with still less gallantry. So much is this the case, indeed, that utterly unknown to me as he is, I would almost venture to assert, that his judgment has been warped, or his feelings embittered, by his having been, at some period or other, unfortunately placed in contact with female ignorance, or with female pedantry. The one would tend to produce a belief in the incapacity of women: —the other, to create a wish that that incapacity were universal.

While, however, I am cordially disposed to concede the point of equality between the sexes, I am obliged in candour to admit, that the question has never been fairly tried; nor, while the occupations of women, both natural and artificial, differ so essentially from those of men, as the welfare of society requires that they should, can we ever do more than "take the high *priori* road" in our reasonings upon the subject. To very few women have the gates of knowledge been thrown open by other hands than their own; and for none has been, or could be, obtained an exemption from those peculiar circumstances, moral and physical, which must exercise so powerful an influence in the formation of their literary character; and which, even under the most advantageous system of education, will ever contribute to affix the impress of inferiority upon the exertions of female intellect.

I cannot, however, agree in the inference drawn by your correspondent, that because women have not succeeded in producing works of imagination of the highest class, they are therefore incapable of comprehending and of relishing such works. If X. Y. Z.—the profound political economist,—has ever, in the versatility of his talents, deigned to trifle with the muse, he probably does not entertain the opinion, that his poetry is equal to Lord Byron's; yet would he not justly question the rectitude of the decision which should, for that reason only, pronounce him incompetent to feel and to estimate the higher bard? "Where," he exultingly asks, "where is *Mrs.* Shakspeare?" Does he forget, that in the opinion of all orthodox Englishmen, we might in vain inquire of a neighbouring nation, "where is *Monsieur* Shakspeare?" There is something almost of a trading spirit in the criterion of *quantity* adopted by X. Y. Z. in judging of the value of female productions. Are there no *gems* in literature, as well as masses of gold? Gray never wrote an epic, nor even a poem of any length; yet are his odes therefore the less invaluable? Until the appearance of Lallah Rookh, Moore lived in our memories and on our lips, only as the writer of the most beautiful short poems ever composed:—to the Grecian bard, whom he has made our own, belonged the same character in his day:—and Pindar—the masculine, the sublime, the magnificent Pindar—might with dismay behold his claims adjusted by the balance or the yard.

I apprehend that X. Y. Z. has not rendered adequate (it is certainly reluctant) justice to the value of Signora Agnesi's contributions to mathematical science; but, with the recollection present of even one successful female adventurer in that region of profound abstraction, how could he proceed to assert, that the abstractions of poetry are "utterly inapprehensible" by a woman's mind? Has Madame de Staël, too, that great redeemer of her sex, lived and written in vain for X. Y. Z.? Has the power of her spirit never passed thrillingly over his own? Has the radiance of her surpassing glory never lighted up the secret places of his heart? If he reply in the negative, we must be constrained to admit, that there are some, for whom the charmer charmeth wisely to very little purpose.

I have, however, no design to enter into a defence of the sex, and still less to controvert X. Y. Z.'s general position; but, differing from him only with regard to some particulars, I must at the same time venture to express my regret, that in his mode of treating his fair adversaries, he has exhibited less of suavity than of strength. He brandishes the club of mental superiority in the style of an intellectual North American; and woe to the literary squaw, who should presume to await its dire descent. Away, Ladies, to your strong-holds and your hiding-places;—to your store-closets and your nurseries:—there, you may possibly be allowed to compass, in peace and credit, the composition of a lullaby for your children, or "an excellent new ballad" for your maids. But beware how you put forth your noses beyond these sanctuaries:—beware,—for the Mohawk is abroad. H. N. T. S.

Our poets will leave nothing untouched. Even "Sleep, gentle Sleep," the most inoffensive of all the deities, cannot escape their visitation.

AN ADDRESS TO SLEEP.

Oh! gentle Sleep!
Leave not thy lover now,
But thy fair tresses steep
Where Lethe's streamlets flow,
And lave my burning brow!

Oh! faithless maid!
To fly when grief appears,
And the languid frame is laid
On a couch bedew'd with tears!

Alas! in happier hours,
When Peace, thy bridal-maid,
Wooed thee to the secret shade,
Where a gorgeous screen was twined,
O'er a couch of summer-flowers—
Thou wert not so unkind!

Farewell thou faithless maid!
Yet not a long farewell,
For swiftly speeds the coming night,
When Death, with unresisted might,
Shall bring thee to the silent cell,
Where a broken heart is laid! D. L. R——n.

Some doubts have agitated Lion's Head respecting the Essay or Story which Q. somewhat querulously asks after. It may perhaps be inserted in the next Number, but no positive opinion can be given till our Lord Chancellor has made up his mind.

The Reverend Gentleman who has sent us a Letter concerning the Destruction of Lord Byron's Memoirs has much misconceived the true state of the case, if we are rightly informed; but as our information is chiefly derived from the public papers, it may be incorrect. Certain statements, however, have appeared, professing to bear the authority of Mr. Moore, which completely set aside the view taken by our Correspondent. We have good reason to suppose that another version, distinct from any that has yet appeared, may some day be communicated to the public, which will afford us a proper opportunity of speaking our sentiments on the subject.

The family of poor Bloomfield the poet are in great distress, and a subscription has been set on foot for their relief. Among our numerous correspondents we are sure there are many, to whose benevolence this intimation will be a sufficient appeal.

Paul Jefferies,—Amicus,—On the Heart of Lord Byron,—The Minute Gun,—Translation of a Spanish Song,—The Traveller,—are amongst our unsuccessful communications.

THE

London Magazine.



JULY, 1824.

LILIAN OF THE VALE.

Having partially recovered from a nervous distemper, brought on by a severe course of academical studies, I determined to withdraw for the summer months into the country, where my constitution, naturally weak, might be invigorated, and my mind be diverted from preying on my body, by the novelty and variety of such amusements as woods, and rivers, and mountains, and valleys, afford. Both inclination and necessity (for I was not affluent) induced me to seek a place of retirement at once humble and private, where my expenditure would be inconsiderable, and my actions might escape from that ceremonious restraint, which the forms of society impose upon its members. I had travelled for some time in search of such an abode, but with little success; when one evening as I was returning, quite chagrined, to the village where I had lain the night before, my eyes were attracted to a narrow sheepwalk, which deviated nearly at right angles from the high road, by something which I thought resembled an ornament of dress lying in the middle of the path. Upon taking it up, I found it to be a pale blue ribband, simply folded in the form of a star-knot, and held together by a silken thread of the same colour. This was some proof at least, that a habitation was not far distant, and I immediately determined to attempt discovering it; for, beside the desire of returning the trifle to its owner, I was strongly tinctured with that theory which appropriates much of our future destiny to such accidental occurrences, and I firmly believed that this pathway and no other would lead me to the object in search of which I had set out; especially as the aforesaid ribband did not lie near the road I was pursuing, but a considerable distance from it on the byepath, thereby obviously pointing out to me the way I should choose.

The path I speak of sunk down between two hills, descending much below the level of the high road, and at length opening into a green platform which overlooked a still deeper declivity. I shall never forget the enchanting prospect which offered itself to my view, as I stood in the green recess, formed by the two banks, which rose from the platform, and concealed both it and the steep-down valley it overhung, from the passengers on the high road. I seemed as if suspended in middle air, for the purpose of surveying the hollow woodland beneath me to the greatest advantage; for the precipitous descent of the mountain, on whose side I was placed, prevented me from seeing that there was any thing under my feet but the surface of the platform itself. The valley was of considerable extent, and terminated either way in a dark glen;

it was perfectly verdant, except where its green mantle was relieved by the deeper tints of several masses of foliage with which the lawns were interspersed, by a few glistening rocks, or by the bright surface of a stream which ran at the bottom, forming innumerable cascades and waterfalls, which gave an uncommon sweetness and purity to the air. At one end of the valley appeared a small cottage scarcely indeed apparent, from the number of trees which surrounded it, and open only in front towards the river, on whose opposite side it lay. A few wreaths of thin blue smoke curling above it, showed it to be inhabited. Here then (said I), shall my labours at length cease, if all the wealth I am master of can purchase a corner in such a paradise. Looking about to see how I should descend from my present altitude to this Eden, a little goat made its appearance on the edge of the precipice, just where it was met by the bank forming the side of the recess where I stood, and gazing full at me for some time, disappeared. I approached the place where it had vanished, and found that the former pathway still wound by the foot of the bank wall, and continued in a slanting direction down the side of the precipice, till it ended at the ford which lay across the river, and led up to the cottage door. With some difficulty and considerable danger I doubled this promontory, and descended cautiously, my four-footed guide running on before me, and stopping at intervals to see if I followed. Surely (said I), still theorizing as I followed my active conductor to the bottom, my fate lies this way; here have I a second regulator of my path; there must be something in these governing accidents. I found the river much wider and more rapid than I expected; a large tree, supported at each end on massive stones, lay across the deepest part of the stream, where there were no rocks to serve as steps. Over this my nimble vaunt-courier trotted, and in a few moments led me to the threshold of the cottage, which it entered unceremoniously. As my figure darkened the door, a matron, who sat within, raised her eyes from the book which lay upon her knee, and somewhat astonished, I suppose, at the suddenness of my appearance, waited without speaking till I had explained myself. Having apologized for my intrusion, and related the circumstances which occasioned it, I briefly mentioned the object in search of which I was travelling. The matron civilly replied, that her cottage, from its smallness, was ill adapted to my purposes, but that if I was satisfied with such an humble residence, if I thought my health would be improved by the situation, I was welcome to a part of her house; that she only regretted her inability to provide me with a suitable apartment.

I agreed with the good woman on her own terms, and finding myself fatigued by my journey, I soon retired to my chamber. It was a small room, neatly but simply furnished; a little bed lay in one corner, a woman's dressing-stand, and a couple of old-fashioned chairs, with an oaken table, nearly completed the inventory. A few books, chiefly moral and religious, stood upon a shelf near the window, one of these I opened, and found the word *Lilian*, written in a delicate character, on the title-page. Without waiting to make any further observations, I went to bed and fell asleep immediately.

When the soul is entranced in slumber, and we are as if divided between life and death, there are sounds often heard in such moments, which seem to partake of another and a superior world; sounds of that wild and visionary description to which, waking, we can find no parallel. With such celestial music in my ears I awoke in the morning, but the sounds seemed to die away as I returned to the consciousness of earthly existence. While I was regretting that my dream was not reality, and before the echoes of its ideal symphony had ceased to vibrate in my brain, methought I heard the same notes distinctly repeated by a voice, human indeed, but more exquisitely sweet than ever I had heard on earth before. The imperfect sensations of sleep had given it its spirituality, but waking perception left it all its wildness and melody. The words, struck apparently by a silver tongue, penetrated to my brain, while lost in breathless transport my vision seemed to return. Again it sung :—

Vale of the Waterfalls!
Glen of the River!
Where the white torrents roll
Fast and for ever!

Wild sings the mountain-lark,
Bird of the air!
And down in the valley
There's music as rare.

Sweet blow the mountain-bells,
High o'er the dale,
Waking the little bells
Down in the vale.

Fresh breathes the morning-wind,
Bright looks the day,—
Up to the heather-hills!
Lilian, away!

Raising myself on one elbow to catch these delicious sounds, and looking through the lattice which commanded a view of the ford, and the opposite side of the valley, I saw a light female figure glide swiftly over the sylvan bridge, and with the speed of wind fly up the pathway which I had descended yester-evening. I arose instantly, and going to the window beheld her, accompanied by the little goat, rapidly ascending the precipice. When she had gained the platform, she turned towards the sun, which rose on the other side of the vale, and after a few moments, apparently given to contemplation of its splendour, disappeared between the banks which formed the verdant recess.

Though the morning was not far advanced, I felt too much interested, by the song I had heard, and the form I had seen, to think of returning to bed. I hastily dressed myself, and taking up one of the books which lay near me, fixed my eyes on the written characters which I had observed the night before. I know not how long I remained in this state of abstraction, when the shadow of the good woman of the house, passing over the book, awakened me from my reverie. In a few minutes she repassed my window, and proceeded to the other end of the cottage, where a thick copsewood reaching from it to the river, shut out the view of the mountains behind. A green plat, fresh and dewy, lay in front of the cottage, and sloping down to the river, mingled its short herbage with the sedgy borders of the channel; a rustic bench, shadowed by the over-hanging copse, formed a kind of bower in which the matron now sat, looking anxiously towards the path which led down from the hills. As she sat there, I had a good opportunity of observing her appearance. It was that of one who had seen better days, who had felt misfortunes keenly but not impatiently; melancholy predominated in her countenance, but resignation strove hard for the superiority; sickness more than age had robbed her of youth's graces; but though the rose had faded on her cheek, the lily still remained in all its former delicacy. Turning towards my window, her eye caught mine, and I instantly went forth to salute her. She inquired kindly for my health, hoped a few days would restore it, and told me that her daughter had gone to pull some herbs which she thought would be of use to me, and would soon return. I asked, if it was her daughter whom I had heard that morning singing so exquisitely. "Yes (said she), my Lilian is more like a bird of the air, than a thing of the earth; in joy she sings of her happiness; in woe she sings away her sadness; when in neither, like the birds she sings for very thoughtlessness." "And if I may judge (said I) by the rapidity with which she ascended yon precipice,—she must have their wings too, as well as their song." The matron smiled. "Lilian (said she) has lived here for fourteen years, from infancy to girlhood; and these mountains are grown so familiar to her, that she might tread them blindfold. In truth, sir, she is a wild one; when her duty to me does not require her presence, she spends her time wandering

through the recesses of this valley and the surrounding hills; she goes singing her little roundelays over the whole wilderness, and there is scarcely a rock, a cave, or a precipice, which has not echoed to her song." "Forgive me (said I), if I ask whether you are a native of this valley; your conversation would lead me to think not." "Alas, sir! (replied the matron,) I saw many years of sorrow before I came to this solitude. My husband was an officer of distinction in the army—but, hush! (said she, putting her finger to her lips,) Lilian is coming;—and I think it but fair to keep the canker from the bud, let the old tree decay as it will," added she, forcing a smile as her daughter approached.

At the end of the arbour where I sat, the foliage was sufficiently thick to conceal me, yet not so dense as to prevent my seeing what might pass without; receiving a significant smile from the widow, I withdrew myself farther into the shade, just as the girl had reached the foot of the bridge. When she came to the middle where the water was deepest, she stopped, and clasping her hands, while she drew them to her neck with that natural grace which belongs to the period of extreme youthfulness, at the same time bending her aerial form intothe attitude of one supplicating inwardly, she looked at her mother with an intensity of expression, which denoted more heartful feelings than words could possibly convey. This beautiful apparition seemed to have but just escaped the age of childhood; or rather, extreme innocence had prolonged that portion of her life beyond its due period; her figure was small, but exquisitely proportioned, as was evident from her delicate arms bare almost to the shoulder, and her tiny feet and ancles which the mountain dress she wore was not calculated to conceal. Her hair was of a glossy fairness, and her complexion of that fine bloom which arises from health and purity of blood. Considerably heightened by exercise, the glow of her cheek was only surpassed by the bright redness of her mouth, which seemed indeed the very bed of sweetness. Eyes, with which we are inclined to imagine angels, heavenly blue and liquid from the overflowing of a tender and sensitive heart. A simple white wrapper of very thin muslin, showing off the harmony and gracefulness of her figure to the greatest advantage, and more like a mist than a garment, shrouded this little goddess; and as the foam of the cataract curled to her foot, or burst in a thousand frothy shapes around her, she stood like the Naiad of the River, which thundered in unruly joy at receiving her amongst its billows.

In this attitude she advanced, brightening as she approached her mother, and mincing her steps with girlish sportiveness, till she came within a few paces of the bower; then unclasping her hands and spreading her arms, as if to embrace her anxious parent, like a spirit at play, she began a kind of fantastic dance; and as her nimble fairy feet twinkled on the green turf, and her thin garb floated on her shoulders like wings, I thought the veritable Ariel swam before my sight. Fondly tantalizing her delighted mother, who sat with outstretched arms to receive her, while tears of joy trickled from her eyes, the playful girl still continued, without actually touching, to hover round her, accompanying her fantastic movements with a little song of the wildest sweetest cadency.

I've been roaming! I've been roaming!
Where the meadow dew is sweet,
And I'm coming! and I'm coming!
With its pearls upon my feet.

I've been roaming! I've been roaming!
O'er red rose and lily fair,
And I'm coming! and I'm coming!
With their blossoms in my hair.

I've been roaming! I've been roaming!
Where the honeysuckle creeps,
And I'm coming! and I'm coming!
With its kisses on my lips.

Here the fairy threw herself into her mother's breast, and was covered with kisses, as fervently repaid.

The favourite goat, which had been her companion, now presented itself at the entrance of the bower, having a little basket of light osier suspended from one of its horns, and containing a profusion of flowers which its mistress had gathered in her excursions. In rising from her mother's lap to relieve her companion from its charge, my figure met her view. A blush, at the recollection that she had been seen by a stranger, overspread her whole face, bosom, and even her arms, with the deepest crimson. When the good woman presented her to me as her daughter, with her cheek half averted, she made me a simple curtsey, and retired almost like a child behind her mother. In a little time we went to breakfast in the arbour, and the business of the scene was a relief to her embarrassment, but she remained in total silence, whilst at every turn of my head the blood mantled involuntarily to her cheek and bosom. In this secluded valley, where perhaps no one of my sex above the grade of a peasant had ever appeared, and from which society was naturally excluded, neither her bashfulness nor her reserve surprised me, especially when I considered her extreme youth; but that such a beautiful creation could exist upon earth, without drawing the world to adore it as the symbol of heavenly perfection, was to me totally inexplicable.

Sensations which I never had experienced before, sensations under which my entire frame trembled with an agitation at once excessive and pleasurable, now took possession of my soul; I seemed to have plunged into a new world, a world of superior purity, where the softness of the air, and the brightness of the verdure, had exalted my feelings to a height of enthusiasm and intense sensitiveness, which we attribute to the inhabitants of our visionary vales of eternal blessedness. Shut in from the common occurrences of life which might destroy the illusion, placed amid scenery so romantic, so melancholy, so lovely, it was no wonder if to one of my fervid imagination, his nature should seem to be exalted by the place, rather than the beauty of the scene to be exaggerated by his enthusiastic disposition. I forgot the actual world,—forgot that I was in it, and gave myself wholly up to the dreams of fancy. The sylvan Goddess, or spirit of this place, had now become familiar, and as she hovered around my path, pointing out the freshest spots where I might recline while she sung me into slumber, and showing me the various flowery treasures of her enchanted garden, I thought of Eden, of Elysium, of Paradise, fancied I had already by some forgotten means been transported to one of these delightful abodes, and her own angelic airy form confirmed the delusion. In fact, this singular girl had a character of mind and frame which was quite preternatural; she was a perfect, I had almost said real, Wood-nymph; her form, her actions, her thoughts, were those that belong to such a being. She seemed to have imbibed the very spirit of germination which pervaded the wild productions of her native valley; the tenderness and diminutive symmetry of its herbage, had imparted a like delicacy and grace to her form; the purity and fineness of its elements had infused themselves into her blood; the wildness of its imagery, its sublimity, and its beauty, had assimilated the disposition of her mind to themselves. She was something between earthly and celestial; she had the form of a mortal, but the habits of a spirit.

For the first two or three days which I spent in the Vale of the Waterfalls (as it was called), Lilian was distant and reserved, but when a little habituated to my presence, with the freedom which we see in childhood when fear has subsided, she became affectionate and familiar, nor was there ever in her manners that coyness which generally distinguishes maidenhood; she seemed to be totally unconscious that it was necessary, and gave herself to my society as she would to that of a brother.

I became her inseparable companion. She would lead me through the devious paths of the wilderness, and bring me to the several grottos and fountains, and fresh rolling streams, with which this solitude abounded; she would guide my steps over little hillocks blooming with the loveliest flowers, and glades of the sweetest verdure; then having em-

bosomed me among these inextricable recesses, disappear like a wraith in some dell or hollow, and start up again when I least expected her. One day as I sat alone under the shade of a rock, I felt something rustle softly in my bosom, and looking round perceived the girl skipping down from the rock, with the ribband which had first seduced me to this valley in her hand, and laughing gaily as she waved it round her head. She had silently mounted the rock behind me, and snatched the ribband from my breast, where I had preserved it. I attempted to recover it, but she escaped me like a shadow before I had run a dozen paces. In a short time she re-appeared, and coming up to me, threw a little knot of blue flowers into my bosom, singing—

Sweet blue-bells we,
Mid flowers of the lea
The likest in hue to heaven,
Our bonnets so blue
Are tinged with the dew
That drops from the sky at Even.

Our bloom more sweet
Than dark violet,
Or tulip's purple stain,
At every return
Of the dew-breathing morn,
Grows brighter and brighter again!

A very remakarble circumstance attending my acquaintance with this creature was, that, except on the above occasion, I never knew what it was to feel her touch; and even here, the sensation was more that of a breeze rustling in my bosom, than of a mortal hand. Though perfectly familiar and unsuspicious, whenever I approached within the possibility of touching her, she seemed to flit from me by imperceptible degrees, so that I could not at this moment assert, except from the evidence of sight and reasoning, that she was actually corporeal. Indeed all her habits and actions partook of another nature. She spoke little; expressing herself mostly by gestures or inarticulate modulations of voice. When she did utter words, they were breathed in a kind of recitative or cadence, or, as was most generally the case, her sentiments were conveyed in the form of a song. I have given a few specimens of these; and although simplicity is their principal attribute, when aided by her angelic voice and expressive gestures, they were the wildest and sweetest imaginable. In fact she had a natural turn for poetry; education had nothing to do with it; both her poetry and the music with which she accompanied it, were irregular and inartificial, like the song of a bird, the murmur of a brook, or the sigh of a tree—more the involuntary emanations than the premeditated combinations of sounds. Such of her songs as I can recall to memory- for as she sung from momentary impulse it was extremely difficult to find her repeating the same words except on similar occasions—such of these as I could collect on the instant will appear in order, whilst I endeavour to give some notion of this extraordinary girl, with whom the happiest, if not the most rational moments of my life were spent.

Her mother has often told me that she did not know how Lilian subsisted. She would never sit down to a regular meal, but would sometimes take a morsel of bread with her when she purposed a distant excursion, and even this would be found strewed on some pathway for the birds who might happen to light there. She was impatient of confinement; and often when her mother had seen her to bed, on going into her room an hour after, it would be found empty, and Lilian escaped unseen to wander by moonlight in the valley. This happened frequently during my residence there; and once being excited by curiosity, I went out in search of her and found her in the bottom of a dell—drinking dew out of the cups of flowers. "Lilian," said I, "why have we lost you?" "My sisters! my sisters!" answered she impatiently. "What sisters?" "Look! look!" said she, pointing to some fantastic shapes into which the spray of the distant cataract were formed by the reflection of

the moon. "I see nothing but the river foam dancing in the moonbeams." "These," she replied, "these are my sisters,—the only sisters Lilian ever knew; Listen! do they not speak to each other?' "Come, you are too romantic, Lilian; the water as it falls murmurs indistinctly, and at this distance misleads you." "Nearer then!" said the girl, "I must hear what they say." And before I could interpose, she rushed to the brow of the cataract and disappeared. Uttering a cry of terror I followed, and just as I had reached the spot where she vanished, her mother came to tell me that Lilian had returned to the cottage. I retired to my chamber, lost in astonishment at this singular occurrence. In the morning, when her mother expostulated with Lilian about the imprudence of wandering in the night air, she replied in a roundelay.

The wren hath her nest at the root of a tree,
And the tufted moss is the couch of the bee,
Where rain nor cold hath power to harm her;
The bed of the eagle is built in the sky,
And the bittern in rushes doth nightly lie;
Then why should Lilian's bed be warmer?

Her senses were incontestably more acute than belongs to the nature of mortality. She would often stop in the midst of our conversation, to listen, as she said,—to the wind walking over the flowers; and accordingly in a little time I would perceive the breeze to swell into a transient gust as it passed by the place where we stood. Whether in some instances her romantic imagination might not have suggested ideal murmurs I will not decide, but her delicate perceptions of sound were mostly verified by fact. I remember sitting with her one sunny day on the river bank in a sequestered part of the vale, when, after a fit of contemplative silence, upon my addressing myself to break it, she raised her head, and motioning me to be still, began in a low tremulous voice, scarcely distinguishable from the mixed murmur which rises from the breast of the woodland in summer time, a kind of irregular chaunt—

Hear! hear!
How the vale-bells tinkle all around
As the sweet wind shakes them—hear!
What a wild and sylvan sound!

Hear! hear!
How the soft waves talk beneath the bank,
And rush sighs to willow—hear!
Most reeds sigh to willow dank!

Hear! hear!
How the blue fly hizzes in the air
With his voice in his tiny wings—hear!
He sings at his flowery fare!

Hear! hear!
How the wood-bird murmurs in the dark,
And the distant cuckoo chimes—hear!
From the sun-cloud trills the lark!

She could discriminate accurately between the scents of flowers of the same species, so as to name them blindfold. Her sight was so fine that she would detect the minnows lying on the bed of a stream, in the darkest weather, when to me they were indistinguishable from the slimy pebbles of the bottom; on putting down a straw to the place she pointed out, they flitted. Her other senses were equally discriminative.

But in what she chiefly resembled our notions of a spirit, was the lightness, grace, and peculiar swiftness of her motion. Something between flying and dancing. Her movements were so rapid that sometimes it required no great stretch of superstition to believe that she actually vanished into the air. The wild and restless life she led, wandering over hill, dell, rock, and precipice, had given an elasticity to her foot, which made her seem to tread on air; whilst the slightness of

her limbs, formed on the most delicate model of beauty and grace, appeared by the tremulous instability which they gave to her frame, to indicate a necessity for perpetual and ever-varying motion. I had often dreamed of Attendant Spirits, Sylphs, Houris, Semi-deities, and imagined beings partaking of a double nature, the spiritual and corporeal, beings of an intermediate class, whose outlines and figures were human, but whose form was insubstantial; whose actions, habits, and thoughts were not preternatural, nor supernatural wholly, but such as human actions, habits, and thoughts, would be when refined by some celestial alchemy which would clear them of their grossness without divesting them of their specific essence: with such visionary beings had my waking dreams been peopled, but never until now were these conceptions apparently realized. This creature adequately represented my preconceived notion of an intermediate being.

The surface of the Vale of the Waterfalls was not uniform, but was broken into numberless hillocks and dells in miniature, interspersed with the several varieties of rock, cleft, grove, glade, and declivity. Amid these romantic solitudes was Lilian ever straying; every singular or characteristic point of the Vale, was to her in place of a companion; hillocks, rocks, shrubs, and flowers, the people of the wilderness, were to her in place of society. I have frequently wandered for the whole day in search of her, and perhaps found her at length in a shady nook singing to the wild flowers, or on a sunny bank dancing round a knot of cowslips, or hovering on the brink of the torrent chaunting her mystic verses to its monotonous numbers. Sometimes I have accompanied her from the cottage door, while she rambled like a wild bee from bank to dell, and from shrub to flower, conversing with her by snatches, but never finding it possible to confine her either to one subject or one place. The character of her thoughts was wildness mingled with deep tenderness and melancholy; but she was at times gay and playful. A high strain of sublimity would often convert the sylph into a sybil, when the changes in the face of nature gave a gloomy colour to her mind; for her wildness, melancholy, gaiety, and sublimity of imagination, were nothing but the transcripts of those passions which seem to animate the system of natural things. A wild rock or a solitary cave attracted her notice, she grew romantic or melancholy: a sunny flower or a darkly-waving pine caught her eye, she became gay or gloomy accordingly. But as the predominating features of the solitude even in its most charming dress were melancholy and wildness, so the general characteristics of her thoughts were sadness and romance.

We sat one evening on the river side, just at the foot of the principal cataract, where the waves plunging from on high down into a rocky basin, shook the very bank we sat on by their fall, and drowning each other in the pool, raised a continual din and echo by their struggles and tumultuous contentions. The wind had swept in frequent gusts through the vale during the latter part of the day, but as night approached the old trees began to groan with a heavier blast, and the wild birds flew with fearful screams to the groves; the small flowers closed up their breasts rapidly, and committed themselves to the storm, whilst the river seemed to foam and swell under the chafing wing of the tempest. In a few minutes the rack began; thunder broke in tremendous peals over our heads, leaves flew in eddies through the air, the shrill reed whistled, and the swinging pine moaned loudly in the night wind, whilst the caves and narrow passages between rocks swelled the terrific chorus by their hollow voices. Shuddering, I turned to Lilian. She had risen, and was hanging over the brink of the whirlpool, muttering something which, by its wildness and incoherence, resembled an incantation. Her delicate white arms were crossed upon her bosom, her long hair flew over her shoulders on the wind, and her little cheek grew pale as she uttered her mystic numbers to the roar of the torrent. "Lilian," said I, "come away, the night grows terrific." She answered not, but elevating her voice till it nearly reached a scream, and mingled with the noise of the waves like the cry of one drowning, she chaunted a wild rhapsody, her eye almost lighted to frenzy, and her cheek whitening every moment—

The woods are sighing!
And the wild birds crying!
And loud and sorely the wild waters weep!
Dark pines are groaning!
And night winds are moaning!
And muttering thunder rumbles hoarse and deep!

Ghastly, frantic, and appalling, she broke into a yet wilder measure:

Come, Sisters, come, come!
Bring the storm, and bring the rain,
Let the raving winds loose upon the swelling billows
Down, Spirits, down, down!
Shake the oak, and split the rock,
Scream amid the dashing waves, and shriek among the willows!

Her voice ended in a wild shriek, and she disappeared. I had no courage to follow up this adventure. Her character seemed to change here; enthusiasm degenerated into frenzy, and gentleness gave way to more than sybilline extravagance of voice and gesture. I returned to the cottage, and as I did not wish to be questioned by the woman concerning her daughter, I retired immediately to my chamber.

There was something of a foreboding nature in this last incident. The morning after, I received a post letter from the neighbouring town whither the widow had gone for provisions, acquainting me that my father was on his death-bed, and requiring my immediate attendance to receive his last blessing. This was imperative; and though I had neither seen nor heard of Lilian since the preceding night, after having taken a hasty leave of her mother, I set off immediately to the village where I might procure some mode of conveyance to my father's residence. The direct path from the Vale of the Waterfalls to the village lay through one of the glens or dingles in which the valley terminated. The sides of the mountains which formed this defile were so precipitous that they almost met overhead, and they were moreover clothed with a dark mantle of hanging fir, which increased the gloom and horror of the place. At the very bottom lay the path, and as I looked up the sides of this dreary profound, which seemed the very realization of the Valley of the Shadow of Death, my fancy grew bewildered; though waking, I seemed to walk in a dream, and a thousand dim and terrible phantoms appeared to rise from the brambles under my feet, and darken still more the obscurity which encompassed me. The incidents of last night returned forcibly to my mind; there was something mysterious, unreal, and preternatural in every thing connected with that Vale, and this was a fit place for executing the final catastrophe. As I passed on, at intervals some horrid thing would brush by me, and a wet flaccid wing like that of a monstrous bat would flap me in the face; sometimes a phantom would come and whisper busily in my ear, yet I heard nothing; and I saw many hideous shapes, who by their distortions were apparently in the acts of screaming, laughing, and making other abominable noises, yet the air was as silent as death. All of a sudden, this subterranean passage of horror and darkness opened into the bright fields of day; I was reinspirited; but the recollection of the dreary glen, the vale, Lilian and her preternatural disappearance, still remained. Pondering on these subjects, and endeavouring to account for them in some probable manner, I proceeded through the open valley into which the sides of the glen had widened, and passing by a tuft of green bushes, I thought I heard from within them, some one weeping like a deserted child. I immediately opened them, and to my astonishment found Lilian sitting on the green plat in the midst with her head in her lap, lamenting piteously, and drowned in a flood of tears. She rose and spread her arms to receive me. I flew to her embrace, but when I thought to have caught her to my bosom, she was still at the same distance from me as before. "Lilian," said I, "why do you avoid me? I am going." "I know it," she replied, "and I came to take my last farewell." "Not the last, not the last, dear girl! (said I, forgetting yesterday's adventure) if

heaven will spare us for each other: when I have paid the duties which I owe to my father, I will return to love and Lilian." "Lilian," said she, faintly smiling, "Lilian will then be no more!" As I stood, unable from the impressiveness of her manner to make any answer, whether it was imagination, or that the echo in this place was extraordinarily powerful, I heard her last words repeated several times up the mountains, and "No more! no more! no more!" at length died away in hollow sighs among the rocks of the valley. Perceiving me silent, she said, "Come, I will delay you no longer; depart to your home! On that glade," (pointing to a sloping bank at some distance,) "we separate for ever!" We proceeded in silence. When we had reached the spot, she stopped; and turning to me, her innocent bosom filled with tears, and her blue eyes dropping crystal, she pointed towards the vale which lay behind us, and in a voice scarcely audible with sorrow, "Listen," said she, "to the Rover's Farewell"—

Farewell the groves, and farewell the bowers!
Ye rocks, ye mountains, and ye streams, farewell!
Farewell the bloom and sweet breath of flowers!
Farewell for ever-more! a long farewell!

Farewell, O Vale of fast falling water!
Ye banks, ye bushes, and ye glades, farewell!
Farewell, lone parent of one wayward daughter!
Farewell for ever,—a long, long farewell!

And farewell, Lilian! . . .

Here she was interrupted by a loud laugh uttered over my shoulder. I turned to see from whom it came, but no one appeared. On turning again towards Lilian, she was gone. Immoveable with astonishment, I stood for some time stupified, but recovering my senses, I called several times, "Lilian, Lilian! dear Lilian, answer me!" She appeared a long way off at the entrance of the valley, with her hands covering her face, and walking slowly towards her home. I now recollected my father, and considering that it would be useless to pursue this adventure any farther at present, summoning up my courage, I proceeded onwards to the village. I had scarcely walked twenty paces, when, to my utter surprise, this apparition stood before me again in the midst of the path, but when I approached, quitted it and appeared on the top of some rock or prominence at a distance, where her small figure whitening in the sun would seem to kiss its hand to me as I passed. In this way, she continued to accompany me, till the signs of population began to appear. She had gradually kept behind me as I approached the high road, and when I at length reached it, on looking round I perceived her standing on a high rock at some distance, the sunbeams glistening in her eyes which were filled with tears, whilst she kissed her hand repeatedly, till she faded entirely from my view.

When I reached my father's house, I found him partially recovered. I accompanied him to Italy, where he had been ordered by his physicians—too late however for his preservation; he died within a few miles of Turin. My attention to him on his death-bed was necessarily unremitting; and this, combined with my own previous delicate state of health, occasioned a relapse of my nervous disorder. With some difficulty I recovered so much of my health as to think of returning to my native country, to which the desire of revisiting the Vale of the Waterfalls, and investigating its mysteries completely, was no small inducement. The unceasing attendance which my father's illness required upon my part, added to the novelty of scene and society, had prevented me from dwelling intensely on the extraordinary incidents which I so lately experienced; but my thoughts now reverted naturally to them, as well from my innate tendency to the romantic, as from the singularity of the facts themselves, and the influence of my late illness and my father's death, in rendering such melancholy recollections attractive. The cottage where my father died was situated on the borders of a lake in the bosom of a deep valley among the Piedmontese hills, and I

was sitting, about the close of the evening, in the room that had been his, ruminating successively on him and on Lilian. The window where I sat looked out on the lake which lay in calm unruffled stillness before me, and the blue mountains towards the west were just sinking into that mellow haze which characterises the softness of an Italian evening; the lattice was open, and I leaned forward to catch the summer breeze as it gently moved the tendrils of a jessamine which crept to the roof of the cottage. A rustic bench outside rose nearly to the level of the window;—Lilian came and sat down on it. I started at the sight, but looking steadfastly on the figure, I saw it melt gradually into air. In a little time it appeared standing on the bright surface of the lake, but disappeared in the same manner as before. Then on a rock at some distance, and again vanished. I had no doubt but this was a shadow raised by my own imagination, pursuing the same train of ideas intensely. Indeed the figure I now saw was very different from the original in the Vale of the Waterfalls. The form was evidently insubstantial; the figure, though preserving its characteristic outlines, was emaciated and stiff; the bloom had totally faded from its cheek and lip, and was replaced by the wan sickliness of death; the eyes were glazed and motionless. "Lilian is dead," said I. Whilst I journeyed home, the figure occasionally appeared, but at each time more faintly than before, till it disappeared entirely.

Upon reaching England, the Vale of the Waterfalls was my first object. I quickly sought out the village near to which it lay, and pursuing my former steps, soon found myself in the midst of the valley. It was beautiful as ever, but methought appeared to wear less the air of enchantment than when I had left it. I turned to the cottage; it was in ruins. The bower was overgrown with nettles and tall weeds; the smooth plat had shot up into long rank grass that waved heavily in the breeze, and emitted a close suffocating odour. As I stood ruminating on these changes, my heart swelling with the melancholy conviction that Lilian was indeed no more, a peasant appeared on the hills, carrying a mattock and other instruments. Upon his approach I made inquiries concerning the widow and her daughter. He replied, that the person who had lived in the cottage was dead some months, that she never had any daughter to his knowledge, but lived quite alone; that the only person he had ever heard of in the valley, beside her, was a young man who came there for the recovery of his health, but he remained for a short time only; that the cottage now belonged to himself, and he was about repairing it for his own family. This account, to me, appeared very singular. I went to the entrance of the dreary glen, where I had experienced such horrors. The mountains seemed to have opened overhead, and the place was comparatively lightsome. I passed through it safely, and came to the circle of green bushes where I had found Lilian weeping. A rude stone cross stood in the midst. It was apparently of very great age, yet I never had observed it before. These things were still more extraordinary. On returning to the village, the inhabitants gave me the same account as the peasant had, and when I spoke of Lilian they seemed not to understand me. Many of them recognised me, yet I could gain no father satisfaction. They also called the vale by a different name.

I have frequently revisited this valley, but never could obtain any intelligence concerning the extraordinary being whom it was my fortune alone to have met there. An impenetrable veil seemed to have been drawn over her history, and I am at length compelled to give up all attempts at investigating it. That she was mortal and had actual existence, the evidence of my senses, and my disbelief in the theory of spirits visiting this world, induce me to assert; yet it is totally unaccountable how such a being could exist, and but the whole world, with one exception, remain ignorant of it. I have never been able to come to any conclusion upon this point; sometimes, indeed, I am inclined to think that this vision of Lilian of the Vale was a mere creation of my own brain, naturally very imaginative, and at the period of this adventure, disturbed and overheated by the fever which accompanies a nervous disease such as mine.

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SCHILLER'S LIFE AND WRITINGS,

Part III.

FROM HIS SETTLEMENT AT JENA TO HIS DEATH (1790—1805.)

The duties of his new office naturally called upon Schiller to devote himself with double zeal to history; a subject, which from choice he had already entered on with so much eagerness. In the study of it, we have seen above how his strongest faculties and tastes were exercised and gratified; and new opportunities were now combined with new motives for persisting in his efforts. Concerning the plan or the success of his academical prelections, we have scarcely any notice: in his class, it is said, he used most frequently to speak extempore; and his delivery was not distinguished by fluency or grace,—a circumstance to be imputed to the agitation of a public appearance, for as Woltmann assures us, "the beauty, the eloquence, ease and true instructiveness with which he could continuously express himself in private, were acknowledged and admired by all his friends." His matter, we suppose, would make amends for these deficiencies of manner: to judge from his introductory lecture, preserved in his works, with the title, *What is Universal History, and with what views should it be studied*, there perhaps has never been in Europe another course of history sketched out on principles so magnificent and philosophical. But college exercises were far from being his ultimate object; nor did he rest satisfied with mere visions of perfection: the compass of the outline he had traced, for a proper historian, was scarcely greater than the assiduity with which he strove to fill it up. His letters breathe a spirit not only of diligence but of ardour; he seems intent with all his strength upon this fresh pursuit; and delighted with the vast prospects of untouched and attractive speculation, which were opening around him on every side. He professed himself to be exceedingly "contented with his business:" his ideas on the nature of it were acquiring both extension and distinctness; and every moment of his leisure was employed in reducing them to practice. He was now busied with the *History of the Thirty Years' War*.

This work, which appeared in 1791, is considered by the German critics as his chief performance in this department of literature: *the Revolt of the Netherlands*, the only one which could have vied with it, never was completed; otherwise, in our opinion, it might have been superior. Either of the two would have sufficed to secure for Schiller a distinguished rank among historians, of the class denominated philosophical; though even both together, they afford but a feeble exemplification of the ideas which he entertained on the manner of composing history. In his view, the business of history is not merely to record, but to interpret; it involves not only a clear conception and a lively exposition of events and characters, but a sound, enlightened theory of individual and national morality, a general philosophy of human life, whereby to judge of them, and measure their effects. The historian now stands on higher ground, takes in a wider range than those that went before him; he can now survey vast tracts of human action, and deduce its laws from an experience extending over many climes and ages. With his ideas, moreover, his feelings ought to be enlarged: he should regard the interests not of any sect or state, but of mankind; the progress not of any class of arts or opinions, but of universal happiness and refinement. His narrative, in short, should be moulded according to the science, and impregnated with the liberal spirit of his time.

Voltaire is generally conceived to have invented and introduced a new method of composing history: the chief historians that have followed him have been by way of eminence denominated philosophical. This is hardly correct. Voltaire wrote history with greater talent, but scarcely with a new species of talent: he applied the ideas of the eighteenth century to the subject; but in this

there was nothing radically new. In the hands of a thinking writer history has always been "philosophy teaching by experience;" that is, such philosophy as the age of the historian has afforded. For a Greek or Roman, it was natural to look upon events with an eye to their effect on his own city or country; and to try them by a code of principles, in which the prosperity or extension of this formed a leading object. For a monkish chronicler, it was natural to estimate the progress of affairs by the number of abbeys founded; the virtue of men, by the sum total of donations to the clergy. And for a thinker of the present day, it is equally natural to measure the occurrences of history by quite a different standard; by their influence upon the general destiny of man, their tendency to obstruct or to forward him in his advancement towards liberty, knowledge, true religion and dignity of mind. Each of these narrators simply measures by the scale, which is considered for the time as expressing the great concerns and duties of humanity.

Schiller's views on this matter were, as might have been expected, of the most enlarged kind. "It seems to me," said he, in one of his letters, "that in writing history for the moderns, we should try to communicate to it such an interest as the history of the Peloponnesian war had for the Greeks. Now this is the problem: to choose and arrange your materials so that, to interest, they shall not need the aid of decoration. We moderns have a source of interest at our disposal, which no Greek or Roman was acquainted with, and which the *patriotic* interest does not nearly equal. This last, in general, is chiefly of importance for unripe nations; for the youth of the world. But we may excite a very different sort of interest if we represent each remarkable occurrence that happened to *men* as of importance to *man*. It is a poor and little aim to write for one nation; a philosophic spirit cannot tolerate such limits, cannot bound its views to a form of human nature so arbitrary, fluctuating, accidental. The most powerful nation is but a fragment; and thinking minds will not grow warm on its account, except in so far as this nation or its fortunes have been influential on the progress of the species."

That there is not some excess in this comprehensive, cosmopolitan philosophy, may perhaps be liable to question. Nature herself has, wisely no doubt, partitioned us into "kindreds, and nations, and tongues:" it is among our instincts to grow warm in behalf of our country, simply for its own sake; and the business of reason seems to be to chasten and direct our instincts, never to destroy them. We require individuality in our attachments: the sympathy, which is expanded over all men, will commonly be found so much attenuated by the process that it cannot be effective on any. And as it is in nature, so it is in art, which ought to be the image of it. Universal philanthropy forms but a precarious and very powerless rule of conduct; and the "progress of the species," will turn out equally unfitted for deeply exciting the imagination. It is not with freedom that we can sympathize, but with free men. There ought, indeed, to be in history a spirit superior to petty distinctions and vulgar partialities; our particular affections ought to be enlightened and purified; but they should not be abandoned, or, such is the condition of humanity, our feelings must evaporate and fade away in that extreme diffusion. Perhaps, in a certain sense, the surest mode of pleasing and instructing all nations *is* to write for one.

This too Schiller was aware of, and had in part attended to. Besides, the Thirty Years' War is a subject in which nationality of feeling may be even wholly spared, better than in almost any other. It is not a German but a European subject; it forms the concluding portion of the Reformation, and this is an event belonging not to any country in particular, but to the human race. Yet, if we mistake not, this over-tendency to generalization both in thought and sentiment has rather hurt the present work. The philosophy, with which it is imbued, now and then grows vague from its abstractness, ineffectual from its refinement: the enthusiasm which pervades it, elevated, strong, enlightened, would have told better on our hearts, had it been confined within a narrower space, and

directed to a more specific class of objects. In his extreme attention to the philosophical aspects of the period, Schiller has neglected to take advantage of many interesting circumstances, which it offered under other points of view. The Thirty Years' War abounds with what may be called picturesqueness in its events, and still more in the condition of the people who carried it on. Harte's *History of Gustavus*, a wilderness which mere human patience seems unable to explore, is yet enlivened here and there with a cheerful spot, when he tells of some scalade or camisado, or an officer made bullet-proof by art magic. His chaotic records have, in fact, afforded to our Novelist the materials of Dugald Dalgetty, a cavalier of the most singular equipment, of habits and manners well worth study and description. To much of this, though, as he afterwards proved, it was well known to him, Schiller paid comparatively small attention: his work has lost in liveliness by the omission, more than it has gained in dignity or instructiveness.

Yet with all its imperfections, this is no ordinary history. The speculation, it is true, is not always of the kind we wish; it excludes more moving or enlivening topics, and sometimes savours of the inexperienced theorist who had passed his days remote from practical statesmen; the subject too has not sufficient unity; in spite of every effort, it breaks into fragments towards the conclusion: yet still there is an energy, a vigorous beauty in the work which far more than redeems its failings. Great thoughts at every turn arrest our attention, and make us pause to confirm or contradict them; happy metaphors,* some vivid descriptions of events and men, remind us of the author of *Fiesco* and *Don Carlos*. The characters of Gustavus and Wallenstein are finely developed in the course of the narrative. Tilly's passage of the Lech, the battles of Leipzig and Lützen figure in our recollection, as if our eyes had witnessed them: the death of Gustavus is described in terms, which might draw "iron tears" from the cheeks of veterans. If Schiller had inclined to dwell upon the mere visual or imaginative department of his subject, no man could have painted it more graphically, or better called forth our emotions, sympathetic or romantic. But this, we have seen, was not by any means his leading aim.

On the whole, the present work is still the best historical performance which Germany can boast of. Müller's histories are distinguished by merits of another sort; by condensing, in a given space, and frequently in lucid order, a quantity of information, copious and authentic beyond example: but as intellectual productions, they cannot rank with Schiller's. Woltmann of Berlin has added to the *Thirty Years' War*, another work of equal size, by way of continuation, entitled *History of the Peace of Munster*; with the first negociations of which treaty the former concludes. Woltmann is a person of ability; but we dare not say of him, what Wieland said of Schiller, that by his first historical attempt he "had discovered a decided capability of rising to a level with Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon." He will rather rise to a level with Belsham or Smollett.

This first complete specimen of Schiller's art in the historical department, though but a small fraction of what he meant to do, and could have done, proved in fact to be the last he ever undertook. At present very different cares awaited him: in 1791, a fit of sickness overtook him, he had to exchange the inspiring labours of literature, for the disgusts and disquietudes of physical disease. His disorder, which had its seat in the chest, was violent and threatening; and though nature overcame it in the present instance, the blessing of entire health never more returned to him. The cause of this severe affliction seemed to be the unceasing toil and anxiety of mind, in which his days had hitherto been passed: his frame, which though tall had never been robust, was too weak for the vehement

* Yet we scarcely meet with one so happy, as that in the *Revolt of the Netherlands*, where he paints the gloomy silence and dismay of Brussels on Alba's first entrance by the striking simile of *a man that has swallowed poison, and sits in horrid expectation of the issue.*

and sleepless soul that dwelt within it: and the habit of nocturnal study had, no doubt, aggravated all the other mischiefs. Ever since his residence at Dresden, his constitution had been weakened: but this rude shock at once shattered its remaining strength; for a time, the strictest precautions were required barely to preserve existence. A total cessation from every intellectual effort was one of the most peremptory orders. Schiller's habits and domestic circumstances equally rebelled against this measure; with a beloved wife depending on him for support, inaction itself could have procured him little rest. His case seemed hard; his prospects of innocent felicity had been too banefully obscured. Yet in this painful and difficult position, he did not yield to despondency; and at length assistance and partial deliverance reached him from a very unexpected quarter. Schiller had not long been sick, when the hereditary Prince, now reigning Duke of Holstein-Augustenburgh, jointly with the Count Von Schimmelmann, conferred on him a pension of a thousand crowns for three years.* No stipulation was added, but merely that he should be careful of his health, and use every attention to recover. This speedy and generous aid, moreover, was presented with a delicate politeness, which, as Schiller said, touched him more than even the gift itself. We should remember this Count and this Duke; they deserve some admiration and some envy.

This disorder introduced a melancholy change into Schiller's circumstances: he had now another enemy to strive with, a secret and fearful impediment to vanquish; in which much resolute effort must be sunk without producing any positive result. Pain is not entirely synonymous with evil; but bodily pain seems less redeemed by good than almost any other kind of it. From the loss of fortune, of fame, or even of friends, philosophy pretends to draw a certain compensating benefit; but in general the permanent loss of health will bid defiance to her alchymy. It is a universal diminution; the diminution equally of our resources and of our capacity to guide them; a penalty unmitigated, save by love of friends, which then first becomes truly dear to us, or by comforts brought from beyond this earthly sphere, from that serene Fountain of peace and hope, to which our weak philosophy cannot raise her wing. For all men, in itself, disease is misery; but chiefly for men of finer feelings and endowments, to whom, in return for such superiorities, it seems to be sent most frequently and in its most distressing forms. It is a cruel fate for the poet to have the sunny land of his imagination, often the sole territory he is lord of, disfigured and darkened by the shades of pain; for one whose highest happiness is the exertion of his mental faculties, to have them chained and paralyzed in the imprisonment of a distempered frame. With external activity, with palpable pursuits, above all, with a suitable placidity of nature, much even in certain states of sickness may be performed and enjoyed. But for him, whose heart is already over keen, whose world is of the mind, ideal, internal,—when the mildew of lingering disease has struck that world, and begun to blacken and consume its beauty, nothing seems to remain but despondency and heaviness and desolate sorrow, felt and anticipated, to the end.

Woe to him if his will likewise falter, if his resolution fail, and his spirit bend its neck to the yoke of this new enemy! Idleness and a disturbed imagination will gain the mastery of him, and let loose their thousand fiends to harass him, to torment him into madness. Alas! the bondage of Algiers is freedom to this of the sick man of genius, whose heart has fainted and sunk beneath its load. His clay dwelling is changed into a gloomy prison; every nerve has become an avenue of disgust or anguish; and the soul sits within, in her melancholy loneliness, a prey to the spectres of despair, or stupified with excess of suffering, doomed as it were to a "life in death," to a consciousness of agonized existence, without the consciousness of power which should accompany it. Happily, death, or entire fatuity, at length

* It was to Denmark likewise that Klopstock owed the means of completing his *Messias*.

puts an end to such scenes of ignoble misery, which however we should view with pity more than with contempt.

Such are frequently the fruits of protracted sickness, in men otherwise of estimable qualities and gifts, but whose sensibility exceeds their strength of mind. In Schiller its worst effects were resisted by the only availing antidote, a strenuous determination to neglect them. His spirit was too vigorous and ardent to yield even in this emergency: he disdained to dwindle into a pining valetudinarian; in the midst of his infirmities he persevered with unabated zeal in the great business of his life. As he partially recovered, he returned as strenuously as ever to his intellectual occupations; and often in the glow of poetical conception he almost forgot his maladies. By such resolute and manly conduct, he disarmed sickness of its cruellest power to wound: his frame might be in pain, but his soul retained its force, unextinguished, almost unimpeded; he did not lose his relish for the beautiful, the grand, or the good, in any of their shapes; he loved his friends as formerly, and wrote his finest and sublimest works when his health was gone. Perhaps no period of his life displayed more heroism than the present one.

After this severe attack, and the kind provision which he had received from Denmark, Schiller seems to have relaxed his connexion with the university of Jena: the weightiest duties of his class appear to have been discharged by proxy, and his historical studies to have been forsaken. Yet this was but a change not an abatement in the activity of his mind. Once partially free from pain, all his former diligence awoke; and being also free from the more pressing calls of duty and œconomy, he was now allowed to turn his attention to objects which attracted it more. Among these one of the most alluring was the Philosophy of Kant.

The transcendental system of the Königsberg Professor had for the last ten years been spreading over Germany, which it had now filled with the most violent contentions. The powers and accomplishments of Kant were universally acknowledged; the high pretensions of his system, pretensions, it is true, such as had been a thousand times put forth, a thousand times found wanting, still excited notice, when so backed by ability and reputation. The air of mysticism was attractive to the German mind, with which the vague and the vast are always pleasing qualities; the dreadful array of first principles, a forest huge of terminology and definitions, where the panting intellect of weaker men wanders as in pathless thickets, and at length sinks powerless to the earth, oppressed with fatigue, and suffocated with scholastic miasma—seemed sublime rather than appalling to the Germans; men who shrink not at toil, and to whom a certain degree of darkness appears a native element, essential for giving play to that deep meditative enthusiasm which forms so important a feature in their character. Kant's philosophy accordingly found numerous disciples, and possessed them with a zeal unexampled since the days of Pythagoras. This, in fact, resembled fanaticism rather than a calm ardour in the cause of science; his warmest admirers seemed to regard him more in the light of a prophet than of a mere earthly sage. Such admiration was of course opposed by corresponding censure; the transcendental neophytes had to encounter sceptical gainsayers as determined as themselves. Of this latter class the most remarkable were Herder and Wieland. Herder, then a clergyman of Weimar, seems never to have comprehended what he fought against so keenly: he denounced and condemned the Kantean metaphysics, because he found them heterodox. The young divines came back from the university of Jena with their minds well nigh delirious; full of strange doctrines, which they explained to the examinators of the Weimar *Consistorium*, in phrases that excited no idea in the heads of these reverend persons, but much horror in their hearts.* Hence reprimands, and objurgations, and excessive bitterness between the applicants for ordination, and those

* Schelling has a book on the "Soul of the World;" Fichte's expression to his students: "To-morrow, gentlemen, I shall create God," is known to most readers.

appointed to confer it: one young clergyman at Weimar shot himself on this account; several appeared inclined to imitate him.* Hence Herder's vehement attacks on this "pernicious quackery;" this delusive and destructive "system of words." * Wieland strove against it for another reason. He had, all his life, been labouring to give currency among his countrymen, to a kind of diluted epicurism; to erect a certain smooth, and elegant, and very slender scheme of taste and morals, borrowed from our Shaftesbury and the French. All this feeble edifice the new doctrine was sweeping before it to utter ruin, with the violence of a tornado. It grieved Wieland to see the work of half a century destroyed: he fondly imagined that but for Kant's philosophy it might have been perennial. With scepticism quickened into action by such motives, Herder and he went forth as brother champions against the transcendental metaphysics: they were not long without a multitude of hot assailants. The uproar produced among thinking men by the conflict has scarcely been equalled in Germany since the days of Luther. Fields were fought, and victories lost and won; nearly all the minds of the nation were, in secret or openly, arrayed on this side or on that. Goethe alone seemed altogether to retain his wonted composure; he was clear for allowing the Kantean scheme to "have its day, as all things have." Goethe has already lived to see the wisdom of this sentiment, so characteristic of his genius and turn of thought.

In these controversies, soon pushed beyond the bounds of temperate or wholesome discussion, Schiller took no part: but the noise of their jarring afforded him a fresh inducement to investigate a set of doctrines so important in the general estimation. A system which promised, even with a very little plausibility, to accomplish all that Kant asserted his complete performance of; to explain the difference between matter and spirit, to unravel the perplexities of necessity and free-will; to show us the true grounds of our belief in God, and what hope nature gives us of the soul's immortality; and thus at length, after a thousand failures, to interpret the enigma of our being—hardly needed that additional inducement to make such a man as Schiller grasp at it with eager curiosity. His progress also was facilitated by his present circumstances: Jena had now become the chief well-spring of Kantean doctrine, a distinction or disgrace it has ever since continued to deserve. Reinhold, one of Kant's ablest followers, was at this time Schiller's fellow-teacher and daily companion: he did not fail to encourage and assist his friend in a path of study, which, as he believed, conducted to such glorious results. Under this tuition, Schiller was not long in discovering, that at least the "new philosophy was more poetical than that of Leibnitz, and had a grander character;" persuasions, which of course, confirmed him in his resolution to examine it.

How far Schiller penetrated into the arcana of transcendentalism it is impossible to say. The moral and logical branches of it seem to have afforded him no solid satisfaction, or taken no firm hold of his thoughts; their influence is scarcely to be traced in any of his subsequent writings. The only department to which he attached himself with his ordinary zeal was that which relates to the principles of the imitative arts, and which in the Kantean nomenclature has been designated by the term *Æsthetics*,† or the doctrine of sentiments and emotions. On these subjects he already had amassed a multitude of thoughts; to see which expressed by new symbols, and arranged in systematic form, and held together by some common theory, would necessarily yield enjoyment to his intellect, and inspire him with fresh alacrity in prosecuting such researches. The new light which dawned, or seemed to dawn, upon him in the course of these researches, is reflected in various treatises, evinc-

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* That Herder was not usually troubled with any unphilosophical scepticism, or aversion to novelty, may be inferred from his patronising Dr. Gall's system of "Scull-doctrine," as they call it in Germany. But Gall had referred with acknowledgment and admiration to the *Philosophie der Geschichte der Menscheit*. Here lay a difference.

† From the verb αισθανομαι, to feel.

ing, at least, the honest diligence with which he studied, and the fertility with which he could produce. Of these the largest and most elaborate are the essays on "*Naive*," *and Sentimental Poetry;* on *Grace and Dignity;* and the *Letters on the Æsthetic culture of Man:* the other pieces are on *Tragic Art;* on the *Cause of our delight in Tragic Objects;* on *Employing the low and common in Art*.

Being cast in the mould of Kantism, or, at least, clothed in its garments, these productions, to readers unacquainted with that system, are encumbered here and there with difficulties greater than belong intrinsically to the subject. In perusing them, the uninitiated student is mortified at seeing so much powerful thought distorted, as he thinks, into such fantastic forms: the principles of reasoning, on which they rest, are apparently not those of common logic; a dimness and doubt overhangs their conclusions; scarcely any thing is proved in a convincing manner. But this is no strange quality in such writings. To an exterior reader, the philosophy of Kant almost always appears to invert the common maxim: its end and aim seems not to be "to make abstruse things simple, but to make simple things abstruse." Often a proposition of inscrutable and dread aspect, when resolutely grappled with, and torn from its shady den, and its bristling entrenchments of uncouth terminology, and dragged forth into the open light of day, to be seen by the natural eye and tried by merely human understanding,—proves to be a very harmless truth, familiar to us from of old, sometimes so familiar as to be a truism. Too frequently the anxious novice is reminded of Dryden in the Battle of the Books: there is a helmet of rusty iron, dark, grim, gigantic; and within it, at the farthest corner, is a head no bigger than a walnut. These are the general errors of Kantean criticism: in the present works, they are by no means of the worst or most pervading kind; and there is a fundamental merit which does more than balance them. By the aid of study, the doctrine set before us can in general at length be comprehended; and Schiller's fine intellect, recognizable even in its masquerade, is ever and anon peering forth in its native form, which all may understand, which all must relish, and presenting us with passages, that show like bright verdant islands in the misty sea of metaphysics.

That Schiller's genius profited by these ardent and laborious attempts to improve his taste, has frequently been doubted, and sometimes denied. That after such investigations the process of composition would become more difficult, might be inferred from the nature of the case. That also the principles of this critical theory were in part erroneous, in still greater part too far-fetched and fine-spun for application to the business of writing, we may farther venture to assert. But excellence, not ease of composition, is the thing to be desired; and in a mind like Schiller's, so full of energy, of images and thoughts and creative power, the more sedulous practice of selection was little likely to be detrimental. And though considerable errors might mingle with the rules by which he judged himself, the habit of judging early or not at all is far worse than that of sometimes judging wrong. Besides, once accustomed to attend strictly to the operations of his genius, and rigorously to try its products, such a man as Schiller could not fail in time to discover what was false in the principles by which he drew them, and consequently, in the end, to retain the benefits of this procedure without its evils. There is doubtless a purism in taste, a rigid fantastical demand of perfection, a horror at approaching the limits of impropriety, which obstructs the free impulse of the faculties, and if excessive would altogether deaden them. But the excess on the other side is much more frequent, and for high endowments, infinitely more pernicious. After the strongest efforts, there may be little realized; without strong efforts there must be little. That too much care does hurt in any of our tasks is a doctrine so flattering to indolence, that we ought to receive it with extreme caution. In works impressed with the stamp of true genius their quality, not their extent is what we value: a dull man may spend his life-time writing little; better so than writing much; but

man of powerful mind is liable to no such danger. Of all our authors, Gray is, perhaps, the only one that from fastidiousness of taste has written less than he should have done: there are thousands that have erred the other way. What would a Spanish reader give had Lope de Vega composed a hundred times as little, and that little a hundred times as well!

Schiller's own ideas on these points appear to be sufficiently sound: they are sketched in the following extract of a letter, interesting also as a record of his purposes and intellectual condition at this period.

Criticism must now make good to me the damage she herself has done. And damaged me she has most certainly; for the boldness, the living glow which I felt before a rule was known to me, have for several years been wanting. I now *see* myself *create* and *form*; I watch the play of inspiration, and my fancy, knowing she is not without witnesses of her movements, no longer moves with equal freedom. I hope, however, ultimately to advance so far that *art* will become a second *nature*, as polite manners are to a well bred man; then the imagination will regain its former freedom, and submit to none but voluntary limitations.

Schiller's subsequent writings are the best proof that in these expectations he had not miscalculated.

The historical and critical studies in which he had been so extensively and seriously engaged could not remain without effect on Schiller's general intellectual character. He had spent five active years in studies directed almost solely to the understanding, or the faculties connected with it: and such industry united to such ardour had produced an immense accession of ideas. History had furnished him with pictures of manners and events, of strange conjunctures and conditions of existence; it had given him more minute and truer conceptions of human nature in its many forms, new and more accurate opinions on the character and end of man. The domain of his mind was both enlarged and enlightened; a multitude of images and detached facts and perceptions had been laid up in his memory; and his intellect was at once enriched by acquired thoughts, and strengthened by increased exercise on a wider circle of knowledge. But to understand was not enough for Schiller; there were in him faculties, which this could not employ, and therefore could not satisfy. The primary vocation of his nature was poetry: the acquisitions of his other faculties served but as the materials for his poetic faculty to act upon, and seemed imperfect till they had been sublimated into the pure and perfect forms of beauty, which it is the business of this to elicit from them. New thoughts gave birth to new feelings; and both of these he was now called upon to body forth, to represent by visible types, to animate and adorn with the magic of creative genius. The first youthful blaze of poetic ardour had long since passed away; but this large increase of his knowledge awakened it anew, refined by years and experience into a steadier and clearer flame. Vague shadows of unaccomplished excellence, gleams of ideal beauty were now hovering fitfully across his mind: he longed to turn them into shape, and give them a local habitation and a name. Criticism, likewise, had exalted his notions of art: the modern writers on subjects of taste, Aristotle, the ancient poets, he had lately studied; he had carefully endeavoured to extract the truth from each, and to amalgamate their principles with his own; in choosing, he was now more difficult to satisfy. Minor poems had all along been partly occupying his attention; but they yielded no space for the intensity of his impulses, and the magnificent ideas that were rising in his fancy. Conscious of his strength, he dreaded not engaging with the highest species of his art: the perusal of the Greek tragedians had given rise to some late translations;* the perusal of Homer seems now to have suggested the idea of an epic poem. The hero whom he first contemplated was Gustavus Adolphus; he afterwards changed to Frederick the Great of Prussia.

Epic poems, since the time of the Epigonias and Leonidas, and especially since that of some more recent at-

* These were a fine version of Euripides' *Iphigenia in Aulide*, and a few scenes of his *Phoenissae*.

tempts, have with us become a mighty dull affair. That Schiller aimed at something infinitely higher than these faint and superannuated imitations, far higher than even Klopstock has effected, will appear by the following extract from one of his letters.

An epic poem in the eighteenth century should be quite a different thing from such a poem in the childhood of the world. And it is that very circumstance, which attracts me so much towards this project. Our manners, the finest essence of our philosophies, our politics, œconomy, arts, in short, of all we know and do, would require to be introduced without constraint, and interwoven in such a composition, to live there in beautiful harmonious freedom, as all the branches of Greek culture live and are made visible in Homer's Iliad. Nor am I disinclined to invent a species of machinery for this purpose; being anxious to fulfil with hair's-breadth accuracy all the requisitions that are made of the epic poet even on the side of form. Besides, this machinery, which, in so modern a subject, in so prosaic an age, seems to present the greatest difficulty, might exalt the interest in a high degree, if it were suitably adapted to this same modern spirit. Crowds of confused ideas on this matter are rolling to and fro within my head: something distinct will come out of them at last.

As for the sort of metre I would chuse, this I think you will hardly guess: no other than *ottave rime*. All the rest, except iambic, are become insufferable to me. And how beautifully might the earnest and the lofty be made to play in these light fetters! What attractions might the epic substance gain by the soft yielding form of this fine rhyme! For the poem must not in name only, but in very deed, be capable of being *sung*; as the Iliad was sung by the peasants of Greece, as the stanzas of Jerusalem Delivered are still sung by the Venetian gondoliers.

The epoch of Frederick's life that would best fit me, I have also considered. I should wish to select some unhappy situation; it would allow me to unfold his spirit infinitely more poetically. The chief action should if possible be very simple, perplexed with no complicated circumstances, that the whole might easily be comprehended at a glance, though the episodes were never so numerous. In this respect there is no better model than the Iliad.

Schiller did not execute or even commence the project he has here so philosophically sketched: the constraints of his present situation, the greatness of the enterprise compared with the uncertainty of its success, were sufficient to deter him. Besides, he felt that after all his wide excursions, the true home of his genius was the drama, the department where its powers had first been tried, and were now by habit or nature best qualified to act. To the drama he accordingly returned. The *History of the Thirty Years' War* had once suggested the idea of Gustavus Adolphus as the hero of an epic poem; the same work afforded him a subject for a tragedy: he now decided on beginning *Wallenstein*. In this undertaking it was no easy task that he contemplated: a common play did not now comprise his aim; he required some magnificent and comprehensive object, in which he could expend to advantage the new poetical and intellectual treasures, which he had for years been amassing; something that should at once exemplify his enlarged ideas of art, and give room and shape to his fresh stores of knowledge and sentiment. As he studied the history of Wallenstein, and viewed its capabilities on every side, new ideas gathered round it: the subject grew in magnitude, and often changed its form. His progress in actual composition was of course irregular and small. Yet the difficulties of the subject, increasing with his own wider, more ambitious conceptions, did not abate his diligence: *Wallenstein*, with many interruptions and many alterations, sometimes stationary, sometimes retrograde, continued on the whole, though slowly, to advance.

This was for several years his chosen occupation, the task to which he consecrated his brightest hours, and the finest part of his faculties. For humbler employments, demanding rather industry than inspiration, there still remained abundant leisure, of which it was inconsistent with his habits to waste a single hour. His occasional labours, accordingly, were numerous, varied, and sometimes of considerable extent. In the end of 1792, a new object seemed to call for his attention; he once about this time seriously meditated mingling in politics. The French Revolution had from the first affected him with no ordinary hopes; which, however, the course of events, particularly the imprisonment of Louis, were now fast converting into fears. For the

ill-fated monarch, and the cause of freedom, which seemed threatened with disgrace in the treatment he was likely to receive, Schiller felt so much interested, that he had determined, in his case a determination not without its risks, to address an appeal on these subjects to the French people and the world at large. The voice of reason advocating liberty as well as order might still, he conceived, make a salutary impression in this period of terror and delusion; the voice of a distinguished man would at first sound like the voice of the nation which he seemed to represent. Schiller was inquiring for a proper French translator, and revolving in his mind the various arguments that might be used, and the comparative propriety of using or forbearing to use them: but the progress of things superseded the necessity of all deliberation. In a few months, Louis perished on the scaffold; the Bourbon family were murdered or scattered over Europe; and the French government was changed into a frightful chaos, amid the tumultuous and bloody horrors of which, calm truth had no longer a chance to be heard. Schiller turned away from these repulsive and appalling scenes, into other regions where his heart was more familiar, and his powers more likely to produce effect. The French Revolution had distressed and shocked him; but it did not lessen his attachment to liberty, the name of which had been so desecrated in its wild convulsions. Perhaps in his subsequent writings we can trace a more respectful feeling towards old establishments; more reverence for the majesty of custom; and with an equal zeal, a weaker faith in human perfectibility; changes indeed which are the common fruit of years themselves, in whatever age or climate of the world our experience may be gathered.

(To be concluded in our next Portion.)

NOTES FROM THE POCKET-BOOK OF A LATE OPIUM-EATER.

No. V.

SUPERFICIAL KNOWLEDGE.

It is asserted that this is the age of Superficial Knowledge; and amongst the proofs of this assertion we find Encyclopædias and other popular abstracts of knowledge particularly insisted on. But in this notion and in its alleged proofs there is equal error:—wherever there is much diffusion of knowledge, there must be a good deal of superficiality: prodigious *extension* implies a due proportion of weak *intension*; a sea-like expansion of knowledge will cover large shallows as well as large depths. But in that quarter in which it is superficially cultivated the intellect of this age is properly opposed in any just comparison to an intellect without any culture at all:—leaving the deep soils out of the comparison, the shallow ones of the present day would in any preceding one have been barren wastes. Of this our modern encyclopædias are the best proof. For whom are they designed, and by whom used?—By those who in a former age would have gone to the fountain heads? No, but by those who in any age preceding the present would have drunk at no waters at all. Encyclopædias are the growth of the last hundred years; not because those who were formerly students of higher learning have descended, but because those who were below encyclopædias have ascended. The greatness of the ascent is marked by the style in which the more recent encyclopædias are executed: at first they were mere abstracts of existing books—well or ill executed: at present they contain many *original* articles of great merit. As in the periodical literature of the age, so in the encyclopædias it has become a matter of ambition with the publishers to retain the most eminent writers in each several department. And hence it is that our encyclopædias now display one characteristic of this age—the very opposite of superficiality (and which on other grounds we are well assured of)—viz. its tendency in

science, no less than in other applications of industry, to extreme subdivision. In all the employments which are dependent in any degree upon the political economy of nations, this tendency is too obvious to have been overlooked. Accordingly it has long been noticed for congratulation in manufactures and the useful arts—and for censure in the learned professions. We have now, it is alleged, no great and comprehensive lawyers like Coke: and the study of medicine is subdividing itself into a distinct ministry (as it were) not merely upon the several organs of the body (oculists, aurists, dentists, cheiropodists, &c.) but almost upon the several diseases of the same organ: one man is distinguished for the treatment of liver complaints of one class—a second for those of another class; one man for asthma—another for phthisis; and so on. As to the law, the evil (if it be one) lies in the complex state of society which of necessity makes the laws complex: law itself is become unwieldy and beyond the grasp of one man's term of life and possible range of experience: and will never again come within them. With respect to medicine, the case is no evil but a great benefit—so long as the subdividing principle does not descend too low to allow of a perpetual reascent into the generalising principle (the *τὸ commune*) which secures the unity of the science. In ancient times all the evil of such a subdivision was no doubt realized in Egypt: for there a distinct body of professors took charge of each organ of the body, not (as we may be assured) from any progress of the science outgrowing the time and attention of the general professor, but simply from an ignorance of the organic structure of the human body and the reciprocal action of the whole upon each part and the parts upon the whole; an ignorance of the same kind which has led sailors seriously (and not merely, as may sometimes have happened, by way of joke) to reserve one ulcerated leg to their own management, whilst the other was given up to the management of the surgeon.—With respect to law and medicine then, the difference between ourselves and our ancestors is not subjective but objective; not, i. e. in our faculties who study them, but in the things themselves which are the objects of study: not we (the students) are grown less, but they (the studies) are grown bigger;—and that our ancestors did not subdivide as much as we do—was something of their luck, but no part of their merit.—Simply as subdividers therefore to the extent which now prevails, we are less superficial than any former age. In all parts of science the same principle of subdivision holds: here therefore, no less than in those parts of knowledge which are the subjects of distinct civil professions, we are of necessity more profound than our ancestors; but, for the same reason, less comprehensive than they. Is it better to be a profound student, or a comprehensive one? In some degree this must depend upon the direction of the studies: but generally, I think, it is better for the interests of knowledge that the scholar should aim at profundity, and better for the interests of the individual that he should aim at comprehensiveness. A due balance and equilibrium of the mind is but preserved by a large and multiform knowledge: but knowledge itself is but served by an exclusive (or at least paramount) dedication of one mind to one science. The first proposition is perhaps unconditionally true: but the second with some limitations. There are such people as Leibnitzes on this earth; and their office seems not that of planets—to revolve within the limits of one system, but that of comets (according to the theory of some speculators)—to connect different systems together. No doubt there is much truth in this: a few Leibnitzes in every age would be of much use: but neither are many men fitted by nature for the part of Leibnitz; nor would the aspect of knowledge be better, if they were. We should then have a state of Grecian life amongst us in which every man individually would attain in a moderate degree all the purposes of the sane understanding,—but in which all the purposes of the sane understanding would be but moderately attained. What I mean is this:—let all the objects of the understanding in civil life or in science be represented by the letters of the alphabet; in Grecian life each man would se-

parately go through all the letters in a tolerable way; whereas at present each letter is served by a distinct body of men. Consequently the Grecian individual is superior to the modern; but the Grecian whole is inferior: for the whole is made up of the individuals; and the Grecian individual repeats himself. Whereas in modern life the whole derives its superiority from the very circumstances which constitute the inferiority of the parts: for modern life is *cast* dramatically: and the difference is as between an army consisting of soldiers who should each individually be competent to go through the duties of a dragoon—of a hussar—of a sharp-shooter—of an artillery-man—of a pioneer, &c. and an army on its present composition, where the very inferiority of the soldier as an individual—his inferiority in compass and versatility of power and knowledge—is the very ground from which the army derives its superiority as a whole, viz. because it is the condition of the possibility of a total surrender of the individual to one exclusive pursuit.—In science therefore, and (to speak more generally) in the whole evolution of the human faculties, no less than in Political Economy, the progress of society brings with it a necessity of sacrificing the ideal of what is excellent for the individual, to the ideal of what is excellent for the whole. We need therefore not trouble ourselves (except as a speculative question) with the comparison of the two states; because, as a practical question, it is precluded by the overruling tendencies of the age—which no man could counteract except in his own single case, i. e. by refusing to adapt himself as a part to the whole, and thus foregoing the advantages of either one state or the other.*

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* The latter part of what is here said coincides, in a way which is rather remarkable, with a passage in an interesting work of Schiller's which I have since read (*on the Æsthetic Education of Men*, in a series of letters: vid. letter the 6th). "With us, in order to obtain the representative *word* (as it were) of the total species, we must spell it out by the help of a series of individuals. So that on a survey of society as it actually exists, one might suppose that the faculties of the mind do really in actual experience show themselves in as separate a form, and in as much insulation, as psychology is forced to exhibit them in its analysis. And thus we see not only individuals, but whole classes of men, unfolding only one part of the germs which are laid in them by the hand of nature. In saying this I am fully aware of the advantages which the human species of modern ages has, when considered as a unity, over the best of antiquity: but the comparison should begin with the individuals: and then let me ask where is the modern individual that would have the presumption to step forward against the Athenian individual—man to man, and to contend for the prize of human excellence?—The polypus nature of the Grecian republics, in which every individual enjoyed a separate life, and if it were necessary could become a whole, has now given place to an artificial watch-work, where many lifeless parts combine to form a mechanic whole. The state and the church, laws and manners, are now torn asunder: labor is divided from enjoyment, the means from the end, the exertion from the reward. Chained for ever to a little individual fraction of the whole, man himself is moulded into a fraction; and, with the monotonous whirling of the wheel which he turns everlastingly in his ear, he never develops the harmony of his being; and, instead of imaging the totality of human nature, becomes a bare abstract of his business or the science which he cultivates. The dead letter takes the place of the living understanding; and a practised memory becomes a surer guide than genius and sensibility. Doubtless the power of genius, as we all know, will not fetter itself within the limits of its occupation; but talents of mediocrity are all exhausted in the monotony of the employment allotted to them; and that man must have no common head who brings with him the geniality of his powers unstripped of their freshness by the ungenial labors of life to the cultivation of the genial."—After insisting at some length on this wise, Schiller passes to the other side of the contemplation, and proceeds thus:—"It suited my immediate purpose to point out the injuries of this condition of the species, without displaying the compensations by which nature has balanced them. But I will now readily acknowledge—that, little as this practical condition may suit the interests of the individual, yet the species could in no other way have been progressive. Partial exercise of the faculties (literally '*one-sidedness* in the exercise of the faculties') leads the individual undoubtedly into error, but the species into truth. In no other way than by concentrating the whole energy of our spirit, and by converging our whole being, so to speak, into a single faculty, can we put wings as it were to the individual faculty and carry it by this artificial flight far beyond the limits within which nature has else doomed

MANUSCRIPTS OF MELMOTH.

A lady who had been educated by Melmoth (the translator, author of Fitzosborne's Letters, &c.), told me, about the year 1813, that she had a trunk full of his manuscripts. As an article of literary gossip, this may as well be made known: for some author, writing a biographical dictionary, may be interested in knowing all that can be now known of Melmoth,—and may even wish to examine his manuscripts, which (from the liberality of the lady) I am confident would be readily lent. For my part, I never looked into Fitzosborne's Letters since my boyhood: but the impression I then derived from them—was that Melmoth was a fribble in literature, and one of the "sons of the feeble." Accordingly I shrunk myself even from the "sad civility" of asking to look at the manuscripts. Melancholy lot of an author—that, after a life of literary toil, he must be destined to no better fate than that of inflicting an emotion of pure disgust upon a literary man, when he is told that he may have the sight of "a great trunk-full" of his manuscripts!—However the lady was to some degree in the wrong for calling it "a *great* trunk:" if she had said "a *little* trunk," I might perhaps have felt some curiosity. The Sybil was the first literary person who understood the doctrine of market price; and all authors, unless they write for money to meet an immediate purpose, should act upon her example—and imitate the taste for whatever merit their works may have, by cautiously abstaining from over-stocking the market.

SCRIPTURAL ALLUSION EXPLAINED.

In p. 50, of the "Annotations" upon Glanvill's * Lux Orientalis, the author (who was, I believe, Henry More the Platonist) having occasion to quote from the Psalms—"The sun shall not burn thee by day, neither the moon by night," in order to illustrate that class of cases where an ellipsis is to be suggested by the sense rather than directly indicated, says—"the word *burn* cannot be repeated, but some other more suitable verb is to be supplied."—A gentleman however, who has lately returned from Upper Egypt, &c. assures me that the moon *does* produce an effect on the skin which may as accurately be expressed by the word 'burn' as any solar effect. By sleeping a few hours under the light of a full moon, which is as much shunned in some parts of the East, as sleeping on the wet ground with us, or standing bareheaded under the noon-day sun in Bengal,—my informant brought a severe complaint upon his eyes.

it to walk. Just as certain as it is that all human beings could never, by clubbing their visual powers together, have arrived at the power of seeing what the telescope discovers to the astronomer; just so certain it is that the human intellect would never have arrived at an analysis of the infinite or a *Critical Analysis of the Pure Reason* (the principal work of Kant), unless individuals had dismembered (as it were) and insulated this or that specific faculty, and had thus armed their intellectual sight by the keenest abstraction and by the submersion of the other powers of their nature.—Extraordinary men are formed then by energetic and over-excited spasms as it were in the individual faculties; though it is true that the equable exercise of all the faculties in harmony with each other can alone make happy and perfect men."—After this statement, from which it should seem that in the progress of society nature has made it necessary for man to sacrifice *his own* happiness to the attainment of *her* ends in the developement of his species, Schiller goes on to inquire whether this evil result cannot be remedied; and whether "the totality of our nature, which art has destroyed, might not be re-established by a higher art."—but this, as leading to a discussion beyond the limits of my own, I omit

* This Lux Orientalis was first published about 1662; but republished, with Annotations, in 1682.

ON ENGLISH VERSIFICATION.

No. VI.

OF THE SPECIES OF POETRY WHICH ADMIT OF RHIME.

RHIME is to be esteemed an ornament of verse, but not of the highest order: it may therefore not merely be dispensed with as unnecessary, but is to be rejected as improper in some kinds of poetry. Other kinds there are in which it is required; to some of these it is suitable, and to some attached by custom. Blair says of rhime "that it finds its proper place in the middle, but not in the higher ranges of poetry:" and he suggests good reason for its exclusion from these when he adds, that it is "suitable to subjects where no particular vehemence is required in the sentiments, nor sublimity in the style."

The ornament of rhime is proper, and required in the shorter pieces of verse; as, epigrams, songs, madrigals, sonnets, epitaphs, elegies, and the like: and in general, all pieces that are written in stanzas, or in any other measure than the heroic. It is likewise commonly thought necessary to give to translations the embellishment of rhime; and this rather from custom and compliance with the public taste, than for any reason that has been alleged. The translations of Virgil and Homer into blank verse failed, and are forgotten; though we have no translation of the latter which represents the Greek so faithfully. In the present day another attempt in blank verse has been made with better acceptance, and well-deserved success; the translation of Dante by Mr. Cary, for fidelity to the original and good versification, is not surpassed by any in the English language.

Some of the lighter kinds admit rhimes, either single or double, in the middle of the line; which King James, in his Treatise on Scottis Poesie, calls broken verse, and gives this example.

Lo, how that lytil God of love
  Before me then appear'd;
So myld-like and chyld-like, with bow
  three quarters skant;
So moylie and coylie he lukit like a sant.

But such rhimes are of so little repute that English critics have passed them by without name or notice.

It is further to be observed concerning the kinds of poetry now mentioned, that in strictness of propriety they require different measures, according to the subjects treated of: The Elegy, for instance, being (as its name denotes) of a mournful nature, is most fitly composed in a staid and grave kind of verse; viz. the heroic.* The same kind of verse is likewise best adapted to the epitaph. We have, indeed, epitaphs of great merit in other measures; such is that of Gray on Mrs. Clarke, beginning with these lines,

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* The form in which English Elegy has most commonly appeared is the stanza of four lines in which the rhimes alternate. Dr. Johnson seems to censure this form; for he says, "Why Hammond or other writers have thought the quatrain of ten syllables elegiac, it is difficult to tell. The character of the elegy is gentleness and tenuity: but this stanza has been pronounced by Dryden, whose knowledge of English metre was not inconsiderable, to be the most magnificent of all the measures which our language affords."—*Life of Hammond.*

In alleging the authority of Dryden, Dr. Johnson has not dealt fairly with his readers; for, granting that Dryden had a perfect knowledge of English metre, he did not always speak according to that knowledge: and this the Doctor knew; for, in his Life of Dryden, he says of him, "his occasional and particular positions (in criticism) were sometimes interested, sometimes negligent, and sometimes capricious. It is not without reason that Trapp says, novimus viri illius maximi non semper accuratissimas esse censuras, nec ad severissimam critices normam exactas: illo judice id plerumque optimum est, quod nunc præ manibus habet, et in quo nunc occupatur. He is therefore by no means consonant to himself." Such, according to Dr. Johnson, was the judgment of Dryden in his occasional criticisms. It is needless, we think, to vindicate the practice of our elegy-writers against so disputable an authority. When Dryden gave that high character to the quatrain, he was composing his Annus Mirabilis, which is written in that measure.

> Lo, where this silent marble weeps,
> A friend, a wife, a mother, sleeps:

which yet we cannot but consider as defective, in that the verses, being of eight syllables only, want the gravity of the heroic line, and the solemnity which is required by their subject.*

OF THE DISPOSITION OF RHIMES.

Under this head rhimes will be considered; first, as to the order in which they stand; and 2d, the number which rhime together.

The simple, and most natural order is that, when adjoining verses rhime together, as in the couplet: the next seems to be that of alternate rhimes in the stanza of four lines. But as rhimes are frequently disposed, both in order and number, very differently from the instances here given, it is proper to notice how that is done; not indeed every licentious manner of doing it, but only some of the most approved examples.

To describe this verbally would at least be tedious: we shall therefore borrow, from Puttenham's Art of Poetry, his method of showing the disposition of rhimes, which is compendious and clear, and applicable to every rhiming poem.

It is a bracket, by the points of which the rhimes are represented; and the part which connects those points shows the connexion and place of the rhimes.

By this method the couplet will be represented thus:

> O parent of each lovely Muse, ⌐
> Thy spirit o'er my soul diffuse. ⌙
> *J. Warton.*

And thus the alternate rhimes in a quatrain.

> How meanly dwells th' immortal mind!
> How vile these bodies are!
> Why was a clod of earth design'd
> T' enclose a heavenly star?
> *Watts.*

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* The following stanzas, by Ben Jonson, are part of an epitaph on a child of Queen Elizabeth's chapel.

> Weep with me, all you that read
> This little story:
> And know, for whom a tear you shed
> Death's self is sorry.
> 'Twas a child that so did thrive
> In grace and feature,
> As Heaven and Nature seem'd to strive
> Which own'd the creature; &c. &c.

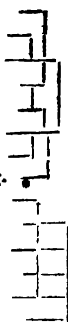
It would not be easy to frame any thing more different from what it ought to be, than the combination of short measures, double rhimes, and false thoughts, which enter into this epitaph.

We shall presume on the reader's patience to lay before him a Latin epitaph, of a most singular form; it being in Sapphic verse: in other respects of much propriety and beauty. It is that in Westminster Abbey, upon Carteret, a boy of the school. The device of the monument is a figure of Time, holding a scroll with these lines inscribed:

> Quid breves Te delicias tuorum
> Næniis Phœbi chorus omnis urget,
> Et meæ falcis subito recisum
> Vulnere plangit?
>
> En, Puer, vitæ pretium caducæ:
> Hic tuas Custos vigil ad favillas
> Semper astabo, et memori tuebor
> Carmine famam.
>
> Audies clarus pietate, morum
> Integer, multæ studiosus artis;
> Hæc frequens olim leget, hæc sequetur
> Æmula pubes.

A more complicated form of the bracket will be seen if applied to the sonnet:

I once may see when years shall wreck my wrong;
When golden hairs shall change to silver wire,
And those bright rays that kindle all this fire
Shall fail in force, their working not so strong:
Then Beauty (now the burden of my song)
Whose glorious blaze the world doth so admire,
Must yield up all to tyrant Time's desire;
Then fade those flowers that deck'd her pride so long.
When, if she grieve to gaze her in her glass,
Which then presents her winter-wither'd hue,
Go you, my Verse, go tell her what she was;
For what she was she best will find in you:
Your fiery heat lets not her glory pass,
But, phenix-like, shall make her live anew.



Daniel.

By these brackets may be seen the disposition of the rhimes: i. e. how they are connected and placed: and it is evident that such brackets may be formed as will show the same thing in any poem by mere inspection of them, independent of the words which they represent. This we shall have occasion to exemplify when we come to treat of lyric poetry.

The sonnet which is here given is in the regular form of that species of poem. It came to us from the Italians, and, according to Ellis, (Specimens of English Poets, vol. ii. p. 3) who calls it a "difficult novelty,"* was introduced here, probably by the court poets of the reign of Henry VIII. But in that age the name of Sonnet was very loosely applied. "Some think, (says Gascoigne, in his Instruction concerning the making of Verse in English,) that all poems, being short, may be called sonnets; as indeed it is a diminutive word derived of *sonare;* but yet I can best allow to call those sonnets which are of fourteen lines, every line containing ten syllables," p. 10.

Even this limitation is not strict enough for the regular sonnet: for there the rhimes of the first eight lines are to be such, in number and place, as in the example above. In the remaining six lines the composer has liberty to arrange his rhimes at discretion. It may be added, that our early writers very seldom constructed their sonnets upon the regular plan. Three quatrains with alternate rhimes, and a couplet in the close was the most usual form of their composition. Such are the sonnets of Lord Surrey, Gascoigne, Spencer, and Shakspeare; those of Sir Thomas Wyat are an exception, for they are all regular.

Under the disposition of rhimes is to be noted the distance at which they may stand apart, and the number that may properly rhime together.

It has been already observed that the quick return of rhime is inconsistent with sublimity in verse: by which was meant a return at the end of every line of eight, or fewer, syllables; but, on the other hand, the extent to which correspondent rhimes may be separated, is not easy to determine. When three heroic lines intervene, they seem to be set as far asunder as can be allowed with propriety. The following verses, from a sonnet of Milton, exhibit an example.

What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,
Of attic taste, with wine, whence we may *rise*
To hear the lute well touch'd, or artful voice
Warble immortal notes and Tuscan air?
He who of these delights can judge, and spare
To interpose them oft, is not *unwise.*

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* Although our poets in that century did not choose to encounter the difficulty of composing regular sonnets, they were not backward to contrive and execute various difficulties of composition in verse, of which some ridiculous specimens may be seen in Webbe's Discourse of English Poetry, edited by Haslewood, p. 64, 65.

If rhimes should be set further apart than in this instance, their correspondence on the ear, which is the main purpose of rhime, would be lost.

As a quick return of rhime destroys the gravity and dignity of verse, so a continuance of the same rhime, for many lines together, tends to produce a similar effect. A very licentious repetition of rhimes occurs in the following stanza of Cowley's Ode, addressed to Brutus:

Virtue was thy life's centre, and from thence
Did silently and constantly dispense
The gentle vigorous influence
To all the wide and fair circumference.
And all the parts upon it lean'd so easily,
Obey'd the mighty force so willingly,
That none could discord or disorder see
In all their contrariety:
Each had his motion natural and free,
And the whole no more moved than the whole world could be.

A rhime continued for three lines together is allowable, and often graceful if the last be an alexandrine, as here.

Waller was smooth, but Dryden taught to join
The varying verse, the full resounding line,
The long majestic march, and energy divine *

Pope's Imitations of Horace. Epist. 1.

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* It is not unlikely that the bracket which used to be set against such triplets as this, and which the printers have lately omitted to insert in our books, had the same origin with those adopted by Puttenham; and that its design was to apprise the reader of the connexion of the rhimes.

The criticism contained in these celebrated lines seems to have been received by subsequent critics as a sentence of decisive authority. Dr. Johnson's account of Waller and Dryden is a sort of commentary upon them. He says, Waller "certainly very much excelled in smoothness most of the writers, who were living when his poetry commenced. The poets of Elizabeth had attained an art of modulation, which was afterwards neglected or forgotten. Fairfax was acknowledged by him as his model; and he might have studied with advantage the poem of Davies (on the Immortality of the Soul) which though merely philosophical, yet seldom leaves the ear ungratified." Of Dryden he affirms that "veneration is paid to his name by every cultivator of English literature; as he refined the language, improved the sentiments, and tuned the numbers, of English poetry: that after about half a century of forced thoughts, and ragged metre, some advances towards nature and harmony had been already made by Waller and Denham; they had shown that long discourses in rhime grew more pleasing when they were broken into couplets, and that verse consisted not only in the number but the arrangement of syllables."—*Life of Dryden.*

It is unpleasant to contradict such grave authors, when they are treating of a subject with which they must have been well acquainted: but unless we will suffer some of our chief poets to lie under the reproach of great ignorance and incapacity; unless we are ready to acknowledge that the art of modulation which existed in Queen Elizabeth's age was neglected or forgotten; that for half a century afterward nothing was produced but ragged metre; that our writers did not perceive, till Waller and Denham showed them, that the arrangement of syllables, as well as the number, was necessary to make a verse; that till they were taught by Dryden, they knew not how to compose; that neither energy nor majesty, nor sonorous lines, nor variation of numbers, is to be found in their works; unless we will acquiesce in the justice of these injurious censures, we cannot permit them to pass without contradiction. In fact, they are altogether unfounded. Waller indeed was smooth; yet not (as Pope would insinuate) the first by many who wrote smoothly in English verse; and some of them equally so with Waller himself, for example William Browne: but Dryden taught nothing of what is attributed to him. If the poets who wrote before him should be examined, there will be found, in some one or other of them, each particular quality for which he is here praised; and all of them in Milton. Neither is it true that the art of modulation was ever forgotten by our poets. After the time of Queen Elizabeth it was preserved by many, besides William Browne above mentioned; namely by the brothers Beaumont, by Giles and Phineas Fletcher, by Sandys, to whom others might be added: and when Dr. Johnson speaks of "ragged metre," he must have had in his recollection only Donne, and Ben Jonson, and the disciples of their school.

We subjoin the following commendatory verses, not only as an authority for our cha-

But if the lines be of a measure shorter than the heroic, the continued rhimes suit not so well with grave, as with light subjects: as this,

His helmet was a beetle's head,
Most horrible and full of dread.
That able was to strike one dead,
 Yet it did well become him:
And for a plume a horse's hair,
Which, being tossed by the air,
Had force to strike his foe with fear,
 And turn his weapon from him.

Drayton's Court of Fairy.

In some burlesque poems may be found more than three lines rhiming together, but our serious versification admits of no such licence.

OF THE CESURA, OR PAUSE, IN VERSE.

By cesura, or pause, is meant the rest which the voice makes in pronouncing a verse, especially of many syllables. It has been said of the pause "that it remained, till later times unnoticed:" but in fact, one of the earliest writers on English versification (Gascoigne) expressly mentions it, and gives these rules concerning it. "In mine opinion, in a verse of eight syllables, the pause will stand best in the midst; in a verse of ten, it will best be placed at the end of the first four syllables, in a verse of twelve in the midst; in verses of twelve in the first and fourteen in the second, we place the pause commonly in the midst of the first, and at the end of the first eight syllables in the second. In rhime royal it is at the writer's discretion."*

From hence it appears that this ancient English critic and poet had not only noticed the cesura, or pause, but also had pointed out in general where it might best stand, and the variety of place which it admitted. To what he has said we shall add something respecting the iambic verses of ten and twelve syllables: i. e. the heroic and alexandrine.

In the heroic verse, if taken singly, the pause will be most grateful to the ear, when at the middle, or near it; viz. at the fifth, fourth, or sixth syllable: so likewise in a couplet, and so generally in poems of that sort, i. e. in couplets and rhime: but, for the sake of variety, it may be put at any syllable, from the first to the ninth. Pope, so eminent for the smoothness and regularity of his verse, admits a pause upon each; for example, on the first.

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racter of W. Browne's poetry, but also as a proof that before Waller began to compose there existed examples of English versification, not inferior in smoothness to the most polished of his.

To his friend, Mr. Browne.

All that do read thy works and see thy face
(Where scarce a hair grows up thy chin to grace)
Do greatly wonder how so youthful years
Could frame a work where so much worth appears:
To hear how thou describ'st a tree, a dale,
A grove, a green, a solitary vale,
The evening showers, and the morning gleams,
The golden mountains, and the silver streams;
How *smooth thy verse is*, and how sweet thy rhimes,
How sage, and yet how pleasant are thy lines,
What more or less can there be said by men,
But Muses rule thy hand, and guide thy pen?

The Author, Thomas Wenman; about the year 1613.

The sonnet at p. 31, is another instance of smoothness before Waller's time.

* George Gascoigne's Instructions concerning Verse, &c.; edited by Haslewood, § 13. Rhime royal is the stanza of seven heroic lines rhiming after a certain rule: thus.......................... . ...



Strange! by the means defeated of the ends:

and, to omit others, on the ninth,

But an inferior not dependant, worse.—*Moral Essays, Epist.* 2.

But his most usual and favourite pause was on the fourth, as in these lines.

That chang'd through all, and yet in all the same,
Great in the earth, as in the ethereal frame,
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent.—*Essay on Man, Epist* 1.

These lines have been praised and censured upon the same account, namely, the pause. The censure was that they wanted variety because of the repetition of the pause upon the same syllable, in every line, the last only excepted. On the contrary it was said, that this repetition gave to the lines a good and proper effect. Without deciding any thing here, we shall apprize the reader that in this same poem, and likewise in others of Pope, above half the lines have the pause at the fourth syllable, which we consider as too frequent a recurrence.

The heroic line admits of more than one pause, especially if it occurs near the beginning or the end; as in this,

Die, and endow a college, or a cat.

For the place, or number of these pauses there is no rule. But it is a rule, observed by careful versifiers, that, in general, there should be some pause at the end of each couplet. It is a fault to terminate the couplet in the middle of a sentence, as here,

He spoke; the heavens seem'd decently to bow,
With all their bright inhabitants; and now
The jocund spheres began again to play,
Again each spirit sung Halleluia:
Only that angel was straight gone: even so
(But not so swift) the morning glories flow
At once from the bright sun, and strike the ground:
So winged lightning the soft air doth wound.
Cowley's David, Book 1.

A principal reason why this construction of the couplet is faulty, is, that, for want of a pause, the rhime is nearly lost: it does not dwell upon the ear to produce that effect which is the purpose of making rhime. This fault, which since the time of Pope had almost disappeared from our poetry, seems to be returning at the present day. In the last century it was seldom admitted, but by those who valued themselves upon the rough structure of their verse. Such was Churchill; and the following is one instance of many in his satires.

By Him that made me, I am much more proud,
More inly satisfied, to have a crowd
Point at me as I pass, and cry—"That's He—
A poor, but honest bard, who dares be free
Amidst corruption," than to have a train
Of flickering levee-slaves, to make me vain
Of things I ought to blush for; to run, fly,
And live but in the motion of my eye.—*Churchill. Independence.*

Another fault respecting the cesura is made, when the line is so constructed that the sense does not terminate where the pause falls; i. e. the measure requires a pause, and the sense would reject it, as in these,

Is the great chain that draws | all to agree.—*Pope's Essay on Man, Ep.* 1.

And from about her shot | darts of desire.—*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

If, in pronouncing either of these lines, the pause were to be made where

the sense requires it, the iambic measure would be changed for another of a very different character, viz. the dactylic, ex. gr.

Is the great | cháin that draws | áll to a|gree.

This forced pause therefore, though countenanced by such high authorities, is hardly within the bounds of poetical licence.

For the alexandrine verse it has been laid down as a rule, without any exception, that the pause must be at the sixth syllable. That certainly is the best place; but it may stand at the seventh without impairing the measure, if the next syllable be strongly accented: examples,

And Cupid's self about her | flutter'd all in green.—*Spencer's Fairy Queen.*

From out his secret altar | touch'd with hallow'd fire.
Milton's Christ's Nativity.

But, if that syllable (the eighth) be not accented, the measure will suffer in some degree; as,

And birds of calm sit brooding | on the charmed wave.—*Milton, ibid.*

Swindges the scaly horror | of his folded tail.—*Ibid.*

On any other syllable of the alexandrine verse, except these two, the pause is not to be endured; as from a few instances will be evident.

She strikes an universal peace | through sea and land.
Than his bright throne | or burning axletree could bear.
Make up full consort | to the angelic symphony.
The dreadful Judge | in middle air | shall spread his throne.
Isis and Orus | and the dog Anubis | haste.—*Milton, ibid.*

In every one of these lines the character of the alexandrine is destroyed. Instead of its "long majestic march," we have only hobbling verses with broken measure.

The cesura, besides giving variety to the numbers, is sometimes introduced to give expression to the sentiment. Under this head it may be sufficient, for the present, to observe, that, when placed at the fourth syllable, it is suitable to what is brisk and sprightly; when at the sixth, to that which is more grave and dignified.

TIME.

Slow roll—swift fleet—the years. How heavily
The hours, leaden-paced, drag on the day's dull chain
From grey morn till the glowing western main
Receive the weary sun-god from the sky!
—And yet the seasons vanish. Infancy,
Childhood, and youth are melted, as the stain
Of breath, that dimming the bright air, again
Fades in the resolution of a sigh.
—Now manhood stays:—nay *goes!*—Now wiser Hope
Leads justlier measured toils to issues meet:
Tasks of ripe strength,—births of the thoughtful head.
Now the tried spirit eyes the well-chosen scope
Toward which she onward strains untiring feet:
—And see!—that glance of lightning, Life,—has fled.

X.

THE CUCKOO.

A SCOTTISH SONG.

1.

The pleasant summer-time is come,
I hear the sweet cuckoo,
The corn is growing green and long,
The lamb bleats by the ewe;
The grasshopper sings for the sun,
The cricket sings for heat,
But when ye hear the cuckoo's song,
Be sure the season's sweet.

2.

The throstle sings not till the light,
The lark not till the dawn,
The linnet when the pear-trees bud,
And woman sings for man:—
They sing but to be heard or seen
In bower or budding bough,
Sae sings nae my meek modest bird,
The gray unseen cuckoo.

C.

CAPTAIN COCHRANE'S PEDESTRIAN JOURNEY THROUGH RUSSIA AND SIBERIA.*

This is certainly a most extraordinary book. Or perhaps we should rather say, that the writer is a most extraordinary person. His title-page does not explain half his merits, a fault of modesty not very usual with travellers. From the gulph of Finland to the Peninsula of Kamtchatka, a longitudinal extent of 135°, was but half his peregrination. He set out from Dieppe, in the year of our Lord 1820, and arrived at Ostrovnoi, a village in the most northern part of Siberia; about 20° from the north-east coast of America, before the end of the eleventh month, having thus performed a tour of nearly half the terrene globe! We think it is Puck who promises to "put a girdle round the earth," but this, it would appear, is no great feat for a fairy: had Captain Cochrane had the power of spinning a thread from his own body, like a spider, he, though a mere mortal of sizeable dimensions, and without wings (for aught we know to the contrary), might have actually done half at least what the ouphe only promised to do. But even the latter statement of our author's performance does him very inadequate justice: to give the reader some idea of its real magnitude, we will exhibit an outline of the journey in as few words as possible. From Dieppe,

* Narrative of a Pedestrian Journey through Russia and Siberian Tartary, from the Frontiers of China to the Frozen Sea and Kamtchatka; performed during the Years 1820, 1821, 1822, and 1823, by Captain John Dundas Cochrane, R.N. Murray, London, 1824.

through Paris, Berlin, Petersburgh, and Moscow, he penetrated to Tobolsk, the capital of Western Siberia. From thence he directed his course southward to Ubinsk, on the borders of China; and from thence again, inclining northwards, to Irkutsk on the Baikal Lake, about the middle of Asia. From Irkutsk he passed along the river Lena through Yuketsk and Lashiversk to the Frozen Ocean, near Shelatskoi Noss, the interval between which and Cape North (about 5°) is the only coast of the old world which has never yet been traversed. This, as we have said before, is near the extremity of Asia, approaching the New Continent. From the Frozen Ocean our pedestrian again turning his back upon the North Pole, travelled downwards to Okotsk, and crossing the gulf of that name, visited Kamtchatka. After having surveyed the whole length of this peninsula, he again crossed to Okotsk, and passing a second time through Irkutsk, (from which latter town he makes a retrograde movement upon the Chinese territory,) he returned through Tobolsk and Moscow to Petersburgh, exactly three years and three weeks from the time he had been there before. Our readers have only to look at their maps to acknowledge the extraordinary length of this journey, the greater part of which was performed on foot, through a wilderness of snow. They may, perhaps, be tempted to inquire of us the motive which prompted this extensive undertaking. Was it business or science?—No; the author is a captain in the royal navy, and for science, he professes his utter ignorance of it. Were the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty at the bottom of the business? Or the Missionary Society? Or the Royal Society?—No; none of them. Was it *love*? the reader will ask, in despair of conjecturing a more reasonable motive, and well knowing the immoderate lengths to which that passion will carry us? To this query (improbable as it might seem) we are not equally prepared to return the simple negative, inasmuch as it appears that our author was really "netted" (as he himself declares)—in Kamtchatka! But it is more than likely that even here we might have ventured a denial, our author's lady never having visited England till after his marriage with her, being in fact a native *Kamtchatdale*. The book itself indeed supplies an answer to this riddle to which we cannot but allow some plausibility; we beg leave to give it literatim:—(speaking of his departure from Petersburg,) "The night was beautifully clear, though rather cold from the effects of a northern breeze; while the moon was near her full. I looked at the beautiful luminary, and actually asked myself whether I were, *as had been asserted*, under the baneful influence of that planet." Captain Cochrane is, however, as well as we can judge, as far perhaps from a genuine madman, as any of those who call him so; he is certainly a little eccentric in his disposition, and this, probably combined with a jot of vanity, in being the first to accomplish such an adventurous journey, really might have developed itself in a promenade of fifteen thousand miles, or so, without any external inducement. However this may be, he is at least a man of an inextinguishable thirst for experimental knowledge, and of an incorrigible propensity towards locomotion, in proof of which his own words may stand: "After such a journey I might be supposed cured of the spirit of travelling, at least in so eccentric a way; yet the supposition is far from the fact, for as I am conscious that *I never was so happy as in the wilds of Tartary*, so have I never been so anxious to enter a similar field as at this moment."

Except as a biographical curiosity, however, the Narrative can scarcely be considered either profitable or amusing to the reader. Those who are very inquisitive, or those who look with an eye of science towards farther discoveries in the yet partially-known regions of the north, those also who are at the head of governments, (especially the Autocrat of the regions themselves,) might peruse this volume, and derive from it some instruction; but to the general reader, from the uniformity of its details, and their insignificance, it would after a few pages become tedious and oppressive. This, we are aware, is more chargeable upon

the scene itself, which is little else than a boundless tract of invariable desolation, without any peculiar phenomena to characterise it, than to the writer; but however good an excuse this may be, it is certainly no recommendation. The table of contents alone is enough to frighten a common reader from the contents themselves; it is made up (wholly) of the names of places,—such a hideous catalogue of unpronounceable words, as we never saw brought together before in a given space, except on the map itself.

The whole interest of the volume centres in Captain Cochrane individually,—the hardships he suffered, the privations he endured, the obstacles he overcame, the dangers he escaped. Of some of these, the following passages afford good illustrations.

On the 9th day I started for Zashiversk, distant forty miles, the first twenty of which was by a rising path, until I reached the greatest elevation of a lofty mountain, with some peril and more difficulty. The scene reminded me of my journey across the sand hills at the back of Vera Cruz, with this difference only, that the gale, generally attending both, obscures in the one instance the atmosphere with sand, and in the other with snow; in both no traces of a path can long exist if there be any wind. The snow lay from four to six feet deep, and our situation was at one time extremely dangerous, being completely ignorant which way to turn; not the smallest vestige of verdure was to be seen, and, except a few crosses (another resemblance to Vera Cruz), which were sure to receive the offering of the Yakuti, consisting of horse-hair drawn from the tail or mane of horses, in token of their gratitude for safe arrival at the summit, nothing was visible. I left this desert of snow, and rapidly descended the north-east side of the hills, enjoying the magnificent winter scene which gradually opens to view. I soon reached the banks of the Cheuboukalah, and the more considerable Galánima, and then along a well-wooded valley, gained the rapid Indigirkâ just at the point where the latter falls into it; not long after which I entered the town of Zashiversk.

Of all the places I have ever seen, bearing the name of city or town, this is the most dreary and desolate; my blood froze within me as I beheld and approached the place. All that I have seen in passing rocky or snowy sierras or passes in Spain, in traversing the wastes of Canada, or in crossing the mountains in North America, or the Pyrennees, or the Alps, cannot be compared with the desolation of the scene around me! The first considerable halting-place from Yakutsk, the half-way house, is nine hundred or one thousand miles removed from a civilized place. Such a spot gives name to a commissariat, and contains seven habitations of the most miserable kind, inhabited severally by two clergymen, each separate, a non-commissioned officer, and a second in command; a post-master, a merchant, and an old widow. I have, during my service in the navy, and during a period when seamen were scarce, seen a merchant ship with sixteen guns, and only fifteen men; but I never before saw a town with only seven inhabitants.

* * * * *

Fish is fine and most abundant, and constitutes almost the only support of the *numerous* inhabitants. There is not a blade of grass near the place, and no horses are kept nearer than thirty miles; so that there is no little difficulty in bringing the hay which maintains a couple of cows. The planner or proposer of this site for a town might deserve punishment, but certainly less than that of being made its perpetual commander. I remained three days, living in a state of luxury to which I had, of late, been a stranger. Hares, wolves, bears, wild rein-deer, and elks, which abound here, were my ordinary food; foxes, which are also in great plenty, are here used as food. Bear and wolf meat I found good when very hungry; rein-deer I found a delicate diet; but elk I think surpasses every thing I have tasted, having all the nutriment of beef, with all the delicate flavour of the rein-deer. (P. 220—223.)

In order to understand what our author means by the "luxury" of bear and wolf-meat, it is necessary to be informed that *horse-flesh* was a common edible with him and the demi-savages his escort. But it would be erroneous to suppose from this, that our author is insensible to the pleasures of good eating; nay, he sometimes indulges a style of panegyric upon this subject, which might fairly indict him as an Epicurean: "Spite of our prejudices, (says he,) there is nothing to be compared with the melting of *raw fish* in the mouth; oysters, clotted cream, or the finest jelly in the world, is nothing to it. I myself have finished a whole fish, which in its frozen state might have weighed two or three pounds, and with *black biscuit*, and a glass of rye brandy, have defied either nature or art to prepare a

better meal." We suspect these luxuries would have wanted much of their gratefulness, had they not been served up in a medium, proverbial for its effect in rendering the most unsavory viands palatable, to wit – the sauce of hunger. Marrow, warm from the fore-feet of a rein-deer, is also enlarged upon by our traveller, as one of the greatest delicacies in nature; and *stone-butter* (an earthy substance called by the Russians Kamenoye Maslo) is another dainty in his Siberian bill of fare. Indeed the inhabitants of the country where such kickshaws are fashionable, appear to be *bon vivants* of no ordinary description; we much question, if the giant of hasty-pudding celebrity, might compete with a native Yakut or Tongouse in powers of deglutition.

At Tabalak I had a pretty good specimen of the appetite of a child, whose age (as I understood from the steersman, who spoke some English and less French) did not exceed five years. I had observed the child crawling on the floor, and scraping up with its thumb the tallow grease which fell from a lighted candle, and I inquired in surprise whether it proceeded from hunger or liking of the fat. I was told from neither, but simply from the habit in both Yakuti and Tongousi of eating whenever there is food, and never permitting any thing that can be eaten to be lost. I gave the child a candle made of the most impure tallow,—a second,—and third,—and all were devoured with avidity. The steersman then gave him several pounds of sour frozen butter; this also he immediately consumed; lastly, a large piece of yellow soap,—all went the same road; but as I was now convinced that the child would continue to gorge as long as it could receive any thing, I begged my companion to desist.

As to the statement of what a man can or will eat, either as to quality or quantity, I am afraid it would be quite incredible; in fact, there is nothing in the way of fish or meat, from whatever animal, however putrid or unwholesome, but they will devour with impunity, and the quantity only varies from what they have, to what they can get. I have repeatedly seen a Yakut or a Tongouse devour forty pounds of meat in a day. The effect is very observable upon them, for from thin and meagre looking men, they will become perfectly pot-bellied. Their stomachs must be differently formed to ours, or it would be impossible for them to drink off at a draught, as they really do, their tea and soup scalding hot (so hot, at least, that an European would have difficulty in even sipping at it), without the least inconvenience. I have seen three of these gluttons consume a rein-deer at one meal; nor are they nice as to the choice of parts; nothing being lost, not even the contents of the bowels, which, with the aid of fat and blood, are converted into black-puddings.

For an instance in confirmation of this, no doubt, extraordinary statement, I shall refer to the voyages of the Russian admiral, Saritcheff. "No sooner," he says, "had they stopped to rest or spend the night, than they had their kettle on the fire, which they never left until they pursued their journey, spending the intervals for rest in eating, and, in consequence of no sleep, were drowsy all the next day." The admiral also says, "That such extraordinary voracity was never attended with any ill effects, although they made a practice of devouring, at one meal, what would have killed any other person. The labourers," the admiral says, "had an allowance of four poods, or one hundred and forty-four English pounds of fat, and seventy-two pounds of rye-flour, yet in a fortnight they complained of having nothing to eat. Not crediting the fact, the Yakuts said that one of them was accustomed to consume at home, in the space of a day, or twenty-four hours, the hind quarter *of a large ox, twenty pounds of fat, and a proportionate quantity of melted butter for his drink.* The appearance of the man not justifying the assertion, the admiral had a mind to try his gormandizing powers, and for that purpose he had a thick porridge of rice boiled down with three pounds of butter, weighing together twenty-eight pounds, and although the glutton had *already breakfasted*, yet did he sit down to it with great eagerness, and consumed the whole without stirring from the spot: and, except that his stomach betrayed more than an ordinary fullness, he betrayed no sign of molestation or injury, but would have been ready to renew his gluttony the following day." So much for the admiral, on the truth of whose account I place perfect reliance. (P. 212—214)

If the reader should at any time happen to be benighted in the midst of winter, upon a shrubless waste or a sandy desert,—he might, perhaps, be glad of Captain Cochrane's recipe for making up a good bed, and obtaining a comfortable night's rest, under these circumstances: "I took off my shoes, hat, and jacket, and, taking a spare flannel waistcoat and drawers which I had fortunately retained in a bundle, with a dry pair of worsted stockings, with this I

made myself *a bed*, putting my feet into *my hat*, and pointing them towards the wind, and my shoes under my head *for a pillow;* then lying down and drawing my jacket over my shoulders, I slept very soundly." His invention of a *horse-shoe fire*, when the necessity occurred of sleeping *in snow*, is also worthy of remembrance; the reader may gather some hints from the following narration, if ever he should think of posting through Siberia in search of adventures:

The Yakuti then with their axes proceeded to fell timber, while I and the Cossack with our lopatkas or wooden spades cleared away the snow which was generally a couple of feet deep. We then spread branches of the pine tree, to fortify us from the damp or cold earth beneath us: a good fire was now soon made, and each bringing a leathern bag from the baggage, furnished himself with a seat. We then put the kettle on the fire, and soon forgot the sufferings of the day. Yet the weather was so cold that we were almost obliged to creep into the fire; and as I was much worse off than the rest of the party for warm clothing, I had recourse to every stratagem I could devise to keep my blood in circulation. It was barely possible to keep one side of the body from freezing, while the other might be said to be roasting. Upon the whole, I slept tolerably well, although I was obliged to get up five or six times during the night to take a walk or run for the benefit of my feet. While thus employed, I discovered that the Yakuti had drawn the fire from our side to theirs, a trick which I determined to counteract the next night. I should here observe, that it is the custom of the Yakuti to get to leeward of the fire, and then undressing themselves, put the whole of their clothes as a shelter for one side of their bodies, while the other side receives a thorough roasting from exposure to the fire; this plan also gives them the benefit of the warmth of their own bodies. The thermometer during the day had ranged from 20° to 25°, according to the elevation of the sun.

The following day, at thirty miles, we again halted in the snow, when I made a horse-shoe fire, which I found had the effect I desired, of keeping every part of me alike warm, and I actually slept well without any other covering than my clothes thrown over me, whereas before I had only the consolation of knowing that if I was in a freezing state with one half of my body, the other was meanwhile roasting to make amends. (P. 206, 207.)

The imperturbable serenity with which he appears to have encountered the several disasters of his journey, is at once both ludicrous and astonishing. At Tosna in Russia, he was seized by ruffians, who dragged him by the collar into a forest, bound him to a tree, took from him his watch and money, leaving him at the same time "almost as naked as he came into the world." Upon this occasion he gravely observes: "To pursue my route to Tzarko Selo would indeed be alike indecent and ridiculous, but being so, and there being no remedy, I made therefore 'forward' the order of the day; having first with the remnant of my apparel rigged myself *à l'Ecossoise*, I resumed my route. I had still left me a blue jacket, a flannel waistcoat, and a spare one, which I tied round my waist in such a manner that it reached down to my knees: my empty knapsack was restored to its old place, and I trotted on even with a merry heart." He adds, that upon being offered a change of raiment by his Excellency General Woronzoff (whose servants taking him probably for a lunatic had shut the door in his face), he declined it, considering his thin dress as "*peculiarly becoming*." This gaiety, whether the result of philosophy or constitution, never deserts him, even in the most uncomfortable situations. Adventures which another traveller would have ordered his printer to emphaticate with italics and a note of admiration, he relates with a degree of simplicity and *naïveté* excessively amusing. Thus after having quitted Pogost, he says,—"Being too jaded to proceed farther, I thought myself fortunate in being able to pass the night in *a cask!* Arrived at Paulovo, &c." At Barnaoule likewise: "The governor had at first taken me for a Rashcolnick (*a Polish exile*) from my long beard and longer golden locks; notwithstanding I wore at the same time a long swaddling gray nankeen coat, and a silken sash round my waist, but indeed *so great a buck* had I become of late that I hardly knew myself:" Again too: "In journeying along the river my horse twice fell under me upon his broadside, yet without injury to me, as I used no

stirrups, my feet hanging at liberty for the sake of *kicking the horse's side to keep me warm.*" And a little after, —"Having well *refreshed* ourselves with the flesh of a *bear* and a *horse*, which had the day before fought each other to death, we departed, &c." "At forty miles, or three in the afternoon, *we drank tea in a bush*, &c."

The journey from the Frozen Ocean to Okotsk was, perhaps, the most perilous ever undertaken and performed by any European traveller. Two thousand miles, stretching across lofty mountains of ice, large overflowed marshes, half frozen lakes, impetuous rivers, and forests almost impervious, were measured by this undaunted sailor. He remained forty-five nights exposed to the snow, from the drifting of which it was often impossible to keep alive a fire,—and five days without food, the other seventy which it took to perform this journey being chiefly supported on *horse-meat*. In crossing the Okota on a raft of his own making, our author had to contend with difficulties sufficient to make a man of less stubborn intrepidity think it the easiest method of subduing them to lie down at once and die; but by a combination of prudence and temerity, which belongs perhaps to the character of a British seaman alone, he finally extricated himself,—only indeed to plunge into other adventures equally rash and hazardous. To crown his pedestrian errantry, he resolved to cross from Okotsk to California in America, for the purpose of exploring (alone and on foot) the desolate regions of that vast continent; and was only prevented from pursuing this, we must say, Quixotic scheme, by not finding a vessel which might carry him over. We are only surprised that he did not provide himself with a pair of Mr. Kent's newly-invented slippers for walking on water, and thus attempt to cross the Pacific Ocean without further ceremony. Truly the old Russian mineralogist at Nertchinsk who told him that ere long he expected to hear of his "arrival in the moon," had chalked him out a track not a little prefigurative of what his friends seem to hint will be his ultimate destination.

The Siberians, contrary to general opinion in England, would appear from Captain Cochrane's Narrative to be a happy, and on the whole a *moral* people. The number of *criminals* is very small, though the policy of colonization induces the government to swell the number of *exiles*, by pronouncing a sentence of banishment for every slight misdemeanour. Of their progress towards civilization, wealth, and power, he speaks in very sanguine terms. Their mines, he asserts, will shortly rival those of Peru in value; and the salubrity of their climate, internal resources, and increasing population and trade, will render them one of the most powerful nations on earth.—The Lancasterian System, it seems, is in full play, as also the English Missionary System, but with very different success: education is spreading rapidly; whilst in the three years that they have been zealously employed there, the Missionaries have failed to convert *one individual*. Hospitality is a distinguishing feature of the Russ and Siberian character; in travelling from Moscow to Irkutsk (a route of six thousand miles) our author's expenses did not amount to *a guinea*. Extraordinary as it may appear, he found the natives of this ice-bound country less able to defy cold than he: whilst they were enveloped in furs, he wore nothing but a light dress of nankeen or leather. Their powers of enduring bodily fatigue are also by no means wonderful; we hear our author crying out in almost every second page, for a "*fresh* Cossack" to accompany him.

On the other hand, the Kamtchatdales are described as a most wretched, oppressed, demoralized, and vanishing race of creatures. Their numbers are now diminished to about four thousand, afflicted with an epidemic scrofula, the fruit of one immoral disease, (from which scarcely a single individual is free,) combined with their indolence, poverty, filth, and perpetual inebriety.

JOHN A' SCHAFFELAAR.

TRANSLATED FROM THE DUTCH OF TOLLENS.

Toen 't vuur der tweedragt vlamde in 't rond.

When high the flame of discord rose,
And o'er the country spread,
When friends were changed to deadliest foes,
And nature's feelings fled:—

When doubtful questions of debate
Disturb'd the public mind,
And all, impell'd by furious hate,
Forgot their kin and kind:—

When foreign armies, helm'd and plumed,
Were hurrying to our strand,
And fierce, internal fires consumed
The heart of Netherland:—

Then flourish'd John a' Schaffelaar,
A hero bold was he,
Renown'd for glorious deeds of war,
And feats of chivalry.

Let him who would Rome's Curtius name,
Give Schaffelaar his due,
Who was, though lauded less by fame,
The nobler of the two.

Secluded virtue fairest shines,
No flattery dims its rays,
While virtue on a throne declines,
And fades beneath its praise.

You ask me once again to sing—
And I have yet the will—
And whilst my lyre retains a string,
'Twill sound for Holland still.

When Utrecht saw her sons appear
Her bishop to depose,
And all with musket and with spear
Against his vassals rose:

When Amersfoort had sworn to shield,
Defend him, and obey;
And Barneveld had made it yield,
And wrested him away:

Then flourish'd John a' Schaffelaar,
A hero bold was he—
Renown'd for glorious deeds of war,
And feats of chivalry.

Up—up the steepest tow'r he went,
With eighteen men to aid,
And from the lofty battlement
A deadly havoc made.

He dares their fire, which threatens death,
And gives it back again,
And showers of bullets fall beneath,
As thick as winter's rain.

Erect he stands—no vain alarm,
No fear of death appals,
And many a foeman by his arm,
Drops from the castle walls.

But courage must be crush'd at last
In such unequal fight:
The best and bravest blood flows fast,
And quenches glory's light.

Fearfully rolls the tempest there,
And vengeance breathes around,
The thunder bursts and rends the air,
And shrieks along the ground.

The castle rocks at every blow
Upon its giant frame;
The raging fire ascends, and lo!
The tow'r is wrapt in flame.

" Your will?" cried John a' Schaffelaar,
" Your will? my comrades true!
Though thoughts of self are banish'd far,
I still can mourn for you."

" Oh! yield to them—give up the tow'r!"
To Schaffelaar they call,
" We cannot now withstand their pow'r,
Yield, or we perish all."

" The flames are round us and our fate
Is certain," was the cry;
" Then yield, oh! yield! ere 'tis too late!
Amid the smoke we die."

" We yield it then," the hero cried,
" We yield it to your might,
We bow our stubborn necks of pride—
Ye conquerors in the fight."

" No! no!" exclaim'd the furious crowd,
" A ransom we require;
A ransom—quick!" they call'd aloud,
" Or perish in the fire!"

" What is your wish?—no more we war:"
They cry to those without.
" We would have John a' Schaffelaar,"
The furious rabble shout.

" Never! by heaven!—we yield him not,"
They cry as with one voice;
" If death must be our leader's lot,
We'll share it and rejoice!"

" Hold! on your lives!" with lifted hand
Said Schaffelaar the free—
" Whoe'er opposes their demand
Is not a friend to me.

" Mine was th' attempt, be mine the fate,
Since we in vain withstood;
On me alone would fall the weight
Of all your guiltless blood.

" The flames draw nearer—all is o'er—
And here I may not dwell;
Give me your friendly hands once more—
For ever fare ye well!"

He rushes from his trusty men,
  Who would in vain oppose,
And from the narrow loop-hole they
  He springs amid his foes.

"Here have ye John a' Schaffelaar—
  No longer battle wage—
Divide and banquet, hounds of war!
  And satisfy your rage.

"Now sheathe your swords and bear afar
  The muskets that we braved;
Here have ye John a' Schaffelaar—
  My comrades true are saved.'

His limbs were writhing on the ground
  In death's convulsive thrill;
The blood-drops that are shed around
  With shame his foemen fill.

The sounds of war no more arise,
  And banish'd is the gloom,
But glory's wreath, which never dies,
  Surrounds the hero's tomb.

Let him who would Rome's Curtius name
  Give Schaffelaar his due,
Who was, though lauded less by fame,
  The nobler of the two.

V. D.

FOREST LEGENDS.

No. I.

THE ARCHER OF ULVESCROFT.

In the forest of Charnwode, at a considerable distance from any public road, deeply situated in a vale whose bosom is watered by a meandering stream, stands all that now remains of the once goodly priory of Ulvescroft!

In the time of the Edwards, the Henrys, and even Mary, this priory possessed no mean advantage in point of monastic grandeur. It was the abode of Eremites, of the order of St. Augustine, and was endowed with many privileges, amongst which an unbounded right of hunting or hawking over the adjoining wastes was none of the smallest.

The forest in which this edifice was erected, though still abounding in bold and beautiful yet somewhat barren scenery, at the period alluded to bore no want of vegetation; it was covered with foliage, so thick and verdant as to exhibit one ample grove of stately oaks, softened and variegated by the birch, the beech, and the clustering ash. The vicinity of Ulvescroft still preserves a large portion of this interesting foliage, partly, we will hope, from a respect to the ruined pile which graces its valley, and partly from the rocky surface, that bids defiance to all agricultural improvements. Whichever motive may have actuated its owners, the dell in which the priory stands is of itself sufficiently picturesque to attract the notice of every lover of woodland scenery. Retired and solitary, it is inclosed on almost every side by high and rocky eminences, about whose sides the twisted and knotty oaks assume a thousand grotesque forms, according as their roots have found the means of penetrating their granite beds. A gentle brook waters this lovely spot—a brook so fair, so romantic in its course, that Leland in his writings has taken occasion to mention it. As it approaches the little town of Newtown Linford, it assumes a bolder surface;

but here, it murmurs softly and peacefully over its rocky bed.

The ruins of Ulvescroft priory stand in solemn grandeur, betwixt this stream and the adjoining eminence, rather to the west. One tower and a considerable portion of one side of the building yet remain, and seem in tolerable preservation, at least as far as regards its pointed arched door-way and windows. The tower may even yet be ascended nearly to its summit, although some of its steps are in a precarious condition. Two stone niches, which seem to have contained benches, are likewise perceptible within the interior of the building, probably belonging to the chancel. Although this ruin is neither so extensive in its dimensions, nor in such high preservation as many others, it exhibits so chaste and solemn an appearance, in the midst of its lonely situation, that it is impossible to look upon it without the mind reverting to what it must have been in former ages.

About the middle of the fifteenth century, the priory of Ulvescroft was in its glory; it was rich in lands and high in reputation, not only as regarded the piety and good conduct of its superior, but for the charity extended to the neighbouring poor. Prior Whatton was, in truth, a good and a pious man,—but he had one failing, if failing it might be termed, where an unbounded latitude was given; he loved the pleasures of the chace, and he entered into them with an avidity hardly to be looked for even in those more connected with the world. Yet, although this might be termed a failing on the part of Whatton, it was not considered incompatible with his situation as Prior, such diversions being allowable in the heads of monastic institutions at that period; but Whatton followed his privilege to its extent.

The red deer of Charnwode were in high estimation, not only on account of their superior flavour, but for the superior sport they yielded in the field; and the Earls Ferrers and Leicester, as well as the Lord Hastings, at that time the possessor of Witwicke, looked with no small jealousy upon the encroachments made by the Superior on this their favourite breed. But Whatton cared little for the rebuffs of these noblemen; he held his right of chacing the deer by grants from his sovereign. It was immaterial to him who winced under these privileges, and he spared neither the red nor the fallow, when it suited him to indulge in the recreation. Indeed, so freely and so frequently did he hunt, that it became proverbial in the mouths of his enemies:

> Seeke the deere in his lair,
> Friar Whatton is there.

In hunting, hawking, or netting, Prior Whatton was indeed an adept. Every corner of the forest rang at intervals with the notes of his bugle. The swift-footed animals started at the sound of it, they left their leafy beds, and shook the dew from their haunches, with the terror and the fleetness of those who fly for freedom! The very trice cock fluttered his plumage, and fled fearfully from the branch on which he was reposing, as its lengthened tones were echoed through the vallies.

Yet expert as the Prior was at this his favourite diversion, he could not always boast of success; there were seasons when the wary animal, despite of the most active exertions of his enemies, would keep long at bay, and finally baffle the skill of his pursuers.

It was on an occasion of this kind, after a lengthened chace, when the stag had made good his retreat and found a secure covering in the wiles of the forest, when both men and dogs were at fault, that Whatton, disgusted by the ill success of the morning's amusement and scarcely conscious of what he was about, turned his horse's head from the party who had accompanied him, and, striking suddenly into another part of the forest, motioned as though he would be alone. No one presumed to follow him; the Prior of Ulvescroft was too exalted in situation to admit of his orders being treated with neglect; and Whatton, with that listlessness which usually attends the disappointment of our wishes, rode for some time alone. But the defeat of his morning's exertions was not the only cause for chagrin that Whatton at that moment had in his heart;—he had recently received intelligence that the owner of Witwicke, whose ample possessions, and fair park, rendered

him as formidable as any nobleman on that side the county, and with whom the inhabitants of the priory were at variance, had suddenly visited his castle with a numerous company of friends, and it was a circumstance of too much import not to dwell upon the mind of the Prior.

Their quarrel had its source, like many others, from a question concerning forest rights, and it had been pursued so long, and with so much acrimony on both sides, that a total estrangement had taken place between them; the monks not choosing to yield one inch of their prerogative, and the Lord Hastings, in the plenitude of his power, looking for, and exacting more than seemed consistent either with good nature or generosity.

Whatton had rode over several miles of hill and dale before he became really conscious that he had left his companions—so much had his mind been engrossed by internal reflection. A brace of tired dogs paced sluggishly at his horse's heels, the one a stag-hound, the other an old blood-hound; their coats were soiled, their tails down, their heavy eyes were bent constantly upon the ground, and, though not endowed with the gift of speech, their motions seemed to indicate that they partook largely in the chagrin of their master. When Whatton paused, which at length he did, on the summit of a small knoll, it was to fix his eyes on the mansion of his enemy. The proud walls of Witwicke were indeed before him, they towered over the trees with which they were surrounded, and seemed to frown defiance upon the Prior. The pace of Whatton unconsciously quickened; he spurred the beast that bore him, and the towers of Witwicke were soon lost in the distance. It was not, however, the disposition of the Prior to urge either man or beast to extremity; his horse had undergone much fatigue that morning; he had rode hard; and, being pretty certain that he could not now be in much danger of encountering any one, whose presence might be unpleasant to him, he once more gave a slackened rein. As he patted the neck of the high spirited animal, and smoothed his sleek mane with the butt end of his whip, his attention was arrested by one of his quadruped companions, whose eyes at that moment met his, and there seemed so much of mute expression in them, that Whatton read, or fancied he read, the creature's meaning.

"Chantress," he said, "thou wert wont to do thy duty without failing, my old girl. But thou hast baulked thy master this morning. We must have more mettle another time."

Accustomed to his voice, the hound fawned upon him, but whilst in the act of so doing, she turned round with a celerity that showed there was no want of animation, and that neither age nor fatigue had as yet dulled her senses. With one ear thrown back upon her neck, and her nose to the ground, she gave the usual deep tongue when in pursuit of game, and in an instant was lost to the sight of her master. Surprised by the action of the dog, the Prior remained irresolute what course to pursue: the hound had fled in the direction of the castle, and Whatton, vexed by the circumstance, felt strongly inclined to leave her to her fate. But affection for an old favourite made him hesitate; there was also another strong incitement towards his pursuing her,—the propensity of the blood-hound for tracking the human foot; and Whatton, though the towers of Witwicke were so closely at hand, had a heart too much alive to humanity, to risk the mischief so dangerous a propensity might occasion.—After a few seconds given to consideration, therefore, he turned short by the way the animal had taken, not however without some internal feelings of the unpleasant encounter which must necessarily take place, should the lordly owner of the domain present himself before him.

But he was not doomed to meet with him. On reaching the summit of a slight eminence that overlooked a romantic dell, he found Chantress indeed engaged, but with a youth of so slender an appearance, that the Prior trembled as he beheld them.

In truth it was a boy, a fair boy, of such few years, that it seemed as if one onset alone of the enraged animal were sufficient to destroy him: but he parried her attack so adroitly, twisting round and round, as the dog bore furiously towards him; at the same time, defending himself with so much skill, and attacking Chantress in his turn with a cross-bow he held

in his hand with such violence, as to send her several paces from him howling with pain. But Chantress was no coward;—as she was usually foremost in the chace, so was she in fight. She returned to the attack again and again, with redoubled energy; and was as often as successfully repelled by the dexterous boy. It was after a severe struggle, in which Chantress had been thrown to a considerable distance, that her fate must have been inevitably decided, had not the Prior at that instant arrived and saved her.

"Hold, hold, brave youth, harm not the dog; spare her, I beseech you." "Down, Chantress, down. Back, good lass, back with you."

The youngster had found time to aim a bolt which would the next instant have been fixed in her heart, had not the voice of Whatton arrested his intention. Accustomed to the word of command, the animal slunk behind her master; and, having reduced her to obedience by the usual harsh tones of authority, the Prior turned his regards on her antagonist.

The boy was standing in a low dingle or bottom, beside a thicket of evergreens. His cap was off, and a profusion of light brown hair that fell around a forehead of the most dazzling whiteness, and flowed in natural ringlets to his shoulders, formed so strong a contrast to the dark shades of the holly which grew behind him, that Whatton thought he had scarcely ever beheld so beautiful a figure. Indeed, the whole appearance of this youth exhibited a whimsical and incongruous medley. The rich colour and fantastic style of his dress, so different from any thing worn by lads of his age, excepting those attached to the court, joined to his native grace, forcibly impressed the Prior. The cross-bow he held in his hand, though its bolt had been thus hastily arrested from its purpose, was still grasped in an attitude of defiance, and as he returned the gaze of Whatton, it was with so saucy and independent an air, that the latter could scarcely suppress a smile as he observed it.

The retreat of the dog, however, had the desired effect, the extended arm gradually sunk to its natural position, and, after a short interval, given as it should seem to the consideration of who and what was the rank of the person who addressed him, the youth replied:

"May I ask, Sir Friar, who it is, that so authoritatively woos me from the chastisement of an enemy?"

"One who leans to the side of mercy, good boy."

"Indeed?" said the lad tartly, "it were an act of mercy truly, to spare the life of one who would take yours in return! I hold it no sin to kill your blood-hound, Sir Monk, since doubtless she left your side for the purpose of attack. We have shown her better sport however."

"Your prowess I admire, it is beyond your years. Yet it is my duty to tell you," said Whatton, "that true generosity may show itself better by sparing a fallen foe."

"Cry you mercy, Sir, yonder creature exhibits no sign of foilment; an you were not here, she would as soon take me as a buck."

"Well, well, you have shown your ability, and it promises fair in riper years."

"A small matter, a small matter, good priest; but you are right, we hope to live to do better things."

These words were accompanied by so strong a tone of superiority, joined with so contemptuous a toss of the head, and a countenance so indicative of scorn, that Whatton felt very much disposed to anger. But the haughty smile and curl of the upper lip were so mollified by the otherwise natural beauty of the face, that the anger of the Prior yielded to the contemplation of so rare a piece of Nature's workmanship. He seemed fascinated, and stood in fixed attention, silently viewing him. The boy took no notice of this astonishment, although it escaped not his observation, but continued,

"I am a stranger among these wilds, and know not exactly which way to wend my steps, I seek a contentious Prior, who they tell me dwells hereabouts; a man, I hear, who loves the chace so well, that he grudges every one else a partition of it. Perhaps you could guide me to him?"

"And what, if I could?" demanded Whatton, but little pleased to hear himself so spoken of.

"I have a vow against him," said the lad: "I have sworn to despoil

him of one of his fattest bucks; and, by the walls of Saint Mary, where they say he resides, I will keep my promise."

"Why thou art the veriest little varlet mine eyes ever saw!" cried Whatton, rage now overcoming every other feeling. "But let me warn thee, stripling, and see thou take it in time; desist from thy purpose, or it will cost thee dear perhaps, for the walls of Saint Mary are strong, and dark within. Thou understandest me?"

The youth bowed expressively, whilst a smile of derision again sat upon his face.

"I dread neither priests nor walls: I care not, so I cure the Prior of Ulvescroft of his churlish propensities, for, like myself, I deem him worthy of *better* things."

There was a stress on the word "better," and a laughter in the eye, as he uttered the last sentence, which were provoking enough. He drew the silken mantle that had hitherto hung carelessly behind him across one shoulder, and, snatching up his bow, which during the course of parley he had suffered to fall to the ground, turned short upon his heel, of which he made so good a use, that he was very soon out of sight.

"Sayest thou so, young Swift-foot? we shall see," said Whatton, pulling down the sleeves of his dress with the air of one who hardly knows how to vent his mortification. "But I believe thee capable of that, or aught else thou art bent upon. However, once more I say beware!"

The words of the Prior were spent in air, the youth was past hearing, and Whatton, after a moment's pause, again pursued his way homeward. He could not, however, easily divest his thoughts of what had occurred; the figure of the boy, in all his native grace and beauty, was constantly present to his imagination. Who or what he was he could not so readily determine; noble, his whole appearance bespoke him; and Whatton suspected him to be one of the followers of Witwicke's Lord, who, having heard of the feuds subsisting between that nobleman and himself, had in the sportiveness of boyhood thus insulted him. The mind of the Prior was rather disposed to generosity than otherwise, but he could not very readily forgive this seeming fresh affront, —since he doubted not but the Lord Hastings had a share in it. And this it was, more than the pertinacious loquacity of the boy, that really mortified and displeased him.

Two days were passed by the Prior, subsequent to his rencounter in the forest, in retirement at home, nor had he once wandered forth, as was usual for him to do, in search of amusement. The third day was the Anniversary of Saint Mary, to whom the priory was dedicated, and it was ushered in by the inmates of Ulvescroft with the usual solemnity. As the duties of the occasion were numerous, they engrossed the whole attention of the Superior. His heart was tranquil, his brow was serene, and he thought only on the various religious ceremonies of the day. But a different scene awaited him.

It was nearly noon, and the Prior, somewhat wearied by his exertions, was crossing the outer court from the chapel, for the purpose of enjoying a short interval of repose in his private chamber, when his observation was attracted by a large party of menials, belonging to the establishment, in deep and confused altercation. Their eager looks and loud hurried tones betokened that something more than usual had happened. Whatton, vexed that any thing like tumult should interrupt the tranquillity of the festival, advanced hastily towards them.

"Whence this commotion, brethren? It suits not with the sacred duties we have been engaged in, and surely might have been spared this day."

The men looked at each other; they hesitated, for they were well acquainted with the rigidity of their Superior, as respected religious observances, and feared to incur his displeasure; but the case was urgent, and it was necessary he should be informed of it. At length one of them, older and somewhat more elevated in situation than the others, advanced towards him; he laid one hand reverently upon his breast, and with the other made the usual sign of the cross.

"Think not, holy Father, that our minds are evil in the midst of thankfulness! or that we would offer any disrespect at the foot of that shrine

to which we all yield obedience: but—"

"Declare your meaning!" said Whatton, not without some apprehension of what was to be related.

"The forest! reverend Sir, our rights are trampled on, your power contemned, even the walls of the priory have not in this instance been respected, nor have they afforded safety to the animals that browse beneath them."

"The forest!" The Prior started, the words of the unknown rushed to his remembrance. "Hath any one dared?—But, no. Youth may vaunt itself, but it cannot accomplish much." He recollected the prowess he had already witnessed, and was half disposed to recall what he had uttered: he turned calmly to the monk, "Well, Bernard, what mischief is this that hath happened?"

"Three goodly bucks already lie slaughtered beneath the very walls of the priory, and three more, for aught I know."

"Stop, stop," said the Prior, in a voice tremulous with agitation:—"Who hath done this deed?"

"We know not; it seemed almost the work of magic, so swiftly, so silently whizzed the arrows from amidst the copse. But the hand that drew them has hitherto eluded our search, no one was to be seen."

"A plague on that young imp," said Whatton, stamping his foot furiously on the ground; "none less daring than himself would so have defied me. Run, Bernard; William, run. Search well each covert, thicket, fern. See you leave no spot unsought; and, mark me, Sirs, find whom you will, bring them straight before me."

The Prior turned to his chamber as he spoke, but it was in no enviable frame of mind: for some time he paced to and fro, with the rapid uneven tread of one who is uncertain how to act; so angry did he feel at being made the sport of so young a stripling.

The brethren, in the mean time, had sped the best of their way into the intricacies of the forest, not a whit less anxious than their Superior to discover who was the perpetrator of so daring an act. Two hours intervened before they returned, an interval passed by Whatton in painful suspense. Again and again he accused himself for not having called off his dog, and avoided altercation with the young and apparently maliciously disposed boy. The return of the brethren, however, who had at last been successful, drew his thoughts into another channel, and Whatton lost no time in hastening to confront the aggressor.

The conjectures of the Prior had not been wrong. The same fair boy stood before him: with this only difference in his appearance, that the light fantastic habit, he had worn on their former rencounter, had been exchanged for a suit of simple green, skirted by a coat or jacket, that buttoned closely around him, and, descending nearly as low as the knee, hid his figure almost entirely from observance. His cap, too, that had previously glittered with the brilliant rays of the diamond and the ruby, and had been adorned with party-coloured plumes, now bore but one long sable feather, which, falling gracefully over the left temple, did but set off the clearness of a complexion for which nature and exercise had done much.

In sooth, if the Prior had thought the lad handsome at their first interview, spite of his indignation he could not now alter his opinion, so exquisitely beautiful did he appear. He seemed to take but little notice of the Superior as he approached him; his arms were pinioned, and his looks almost wholly bent upon the ground; but there lurked so deep an expression of archness in them, when they turned at intervals upon Whatton, that he knew not what to think.

He looked steadfastly at him, but the dark orbs of the lad avoided his gaze. He seemed to delight in sidelong glances, and appeared capable of using them as much to the purpose as the bolts he had so wantonly let fly from his bow. Determined, however, to trace the motives which had led to such extraordinary conduct to their most latent source, Whatton suppressed the kindly sensations, which, notwithstanding his endeavours, he felt arising towards him, and assuming an air at once stern, haughty, and forbidding, thus addressed him:

"So, boy, thou hast really and truly had audacity enough to put thy

wicked threat into execution:—And what thinkest thou shall now be the reward for such wantonness?"

The culprit answered not, but tossing back the plume, that had hitherto partially shaded one side of his features, with that kind of instinctive motion of the head that expresses more than words, he greeted the Prior with the same incomprehensible smile he had before bestowed upon him.

"I understand you," said Whatton; "you bid defiance to my authority. But beware, silly urchin, your life, if we so will it, may be made answerable for the crime you have been guilty of this day."

"I deny not your authority, Prior; yet I would ask, and I believe you will not deny my right of doing so, how far such authority extends? or whether you take in the free born, as well as the hind—the noble as the peasant? When these questions are replied to, I, in my turn, may perhaps declare the punishment I look forward to."

"Thy tongue seems to keep pace with thy fingers, youth; but should I condescend to hold parley with thee, wilt thou promise to declare truly who, and what thou art, and whence thy wantonness hath arisen?"

"You will learn both, ere we part," said the boy significantly, "I promise that."

"Might I presume to interfere," said one of the brethren coming forward, and casting a look full of anger and inveteracy upon the fair-headed offender. "Such conduct deserves no common punishment, since this stripling hath learnt his trade too perfectly and too early to hope for amendment from your worship's lenity."

"Enough, enough," said the Superior, addressing himself to the monk, and without noticing the questions of his prisoner. "Where is the weapon with which this mischief has been perpetrated?"

"Here, Father, here."

Whatton took the youth's bow from the hands of the monk who tendered it—he examined it minutely; it was formed from the maple wood, and was of exquisite workmanship, having the figure of a stag in the attitude of fleeing, with an arrow in front, beautifully carved in its centre. Underneath the animal was written in small silver letters

Isabel of Hastings.

The friar started. He passed his eye from the weapon to the face of its owner; the transition and the expression it conveyed had not passed unnoticed, and the rising colour upon her cheek proclaimed that his surmise was not ill founded. It was, indeed, the daughter of his proud neighbour—of his foe, that then stood before him! who in the gaiety and frolicsomeness of youth had played this trick upon him. And Whatton, uncertain what to say, or how to proceed, stood confusedly silent, gazing upon her. Isabel, certain that all must now be discovered, signified her wish to be alone with him, and the Prior immediately complied with her request. The brethren were ordered to withdraw, and, having unloosed the noose that fettered her arms, Whatton again retired to some distance from her.

For a short interval Isabel remained as silent as the Prior—she seemed indeed communing with herself; but, though her cheeks continued to retain their deep suffusion, her eye lost not a whit of its archness, as at length she said:

"Well, my Lord of Ulvescroft, are you satisfied that, whether in the light of friends or enemies, the owners of Witwicke are punctual to their promise?"

"Such punctuality was never doubted, noble damsel, yet methinks the fair Isabel might have found fitter employment than to have taken part in the feuds of her father. And surely my Lord of Hastings, had he wished to do another ill turn to those who meddle not with him, might have found an abler hand than one so truly formed for gentleness."

"Say not so, good Father," said the lady, not ill pleased with the termination of the Prior's speech, "contemn not the abilities of Isabel in the cross-bow, nor in the field. It is the pride of Hastings to think his child excels in them. Nay, Prior, have not you yourself commended them?"

"True, lady, but—"

"Holy Father—use an adversary generously, and he were indeed a dastard, did he not follow the example. What motive, think you,

guided my feet hither, or nerved my arm, so near your dwelling?"

The Prior bent his head; he was unwilling to declare to Isabel that he believed her actions under the sanction of a higher power: he was also above a subterfuge. Isabel was not slow in comprehension.

"I know what you would say. It was by my father's orders that I came so boldly to your gate?"

Whatton bowed an affirmative.

"Listen, good Father. The Lord of Witwicke is no man's enemy. He is not ignorant of your virtues, estranged as he is at this moment from you. He is above the base act of mean destruction. That I, his daughter, have drawn the bow, I admit; but not as you charge me with, through wantonness. I know my father's sentiments toward you; I know he seeks an opportunity to be reconciled; and I shall be deceived if I have not formed a correct estimate of your generosity. Father, the evil I have done you shall be repaired, amply repaired. But I beseech you to let all animosity cease betwixt the Lord of Hastings and yourself."

As she pronounced the last words, she bent one knee to the ground, crossed her hands submissively upon her bosom, and looked earnestly at the Prior. She was no longer the fiery frolicsome youth whose eye spoke daringly, whose lips breathed contemptuously—she was the gentle, the interesting woman, kneeling before her spiritual adviser, imploring the blessing of peace and of amity for a beloved parent!

It was impossible for so kindly a heart as Whatton possessed to withstand the appeal of Isabel, couched as it was in so extraordinary a manner; her grace, her beauty, her spirit, but above all, the energetic language of those eyes, that so recently had had sufficient influence to stir up the wrathful emotions of the heart, now pleading forcibly to the milder passions.

"Rise, noble girl!" he exclaimed, "The Prior of Ulvescroft must not be outdone in generosity—he needs no reminding of his duty! Rise, Isabel, and be it as you wish—it were impossible to withstand you. Should, therefore, the Lord of Witwicke really seek a reconciliation—"

Isabel rose joyously.

"I hie me homewards, Prior; in less than three hours I will undertake to greet my Lord Hastings and yourself as friends; and, mark me, Sir, five goodly bucks for one; that is Isabel's penance for the crime so wantonly committed this day—committed in the cause of duty."

She smiled gaily as she spoke.

"Thou art most extraordinarily gifted, daughter; yet one thing I would know, ere thy departure."

"Say on, Father."

"Was it necessary, in order to accomplish the reunion of hearts, that three unoffending animals should be the sacrifice?"

"All was necessary. When the wound is deep, deep must be the cure. The Prior of Ulvescroft was no common foe, and it needed all the art, all the stratagem of Isabel to convince him, aggrieved as he believed himself to be, that Witwicke's Lord still deserved his esteem."

"And his child?"—said the Prior—

"Was anxious to show, that she also longed to share the friendship of Whatton!"

"And she has gained it," said the friar, placing his hand gently upon her head, and blessing her. "Go, get thee gone, fair daughter, and bring thy father as early as thou wilt, for Whatton longs to greet him."

Isabel stayed not for farther permission, but, again crossing her hands reverently upon her bosom, she bowed respectfully to the Prior, and set forward with a light heart and foot towards the mansion of her sire. True to her promise, three hours did not elapse, before the Lord of Hastings himself, attended by Isabel in her own proper habiliments, and a numerous retinue, rode up to the gates of Ulvescroft, for the purpose of ratifying those engagements of amity and good neighbourhood she had already so ably commenced. The Lord of Witwicke brought with him several costly presents for the Prior, amongst which, were the deer promised by his daughter; and, what was more valuable to Whatton, with her own hand, Isabel presented him with the bow that had been the cause of so much mischief.

THE LAST DAY OF SUMMER.

Summer, Summer, come again!
Dost thou dread a little rain?
Canst thou perish in a cloud?
Are the winds so fresh and loud,
Weaving mirth above thy pain?—
Lo! a gloomy sorrow flies
O'er the forehead of the skies,
And o'er ocean dark and deep,
Where the wild sea-natures sleep,—
Those great children of the billows,
Tumbling on their restless pillows!

Summur, Summer, art thou gone?
Is the Autumn pale alone,
With her crown of faithless leaves,—
Like a widow queen, who grieves
O'er her bands of courtiers fled,
And her love and music dead?
Heed it never, Summer fair!
Thou no longer needest care
For the birth or death of flowers,
Nor lament the sullen hours;
Nor the heedless buds that perish
Howsoever thou dost cherish;
Nor the rose who *will* decay,
Though thou fondly sighest, "Stay!"
Kissing her perfumed lips,
While the broad Apollo dips
In the waves his burning hair.—
Mourn not, therefore, Summer fair!

If the jealous rose who died
Could have been thy deathless bride,
Or the lady lily pale
Had not been so false and frail,—
If the trees their gold had never
Flung into the brawling river,
That its hoarse tongue might not say
When they with the winds did play,
Thou might'st then have had sad reason
To complain, sweet Summer season!
But they fled—the leaves, the flowers;
And the illuminated hours
First survived and then decay'd,
And in shrouding mists are laid!

Yet they all shall come again,
Summer sweet, and thou shalt reign
Like a God beneath the sky;
And the thousand worlds that lie
In their bluest homes shall shine,
When thou drinkest thy red wine;

And the soft west winds shall come,
Bearing all their courtier treasures,
When at evening thou dost roam,
Taking thy immortal pleasures
With some bud or lily young,
Which the sky shall then have flung
On a green bank or a dell
Of sun-coloured asphodel.
—*Then* shalt thou once more resume
Odour, strength, and all thy bloom
Of beauty, and regain thy powers
Over the time-enchanted hours!—

B. C

A PLEA FOR FEMALE GENIUS.

Vivuntque commissi calores.

There are few periodical writers, to whom the public is more indebted, both for materials of thought and for helps in the correction of false thinking, than to the late Opium-eater: but, in his argument against a distinctive superiority of fancy in women, he puts us off with what the schools describe as *a dicto secundùm quid ad dictum simpliciter*. Thus, "because men have written poems superior in imaginative power to those written by women, therefore women possess no imagination at all."

"Men," he says, "are shy of pressing too hard upon women." I do not think that he can, himself, be accused of this shyness; nor do I agree with him. So far from a feeling of gallantry restraining men from indulging a severity of comment on the productions of female authors, the absurdity of female literary pretension is, with them, a proverbial topic:

I leave you to your daily 'tea is ready,'
Snug coterie and *literary lady*:

such is the slang of male candour and male politeness.

The author of the paper on "False Distinctions" has chosen his own ground, and himself fixed the standard by which women shall be tried: but there is a stumbling-block in his way, and he knows it; for, like an experienced controvertist, well aware of the weak and strong points of his own and his opponent's argument, he, quietly and with a composed indifference, "*sets aside* Sappho and a few other female lyric poets." He knows very well that it is lyric poetry which is chiefly conversant with the "ideal;" with those "high abstractions" which he assumes to be unattainable by women; and he therefore "sets aside the female lyric poets." "We have not," forsooth, "sufficient samples of their poetry." But we have one very stubborn sample, which *Longinus* quotes expressly as embodying the true sublime; and its author is a woman: and, more than this, *Catullus* and *Horace*, though they tried hard, could never create any thing, which approached at all near it in simplicity, intensity, and spontaneous power. After this, it requires something like what is called a "modest assurance" (*Calve, tuâ veniâ*) to come forward and accost the ladies with the courtly appellation of "good women," and to tell them that it is "sufficient honour for them to have produced *us*."

As the challenger does not demand a hundred or a score of samples in proof of women possessing imagination, but will be content with one,—one, himself being the judge, is as good as a score or a hundred. If we have but one or two remnants of *Sappho*, we have, at least, the testimony of ancient opinion to the merit of her *nine books* of odes; and if that opinion be confessedly just, as respects a part, we are bound to admit its justness as respects the whole.

I am content with the one sample of *Longinus*. Had only the *Il Penseroso* survived *Milton*, would posterity have squeamishly boggled in allowing *Milton's* claim to be considered as a poet? There is but one critic, of whom I ever heard, that estimated poetical merit by bulk; and that was the *Dutch* gentleman in *Peter Pindar*: who recommended his brother's poem by saying, that it was "so big as von cheese."

I will say nothing of the tribute of tradition to *Erinna*; to *Corinna*, who, it is said, won a prize from *Pindar*; or to the Roman *Sulpicia*: I will "talk with him on the theme" of *Sappho*. I will not consent that she shall be thrown into a corner. I am asked (and the question is to make me start bolt upright in my easy chair), "what work of imagination, owing its birth to a woman, can I lay my hand upon, which has exerted any memorable influence, such as history would notice, on the mind of man?" I answer, SAPPHO'S ODE Εις εταιραν.

Pass we by the ladies of antiquity.

I am not going to place the *Colombiade* of *Madame du Boccage* by the side of the *Paradise Lost*, though I should think twice before I gave the *Henriade* the preference to it; but I might inquire why, when we hear continually of *Congreve*, *Wycherley*, and *Farquhar*, no mention is ever made of *Mrs. Centlivre*; whose comedies, unrivalled for light bustle of intrigue, keep possession of the stage, to the shame of male critics, and the discomfiture of theories? It appears that living female authors are to be "set aside," together with the "Œolian girl" of old; or I might also inquire, if the authoress of *De Monfort* have not "risen to an entire sympathy with what is most excellent in the art of poetry," which of her male contemporaries has? Is it the author of *Bertram*?

The defiance to the women, to produce their female *Hudibras*, or their female *Dunciad*, is something like calling on them to produce their female *Spring* and *Langan*; and in default of this, to resign all pretensions to grace and agility.

"Where is the female Rape of the Lock?" ejaculates, with a gay swelling of the cheeks, the detecter of false distinctions: I cannot tell; and what then?

I will choose my own ground, and contend, that, because women do not run in parallels with men, their divergent likeness does not argue an absolute and hopeless inferiority.

If any mode of writing can be said to "have exerted a memorable influence on the mind of man," it is that of the novel; the *epopæa* of every-day nature; and this, in the hands of women, has been equally successful in drawing tears and smiles: "*sive risus essent movendi, sive lacrymæ*." Truer portraits of men and women, more affecting passages of human life, more closely entwined interest, may be found in novels, and in female novels too, than in all the "solemnly planned" poems that ever existed from the *Æneid* downwards to the *Parish Register*.

"What work of imagination, owing its birth to a woman, can I lay my hand upon?" The difficulty is in the choice.

Shall I name CORINNE? No—let our own fair countrywomen take precedence. I lay my hand upon the "SIMPLE STORY."

I may be told of *Tom Jones*, and *Molly Seagrim*; of *Roderick Random* and *Strap*; of *Lovelace's* lace ruffles, and *Clarissa's* hoop-petticoat; or I may be told of *Meg Merrilies*, and of her hundredth double, the *Spae-wife*:

———— All this
Nor moves my gall nor alters my affection:

I take a tale, peculiarly a woman's; and in this her proper circle, with all appliances and means about her, I challenge the male superiority. I demand, where are the characters, of whose breathing individuality we are so assured, as of that of *Doriforth* and *Miss Milner*? Where are readiness of wit, nativeness of sentiment, refined and profound passion, the graces, the foibles, the pride and the weakness of woman; or the sterner and haughtier stuff, of which the mind of man is composed; the reasoning sensibility, the guarded, economized, self-retiring, self-wounding tenderness, that weeps behind the mask of fierce resentment, and wraps its bleeding anguish with the cloak of apathy? where are these conceived with such intuitive tact, and touched and blend-

ed into light and shadow with so free, yet so firm, a pencil? Where is there such a grasp of the human heart, such a playful or tyrannous mastery over its finest and strongest chords?

Shall I be referred to the amiable male romance, in which, for the decent amusement of the ladies and gentlemen of England, a lover is made *to cut his mistress alive*?

SURREY.

SONNET.

'TWEEN Evening's farewell, and the Night's approach,
  I love to linger on the garden seat,
While glooms around me sluggishly encroach;
  Or in some neighbouring spot short walks repeat,
To watch the West which heaven's last smile doth bless,
  Where longest clings the memory of the day;
To see it fade and fade, 'till colourless
  The painted record vanishes away,
In Time's turn'd pages to be seen no more.
  Yet gloomy Night shall but awhile delay
The past day's offspring, that hath smiles in store
  As lovely as the first.—Oh! it is sweet,
To prove by this, when Death's long night is o'er,
  That we shall wake another world to meet.

J. C.

SPECIMENS OF SONNETS

FROM THE MOST EMINENT POETS OF ITALY.

TORQUATO TASSO.

  Se d'Amor queste son reti e legami,
Oh com' è dolce l'amoroso impaccio!
Se questo è il cibo ov' io son preso al laccio,
Come son dolci l'esche, e dolci gli ami!
  Quanta dolcezza agl' invischiati rami
Il vischio aggiunge, ed all' ardore il ghiaccio,
Quanto è dolce il soffrir, s'io penso e taccio,
E dolce il lamentar ch' altri non ami!
  Quanto soavi ancor le piaghe interne,
E lagrime stillar per gli occhi rei,
E d'un colpo mortal querele eterne!
  Se questa è vita, io mille al cor torrei
Ferite e mille, e mille gioje averne;
Se morte, sacro a morte i giorni miei.

  If Love his captive bind with ties so dear,
How sweet to be in amorous tangles caught!
If such the food to snare my freedom brought,
How sweet the baited hook that lured me near!
  How tempting sweet the limed twigs appear,
The chilling ice that warmth like mine has wrought;
Sweet too each painful unimparted thought,
The moan how sweet that others loathe to hear.
  Nor less delight the wounds that inward smart,
The tears that my sad eyes with moisture stain,
And constant wail of blow that deadly smote.
  If this be life—I would expose my heart
To countless wounds, and bliss from each should gain,
If death—to death I would my days devote.

TORQUATO TASSO.

Negli anni acerbi tuoi purpurea rosa
Sembravi tu, che a'rai tiepidi allora
Non apre il sen, ma nel suo verde ancora
Verginella s'asconde e vergognosa;
O più tosto parei (che mortal cosa
Non rassomiglia a te) celeste Aurora,
Che le campagne imperla e i monti indora,
Lucida in ciel sereno e rugiadosa.
Or la men verde età nulla a te toglie,
Nè te, benchè negletta, in manto adorno
Giovinetta beltà vince o pareggia;
Così più vago è il fior poiche le foglie
Spiega adorate, e'l Sol nel mezzo giorno
Via più che nel mattin luce e fiammeggia.

Thy unripe youth seem'd like the purple rose
That to the warm ray opens not its breast,
But, hiding still within its mossy vest,
Dares not its virgin beauties to disclose.
Or like Aurora when the heaven first glows,
For likeness from above will suit thee best,
When she with gold kindles each mountain crest,
And o'er the plain her pearly mantle throws.
No loss from time thy riper age receives,
Nor can young beauty deck'd with art's display
Rival the native graces of thy form.
Thus lovelier is the flower whose full blown leaves
Perfume the air, and more than orient ray
The Sun's meridian glories blaze and warm.

TORQUATO TASSO.

Ben veggio avvinta al lido ornata nave,
E'l nocchier che m'alletta, e 'l mar che giace
Senz' onda, e 'l freddo Borea ed Austro tace.
E sol dolce l'increspa aura soave.
Ma l'aria, e 'l vento, e'l mar fede non ave;
Altri seguendo il lusingar fallace,
Per notturno seren già sciolse audace
Ch' ora è sommerso, or va perduto, e pave.
Veggio trofei del mar, rotte le vele,
Tronche le sarte, e biancheggiar l'arene
D'ossa insepolte, e 'ntorno errar gli spirti:
Pur, se convien che questo Egeo crudele
Per Donna solchi, almen fra le Sirene
Trovi la morte, e non fra scogli e Sirti.

I see the anchor'd bark with streamers gay,
The beckoning pilot, and unruffled tide,
The south and stormy north their fury hide,
And only Zephyrs on the waters play.
But winds and waves and skies alike betray;
Others who to their flattery dared confide,
And late when stars were bright sail'd forth in pride,
Now breathe no more, or wander in dismay.
I see the trophies which the billows heap,
Torn sails, and wreck, and graveless bones that throng
The whitening beach, and spirits hovering round.
Still, if for woman's sake this cruel deep
I must essay, not shoals and rocks among
But 'mid the Sirens may my bones be found!

CLAUDIO TOLOMEI.

Espero, sacra ed amorosa Stella,
Nel notturno silenzio scorta e duce,
Viva fiamma d'amor, amica luce,
Di Venere gentil raggio e facella!
Mentre vo queto alla mia donna bella
Che spegne 'l Sol quando il dì novo adduce,
Or che la luna è sotto, e a noi non luce,
Mostrami in vece sua tua lampa bella.
Non vo così lontan di notte oscura
Per far a'lassi vïandanti oltraggio,
Nè per trar di sepolcri ombre di canto:
Io amo, ed altri a me l'anima fura;
Deh, perch' io la riabbia, O lume santo,
Tu, che pur ami, alluma il mio viaggio!

Blest star of Love, bright Hesperus! whose glow
Serves for sweet escort through the still of night,
Of love the living flame, the friendly light,
And torch of Venus when she walks below.
Whilst to my mistress fair in stealth I go,
Who dims the sun in orient chambers bright,
Now that the moon is low, nor cheers the sight,
Haste, in her stead thy silver cresset show.
I wander not these gloomy shades among,
Upon the way-worn traveller to prey,
Or graves dispeople with enchanter's song:
My ravish'd heart from cruel spoiler's sway
I would redeem, then oh! avenge my wrong,
Blest star of Love, and beam upon my way.

GODWIN'S HISTORY OF THE COMMONWEALTH.*

This is a work much wanted; though, as far as may be judged from the portion of history condensed in the volume before us, Mr. Godwin has restricted himself within the limits of a mere historical compendium. The voluminous collections of state-papers relative to this important period, the registers of historical affairs, whether military, civil, or religious, which have been preserved to us in the form of Parliamentary histories, as of May and Sprigge—memorials and memoirs, as of Whitlock, Ludlow, and Warwick—and tracts by all parties, such as were collected by the late Baron Maseres, furnish ample groundwork for an extended and complete history: we are therefore somewhat disappointed at being presented in the room of it with a meagre abridgment.† It may be

* History of the Commonwealth of England from its Commencement to the Restoration of Charles the Second. By William Godwin. Volume the First, containing the Civil War. Colburn, 1824.

† This is particularly the case in the military transactions. They might have been given more in detail without too much encroaching on the space prescribed to himself by the author. Thus the memorable surrender of Bristol, in 1645, which led to the revocation of Prince Rupert's commissions by the king, is dryly dismissed in a few words: "here the news reached him of the surrender of Bristol on the 11th of September." Mr. Godwin adds, "Rupert relied for the vindication of his conduct upon his inadequate means of defence and the improbability of any efforts at relief." Now Mrs. Macaulay properly states that, "this was a garrison, by his own particular desire, entrusted to the care of Prince Rupert: a garrison, which he had taken care to recruit with great proportions both of men and money, and of which he had written to the king, that he should be

said, and it is perhaps unfortunately true, that people in general are satisfied with Clarendon's History of the Grand Rebellion: which Warburton, in his letters to Hurd, styles "an incomparable performance." Clarendon was a lively and florid narrator, a framer of stately periods, and a painter of characters plausibly coloured. But he was a prejudiced and bigoted statesman; and how far his candour may be trusted, sufficiently appears from the false glosses and false facts detected by Oldmixon,* in his "Clarendon and Whitlock compared, in a comparison between the history of the Rebellion and other histories of the Civil War." 1727.

This task has usually been undertaken in a spirit of faction or partisanship. Hume, who is full in this part of his general history, although in other parts negligently brief and careless, has always an apology ready for a king. Catharine Macaulay, who is not deficient in industry, and who writes with spirit, was a zealous and romantic republican; nor is her reputation for fairness without speck. Thus she affirms that, "motives of mistaken selfishness, a few bigots excepted, may," she believes, "be very justly ascribed to all those who embarked in the royal cause:" and even on the point of religious liberty she will allow no merit to Cromwell, though if there were a redeeming virtue in the mixed character of that extraordinary man, it was his zeal in favour of toleration.†

From previous reasoning we should not have presumed the fitness of Mr. Godwin to undertake a work like the present. We had met with him in other walks. He had carried the lawlessness of a poetical imagination into the fields of severe logical induction, and speculated like an enthusiast in the metaphysics of politics and morals. The fanciful spirit of his romances had pursued him into his biographies; and he had dragged us along with him through long episodes of conjectural adventure, and probable or possible incident. He has since, under another name, compiled some of the most intelligent and useful histories that have issued from the juvenile press. Whether it be owing to his practice in this meritorious, though comparatively humble, avocation, or to the circumstance that the book before us is, as he states it to be, "the production of his mature life," we do not know; but we are glad to hail in it a sobered tone in the comparison and estimate of facts, and a cautious leaning towards authenticated evidence.

The great merit of Mr. Godwin's book will, as we think, be found to be this: that it does justice to names which the virulence of party spirit has done its utmost to asperse. "The men," he observes, "who figured during the interregnum, were, immediately after the Restoration, spoken of with horror, and their memoirs were composed after the manner of the Newgate Calendar. What was begun from party-rage has been continued from indolence. No research has been exercised: no public measures have been traced to their right authors: even the succession of judges, public officers, and statesmen, has been left in impenetrable confusion. It is the object of the present work to remedy this defect; to restore the just tone of historical relation on the subject, to attend to the neglected, to remember the forgotten, and to distribute an impartial award on all that was planned and achieved during this eventful period."

We think he should have noticed that *something* towards this, at least, has been done by Dr. William Harris and Mrs. Macaulay. In expressing

able to defend it four months; but which, to the surprise of all parties, on the parliament forces entering the lines by storm, he delivered up to the enemy on terms of capitulation." Vol. iv. 174.

* The character of this writer will perhaps one day be cleared from the aspersions cast upon it. His "History of the Reigns of the Royal House of Stuart" contains a variety of curious facts not elsewhere to be found.

† "In the point of religious liberty the usurper, as it served his purposes, encouraged and oppressed all the different sectaries." Vol v p. 197. "He spoke at all times (says Harris) with honour of those who differed from him, treated them with much respect and decency, and openly declared for their toleration and encouragement. Indeed, he constantly was a friend to religious liberty, and an opposer of spiritual tyranny."

Life of Oliver Cromwell.

also his surprise that so "copious a source of knowledge and certainty" as the parliamentary journals had been so little explored, and accounting for it by their being put in print too late to allow of their being "incessantly consulted by Hume and our most considerable historians," he overlooks the fact that they are continually referred to by Macaulay.

The tone of historic impartiality is maintained by Mr. Godwin with very tolerable steadiness; consistently, at the same time, with that free and manly avowal of his likings and dislikings to men and measures, which, in this renewed era of crawling sycophancy to stars and whiskers, we would not have discouraged. His prejudices, however, for such he has, sometimes interfere with his liberality: as when refuting, from the journals of the House of Lords, a misrepresentation of Clarendon, on the proceedings of the bill for abolishing episcopacy,* he cannot forbear throwing an odium on the whole order of the wig and gown: "here we have an instructive example of *the character of a lawyer*, full charged with all the tricks of his profession, and drawn with his own hand:" and in his survey of the five systems of church government, he leaves it to be supposed that Diocesan Episcopacy, otherwise the Church of England, indulges itself at the present day, by a sort of necessity of its nature, in the slitting of noses and the cropping of ears.

His natural strong bias to the side of the parliament occasionally also obscures his perceptions of *political justice*. To make our meaning clear, we shall extract his reasoning on the cases of Strafford and Laud; and we quote the former passage at length, as it will, also, serve as a sample of the style of the work.

A proviso was inserted in the act of attainder of the case of Strafford, that "no judges or other magistrates should adjudge any thing to be treason, in any other manner than they would have adjudged if this act had never been made." This has been used as an argument to prove, that the prosecutors of Strafford were conscious of the injustice they committed. It proves no such thing. It rather serves to illustrate the clearness of their conceptions, and the *equability of their temper*. Undoubtedly the prosecutors of Strafford were firmly averse to this proceeding being *drawn into a precedent*. Undoubtedly they were strongly persuaded, that, *in all ordinary cases* the letter of the law should be observed, and *no man be condemned unless that were against him*.

For myself, I entertain an almost invincible abhorrence to the taking away the life of man, after a set form, and in cool blood, in any case whatever. The very circumstance that you have the man in your power, and that he stands defenceless before you, to be disposed of at your discretion, is the strongest of all persuasions that you should give him his life. To fetter a man's limbs, and, in that condition, to shed his blood, like the beasts who (*that*) serve us for food, is a thought, to which, at first sight, we are astonished the human heart should ever be reconciled. The strongest case, that can be made in its favour, is where, as in *this business* of Strafford, the public cause and the favourable issue of that cause *seem* to demand it. (P. 92.)

On the case of Laud he observes, p. 130:—

It is evident on the face of the question, that no two things can be more distinct than the case of Strafford and that of Laud. In the former, there were reasons of no common urgency, why *the ordinary rules for the administration of justice should be set aside*. That was an affair, in which the *public safety* was the only law that deserved to be consulted. The impeachment of Strafford was turned into a bill of attainder; it was voted that, if no *one* of his acts amounted *technically* to treason, the whole of them, taken together, constituted a

* As Mr. Godwin confesses to the "not loving Clarendon," we marvel that he did not dwell on that historian's character of the assembly of divines, convened in synod at Westminster in 1643, to settle the question of church-government: especially as he (Mr. Godwin) says concerning it, "of the character and endowments of the members of this assembly it is necessary we should form a distinct idea." Now the idea conveyed of it by Clarendon is, that "there were not above twenty of the 120 members, who were not declared and avowed enemies of the doctrine and discipline of the church of England: some of them infamous in their lives and conversations, and most of them of very mean parts in learning, if not of scandalous ignorance; and of no other reputation than malice to the church." This is pretty well: but Calamy says, "these divines were men of eminent learning and godliness, ministerial abilities and fidelity."

TREASON BY EXCELLENCE: ALL WAS FAIR in a case in the highest degree alarming, and that could scarcely encounter a parallel.

Mrs. Macaulay takes the same line of argument:

Every article and circumstance may so corroborate the charge, as to amount to a more convincing proof than what is *required* by the *forms* of law: these forms ought never to be dispensed with in any accusation of *a private nature*; yet the man, who would hesitate to *prosecute* or CONDEMN a criminal, who, it was *rationally proved*, had, like Strafford, been guilty of atrocious acts of oppression, must be very lukewarm in the cause of *public justice*, and have *very narrow* sentiments in regard to liberty.

These arguments are only an echo of those of St. John before the Lords: that,

Were the testimony against Strafford not *strictly what the law required*, YET, in this way of bill, private satisfaction to each man's conscience was sufficient; (and that) the earl *had no title to plead law*, because he had endeavoured to destroy the law. It is true we give law to hares and deers, for they are beasts of chase; but it was never accounted cruel nor UNFAIR to destroy foxes and wolves wherever they can be found, for they are beasts of prey.

We do not profess to understand the distinction between *public* and *private* JUSTICE; nor do we see the point of the stress laid on the *forms of law*: which we have always conceived to be, not *formalities*, but, *regulations*, of testimony and proof, essential to the calm and deliberative character of justice, and intended to protect, not the *innocent* only, but the *accused*: not the *humble* only, but the *great* criminal. Mrs. Macaulay did not live quite long enough to see the effects of committees of PUBLIC SAFETY, of the ardour for PUBLIC justice, and of WIDE sentiments in regard to liberty: Mr. Godwin has seen them.

It is obvious that Mr. Godwin's exceptions of an "*extraordinary* case" and of the "public cause *seeming* to demand it," are such as to reduce the security of law to a mere nullity, and to render his lament of the custom of shedding human blood a mawkish drawl of sentimentalism, which brings to our recollection Gilray's imaginary statue of French democratic Sensibility, weeping over a dead dove, and grasping a dagger. We recommend to him "fiat justitia, ruat cœlum," as a far better motto.

According to the argument of Godwin and Macaulay, the despised *forms of law* must be acknowledged to be superfluous: there seems no reason why Strafford should not have been knocked on the head, like a pole-cat, without any ceremony of trial at all. "Killing by forms of law," observes Lord Russel, in the paper which he delivered on the scaffold, "is the worst sort of murder."

In fact, it appears from the case of that distinguished martyr in the cause of liberty, of how little avail was the "firm aversion of the parliament" to this proceeding on Strafford (after it had answered their end) being drawn into a precedent. "After all the declaiming against a constructive treason in the case of Lord Strafford (remarks Burnet), *the court was always running into it*, when they had a mind to destroy any that stood in their way." The exception from ordinary rules of justice is as good on the side of a monarchy as on that of a republic. The "clearness of conception and equability of temper," which fixed on Strafford the "treason by excellence," cut short the thread of Russel's life, and spilled the blood, though they could not flutter the pulse, of Algernon Sidney.

We wish Mr. Godwin to weigh well these remarks, before he enters on that momentous event, the TRIAL of CHARLES THE FIRST. It will exact his most patient attention, his utmost watchfulness over himself, his most severe and magnanimous impartiality. Let him remember that so clear-headed a statesman, so pure a lover of justice, so generous and open-hearted a philanthropist as the late Mr. Fox, was seduced by his strong dislike of absolute power to recognise in a forcibly packed junto the Commons of England, and to see only an imposing and magnificent* spectacle in a solemn mockery of justice.

* See the History of James the Second.

FACETIÆ BIBLIOGRAPHICÆ;

OR,

The Old English Jesters.

No VII.—PEELE.

MERRIE CONCEITED IESTS, OF GEORGE PEELE GENTLEMAN, SOMETIMES STVDENT IN OXFORD. WHEREIN IS SHEWED THE COURSE OF HIS LIFE, HOW HE LIVED: A MAN VERY WELL KNOWNE IN THE CITY OF LONDON AND ELSEWHERE.

Buy, read and iudge,
The price doe not grudge:
It will doe thee more pleasure,
Than twice so much treasure.

LONDON, PRINTED FOR HENRY BELL, DWELLING IN THE LITTLE OLD BAILY IN ELIOTS COURT. (Without date) Quarto; containing twenty one pages and the title.

The merry Jests of George Peele formed a very attractive volume, and were eagerly sought after by the readers of such publications, at the time of their appearance. Wood* says that they came at last to be sold on the stalls of ballad-mongers, but that he had never been able to get a sight of them. The same writer calls them Peele's Jests or *Clinches*, a word of which we cannot immediately discover the etymology, although it probably means his shifts or stratagems.

The first edition appeared, we believe, in 1607;† there was a second in 1627;‡ that now before us, without date, but probably either a few years earlier or later; one in 1657, and a fifth, London, printed for William Whitwood, and to be sold in Duck Lane, 1671. They were also reprinted for R. Triphook, in 1809.

The author, George Peele, was undoubtedly an Oxford man, and appears to consider the place of his education, and the degree he acquired there, as adding no slight dignity and lustre to his name, for he invariably designates himself as "Maister of Artes in Oxenforde." He occurs as a member of Broadgate's Hall (now Pembroke College) in the first list extant of the members of the university, which was taken about the year 1564.§ Mr. Malone supposes him to have been born in 1557 or 1558,|| but it is not likely that he entered before the age of 12 or 13, which would carry back the time of his birth to 1552 or 1553. He is said to have been a native of Devonshire, although no positive authority to corroborate this assertion has been yet discovered. It is, we think, probable that his parents were obscure, and in some humble situation of life, that he was sent originally to the university in the capacity of a poor scholar, or servitor, where his quick parts, attracting the notice and approbation of his seniors, succeeded in obtaining for him a studentship of Christ Church, and he then proceeded through the regular academical course, taking the degree of bachelor of arts, June 12, 1577, that of master, July 6, 1579.** The natural bent of Peele's disposition to gaiety, his poetical talents, and, above all, his fondness for dramatic composition, seem to have prevented him from pursuing any of the learned professions, for which he was doubtless well qualified by his abilities and education. He repaired to London, and was there probably indebted to his pen for a maintenance, becoming an author by profession. Here too

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* *Athenæ Oxonienses*, vol. i. col. 688.

† "The merrie conceited Jests of George Peele. Printed by Nicholas Okes, 1607," 4to. *West's Auction Catalogue*, No. 1821, and a similar edition is mentioned in Egerton the bookseller's *Shop Catal.* 1794, where it was marked at one guinea. Major Pearson also had a copy. *Auction Cat.* No. 2705.

‡ See the *Duke of Roxburghe's Auction Catalogue*, No. 6685. It sold for seven guineas!

§ In the university archives, *Reg. P.* page 490. He had probably only just entered at the time this *census academicus* was taken.

|| In the MS. notes to his copy of Wood's *Athenæ*.

** *Registers of Congregation marked KK.* folios 324, b. 252, 276, b.

he married. In 1585 we find him regularly employed in the capacity of the City poet, whose province it was to furnish the dialogue and addresses which accompanied the pageant usual at the inauguration of the new lord mayor, and from several passages in his Jests it is clear that his wit and humour rendered him a welcome visitant at the City tables. At this time he lived on the Bank-side, over against Blackfriars. About the year 1593 he was taken under the patronage of the Earl of Northumberland, to whom he dedicated his poem, entitled *The Honour of the Garter,* written on the Earl's being installed a knight of that order; but it seems that the irregularity of his life, and his constant extravagance and immorality of conduct prevented his deriving any permanent advantage from this nobleman's countenance and support. Robert Greene, a poet of the same stamp, and his companion, throws some light on the character of our author, in his *Groatsworth of Wit,* first printed in 1592. Driven (he says) like himself to extreme shifts, he calls upon Peele to be warned by his misery and example, "Delight not in irreligious oaths, despise drunkenness, flee lust, abhor those epicures whose loose life hath made religion loathsome to your eares, and when they sooth you with terms of mastership, remember Robert Greene, whom they have often flattered, perishes now for want of comfort." Peele himself tells his patron, in the poem we have just mentioned, that cares had been his bedfellows for almost twenty years,* but his misfortunes and privations do not appear to have wrought any reformation in his conduct, and it is lamentable to relate, on the authority of Meres, that he fell a sacrifice to his irregularities in or before 1598,† leaving a widow and one daughter.

The following, we believe, to be the most perfect list of Peele's works yet given. They are all of the greatest rarity.

1. The Arraignment of Paris a dramatic pastoral. Lond. 1584, 4to.

2. The Devise of the Pageant, borne before Woolstone Dixi. Lond. 1585, 4to.‡

3. A Farewell to the famous and fortunate Generalls of our English Forces, Sir John Norris and Syr Frauncis Drake. Lond. 1589, 4to.§

4. An Æglogue gratulatorie, entituled to the right honourable and renowned Shepheard of Albion's Arcadia, Robert, Earle of Essex and Ewre, for his welcome into England from Portugal. Lond. 1589, 4to.||

5. Polyhymnia; describing the honourable Triumphs at Tylt before her Maiestie, with Sir Henry Lea his Resignation of honour at Tylt. Lond. 1590, 4to.

6. Descensus Astrææ. The Devise of a Pageant borne before M. William Web, Lord Maior. Lond. 1591, 4to.**

7. The Hunting of Cupid.††

8. The famous Chronicle of King Edward the First, an historical play. Lond. 1593, 4to. Second Edition, 1599.

9. The Honour of the Garter displaied in a Poeme gratulatorie, entitled to the worthie and renowned Earle of Northumberland. Lond. 1593, 4to.

10. The Old Wives Tale, a Comedy. Lond. 1595, 4to. A play of very great rarity. There is a copy in the King's library, purchased at Mr. Steevens's sale for twelve pounds, and a second copy was sold among the Duke of Roxburghe's books for 12*l.* 17*s.*

11. The Love of King David and

* See Oldys's *Catalogue of Harleian Pamphlets*, No. 224.

† "As Anacreon died by the pot, so George Peele by the p——." Meres's *Wits Treasury*, 8vo. Lond. 1598, p. 286.

‡ Reprinted in Nichols's *Progresses of Elizabeth*, and in the *Supplement to the Harleian Miscellany*, vol. x. p. 351. The original copy, which is probably unique, consists of a single sheet, and is in the Bodleian library. It was purchased at Dr. Farmer's sale for a guinea and a half.

§ *Censura Literaria*, vol. ii. p. 15. Ed. 1815.

|| This we have never seen. It is mentioned by Mr. Malone in his MS. additions to Langbaine's *Dramatic Poets*.

** In the late Mr. Bindley's library. Reprinted in the *Supplement to the Harleian Miscellany*.

†† This has never yet been discovered. It was licensed to R. Jones in 1591

fair Bethsabe: with the Tragedie of Absalon. Lond. 1599, 4to. Reprinted in Hawkins's *Origin of the English Drama.*

12. The Turkish Mahomet, and Hyren the Fair Greek, a play mentioned in his Jests as written by our author, but never printed. It is sarcastically alluded to by Shakspeare in the Second Part of King Henry IV.

13. Jests. Lond. 1607. &c.

14. The Praise of Chastitie, a Poem inserted in a miscellaneous collection of old English Poetry, called *The Phœnix Nest.* Lond. 1593, 4to.

Short Poetical Pieces by Peele will be found also in England's Helicon, 1600; England's Parnassus, 1600; and in Belvedere or the Garden of the Muses, 1610; three very rare poetical collections, the first and second of which have been reprinted. And in one of Dr. Rawlinson's MSS. in the Bodleian library, there is a metrical *description of love* by our author, which we regret is not of a nature to invite insertion. Mr. Malone supposes Peele to have been the author of The Battle of Alcazar, with the death of Captaine Stukeley, a play printed Lond. 1594, 4to. although written long before that date.

Peele's Merrie Conceited Jests rather contain an account of his tricks and cheateries, than the record of his brilliant sayings. They consist, indeed, of his *gesta* or roguish exploits, and not of his *dicta* or witty sallies, but they are, nevertheless, curious, and are every way entitled to some mention in our FACETIÆ; although as they have been so recently reprinted, we shall content ourselves with a brief specimen of their contents.

How George helped his Friend to a Supper.

George was inuited one night by certaine of his freinds to supper, at the White Horse in Friday street; and in the Euening as he was going, he met with an old friend of his, who was so ill at stomacke, hearing George tel him of ye good cheere he went to, himselfe being vnprouided both of meat and mony, that he swore he had rather haue gone a mile about than haue met him at that instant. And beleeue me, quoth George, I am hartily sorry that I cannot take thee along with me, my selfe being but an inuited guest; besides, thou art out of cloathes, vnfitting for such a company. Marry this Ile doe; if thou wilt follow my aduice, Ile helpe thee to thy supper. Any way, quoth he to George, doe thou but deuise the meanes and Ile execute it. George presently told him what he should doe; so they parted. George well entertained, with extraordinary welcome, and seated at the vpper end of the table, supper being brought vp, H. M. watched his time below, and when he saw that the meat was carried vp, vp he followes (as George had directed him) who when George saw, "You whorson rascall (quoth George) what make you here?" Sir, quoth he, I am come from the party you wot of. "You rogue (quoth George) have I not forewarned you of this?" I pray you sir, quoth he, heare my errand. "Doe you prate, you slave," quoth George, and with that tooke a rabbet out of the dish, and threw it at him. Quoth he, you vse me very hardly. "You dunghill," quoth George, "doe you out-face me?" and with that tooke the other rabbet, and threw it at his head: after that a loafe; then drawing his dagger, making an offer to throw it, the gentlemen staid him. Meane while H. M. got the loafe and the two rabbets, and away he went: which when George saw he was gone, after a little fretting, he sate quietly. So by that honest shift he helped his friend to his supper, and was neuer suspected for it of the company.

From one of the jests we learn that Peele contributed towards his own and his wife's support, by translating from the learned languages for persons who were desirous to read the contents of Greek authors in their mother tongue, but, says his biographer, he "was of the poetical disposition, neuer to write so long as his mony lasted." One of his employers finding that all attempts to procure a translation he had undertaken for him, were vain, had recourse to this stratagem—"some quarter of the booke being done and lying in his hands at randome," George calls upon his friend for more money—"the gentleman bids him welcome, causeth him to stay dinner, where falling into discourse about his booke, found that it was as neere ended as he left it two moneths agoe." The gentleman upon this calls up his servants, binds Peele hand and foot, and sending for the barber, had his head and beard clean shaved, then "putting his hand into his pocket gaue him two brace of angels: quoth he, M. Peele drinke this, and by that time you have finished my booke your beard will be growne, vntill which time I know you will be ashamed to walke a-

broad." The plot succeeded, for although Peele contrived to get five pounds more from him, by a second device, which is made the subject of another jest, the translation was nevertheless finished within a few days.

Oldys, in his very curious manuscript additions to Langbaine, justly remarks that Peele's jests might with more propriety be termed the tricks of a sharper.' The supper story was somewhat of this nature, and nearly all his other witty pranks are of a similar description. He robs a poor tapster of an angel by borrowing that sum from him on the pledge of "an old Harry groat"* which he delivers to his gull with great ceremony, assuring him that by it he holds the lease of a house, and making him swear that he will return it, whenever he shall call upon him so to do. The tapster falls into decay, as he well may with many such customers as George, and going to our author begs him to receive his pawne and restore him his borrowed angel—"not for the world, quoth George, thou saist thou hast but that groat in the world, my bargaine was, that thou shouldst keepe that groat vntill I did demand it of thee. I aske thee none. I will do thee more good, because thou art an honest fellow, keepe thou that groat still, till I call for it, and so doing, the proudest Jacke in England cannot iustifie thou art not worth a groat, otherwise they might: and so honest Michael, farewell." The tapster finding he has no redress, breaks out into a lamentation, and concludes with what is called a proverb, but is only curious at present, as it proves that an angel was the price of a barrel of beer in those days: "For the price of a barrell of beere I haue bought a groatsworth of wit. Is not that deare?"

We will close this article with a specimen of Peele's blank verse, which is far more creditable to his abilities and patriotism than any thing we have as yet been able to produce. The extract is from his *Farewell to Sir John Norris and Sir Francis Drake*, 1589, and is part of an address to their brave followers.

Have done with care, my hearts! aboard amain,
With stretching sails to plow the swelling waves.
Bid England's shore and Albion's chalky cliffs
Farewell: bid stately Troynovant adieu,
Where pleasant Thames, from Isis' silver head,
Begins her quiet glide, and runs along
To that brave bridge, the bar that thwarts her course,
Near neighbour to the ancient stony Tower
The glorious hold that Julius Cæsar built.
Change love for arms; girt to your blades, my boys!
Your rests and muskets take, take helme and targe
And let God Mars's concert make you mirth:
The roaring cannon, and the brazen trump,
The angry sounding drum, the whistling fife,
The shrieks of men, the princely courser's neigh.
Now vail your bonnets to your friends at home,
Bid all the lovely British dames adieu,
That under many a standard, well advanc'd,
Have hid the sweet alarms and braves of love.
Bid theatres and proud tragedians
Bid Mahomet's Poo, and mighty Tamberlain,
King Charlemagne, Tom Stukeley † and the rest
Adieu! To arms, to arms, to glorious arms
With noble Norris and victorious Drake
Under the sanguine cross, brave England's badge,
To propagate religious piety.

* i. e. a groat of Henry VIII. Shakspeare, by one of those anachronisms so common to him, talks of a "Harry ten shillings" in King Henry IV. forgetting that there was no such coin at that period.

† The titles of four dramatic compositions, which we may suppose to have been great favourites with the public. The last had the following title: "The Life and Death of Captaine Thomas Stukeley, with his marriage to Alderman Curteis daughter, and valiant Ending of his Life at the Battaile of Alcazar." It was printed in 1605, and [illegible] from the play already mentioned in the text. We may add that Mr. Malone thought it probable they were both written by Peele.

MORE GHOST-PLAYING: BANQUO'S SPIRIT BROUGHT TO BOOK.

Mr. Editor,—In your April number was promulgated for the benefit of those whom it might concern, the Ghost-player's Guide, being an attempt to reform our theatres in the important affair of ghost-playing. Certain rules were propounded in that Essay, and certain hints communicated, which I flatter myself would, if acted upon, serve, in a great measure, to remedy the evils, and to vanquish the difficulties, complained of, respectively, by the public and the performers; evils and difficulties of too serious magnitude I am well aware, to permit any one who is able duly to appreciate them, even the faintest hope that they will, by any device or code of regulations, be completely the one eradicated, the other overcome. Having thus taken upon myself the office of guide and instructor in this honorable but very refractory department of the stage, I am determined to let nothing which comes within the length of my rod, pass without such castigation, as I shall think due to its demerits. In pursuance of this resolution I have to inform the public, that some weeks ago I went to see the play of Macbeth represented at Drury-lane theatre; and I beg leave moreover to offer a few remarks upon the indecent behaviour of Banquo's ghost on that occasion. To the point, then.

You recollect, Mr. Editor, the Banquet-scene: According to the favorite economy of Drury-lane in this particular, a table is spread along each side of the stage; at these tables are seated in due order the guests, every one with his platter and cup before him, just as it should be. Very good. You will also please to remember that Banquo had been invited, was expected by the guests, but is (ill for himself and well for the wine), at the moment I speak of, biding—

> Safe in a ditch,
> With twenty trenched gashes on his head,
> The least a death to nature.

Good again. Besides all this, you will call to mind, that Macbeth, who has just been informed, by one of the murderers, of Banquo's present plight and place of abode, to both of which he had preferred him,—nevertheless has sufficient assurance to tax the absentee with not keeping his appointment at supper.—

> Here had we now our country's honor roof'd,
> Were the graced person of our Banquo present;
> Who may I rather challenge for unkindness,
> Than pity for mischance.

Still, very good. Now, mark! The ghost of Banquo upon hearing this impudent accusation, and resolving that his kind host should not be altogether disappointed, immediately enters the refectory, and in a fine vein of easy gentility, pops his "graced person"—Where do you think, Sir? At one of the tables? —Bah! At Macbeth's tripod?—Poh! No, Sir; neither at table nor tripod, —but in an elbow-chair, that stands as if it didn't know what to do with itself, all agape in the middle of the room! During his short trip to the court of Proserpine, our ghost had so far improved in the knowledge of politeness as to judge, that the best way of "roofing his country's honor," was to sit with his back to the company. In short, to make use of a very expressive, and I believe royally authorised term of the present day,—he fairly *rumps* the Queen and her coterie. Besides, with a very philosophic contempt for all the good things of this world, which indeed are sour grapes to a spirit,—he is perfectly satisfied to play fool in the middle, with nothing before him but his hands (as if, like a bear, he could "quarter himself on his paws"),— while his quondam chums are employed in the sublunary occupation of discussing his share of the supper in addition to their own. Seriously; will the ghost of Drury-lane have the goodness to inform me on what principle he selects such a preposterous attitude, and to whose spiritual teaching he is indebted for his knowledge, that it is anything but ridiculous to see him, a presumptive guest, seated, like a showman's baboon, in the middle of the stage, for the people to gape at? But let us bring him to book; let us see if the text sanctifies ill-breeding and absurdity: if it does, I am dumb. From the lines—

Macbeth. The table's full.
Lenox. Here is a place reserved, sir.
Mac. Where?

From these lines it is evident, even if the margin did not so advise us, that the ghost occupies Macbeth's chair, whilst he "mingles with society and plays the humble host." It is also evident that *that* chair was at *a* table (*ergo* not in the middle of the room where there is no table); and from the same, corroborated by the following passage, it is equally clear that that table was one of the tables at which the guests were seated—

Macbeth. (*Surveying the guests and tables.*)
Both sides are even: Here I'll sit i' the *midst*:
Be large in mirth; anon we'll drink and measure
The table round.

Thus it is plain, that if the text be of any authority, the ghost should sit at one of the tables; and if common sense be of any authority, it is plain that the ghost should not sit *solus in sicca secum*, with the back of his "graced person" turned upon both supper and supper-eaters, queen and canopy, whilst he himself ("Alas! poor ghost!") is engaged in the very unprofitable avocation of reckoning the number of footlights, or staring the pit out of countenance.

A difficulty may be started by the advocates of the present mode, about where the ghost *is* to sit, and how he is to dispose of his person, so that *he* shall be seen by the whole audience, and Macbeth at the same time shall play with his face towards the proscenium. There are half a dozen ways of accomplishing this besides the absurd one now in vogue; but surely that ingenuity, which reaped so much glory in marshalling a procession to Westminster Abbey, cannot want my assistance in setting out the tables for Macbeth and his companions.

I have not the least expectation that the ghost of Drury-lane will demean himself with a whit more propriety for all I have said above. Whilst the audience is willing to connive at his misbehaviour, he will only laugh in his sleeve at my animadversions. But if my fellow-countrymen would only engage to support me a few nights in this just cause, I would undertake to bring the ghost quickly to terms, and put an end to such indecorums on his part for ever. Men in general, and Englishmen in particular, claim a higher place (we will not now dispute with what semblance of reason) than *geese*, in the scale of two-legged animals; yet if they enjoyed but one faculty of these satirical creatures, they would, by the mere force of hissing, teach the Ghost of Banquo to mend his manners, and study the mysteries of his part with a little more diligence than he devotes to it at present. But I have done my part in this business, and will leave the more effective measures altogether to the wisdom of a public audience; which that the ghost may render unnecessary by a timely alteration of his conduct, is the earnest hope of his friend and adviser,

UMBRA.

P. S.—I am much beholden to your correspondent with the ominous name (HORRIDA BELLA, I think he calls himself), for his assistance in the matter of corpulent ghosts. The remainder of his "Observations on the Ghost-player's Guide," however, almost cancel the obligation. They hurt the cause; and light as the term *ghost-playing* may seem, every true lover of Shakspeare ought to have the thing itself more nearly at heart, than to trifle with it as I think your correspondent has done. Not that I object to a witty treatment of the subject, the only way indeed in which it can be safely handled. But your correspondent, by mixing up indiscriminately the serious with the ironical, argument with foolery, real with pretended objections, has, I fear, with the superficial part of his readers (that is to say, with nineteen out of every twenty), counteracted the good effects which might have resulted, had he either fairly and distinctly impugned the rules given in the Ghost-player's Guide, if he thought them erroneous, or expended his wit on another subject, if he thought them judicious. Your correspondent should have reflected that as the chief use of wit is to convey instruction, so the greatest abuse of it is to introduce confusion, into the mind of his reader. Of this abuse, I think he has been guilty; his Essay is such a *melange* of puns, extracts, arguments, incoherencies, jokes, ironies, thread-bare quotations, &c. &c. tha

I dare say ninety-nine out of every hundred who read it, have now a less distinct idea of how the ghost in Hamlet ought to be played than when the subject was first brought before them. To correct as far as in me lies this injurious proceeding on the part of your correspondent, and to render the question of ghost-playing again intelligible, it will be necessary to cull those parts of the Observations intended for argument, from the "leather and prunella" with which they are surrounded, and to see in how far their value surpasses that of the paper they stand on.

Signior Horrida informs us that he has "devoted much time and thought to Shakspeare's ghosts,"—a piece of intelligence by no means superfluous, inasmuch as it certainly does not beam through the Observations themselves. Of the kind of success however which attended this devotion of "time and thought" on the part of the Signior, he affords us the following very unequivocal example:—In the Guide, I had objected to King Hamlet's ghost walking "within truncheon's length of the footlights;" and for this simple reason: that thereby the defects of his person and paraphernalia, are displayed with unnecessary candour to the audience. In combating this position of mine, the knowledge derived by Signior Horrida from his aforesaid expenditure of "time and thought" becomes first conspicuous. He proves (by the aid of "time and thought," mind!) that the ghost should walk within truncheon's length of the footlights, by citing genuine passages which show, that the ghost walks within truncheon's length of—Horatio and Marcellus! O wonderful effect of "time and thought!" As if, Horatio and Marcellus being supposed to stand about the middle of the stage, the ghost could not walk a truncheon's length on one side of them as well as on the other! As if the judicious ghost-player could not sport his belly and his buckram between them and the back or side scene, as well as between them and the footlights, yet keep to the text all the while! Ah! Signior, verily I fear your wit threw its dust in the eyes of your judgment on this occasion. When the text describes the ghost as appearing "before" Horatio and Marcellus, you very innocently mistook these gentlemen for rusty weather-cocks, and thereupon concluded that they could not turn upon their heel towards the back or side scene, so as to have the ghost *before* their faces, yet *behind* or *beside* their persons.

Again: I had entered an objection to the ghost's wearing a crimson scarf, or a blanket-cloak (i. e. such a veritable blanket as the ghost of Drury Lane wore when I saw him). I objected to the scarf as unsuitable to the dim and shadowy being whose very element is perpetual gloom; I objected to the blanket as unsuitable to any ghost but that of Mad Tom or the King of the Beggars. To overturn these objections, our critic "supposes" that the king *might* have worn such articles of dress in his lifetime. But suppose (and the supposition is very probable) that he had worn, not a red scarf or a blanket cloak, but—a red nightcap, or the skin of a brown bear, let us say;—by your method of argument, Signior, King Hamlet's ghost might enter with propriety in this amiable costume, under the chance indeed of being mistaken by the audience for a Danish witch or a watchman. No, my most pleasant, pun-cracking fellow! You evidently do not see the hinge upon which this simple question turns. We are not to apparel King Hamlet's ghost, as the King himself *might* possibly have been apparelled in his lifetime, but in such a manner as will have the best effect on the stage. Now if *you* are of opinion that a flaring scarf or a mud-coloured cloak enhances the dignity of a ghost, you do well to recommend it, and though I may not applaud the delicacy of your taste, I cannot but admire its singularity. For my own poor part, *I* think the ghost should either wear nothing at all but armour, or if he must indulge in superfluities of dress, they should, all and each, be of the most solemn cut, and of the gravest colour.

The second paragraph of the Observations looks as if it very much wished to endeavour to contest my opinion, that of all the characters in Shakspeare, the ghost in Hamlet is farthest removed from the possibility of adequate representation. This I had concluded from the unearthly

and de-humanized nature of a spirit. When our critic is furnished with some better argument on this subject than pure assertion, it will be then time enough to think of refuting him. There is a great deal in this paragraph, which I do not very well comprehend, and therefore will not attempt to answer.

Where the Observationer collected his information upon the nature of spirits, their faculties and attributes, I am neither able to conjecture nor solicitous to inquire. I should be sorry to drink from the same well. Whether indeed he has any notion at all, popular or philosophical, of the beings whose properties are the subject of his essay, is a question which his remarks leave more than problematical. In one place for instance, he saith, choosing a mode of expression superior (as it were) to all argument—"I am yet to learn why a ghost's voice should be so exceedingly thin, airy, and tremulous." Again he is altogether heap-struck at the incomprehensible assertion in the Ghost-player's Guide, that a spirit should be "dim, shadowy, and indefinite;" nor can he possibly conceive what difference it would make in point of sublimity, though the ghost were as tangible and concrete as King Log in the quagmire, as familiar as my friend-by-the-button-hole, or a pet monkey. Gog in Guildhall, perhaps, is the Belvedere from which all his visions of spiritual grandeur and magnificence are modelled. A hollow pumpkin on a pole, wide-mouth'd and saucer-eyed, with a blazing ember in its teeth, and a white sheet for a shroud, seem to constitute his *beau-ideal* of a phantom. The terror of the nursery—Fee-fa-fum, with Master Bold-child's bug-a-boo — Rawhead-and-Bloody-bones, appear to stand the *ne plus ultras* beyond which his imagination cannot sail a knot, into the sublimer world of spirits. The Observationer is all agog for a *noisy* ghost. He would have the spirit "ring his iron heel to the ground" (forgetting, by the bye, that our ghosts are buckram-ghosts, and seldom have iron heels to ring *to* or *on* the ground, whichever our critic thinks most grammatical). He is clamorous against a spirit being represented as a "noiseless vapour." A spirit that is, in fact, *spirit*, he seems to regard as a contradiction in nature. To establish his theory, what does our irrefragable? This, videlicet: He taxes his memory with several painful quotations which indubitably prove that the ghost is "majestical," that he "marches," and "stalks." Now I believe it is not every reader who, like our friend Horrida, enjoys such a very happy obliquity of mental vision as enables him to perceive any necessary connexion between marching or stalking, or being majestical, and *noise*. That must be an inestimable species of logic which is mighty to prove, that because a ghost is six feet high, or steps a yard wide, he per consequence therefore, treads like an elephant in jackboots, or an hippopotamus in pattens. But such a mode of argument is exactly what I should expect from him who could maintain the principle. What a pity that ghosts do not walk on all-four! What a pity that ghosts wear neither hoofs nor horse-shoes! What a pity that we cannot have asses to perform the part of men, as we sometimes see men perform the part of asses!

The source of all Signior Horrida's misconceptions upon the subject of spiritual voice, form, motion, &c. is that from which many a novelist and romance-writer has drunk bewilderment before. In a word, he confounds a ghost with a *dead man*. Were King Hamlet's such a goblin as Giles Scroggins's probably was—a corpse put in motion for a time by some infernal method of galvanism, then I grant, with his worship, that it "should not vary a tittle from the gentleman whom it is destined to represent." But Shakspeare was no such poetical body-snatcher as friend Horrida would make him; his ghosts are *spirits*, aerial beings, whose attributes, therefore, must be such as are not inconsistent with an insubstantial material like æther,—viz. feeble voice, faint form, and noiseless motion. There is not I believe a single description of a ghost to be met with in any great poet, Job, Homer, Virgil, Ossian, &c. in which dimness, shadowiness, and indistinctness of figure, feebleness, airiness, and thinness of voice, do not form the prominent characteristics. But I can scarcely be surprised at Signior Hor-

rida's contradicting *me* on the nature of spirits, when he plumply and circumstantially gives the lie to Shakspeare himself! In the Closet-scene, Hamlet, speaking of the ghost, exclaims—

Why look you there! look how it *steals* away.

In Macbeth also—

——— Wither'd murder
Alarm'd by his centinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his *stealthy* pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing sides, towards his design
Moves *like a ghost.*

Yet our critic would have the ghost "ring his iron heel to the ground," and, in face of the fact, denies that Shakspeare ever intended him to "glide," or move as a noiseless vapour! Truly, friend Horrida, you must have been walking in a wilderness when you penned this notable Essay; no critical buzzard ever fell into such a labyrinth of errors as you have, in these your Observations.

It is curious enough, and I acknowledge less the result of my own precaution than of this gentleman's temerity, that he does not seriously assault one fortress in the Ghost-player's Guide, where a single puff of a goose-quill does not blow him on his back, or into the mouth of his own cannon. He is for instance quite scandalized at my proposal that the ghost in Hamlet should put on a panoply of "burnished tin;" when he should recollect, that the ghost's present panoply is *buckram,* and that my proposal only went to substitute for a *bad* article, a *better*, as the *best* ("complete steel") has no peg in the property-room. The gentleman may, indeed, "tear the cave where Echo lies," if he pleases, making her shout for—steel armour! Thus a child cries for the moon, and the moon looks it full in the face, but comes not an inch the nearer.

The above are the principal "arguments" (such as they be) in the "Observations" deserving of reply, which indeed I should not have troubled myself to give, but that I feared they might be productive of mischievous effects upon the Art of Ghost-playing, by darkening instead of illuminating the public mind with regard to that important matter. It is an old saying that "true nomeaning puzzles more than wit;" the proverb is particularly exemplified in Signior Horrida Bella's Essay. His "rivulet of text" carrying with it such a compost of heterogeneous materials, has enabled him so to muddy the clear state of the question, that a superficial reader cannot easily see to the bottom of it.

REDGAUNTLET *

The two most celebrated writers of this age, Lord Byron and the Author of Waverley, resemble each other not a little in their works. Their respective series of productions, from Childe Harold to Don Juan, and from Waverley to Redgauntlet, though differing essentially in structure, object, and subject, agree nevertheless in several particulars. Each series, for example, evinces a remarkable qualification of mind in its author, and each betrays a remarkable defect. It is likewise a singular coincidence, that the same qualification and the same defect should exist in both,—viz. extraordinary facility of invention as far as respects *composition*, difficulty of invention as far as respects *character*. Both authors are about equally remarkable for the said power and (if we may use the expression) impotence of mind, in these different provinces of invention.

And first, as to composition. The prodigal effusion of poetry which, in Childe Harold, the Corsair, the Giaour, &c. &c. almost overwhelmed the reading world, is only to be paralleled by the quantity of prose so dissolutely expended in the compo-

* Redgauntlet, a Tale of the Eighteenth Century, by the Author of Waverley. 3 vols. Constable Edinburgh, 1824.

sition of *Waverley*, Guy Mannering, &c. &c. a series to which indeed we can see no probable termination. Both the poems and the novels indicate a fertility of mind in this respect, amounting to what might be designated even a rank luxuriance. Before we had eaten down one crop of this intellectual pasture, another began to tickle our noses, and a third growth shot up whilst our heads were deep in the second. There is here an obvious resemblance between the two series of works now compared. It would be hard to say whether the Poet or the Novelist were the greater spendthrift of his words. In both, eloquence is of so plentiful and profluent a nature, that it takes the form, and might assume the name, of—splendid loquacity. The labour with these authors seems to have been, merely that of transcribing from the folds of the brain to the leaves of their paper. No time or exertion appears to have been requisite for conjuring up the little phantasmagoria of images which haunt the recesses of the memory; they came without whoop or hollow, which we, poor scribes! have to cry out several times, to the dull population of our brain, before we can obtain any answer. Facility in composition—and when we say this, we do not mean fluency without a considerable degree of solidity,—is the qualification in which these two great writers chiefly resemble each other, and that perhaps in which they most surpass all their cotemporaries; who, by the way, leaving solidity entirely out of the question, are in no wise deficient as to this particular of fleetness in composition. We allow there is much difference between the "weighty bullion" of Childe Harold or Waverley, and the "French wire" into which the small portion of sterling ore forming the real worth of Sardanapalus or Redgauntlet is drawn; but still, the same ease of language, the same wealth of imagery, is every where displayed, even in their most precipitate works, by each writer,—and with about equal claims on our admiration.

It was this qualification which, possessed in the highest degree, tempted both (and still tempts one) to write down their reputation, by writing upon every thing or nothing. The subject-matter of Redgauntlet, or The Deformed Transformed (we take the last poem and novel respectively), if withdrawn from the mere composition of these two works, would leave their bulk apparently undiminished. A Review in one of our past numbers shows, that of The Deformed Transformed, the argument might, without a figure, be truly said to "lie in a nutshell;" and by a similar analysis we will now briefly demonstrate that the *matériel* out of which this three-volumed novel, Redgauntlet, is worked up, might with the utmost ease be confined within the same very limited space.

The hero, Darsie Latimer, of unauthenticated birth and country, goes a-fishing towards the Solway; being chiefly allured to the borders, by a sacred injunction which prohibits him from setting foot upon English ground, and being moreover permanently kept there by a friendly admonition from a young lady (Lilias, the heroine) that, if he valued his safety, he should immediately depart from the premises. A fisherman, who afterwards turns out to be a near relative of his own, and withal a great crony of the Pretender's (and who, by the bye, is the efficient hero of the novel), kidnaps our mock-hero, carries him over the Solway sands in a waggon, and shuts him up in an English farm-house. He is soon after condemned to petticoats and a side-saddle, being compelled by his Great Unknown persecutor, the fisherman, to accompany him in this wise to another place of sojourn. He finds himself at length in a public-house kept by one Father Crackenthorpe, where he is introduced to Prince Charles Edward, as Sir Arthur Darsie Redgauntlet, the heir of the family of that name, by his uncle (the fisherman aforesaid), Hugh Redgauntlet, who is a zealous partizan of the Chevalier's, and who has endeavoured, though without success, to bring his nephew over to the side of the Royal Wanderer. To attain this latter purpose was our fisherman's grand reason for kidnapping his relative, over whose person he is supposed to enjoy a very arbitrary power as guardian, whilst that young hero remained at the English side of the Solway. The Crackenthorpe conspiracy, which comprised several English and Scottish gentle-

men, is however put to the rout by the appearance of "Black Colin Campbell," and the red-coats from Carlisle; the Pretender, with his piscatory friend, embarks for Italy; and—and this is the sum and substance of the story.

Now we undertake to say, that if the above paragraph were cut out from our page, and rolled up into a paper-pellet, these the solid contents of Redgauntlet would not be found to exceed in bulk the kernel of a moderately-sized and sincere Spanish nutshell. By the appendix, it is true, we are informed that Lilias, who appears to be a sister of Darsie's, was married to his friend, Alan Fairford, Esquire, a young latitat of Edinburgh, who having heard of the kidnapping affair, breaks off a maiden cause in the middle, travels a great way both by land and sea, interrupts the narrative several times very impertinently, and creates a great deal of trouble and confusion, without accomplishing any thing else that we can perceive, throughout his whole existence in these volumes. He serves indeed as an apology for a lover to poor Lilias, who is, by the bye, a personage equally superfluous, and nearly as interesting as himself.

Taking these meagre details as his groundwork, the Author of Waverley has contrived to furnish out three very respectable volumes, one and a half of which, indeed, are dedicated to matters having nothing whatever to do with the main story. He, like his late noble competitor for the crown of fame, in his more recent works seems to have depended almost wholly on the qualification we noticed above, i. e. the power of writing *ad infinitum*, agreeably, upon any or no subject. And to say the truth, his dependance is seldom altogether misplaced. Though there may be less power of language, less condensation of incident, and less striking imagery, in Redgauntlet and its immediate predecessors, than in Waverley and its immediate successors, there is still enough of each, we are convinced, to save the former portion of our author's novels for ever from the pastry-cook and the trunkmaker.

But all-powerful as these two great writers may be considered, in the department of eloquence, and what may be generally described as composition, they are both radically, though not perhaps equally, impotent in the province of character. There is but *one* character, variously modified by the different circumstances in which it is placed, throughout all Lord Byron's poems,—that of a noble-minded but depraved being, of fine feelings but irregular passions, more or less satirical and misanthropical in his disposition, gloomy, heart-withered, reckless, and irreligious. The Author of Waverley has taken a circle of somewhat greater circumference, but within which he is just as strictly confined. He has excogitated, or his experience has furnished him with, a certain definite number of characters, and these he plays as he would chess-men, sometimes bringing one forward, sometimes another, but without the power of increasing the number of men on the board.

Shakspeare, it may be said, has almost exhausted the kingdom of character; and an author who in the present age discovers a new one, merits the same honour as an astronomer who discovers a new planet. We do not know how this may be, but certainly the facility with which that author invented, and the rigour with which he preserved, characters, shames to nought the powers of the Author of Waverley, which we have heard as rashly as triumphantly compared to Shakspeare's in these particulars. The present volumes, for instance, develope not a single new character. They introduce us to several of our old acquaintances, with whose faces we are just as familiar as with that of the Man in the Moon, and which have appeared and reappeared almost as frequently, and to the full as unconcernedly with respect to all the sublunary dogs that bark at them, as that celestial physiognomy. First we have a hero and heroine of the genuine Waverley stamp; a pair, like which we hope Heaven will never make so many as the Great Unknown does, or the world would shortly be peopled with *Albinos*. Then follows the old litany of characters: a *mysterieux*, an urchin, a vagrant, a rolicking ne'er-do-well, a human blood-hound, and a "tedious old fool,"—in the persons of Hugh Redgauntlet, Little Benjie, Wandering Willie, Nanty Ewart,

Cristal Nixon, and Poor Peter Peebles. *Nota Bene:* there is no weird or wild woman in the whole story. The place of a witch is supplied by a Quaker, Joshua Geddes, whose name is added to the dramatis personæ for the very important purpose of owning a *stake-net* on the Solway, but who nevertheless manages to occupy the scene and crowd in at curtain-fall, though he promotes the action of the piece much about in the same ratio that a midge bouncing against the posterior part of the earth propels it towards Aries. Indeed most of the characters above-mentioned are supernumeraries. Wandering Willie, a blind fiddler, who promises, and from whom we expect every moment, great feats; who moreover goes so far with the joke as to play, somewhat in the vein of Blondel, five pages of Scotch tunes, under a prison window; and who seems by this means to hold the catastrophe, as it were, in the belly of his instrument, —after all, performs nothing more worthy of immortality, than that of warning the Crackenthorpe Cabal, by an air, ("The Campbells are coming,")—when it was exactly too late to be of any service whatever, Black Campbell entering the club-room along with the music. To Little Benjie and Cristal Nixon, deeds of equal moment are allotted; the former carries a letter, and the latter shoots a man; yet without any further claims upon his favour, both are perpetually thrust upon the attention of the reader. Nanty Ewart makes a voyage from Dumfries to Cumberland, with Alan Fairford, Esquire, as a passenger. Then there are the said Alan Fairford, Esquire, and his father, Alexander Fairford, W. S. two gentlemen whom the reader is incessantly wishing at the very last place to which he should like to be consigned himself.

The adventures of Poor Peter Peebles are likewise a patch on the principal story, as tedious and impertinent an episode as any we ever met with in a Spanish novel. We do not deny that the character of this unfortunate litigant is well drawn, and that the state of moral as well as mental degradation to which the law's delay has reduced a respectable citizen, is depicted with affecting truthfulness. The original of this portrait, a miniature to be sure, is to be found, if we rightly remember, in Peregrine Pickle, but the copy is worthy to supplant it in our memories. It is a draught in our author's best manner; and he has, with considerable skill heightened the simple effect which madness in misery would of itself produce on our feelings, by intermixing the crazy gravity of Poor Peter with something irresistibly ludicrous; so that the reader cannot easily tell whether the tear he feels rolling down his cheek, whilst the victim of Justice with earnest garrulity recites his disappointments and his future lofty hopes, be the result of laughter or of pity. The Baron of Bradwardine himself is not a sketch more felicitous than this:

You must have seen this original, Darsie, who, like others in the same predicament, continues to haunt the courts of justice, where he has made shipwreck of time, means, and understanding. Such insane paupers have sometimes seemed to me to resemble wrecks lying upon the shoals on the Goodwin Sands, or in Yarmouth Roads, warning other vessels to keep aloof from the banks on which they have been lost; or rather scare-crows and potatoe-bogles, distributed through the courts to scare away fools from the scene of litigation.

The identical Peter wears a huge great-coat, thread-bare and patched itself, yet carefully so disposed and secured by what buttons remain, and many supplementary pins, as to conceal the still more infirm state of his under garments. The shoes and stockings of a ploughman were, however, seen to meet at his knees, with a pair of brownish, blackish breeches; a rusty-coloured handkerchief, that has been black in its day, surrounded his throat, and was an apology for linen. His hair, half grey, half black, escaped in elf-locks around a huge wig, made of tow, as it seemed to me, and so much shrunk, that it stood up on the very top of his head; above which he plants, when covered, an immense cocked hat, which, like the chieftain's banner, may be seen any sederunt day betwixt nine and ten, high towering above all the fluctuating and changeful scene in the Outer-House, where his eccentricities often make him the centre of a group of petulant and teazing boys, who exercise upon him every art of ingenious torment. His countenance, originally that of a portly, comely burgess, is now emaciated with poverty and anxiety, and rendered wild by an insane lightness about the eyes; a withered and blighted skin and complexion; features charged with the self-importance peculiar to insanity; and a habit of perpetually speaking to

himself. Such was my fortunate client; and I must allow, Darsie, that my profession had need to do a great deal of good, if, as is much to be feared, it brings many individuals to such a pass.

After we had been, with a good deal of form, presented to each other, at which time I easily saw by my father's manner that he was desirous of supporting Peter's character in my eyes, as much as circumstances would permit, "Alan," he said, "this is the gentleman who has agreed to accept of you as his counsel, in place of young Dumtoustie."

"Entirely out of favour to my old acquaintance your father," said Peter, with a benign and patronizing countenance, "out of respect to your father, and my old intimacy with Lord Bladderskate. Otherwise, by the *Regiam Majestatem!* I would have presented a petition and complaint against Daniel Dumtoustie, Advocate, by name and surname—I would, by all the practiques!—I know the forms of process; and I am not to be trifled with."

My father here interrupted my client, and reminded him that there was a good deal of business to do, as he proposed to give the young counsel an outline of the state of the conjoined process, with a view to letting him into the merits of the cause, disencumbered from the points of form. "I have made a short abbreviate, Mr. Peebles," said he; "having sat up late last night, and employed much of this morning in wading through these papers, to save Alan some trouble, and I am now about to state the result."

"I will state it myself," said Peter, breaking in without reverence upon his solicitor.

"No, by no means," said my father; "I am your agent for the time."

"Mine eleventh in number," said Peter; "I have a new one every year; I wish I could get a new coat as regularly."

"Your agent for the time," resumed my father; "and you, who are acquainted with the forms, know that the client states the case to the agent—the agent to the counsel——"

"The counsel to the Lord Ordinary, the Ordinary to the Inner House, the President to the Bench. It is just like the rope to the man, the man to the ox, the ox to the water, the water to the fire——"

"Hush, for Heaven's sake, Mr. Peebles," said my father, cutting his recitation short; "time wears on—we must get to business—you must not interrupt the court, you know.—Hem, hem! From this abbreviate it appears——"

"Before you begin," said Peter Peebles, "I'll thank you to order me a morsel of bread and cheese, or some cauld meat, or broth, or the like alimentary provision; I was so anxious to see your son, that I could not eat a mouthful of dinner."

Heartily glad, I believe, to have so good a chance of stopping his client's mouth effectually, my father ordered some cold meat; to which James Wilkinson, for the honour of the house, was about to add the brandy bottle, which remained on the sideboard, but, at a wink from my father, supplied its place with small beer. Peter charged the provisions with the rapacity of a famished lion; and so well did the diversion engage him, that though, while my father stated the case, he looked at him repeatedly, as if he meant to interrupt his statement, yet he always found more agreeable employment for his mouth, and returned to the cold beef with an avidity which convinced me he had not had such an opportunity for many a day of satiating his appetite. Omitting much formal phraseology, and many legal details, I will endeavour to give you, in exchange for your fiddler's tale, the history of a litigant, or rather, the history of his law-suit.

* * * * *

My brain was like to turn at this account of lawsuit within lawsuit, like a nest of chip-boxes, with all of which I was expected to make myself acquainted.

"I understand," I said, "that Mr. Peebles claims a sum of money from Plainstanes—how then can he be his debtor? and if not his debtor, how can he bring a Multiplepoinding, the very summons of which sets forth, that the pursuer does owe certain monies, which he is desirous to pay by warrant of a judge?"

"Ye know little of the matter, I doubt, friend," said Mr Peebles; "a Multiplepoinding is the safest *remedium juris* in the whole form of process. I have known it conjoined with a declarator of marriage.—Your beef is excellent," he said to my father, who in vain endeavoured to resume his legal disquisition; "but something highly powdered—and the twopenny is undeniable; but it is small swipes—small swipes—more of hop than malt—with your leave I'll try your black bottle."

My father started to help him with his own hand, and in due measure; but, infinitely to my amusement, Peter Peebles got possession of the bottle by the neck, and my father's ideas of hospitality were far too scrupulous to permit his attempting, by any direct means, to redeem it; so that Peter returned to the table triumphant, with his prey in his clutch.

"Better have a wine-glass, Mr. Peebles," said my father, in an admonitory tone, "you will find it pretty strong."

"If the kirk is ower muckle, we can sing mass in the quire," said Peter, helping himself in the goblet out of which he had been drinking the small beer. "What is it, usquebaugh?—BRANDY, as I am an honest man! I had almost forgotten the name and taste of brandy. Mr. Fairford elder, your good health (a mouthful of

brandy)—Mr. Alan Fairford, wishing you well through your arduous undertaking (another go-down of the comfortable liquor),—And now, though you have given a tolerable breviate of this great lawsuit, of whilk everybody has heard something that has walked the boards in the Outer-House, (here's to ye again, by way of interim decreet,) yet ye have omitted to speak a word of the arrestments."

"I was just coming to that point, Mr. Peebles."

"Or of the action of suspension of the charge on the bill."

"I was just coming to that"

"Or the advocation of the Sheriff-Court process."

"I was just coming to it."

"As Tweed comes to Melrose, I think," said the litigant; and then filling his goblet about a quarter full of brandy, as if in absence of mind, "Oh, Mr. Alan Fairford, ye are a lucky man to buckle to such a cause as mine at the very outset! it is like a specimen of all causes, man. By the Regiam, there is not a *remedium juris* in the practiques but ye'll find a spice o't. Here's to your getting weel through with it—Pshut—I am drinking naked spirits, I think. But if the heathen be ower strong we'll christen him with the brewer, (here he added a little small beer to his beverage, paused, rolled his eyes, winked, and proceeded,)—Mr Fairford—the action of assault and battery, Mr. Fairford, when I compelled the villain Plainstanes to pull my nose within two steps of King Charles's statue, in the Parliament Close—there I had him in a hose-net. Never man could tell me how to shape that process—no counsel that ever selled wind could condescend and say whether it were best to proceed by way of petition and complaint, *ad vindictam publicam*, with consent of his Majesty's advocate, or by action on the statute for battery *pendente lite*, whilk would be the winning my plea at once, and so getting a back-door out of Court.—By the Regiam, that beef and brandy is unco het at my heart—I maun try the ale again (sipped a little beer); and the ale's but cauld, I maun e'en put in the rest of the brandy."

He was as good as his word, and proceeded in so loud and animated a style of elocution, thumping the table, drinking and snuffing alternately, that my father abandoning all attempts to interrupt him, sat silent and ashamed, suffering and anxious for the conclusion of the scene.

"And then to come back to my pet process of all—my battery and assault process, when I had the good luck to provoke him to pull my nose at the very threshold of the Court, whilk was the very thing I wanted—Mr. Pest, ye ken him, Daddie Fairford? Old Pest was for making it out *hamesucken*, for he said the Court might be said—said—ugh!—to be my dwelling-place I dwell mair there than ony gate else, and the essence of hamesucken is to strike a man in his dwelling-place—mind that, young advocate—and so there's hope Plainstanes may be hanged, as many has for a less matter; for, my Lords,—will Pest say to the Justiciary bodies,—my Lords, the Parliament House is Peebles's place of dwelling, says he—being *commune forum*, and *commune forum est commune domicilium*—Lass, fetch another glass of whiskey, and score it—time to gae hame—by the practiques, I cannot find the jug—yet there's twa of them, I think. By the Regiam, Fairford—Daddie Fairford—lend us twal pennies to buy sneeshing, mine is done—Macer, call another cause."

The box fell from his hands, and his body would at the same time have fallen from the chair, had not I supported him.

"This is intolerable," said my father—"Call a chairman, James Wilkinson, to carry this degraded, worthless, drunken beast home."—(P. 313—318.)

Nevertheless, whatever be the merits of this story as an episode, its total irrelevancy to the principal subject, renders its insertion here preposterous to the highest degree of absurdity; and by pertinaciously interrupting the clear flow of narrative and of feeling, it becomes insufferably tedious, and almost hateful, to the reader.

Poverty of invention with respect to character is, in our opinion, the most striking defect of mind visible in the Author of Waverley. Besides this, however, we cannot, in our attempt to estimate truly his intellectual value, help noticing a second, to us very obvious, yet, considering the general power of his faculties, very unexpected mark of mortality, about the works of this illustrious writer. We mean—a certain *childishness* of fancy, most palpably displayed wherever he approaches the supernatural. Compare the Witches in Macbeth with Meg Merrilies, Madge Wildfire, Norna, and their congeners in these novels: is there, or is there not, something about the latter which reminds us of our *nursery-tales*? is not the sublimity of the former less associated with our merely infantile terrors, and rather such as (at least in the age in which they were imagined), is founded upon adult ignorance and superstition, than upon the weakness of mind incident to childhood? We have no time now for

more than a hint upon this matter. Indeed, the distinction, though perfectly intelligible, is not easily definable in words. Unless our reader's delicacy of perception bear immediate testimony to the truth of our remark, we doubt our ability to convince him *secundum artem*. An instance is, perhaps, the best argument we could use: the descent of Halbert Glendinning into the bowels of the earth with his patroness, the White Lady of Avenel, might, we think with great propriety, have formed Scheherezade's thousand-and-second night's tale; it is calculated for no more mature admiration than that which a schoolboy bestows on the Arabian Entertainments, and could only be relished at that age when we swallow Giants and Enchanted Castles as eagerly as we do our bread and butter. There is also something of the puerile taste to which we allude in the following description of Redgauntlet's first appearance; mingled we grant, not a little incongruously, with considerable power, and force of descriptive genius:

I mentioned in my last, that having abandoned my fishing-rod as an unprofitable implement, I crossed over the open downs which divided me from the margin of the Solway. When I reached the banks of the great estuary, which are here very bare and exposed, the waters had receded from the large and level space of sand, through which a stream, now feeble and fordable, found its way to the ocean. The whole was illuminated by the beams of the low and setting sun, who shewed his ruddy front, like a warrior prepared for defence, over a huge battlemented and turretted wall of crimson and black clouds, which appeared like an immense Gothic fortress, into which the Lord of day was descending. His setting rays glimmered bright upon the wet surface of the sands, and the numberless pools of water by which it was covered, where the inequality of the ground had occasioned their being left by the tide.

The scene was animated by the exertions of a number of horsemen, who were actually employed in hunting salmon. Ay, Alan, lift up your hands and eyes as you will, I can give their mode of fishing no name so appropriate; for they chased the fish at full gallop, and struck them with their barbed spears, as you see hunters spearing boars in the old tapestry. The salmon, to be sure, take the thing more quietly than the boars; but they are so swift in their own element, that to pursue and strike them is the task of a good horseman, with a quick eye, a determined hand, and full command both of his horse and weapon. The shouts of the fellows as they gallopped up and down in the animating exercise—their loud bursts of laughter when any of their number caught a fall—and still louder acclamations when any of the party made a capital stroke with his lance—gave so much animation to the whole scene, that I caught the enthusiasm of the sport, and ventured forward a considerable space on the sands. The feats of one horseman, in particular, called forth so repeatedly the clamorous applause of his companions, that the very banks rang again with their shouts. He was a tall man, well mounted on a strong black horse, which he caused to turn and wind like a bird in the air, carried a longer spear than the others, and wore a sort of fur cap or bonnet, with a short feather in it, which gave him on the whole rather a superior appearance to the other fishermen. He seemed to hold some sort of authority among them, and occasionally directed their motions both by voice and hand; at which times I thought his gestures were striking, and his voice uncommonly sonorous and commanding.

The riders began to make for the shore, and the interest of the scene was almost over, while I lingered on the sands, with my looks turned to the shores of England, still gilded by the sun's last rays, and, as it seemed, scarce distant a mile from me. The anxious thoughts which haunt me began to muster in my bosom, and my feet slowly and insensibly approached the river which divided me from the forbidden precincts, though without any formed intention, when my steps were arrested by the sound of a horse gallopping; and as I turned, the rider (the same fisherman whom I had formerly di tinguished) called out to me, in an abrupt manner, "Soho, brother! you are too late for Bowness to-night—the tide will make presently."

I turned my head and looked at him without answering; for, to my thinking, his sudden appearance (or rather I should say his unexpected approach) had, amidst the gathering shadows and lingering light, something which was wild and ominous.

"Are you deaf?" he added—"or are you mad?—or have you a mind for the next world?"

"I am a stranger," I answered, "and had no other purpose than looking on at the fishing—I am about to return to the side I came from."

"Best make haste then," said he. "He that dreams on the bed of the Solway, may wake in the next world. The sky threatens a blast that will bring in the waves three foot a-breast."

So saying, he turned his horse and rode off, while I began to walk back towards the Scottish shore, a little alarmed at what I had heard; for the tide advances with such

rapidity upon these fatal sands, that well-mounted horsemen lay aside hopes of safety, if they see its white surge advancing while they are yet at a distance from the bank.

These recollections grew more agitating, and, instead of walking deliberately, I began a race as fast as I could, feeling, or thinking I felt, each pool of salt water through which I splashed, grow deeper and deeper. At length the surface of the sand did seem considerably more intersected with pools and channels full of water—either that the tide was really beginning to influence the bed of the estuary, or, as I must own is equally probable, that I had, in the hurry and confusion of my retreat, involved myself in difficulties which I had avoided in my deliberate advance. Either way, it was rather an unpromising state of affairs, for the sands at the same time turned softer, and my footsteps, so soon as I had passed, were instantly filled with water. I began to have odd thoughts concerning the snugness of your father's parlour, and the secure footing afforded by the pavement of Brown's Square and Scot's Close, when my better genius, the tall fisherman, appeared once more close to my side, he and his sable horse looming gigantic in the now darkening twilight.

"Are you mad?" he said, in the same deep tone which had before thrilled on my ear, "or are you weary of your life?—You will be presently amongst the quicksands."—I professed my ignorance of the way, to which he only replied, "There is no time for prating—get up behind me."

He probably expected me to spring from the ground with the activity which these Borderers have, by constant practice, acquired in all relating to horsemanship; but as I stood irresolute, he extended his hand, and grasping mine, bid me place my foot on the toe of his boot, and thus raised me in a trice to the croupe of his horse. I was scarce securely seated, ere he shook the reins of his horse, who instantly sprung forward; but annoyed, doubtless, by the unusual burthen, treated us to two or three bounds, accompanied by as many flourishes of his hind heels. The rider sat like a tower, notwithstanding that the unexpected plunging of the animal threw me forward upon him. The horse was soon compelled to submit to the discipline of the spur and bridle, and went off at a steady hand gallop; thus shortening the devious, for it was by no means a direct path, by which the rider, avoiding the loose quicksands, made for the northern bank.

(Vol. i. p. 52—56.)

The idea of a fisherman hunting salmon on a black horse, is orthodox enough; but to invest this inglorious personage with such a deal of mystery, and afterwards to convert him into a downright hero, the head of a faction, and the friend of a Prince, appears to us a most childish attempt at what Bayes would call "an odd surprize" upon the reader. Indeed, it forcibly reminded us of the fisherman who turns out to be Prince Prettyman's father, in the tragedy written by that celebrated critic and author. A reader's passion for the marvellous must surely be very irritable in its nature, if it could be excited by a piece of mechanism so nearly resembling that which makes Mr. Newbery's gilt story-books so dear to the romantic little people who have just laid by their rattles. In conclusion, we think this weakness runs through the whole class of novels designated *par excellence* the Scotch; the Author of Waverley, throughout his works, constantly betrays a design rather to *frighten* us as children, than to excite us as men open in some degree to superstitious impressions.

Is it to this spirit of childishness that we are to attribute that magnificent piece of mummery performed in a hovel at Brokenburn-foot (the fisherman's retreat), where the hero, Sir Arthur, having assumed the very probable disguise of an itinerant fiddler, is made to dance a mysterious cotillon with the heroine, Lilias?

The preceding remarks are for the most part generally applicable to the entire series of this author's novels. Our opinion, as regards the present work in particular, is decidedly an unfavourable one. Whatever may be the faults or foibles of this writer's mind (conditions of humanity), the memory of them was always obliterated in his earlier works, by the transcendent powers of genius which we saw there displayed. In his latter flights, this regal bird evidently soars with a crest less erect and a less sounding pinion. Indeed, were his strength of wing unabated, the sameness of those scenes which he perpetually haunts, and to which he is in a manner self-condemned, renders the contemplation of his feats now much less interesting. He seems as if he were chained by the foot to some irremoveable rock in the midst of a deep valley, where though he could fly upwards, he could not fly outwards. We do not now allude to

the geographical scene of his exertions; he has occasionally migrated from his native hills to the plains of England, and the gardens of France. We speak of the general scene of thought from which he can never tear himself, the abstract collection of objects which always present themselves to his mental eye, whatever be his actual place of residence. But his powers are also either weakened, or weakly exerted. His very last flight is his very lowest; and that perhaps is a rash assertion to make, in the face of St. Ronan. In plain terms, Redgauntlet is as poor a work as, we dare say, this author could easily write; certainly so, unless he took much more pains to write ill, than he ever did to write well. This publication in truth furnishes us with one of the purest specimens of simple book-making that can be met with, in an age, and nation, and *author*, famous already for that species of handicraft. It is made up altogether of unconnected stories, one of which, chiefly from its superior length, we must conjecture to form the principal subject. The mass also seems only about half licked into form. There are none of those bright creations here, and but few of those powerful master-strokes, with which this Artist delighted and astonished us of yore: he sweeps the canvas now with a hasty and a half-full pencil. Except in one or two instances he seems to have laid on his colours with the wash brush; some of his figures are mere blotches, and it is frequently impossible, from the evident precipitateness with which they have been got up, to distinguish a woman from a man [unless the name be written above it], a servant from a lord. Thus we find the amiable and gentle Lilias coming out with several such expressions as the following: 1. "A suspicion arose in my uncle's mind that you [her brother] might be the youth he sought, and it was strengthened by papers and letters which the *rascal Nixon* did not hesitate to take from your pocket." 2. "The *old brutal desperado* [Nixon, to wit], whose face and mind are a libel upon human nature, has had the insolence to speak to his master's niece as one whom he was at liberty to admire." 3. "The *wretch's unparalleled insolence* [Nixon is again in the pillory] has given me one great advantage over him. For knowing that my uncle would *shoot him with as little remorse as a woodcock*, if he but guessed at his *brazen-faced assurance* towards me, &c." Eloquence like this we think might well recommend the book to the patronage of those loose-haired and limber-tongued Nereids, who play about the shores of Billingsgate, and pelt each other with fish or hard epithets, whichever are most convenient. On the other hand, the much-aspersed Nixon, a kind of servant of all-work to Redgauntlet, so far forgets the vernacular idiom of his race, as upon one occasion to observe in the very loftiest vein of astrological metaphor,—"a female influence predominates!" slapping his thigh (we may suppose), like a magnanimous son of the sock in one of his eclatical exits. This same Cristal Nixon, indeed, seems to enjoy the apostolic faculty of speaking in a strange language whenever it suits his caprice; he not unfrequently talks with a double-tongue in the same paragraph. There are several other marks, in these volumes, of the most headlong hurry of composition, the most rapacious spirit of money-getting. In vol. iii, p. 42, Sam Skelton is *Sam Skelton*, properly so called; in the very same page he is *Jack Kelton;* and in p. 44, he is *Jack Skelton;*—varying his name quite as often, but not quite as ingeniously, as a member of the purse-taking brotherhood, to which honorable corporation we have however no reason to believe him attached. The identity of a certain waiting-maid is also not a little precarious; at the farm-house we knew her by the appellation—Dorcas, and when we are afterwards introduced to her as the woman—*Cicely*, we have some difficulty in recognizing our lost waiting-maid under the hood of her new title. These oversights are to be sure unimportant, except as betraying the general negligence with which the novel is written. They afford us tacit but certain information, at least when coupled with other evidence, that this author was much more intent on our pockets than his own pen, much more desirous of gains-making than of pains-taking, whilst he huddled up these mercenary pages. The uneasiness, be-

sides, with which he shifts from journal to narrative, and from narrative to journal (such is the miscellaneous form of his book), seems to indicate the same anxiety, the same indecent haste, to get to the end of his work, and the bottom of our purses, without much troubling himself about the means he takes to come there.

From the incalculable superiority of genius which the dialogue of these Novels exhibits above the dialogue of Halidon Hill, we have sometimes been perplexed in the extreme how to identify, with complete satisfaction, Sir Walter Scott and the Author of Waverley; the vigour of the one seems wholly uncongenial with the tameness of the other. Different minds seem to have generated the prose and the poetic dialogue. Redgauntlet does not enable us to solve the riddle; its dialogue, though frequently, as we have shown, un-characteristic, is always spirited and forceful. Preserving however the same distance from the dialogue of Halidon Hill as its predecessors did, it has likewise degenerated in a great measure from the model of Waverley. A wit of Charles the Second's age would call the greater part of the dialogue in these present volumes—*low*; and to a less foppish critic of George the Fourth's reign, its vigour might certainly appear of a description somewhat too little refined to un-deserve that expressive character. The Great Unknown seems indeed to write this rakehelly kind of dialogue *con amore*, and with superior facility; the necessity therefore under which he labours, of writing more novels in the year than he ought, may be some excuse for his indulging in this species of composition, which to all appearance flows as readily from his pen as the ink will allow of. That same unavoidable necessity will we have no doubt palliate the other numberless imperfections of Redgauntlet (solely, let it be remembered, arising from haste and confusion), —with those at least of his readers who are less bountifully supplied with good sense than good nature.

STANZAS.

1.

THE shadows which grow on the ridge of Night,
Or on islands that float in the pale starlight,
Are more pleasant to me
Than the smiles that flee
From the giant of morning, proud and free.

2.

These shadows are soft as a maiden's eyes,
Which weep for her lover when daylight dies;
But the world is gay
In the hot sun-ray,
And misery flieth away—away!

3.

They are gone—the poets who once shed light
Like noon, but pleasant as pale starlight;
And I love to dream
In the shadowy beam,
Which their spirits have cast on Time's dark stream.

4.

The living are here—and the dead are gone;
But their fame is alive like a changeless dawn,
Which shall never be old,
Nor seared, nor cold,
But shine till the tale of the world be told.

B. C.

ON THE MADNESS OF LEAR.

The story of this tragedy is said to have been taken from "The true Chronicle History of King Leir and his three daughters, Gonorell, Ragan, and Cordella." Some play on the same subject was entered at Stationers' Hall, by Edward White, May 14, 1594. The present is supposed to have been written by Shakspeare, in 1605.

"There is, perhaps, no play," says Dr. Johnson, "which keeps the attention so strongly fixed—which so much agitates our passions, and interests our curiosity. The artful involutions of distinct interests, the striking oppositions of contrary characters, the sudden changes of fortune, the quick succession of events, fill the mind with a continual tumult of indignation, pity, and hope. There is no scene which does not contribute to the aggravation of the distress, or conduct of the action, and scarce a line which does not conduce to the progress of the scene." Such was the opinion of the great critic, yet in the same paper he speaks as it were in censure of the Spectator, for declaring that Tate had deprived the tragedy of half its beauty, by his alteration in giving Cordelia success and happiness. The literary leviathan then observes: "In the present case the public has decided. Cordelia from the time of Tate has always retired with victory and felicity; and if my sensations could add any thing to the general suffrage, I might relate I was many years ago so shocked by Cordelia's death, that I know not whether I ever endured to read again the last scenes of the play till I undertook to revise them as an Editor." Mr. Stevens has observed with every appearance of truth, that "Dr. Johnson should rather have said that the managers of the theatres-royal have decided, and the public has been obliged to acquiesce in their decision. The altered play has the upper gallery on its side: the original drama was patronized by Addison:

Victrix causa *Diis* placuit, sed victa *Catoni*."

What higher testimony can be adduced of the exalted genius of Shakspeare, than the fact of his having produced a catastrophe so exquisitely touching and natural, as to make an audience shrink with sensitive horror from a contemplation of it? A catastrophe of one of the most beautiful tragedies our language boasts, brought about by a train of probable events, affecting persons whose sorrows have made them dear to us! There can be little doubt that Shakspeare intended to make the afflictions and death of Cordelia the strong links by which to bind our sympathies to the fate of Lear. Without her the impetuous monarch would excite but little compassion—he had not "borne his faculties so meek," nor been "so clear in his great office," as to generate the popular affection, and make his subjects feel the king's calamity as their own misfortune; indeed, "the best and soundest of his time had been but rash."

A temper naturally irritable and impatient of contradiction, the habit of giving unrestrained indulgence to its caprices, and the fractiousness and imbecility of age, sufficiently prepared Lear on the advent of disaster for a paroxysm of insanity.

The first and second scenes exhibit him greedily swallowing the mawkish beverage of strained adulation, and turning in wrath and disgust from the pure element of truth, affection, and discriminate duty: they record the abrupt and causeless disinheritance of his favourite child; and the banishment of Kent, for interposing the voice of reason and reconciliation "between the sentence and the power" of majesty.

Lear. Now our joy,
Although the last not least: Speak.
Cordelia. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth; I love your Majesty
According to my bond; nor more, nor less.
You have begot me, bred me, loved me: I
Return those duties back as are right fit;
Obey you, love you, and most honour you.
Why have my sisters *husbands*, if they say
They love you all? Haply when I shall wed,
That Lord whose hand must take my plight, shall carry
Half my love with him, half my care and duty:
Sure I shall never marry, like my sisters;
To love my father, all.

Lear. So young and so untender?
Cordelia. So young, my Lord, and true.
Lear. Let it be so, thy truth then be thy dower;
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity and property of blood;
And, as a stranger to my heart and me,
Hold thee from this for ever.
Kent. Good, my liege.
Lear. Peace, Kent,
Come not between the dragon and his wrath.

* * * * *

The bow is bent and drawn, make from the shaft.
Kent. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
The region of my heart. Be Kent unmannerly
When Lear is mad.
Lear. O vassal miscreant!
(*Laying his hand on his sword.*)
Kent. Do,
Kill thy physician, and the fee bestow
Upon the foul disease.
Lear. (*to Kent.*) Since thou hast sought to make us break our vow,
To come between our sentence and our power
(Which nor our nature nor our place can bear),
Our potency make good —take thy reward.
Five days we do allot thee for provision,
To shield thee from diseases of the world,
And on the sixth to turn thy hated back
Upon our kingdom. If on the tenth day following
Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,
The moment is thy death.

* * * * *

Cornwall and Albany,
With my two daughters' dowers, digest the *third;*
Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.
I do invest you jointly with my power,
Pre-eminence, and all the large effects
That troop with Majesty.

* * * * *

Thou hast her, France. Let her be thine, for we
Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see
That face of hers again. Therefore, begone,
Without our grace, our love, our benison.

When the authority of Lear is afterwards questioned by his daughter Goneril, he is so surprised, that he doubts of his personal identity. The approximations to insanity are introduced with great skill—they have a regular succession, and augment.

This is not Lear.
Does Lear talk thus? Speak thus? Where are his eyes?

The succeeding speech of Goneril calls forth the intemperance of his rage:

Darkness and devils.

And afterwards:

Detested kite, thou liest.

At length comes his horrible denunciation, which is conceived in the sublimity of terrific grandeur, and conveyed in language admirably descriptive of the array of thought.

Hear, nature! hear, dear Goddess, hear!
Suspend thy purpose, if thou didst intend
To make this creature fruitful!
Into her womb convey sterility!
Dry up in her the organs of increase,
That from her derogate body never spring
A babe to honour her. If she must teem,
Create her child of spleen, that it may live,
And be a thwart disnatured torment to her:
Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth,
With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks,
Turn all her mother's pains and benefits
To laughter and contempt—that she may feel
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child.

When he calmly considers the indignities that have been heaped upon him, and reverts to the ingratitude of his two daughters, reflection serves only to increase his tortures, and he feels an apprehension of supervening insanity:

Oh! let me not be mad—not mad, sweet Heaven!
Keep me in temper—I would not be mad.

In many states of mental affliction, this presentiment is not uncommon. The conflict of passions produces palpitations and anxieties about the region of the heart; the blood ascends in flushes, and appears to scald the brain in its passage, and a crowded and increased assemblage of ideas produce confusion in the mind. Of these precursors, Lear experienced many intimations, and he exerts himself to suppress the kindling of his rage:

Oh! how this mother swells up tow'rds my heart,
Hysterica passio! Down, thou climbing sorrow,
Thy element's below.

Again he checks himself, and supposes that the "fiery Duke" of Cornwall may be actually indisposed:—

I'll forbear;
And am fallen out with my more headier will,
To take the indispos'd and sickly fit
For the sound man.

But at last he is goaded to fury by the contumelious insults of his two unnatural children, and perceives his impending distraction:

O fool, I shall go mad.

When Goneril and Regan have barred him out, he alternately braves the storm with violent imprecations, and conciliates it with a wounded spirit.

Blow! winds, and crack your cheeks,

* * * * *

I tax not you, ye elements, with unkindness,
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children;
You owe me no subscription: why then let fall
Your horrible pleasure; here I stand your slave –
A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man.

Again he endeavours to restrain the bursting torrent of his passion:

No! I will be the pattern of all patience,
I will say nothing.

And concludes a speech of exquisite beauty with a temperate and consoling reflection:—

I am a man
More sinn'd against than sinning.

The actual perversion of his mind is now fast approaching; the alarm for the continuance of reason increases; his restraints are less effectually imposed. Some internal sensations whisper that the mental eclipse is commencing:

My wits begin to turn.

Lear next becomes aware that he sustains privations with extraordinary nerve, and that cold and hunger do not exert their usual influence on his frame. This insensibility to external impressions is a marked symptom of approaching and existing derangement, and it is physiologically accounted for by the inimitable author.

When the mind's free
The body's delicate; the tempest in my mind
Does from my senses take all feeling else,
Save what beats there.

Still reason, though feebly and tremulously, holds the rein: and he feels a kind of instinctive horror, a soreness that penetrates to the quick, and at which he writhes when he adverts to his daughters:

O Regan! Goneril!
Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all;
Oh! that way madness lies: let me shun that:
No more of that.

* * * * *

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these: Oh! I have ta'en
Too little care of this. Take physic, pomp,
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,
And show the heavens more just.

Although Lear's mind had been strained by the torture it had undergone, he has only hitherto approached the confines of madness; he has perceived the dangerous brink on which he stands, and caught in momentary glimpses the distractions that hover round him. It is not till he comes in contact with the counterfeit lunatic that the fabric of his intellect loosens; and he presumes that no misfortune could have reduced another so low in the scale of humanity, but the sources of his own affliction. At sight of Edgar, who feigns madness to answer a purpose, he asks

What! have his daughters brought him to this pass;
Could'st thou save nothing? Didst thou give them all?

How admirable is the contrivance, and how natural the result of this interview between Lear and Edgar. The king, with his mind oppressed and weakened by the ingratitude of his children, meets the pretended maniac, and concludes that

——— Nothing could have subdued nature
To such a lowness but his unkind daughters.

Adding—

Judicious punishment! 'twas this flesh begot
Those Pelican daughters.

* * * * *

When contemplating the wretched appearance of Edgar, he says,

Why, thou wert better in thy grave than to answer
With thy uncover'd body this extremity of the skies.
Is man no more than this? Consider him well;
Thou ow'st the worm no silk, the beast no hide,
The sheep no wool, the cat no perfume:
Ha! here's three* of us are sophisticated!
Thou art the thing itself: unaccommodated
Man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked
Animal as thou art.—Off! off! you lendings:—Come,
Unbutton here—

And immediately begins to tear off his own clothes. The declension of Lear's mind into raving madness by force of sympathy, created by the frantic appearance and manner of Edgar, is exquisitely simple and natural. In stripping off his garments to copy the nakedness of Edgar, Lear manifests the first overt act of insanity.

Off, off, you lendings:—Come, unbutton here.

Delighted with the maniac, the pitiless pelting of the storm is disregarded, and he leaves his friends unheeded to form a nearer intimacy with his new acquaintance: his derangement magnifies the wretched and brainless wanderer into an oracle of wisdom, and a sage preceptor; the remonstrance of his attendants is disregarded, he lingers "to talk with this philosopher," "this learned Theban," "this good Athenian." He adheres to him with an affection and confidence that banish all fears for his own safety; he seems inspired by his associate, and his madness blazes with a rival flame:—

To have a thousand with red burning spits
Come hissing in upon them.

And again,

The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart, see, they bark at me.

The poet felt that the mere impertinency of madness could not be long sustained; it would fail to excite the attention, and would lower the dignity of the scene: the deprivation of reason is therefore supplied by acuteness of feeling, and an impassioned recurrence to the source of his derangement:—

"Then let them anatomize Regan. See what breeds about her heart. Is there any cause in nature that makes these hard hearts?"

In the ruins of his mind, many fragments of the stately pile still remain entire; for even madness cannot extinguish pride and ambition: and in his wildest sallies, recollection prompts him, "that he is every inch a king;" and that when a Monarch "stares" "the Subject quakes."

Even in our ashes live our wonted fires.

The dutiful and affectionate Cordelia, hearing that her father wanders about "mad as the vext sea, singing loud," is solicitous for his restoration by medical sagacity and experience. She is informed that he lacks repose; that there

Are many simples operative whose powers
Will close the eye of anguish.

These medical agents are employed with so much effect, that in the heaviness of his sleep his attendants put fresh garments on him. In this scene, Shakspeare displays not only a perfect knowledge of the disease under which Lear labours, but an intimate acquaintance with the course of medical treatment which in those days, and, indeed, until very recently, was pursued with a view to its cure. It may fairly be presumed that some narcotic drug, some oblivious antidote, had been administered in order to procure the desired repose, as the king's first impressions, when he is awakened by Cordelia, are obviously the broken continuation of a distressing dream, as if he had been roused before the operation of the opiate had been exhausted:

You do me wrong to take me out o' the grave.
Thou art a soul in bliss: but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.

Cordelia inquires, "Sir, do you know me?"

Lear replies, "You are a spirit, I know. When did you die?"

The gradual and imperfect return of perception, the glance at his suf-

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* Meaning the fool, Kent, and himself. The fool is omitted in the representation, and only Lear, Kent, and Edgar, appear on the stage.

ferings, and the doubt of his personal identity, are exquisitely drawn:

> Where have I been?
> Where am I? fair day-light?
> I am mightily abused: I should e'en die with pity
> To see another thus: I know not what to say.
> I will not swear these are my hands: let's see;
> I feel this pin prick! Would I were assured
> Of my condition.

After these waverings he entertains suspicions of his sanity:—

> ——— And to deal plainly,
> I fear I am not in my perfect mind.

From repeated examinations he is impressed that Kent and Cordelia are not entire strangers; but the impression is feeble and obscure,—the dawn of reminiscence:

> Methinks I should know you, and know this man,
> Yet I am doubtful.

At length comes that beautiful and pathetic burst where Nature, throwing off the imbecilities of age and the incumbrance of disease, by an instinctive act of recollection claims the dutiful Cordelia:—

> Do not laugh at me;
> For as I am a man I think this lady
> To be my child Cordelia.
> * * * * *
> Pray now forget and forgive.

The concluding scene exhibits Cordelia dead in the arms of her father; and amidst the tumult of his distraction there are some vivid gleams of rational tenderness and parental anxiety, alternations of groundless hope and fatal discouragement. Here the poet has again manifested his metaphysical acumen, and his acquaintance with the laws of the human mind and its attendant passions. The monarch's lamentations are awhile suspended that he may relate the energy with which he slew the villain that hanged his daughter; and this temporary oblivion of his distress is an interval to recount his former magnanimous achievements, and to allow sufficient time for his reconciliation with Kent. Again he returns to his departed Cordelia, and bewails her loss with wild lamentations and distracted sorrow. These pangs are too violent for long continuance. Suddenly he feels the sense of suffocation from a rush of blood to the brain, a fatal return of the "climbing sorrow" he had felt before. The immediate feeling of self-preservation again interrupts his ecstasy of grief—he solicits assistance:—

> Pray you, undo this button. Thank you, Sir.

His paroxysm again returns, an apoplectic seizure cuts short the accents of his despair, and he dies on the body of his murdered daughter.

Throughout this exquisite tragedy the author has displayed such intimate knowledge of the human intellect, and so correctly painted the succession of mental operations, that the picture can only be viewed as the great masterpiece of psychological delineation.

The admirable selection of the flowers which formed the coronet-wreath of the lovely and distracted Ophelia, has been noticed in a former essay; and if a doubt could be entertained of Shakspeare's intention to give them an emblematic meaning, the question would be completely set at rest by the evidence afforded in the play under consideration, in which a selection of plants is in like manner made to form a fantastic crown, strongly indicative of the state of Lear's mind. Cordelia describes her father as wandering about mad as the vexed sea,

> Crowned with *rank fumiter* and *furrow-weeds*,
> With *harlocks*, *hemlock*, *nettles*, *cuckoo-flowers*,
> *Darnel*, and all the idle weeds that grow
> In our sustaining corn.

Fumiter (Fumeterre, French). Fumitory, Fumaria officinalis, Linn. It is common to our corn-fields and ditch banks. The leaves are of *bitter* taste, and the juice was formerly employed for its *bitterness* in hypochondriasm, and black jaundice by Hoffman and others; and more lately by Cullen in leprosy.

Furrow-weeds. *Rank*, as they are here expressly called, or strong scented, growing wild in the furrow, and disgusting to the taste and other senses.

Harlocks. Sinapis arvensis, Linn. The wild mustard of our corn-fields, called indifferently charlock, garlock, harlock, warlock, and, by Fitzherbert and other old English writers,

hedlock. The seeds of this plant form the *pungent* Durham mustard, as those of Sinapis *alba* form the white mustard, and those of Sinapis *nigra* the common mustard. The plant rises with a stem of about nine inches, thickly set with *hairs* or bristles. Hence the proper name should probably be *hair*-lock, as in Danish they call the DARNEL heyre and heyre-grass. As the *bitter pungency* is referred to in the former case, the *biting pungency* is referred to, here.

HEMLOCK. This plant requires no explanation; it is generally known to be *poisonous*.

NETTLES. Urtica urens, Linn. Called *urens* from its well known *irritating* power of *stinging* and *burning*.

CUCKOO-FLOWERS. Cardamine pratensis, Linn. These flowers, the sysymbrium of Dioscorides, were employed among the Greeks and Romans for almost all affections of the head. They at present hold a place in the pharmacopœia, as a remedy for convulsions, epilepsy, and other diseases of the brain or intellect.

DARNEL. Lolium temulentum, Linn. Called temulentum from its *intoxicating* or *narcotic* powers, when taken alone, or intermixed with malt. From this deleterious property it is termed by Virgil *infelix lolium*, lurid lolium, and by the French *ivraie*, whence our own vulgar name for it of, *wray*-grass or *drunkard*-grass.

These plants are all *wild* and uncultivated; of *bitter, biting, poisonous, pungent, lurid*, and *distracting* properties. Thus Lear's crown, like Ophelia's wreath, is admirably descriptive or emblematic of the source and variety of the disease under which he labours. It would be difficult to believe that, in either the one case or the other, the mixture of such flowers and plants was the effect of chance. Yet none of the Commentators have given Shakspeare credit for the arrangement.

Shakspeare's ignorance of, or conversance with, the learned languages, has formed a subject for frequent discussion; and as the question may probably be considered at some length in a future essay, little will be now said on the point. The classic reader, however, will not fail to observe that the passage of Virgil, noticed above, bears a strong resemblance to the speech of Cordelia, and that the following from Ovid gives a still closer parallel.

——— Lolium tribulique fatigant
Triticeas messes et inexpugnabile gramen.

DARNEL *and thistles and o'erwhelming weeds*
Trouble the corn-fields.

Shakspeare has it,

Darnel and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn.

W. FARREN.

REPORT OF MUSIC.

How constantly the course of human expectation is interrupted and turned aside by the stronger current of events, is a piece of stale philosophy that has been powerfully exemplified this season at the King's theatre. Never were more ample, if indeed there were ever before such ample, preparations made for giving to the public a succession of fine performances—never was there a series with less of force, novelty, or variety. *Il gran Maestro* Rossini is engaged to direct the music, and to compose a new opera. He does neither the one nor the other. The Signor is disgusted at the outset by the failure of his wife, and he leaves the orchestra pretty much to its fate; when finding his name so popular amongst the fashionable—what shall they be called?—of England—that generous race, between whom and their money, according to the proverb, a separation is very quickly effectuated—finding, we say, that he could obtain fifty guineas per night, as the regular set market price for conducting a private concert (our poor English conductors do the same thing for five), and that, in the plenitude of their delight, this stipend was generally increased, often doubled, and once or twice more than doubled—under such happy auspices the Signor (unwillingly, no doubt,) allows the libretto of *Ugo Re d'Italia* to lie untouched upon his table, and the

people of England to wait till next year for the greatest of his works, which we have the assurance of Signor Benelli it was to have been, in compliment to our national character and taste, had not the personal disgusts of Il Maestro, and the private concerts of the Nobility and of his patrons, precluded the possibility of his attending either to composition or his contract. So much for the direction of the music and the composer. His opera, *Zelmira*, is voted heavy—his wife, Signora Colbran, is pronounced to be *passée*, and so ends her sad story. Madame Catalani follows.—She, however, it is declared, is no longer what she was, and the managers finding that one half of the door money, with other trifling allowances, leave her appearances profitless to them, she becomes indisposed, and after a few nights "is heard no more." Mesdames Ronzi de Begnis and Caradori "love their lords," and suffer the consummation of those wishes which our great bard declares to be the natural consequence of such fidelity and affection. In plain English, they both lie-in soon after each other. Thus, out of five *prime donne* engaged, four are incapacitated for the best months in the season. Last comes Madame Pasta to fill the void, but so unfortunately timed have been these accidents, that she is scarcely arrived, when Ronzi recovers, and Caradori still continues capable. Yet the bustle of the succession, and the proud names of these great artists, for they are unquestionably *du premier rang*, have been as efficient for the treasury of the theatre as the most perfect performances. The houses have been crowded; witness that the free list has been suspended (we know it to our cost), and orders very sparingly indulged, that even the customary gratification of a box to the principal performers has been withheld, except on the nights of their own performance—a curious provision which at least bars them from the very privilege for which we presume the box is granted, namely, that of seeing and hearing an opera acted by others. But so it has been; and thus, while every provision for the highest possible gratification of the public has apparently failed or been frustrated, the capital purpose of the proprietors—the receipts—has been as completely effected. We prefer the term "receipts" to "profits," because the arithmetic of the King's theatre often turns out like the computations of his Majesty's Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the end of the year produces a balance of loss, when, according to the calculations of the Prime Ministers of both Governments, there ought unquestionably to have been a gain. The same cause, probably, operates the same reverse in both instances, and we may trace the effects to a generous disregard of the expenditure side of the account. Still Rossini has reigned supreme. His *Zelmira*, his *Il Barbiere di Seviglia*, his *Otello*, his *Tancredi*, and his *Il Turco*, having been the principal operas given. Madame Ronzi takes *La Donna del Lago;* and *Romeo e Giulietta*, is promised, and will probably be the last of the year. The season is, indeed, rapidly drawing to its close, and as soon as Parliament is up, there will be nobody left to admire Madame Pasta, or any other of the *prime donne*, whom it shall please Signor Benelli to bring forth. What the Parisian critics will say to the delay of Rossini's new piece, we know not, it having been so confidently predicted that his meeting with Pasta would bring about a reformation in his manner of writing, that was to restore him to simplicity and pure expression. If such could have been the result, all Europe has indeed to deplore the too prodigal liberality of our English dames of quality, to say nothing of the art itself.

On the night of Madame Catalani's benefit this vast theatre was crowded in every part; no symptom, it will be said, of declining powers, or failing reputation.—True. But as we think Madame Catalani's example in all she does of immense importance, both to music and its professors, so we are anxious to elicit the truth in relation to her pretensions and their exercise. This highly gifted woman has earned a stock of reputation, which must not only raise a great share of the curiosity of the rising generation of amateurs, but also has secured to her the acquaintance and personal regard of a large number of the patrons of the art, as well as of the public in general. These are

sources of abundant popularity. To these must be added the desire of present amusement, which the affluent always feel; the fashionable resort to the opera; and last, not least, the certainty that so practised a tactician as Signor Vallabreque would never suffer a night for the benefit of his wife to be thinly attended—particularly when the received opinion, that her powers are on the wane, would seem to need some efficient contradiction. In point of fact, then, the appearance on this occasion may be said to have little or nothing to do with Madame Catalani's present state of voice and manner. What these are, and what the musical world thinks of her, may be gathered from the fact of her *reduced* number of nights at the opera—from the empty boxes and benches of the *Concerts Spirituels*, and from her descent to the English theatre, as an *entr'act* singer—*in pure kindness* indeed to individuals at their benefits. "The truth is, sir," said one of the managers of one of the great winter theatres, whom we lately met, "the knowledge of her decline has not reached John Bull;" for which reason Mr. Elliston puts her up two nights in succession (his benefit being one), announcing, in large letters, that "Madame Catalani will display her powerful and unrivalled talents."—This may do very well for the great Lessee, but it sounds vastly beneath the grand Prima Donna, whom Kings and Emperors have complimented and rewarded. The real truth is, and it ought to be clearly understood, that this still greatest of great singers (principally, indeed, from natural endowment) owes her degradation not so much to the decay of her powers, or to the excesses of her style, as to the impression the cupidity of those who advise her engagements has made upon the public. The world were ready to give her the homage due to her supremacy, but it was not disposed to yield to her all the power and all the emoluments of the art. The festival at Bath is just over, with what success we know not;—that at Cambridge, under her conduct, commences on the second of July; and a curious bill of fare it exhibits. This is the first grand festival, we believe, in England without a chorus, but it exemplifies the truth of our observation last month, that the absumption of so disproportionate a share of profit by individuals, must be injurious to the art, by reducing and annihilating other departments. Pasta, Rossini himself, Colbran, and Catalani, are all to be at this meeting. We are anxious to know what portion of the receipts Addenbrooke's Hospital will share; for this is also very important, inasmuch as music is now so universally becoming the handmaid of charity. Not less than seven or eight grand festivals are to be held this summer—a number we believe unprecedented. Bath, Salisbury, Norwich, Wakefield, Newcastle, Worcester, and Edinburgh are, it is said, certain. York will have its meeting in 1825, and preparations are making even now for the occasion. Premises have been bought, and are to be converted into assembly-rooms upon a scale which sufficiently evinces the public spirit of the patrons of music. Indeed the impulse music has received in York, and all over that country, is not less astonishing than it is creditable to the good taste of the inhabitants of that opulent district.

One of the most interesting demonstrations of the growth and power of the art has been made by the dinner of the Royal Society of Musicians—an institution which deserves all the diffusion and support that it can receive. This dinner is annually held for the purpose of assembling together the eminent professors and those honorary members who compose or assist the society—for promulgating the knowledge of its humane object—for making the state of the charity generally known—and for recruiting its funds. This however is not done by a collection at the table, "not by a forced loan," as Mr. Horsley, to whom the exposition of its finances was this year entrusted, judiciously said, but by voluntary contributions, enforced by an acquaintance with the humane purpose, and seconded by the display of art which accompanies this meeting. Several solos were performed, besides glees, by the ablest professors, and concerted pieces by wind instruments. The principal attractions, however, were master Liszt, and Mr. Labarre, whom we mentioned in our last report. Liszt is a most extraordinary

boy. He is thirteen years and a half old. He sat down to the pianoforte with all possible self-possession, and extemporised for about twenty minutes with astonishing fire, feeling, and facility. His hand is more powerful than it could be conceived such a child could possess; his execution as rapid and as neat as that of our best players in all passages which do not lie very scattered; and in those which are in close intervals perhaps even more so. We observed the lad with the most intense attention, and his countenance is the index of his genius. When new thoughts enter his mind, his face is instantly lighted up; and for one moment previously to his starting into a fugue upon a bold subject in the bass, we clearly saw the inspiration dawning in all his features. His faculty of composition is extraordinary, but, as must happen, it manifested, by the repetition of favourite passages, by the brevity of the phrases of melody, and by the general want of continuity and connexion, that the mind is not yet sufficiently stored; though what was done was excellently done. Mr. Labarre, the harpist, is not less of a phenomenon, and more of an artist. He is about 18 or 19 years old, but he exceeds in delicacy and execution all who have preceded him. He indeed does what nobody has ever done before, and rivals in precision and articulation a good pianoforte player. On this occasion the Earl of Darnley was in the chair, and the company so numerous as to fill the dinner tables laid out in the great Argyll Room. The boxes were crowded with ladies, each of the committee having the privilege of admitting the fair spectators to a box. A grace is thus added to the festive mirth which reigns in such a party, and which was felt not as a restraint but as an excitement.

The benefit concerts have been very numerous. It is, however, extraordinary that so little of novelty to challenge observation has been brought forward. Among the principal, since our last report, have been those of Messrs. Cramer (a morning performance, and very much distinguished by excellent pianoforte music,) Miss Goodall, Mr. Bellamy, Mr. Nicholson, Mr. Devin, Signor Curioni, Madame Pallix, and Madame Szymanowska, (the Russian pianiste). The Ancient Concert and Philharmonic have concluded their season. Mr. Guillon, a French flute player, performed at the seventh Philharmonic, but he is not by any means equal to our Nicholson, either in the richness of his tone, or the brilliancy of his execution; the last concert was rendered remarkable by a concerto of Mr. Kalkbrenner, a splendid composition (particularly in the opening movement), which combined all the boldness of his invention with his marvellous power of hand.

But the most extraordinary performance of the season was given on Whitsun Eve, by William Cutler, Mus. Bac. Oxon, and *Maestro di Capella* (as he writes himself, *Armigerolo*, in any bond, quittance, or obligation), of Quebec chapel. The performance was termed an oratorio, and consisted, as modern oratorios must, of opera songs, ballads, a spice of Handel, and divers heterogeneous vocal and instrumental et ceteras. The house was not quite half filled, and half of those who were there went probably with orders The performance was wretched, in spite of Madame Pasta, Mr. Braham, and Miss Stephens, and although Mr. Cutler's Bachelor's exercise was performed. *I know that my Redeemer liveth*, set in parts by the worthy Bachelor himself, was announced, but withdrawn, together with two or three other pieces out of seven or nine of his which were announced. This is the first and probably the last concert Mr. Cutler will ever conduct, for it appears by a manifesto he has since published, that he hoped to gain both fame and money; but that he comes off with the loss of a good deal of both. His *exposé* is even more curious than his oratorio, and he has condescended to prove that however bad his music may be, his logic and his English are even worse. Mr. Cutler has been lately oscillating between London, Norwich, and Yarmouth, visiting each place in the course of each week. In the fullness of his glory he announced his transits by letter to the Editor of a newspaper, in Norwich, though for what other purpose than to spread the celebrity of his locomotive powers it is difficult to discover. A quondam

friend, however, published a reply, with a couplet or two, which seem prophetic of his adventure at the Opera House, both as respects the design and the execution; for Mr. Cutler informs the world that he took upon him this enterprise for the purpose of attracting public notice; that he threw away his time and his money, and that he shall certainly relinquish the idea of having any thing to do with oratorios in Lent, unless employed by a committee to conduct them. He may, it is to be hoped, have received as useful a lesson as ever he gave, and have been taught to stick to quiet teaching and Quebec chapel. We wish no man ill success, but Mr. Cutler should have respected misfortune, and left the last night of the Lent oratorios to its late industrious but ill-fated proprietor, who, by the competition thus established, was deprived of the assistance which his band would probably have rendered at the hour of his utmost need.

NEW MUSIC.

Favorit Air in the opera of Semiramis, with variations for the pianoforte, by Leidesdorf. The style of this piece is bold and spirited, but perhaps might bear the appellation of *scrambling*, from the predominance of arpeggio passages. It also wants light and shade; there is not repose enough in it.

L'Ouragan, by J. Ancot, is an imitation, and a very bad imitation, of Steibelt's celebrated Storm Rondo. M. Ancot designates his composition piece imitative, but he does not explain whether it imitates nature or Steibelt.

Les Souvenirs, a pathetic Fantasia for the harp, by H. C. Bochsa. This is entirely a composition of sentiment, and depends for its effect on the sensibility of the performer. It contains force and delicacy, agitation and tenderness, playfulness and pathos; yet perhaps too much is left to the heart, head, and hand of the player: much may be made of it, but it will not *play itself.*

La Jeannette, by Rawlings, is just the reverse of the former; it is so delicate, so light and fanciful, that it can hardly be spoiled. Yet is there nothing in it particularly new or difficult, and perhaps we should be puzzled to say in what its excellence consists; but we are sure it will please.

Mr Rawlings's Divertisement Ecossois, with a flute accompaniment, is hardly so good. The latter instrument is too frequently in unison with the pianoforte. It is a mistaken idea that this diminishes the difficulty of performance; a flute player having the least understanding of the capabilities of his instrument, is annoyed at its being so employed.

Mr. Klose's Russian Divertimento is rendered insignificant and uninteresting from the same cause.

Mr. Burrowes has commenced a second series of Caledonian airs, and to these he has added a flute accompaniment. Mr. Burrowes appears to be well acquainted with the nature of the flute, although he has occasionally fallen into the common error of making the two instruments proceed in unison. With this exception there is a good deal of merit in the piece, considering the limited execution to which it is restricted.

Mr. Kiallmark has two airs, with variations, *Ma dove colpi che accendi*, from *La Donna del Lago*, and *The Bells of St. Petersburgh.* They are in a light and agreeable style.

La Brillante, a rondo, by Moralt, ranks a little below the former as an easy lesson.

Mr. Crouch has published the second number of Select Movements, for the pianoforte and violoncello. It contains *Batti Batti*, and *Fin ch'an dal Vino.* There is hardly as much original matter as in the first. His *Adelina*, a divertimento, is equal in merit to the pieces usually composed for beginners or players of limited acquirement.

Mr. Calkin's Introduction and Rondoletto, on a favourite air, combines both amusement and very good practice in passages of frequent occurrence. The same composer has commenced a series of pieces, entitled, *Les Petits Amusemens.* The first number promises a succession of very useful lessons for the earliest stages of instruction.

Thema, with an Introduction, and variations, by H. A. Marsh. Mr. Marsh is a pupil of Bochsa, and the style of the piece before us has much of the brilliancy and taste of that master. The theme is very elegant, and it is well preserved, although there is no lack of variety or spirit in the variations.

The arrangements are a selection from Elisabetta, for the harp and pianoforte, by Bochsa. The airs in *Semiramide* by Bruguier, and *Di Piacer* as a duet for the pianoforte, by Haigh. The publication of Mozart's Symphonies, arranged by Hummel, proceeds very regularly.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

Mr. Munden.

THE regular play-goers ought to put on mourning, for the king of broad comedy is dead to the drama!—Alas!—Munden is no more!—"give sorrow vent!"—He may yet walk the town, pace the pavement in a seeming existence—eat, drink, and nod to his friends in all the affectation of life—but Munden,—*the* Munden!—Munden, with the bunch of countenances—the banquet of faces, is gone for ever from the lamps, and, as far as comedy is concerned, is as dead as Garrick!—When an actor retires, (we will put the *suicide* as mildly as possible,) how many worthy persons perish with him!—with Munden,—Sir Peter Teazle must experience a shock—Sir Robert Bramble gives up the ghost—Crack ceases to breathe. Without Munden what becomes of Dozey?—Where shall we seek Jemmy Jumps?—Nipperkin, and a thousand of such admirable fooleries fall to nothing--and the departure therefore of such an actor as Munden is a dramatic calamity.

On the night that this inestimable humourist took farewell of the public, he also took his benefit:—a benefit in which the public assuredly did not participate!—The play was Colman's "Poor Gentleman," with Tom Dibdin's Farce of "Past Ten o'Clock."—Reader, we all know Munden in Sir Robert Bramble, and Old Tobacco-complexioned Dozey;—we all have seen the old hearty Baronet in his light sky-blue coat and genteel cocked hat; and we have all seen the weather beaten old pensioner, Dear Old Dozey,—tacking about the stage in that intenser blue sea-livery—drunk as heart could wish, and right valorous in memory. On this night Munden seemed, like the Gladiator, "to rally life's whole energies to die;" and as we were present at this great display of his powers, and as this will be the last opportunity that will ever be afforded us to speak of this admirable performer, we shall "consecrate," as Old John Buncle says, "a paragraph to him."

The house was full;—*full!*—pshaw!—that's an empty word!—The house was stuffed—crammed with people,—crammed from the swing door of the pit to the back seat in the banished *one shilling*. A quart of audience may be said (vintner-like may it be said) to have been squeezed into a pint of theatre. Every hearty play-going Londoner, who remembered Munden years agone, mustered up his courage and his money for this benefit—and middle-aged people were therefore by no means scarce. The comedy chosen for the occasion, is one that travels a long way without a guard:—it is not until the third or fourth act, we rather think, that Sir Robert Bramble appears on the stage. When he entered, his reception was earnest,—noisy,—outrageous,—waving of hats and handkerchiefs,—deafening shouts,—clamorous beatings of sticks,—all the various ways in which the heart is accustomed to manifest its joy were had recourse to on this occasion. Mrs. Bamfield worked away with a sixpenny fan till she scudded only under bare poles. Mr. Whittington wore out the ferule of a new nine-and-sixpenny umbrella. Gratitude did great damage on the joyful occasion.

The old performer, the veteran, as he appropriately called himself in the farewell speech, was plainly overcome; he pressed his hands together—he planted one solidly on his breast—he bowed—he sidled—he cried!—When the noise subsided (which it invariably does at last) the comedy proceeded—and Munden gave an admirable picture of the rich, eccentric, charitable old batchelor Baronet, who goes about with Humphry Dobbins at his heels and philanthropy in his heart. How crustily and yet how kindly he takes Humphry's contradictions!—How readily he puts himself into an attitude for arguing!—How tenderly he gives a loose to his heart on the apprehension of Frederick's duel.—In truth, he played Sir Robert in his very ripest manner, and it was impossible not to feel, in the very midst of pleasure, regret that Munden should then be before us for the last time

In the farce he became richer and richer. Old Dozey is a plant from Greenwich. The bronzed face—and neck to match,—the long curtain of a coat—the straggling white hair,—the propensity, the determined attachment, to grog—are all from Greenwich. Munden, as Dozey, seems never to have been out of action, sun, and drink!—He looks (alas! he *looked*) fire proof. His face and throat were dried like a raisin—and his legs walked under the rum and water with all the indecision which that inestimable beverage usually inspires. It is truly tacking, not walking. He *steers* at a table, and the tide of grog now and then bears him off the point. On this night he seemed to us to be doomed to fall in action, and we therefore looked at him, as some of the Victory's crew are said to have gazed upon Nelson, with a consciousness that his ardour and his uniform were worn for the last time.—In the scene where Dozey describes a sea fight, the actor never was greater, and he seemed the personification of an old seventy-four!—His coat hung like a flag at his poop!—His phiz was not a whit less highly coloured than one of those lustrous visages that generally superintend the head of a ship!—There was something cumbrous, indecisive, and awful in his veerings!—Once afloat, it appeared impossible for him to come to his moorings;—once at anchor, it did not seem an easy thing to get him under weigh!

The time however came for the fall of the curtain,—and for the fall of Munden!—The farce of the night was finished.—The farce of the long forty years' play was over!—He stept forward, not as Dozey, but as Munden, and we heard him address us from the stage for the last time. He trusted, unwisely we think, to a written paper. He *read* of "heart-felt recollections," and "indelible impressions." He stammered,—and he prest his heart,—and put on his spectacles—and blundered his written gratitude,—and wiped his eyes,—and bowed,—and stood—and, at last staggered away for ever!—The plan of his farewell was bad,—but the long life of excellence which really made his farewell pathetic, overcame all defects,—and the people and Joe Munden parted like lovers!

Well!—Farewell to thee, rich Old Heart! May thy retirement be as full of repose, as thy public life was full of excellence! We must all have our *farewell* benefits in our turn!

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

Charles the Second, or the Merry Monarch.

An extremely neat little opera, if opera it may be called, with only two songs, has taken the town during the last week or two. The dialogue is light, easy, and pleasant; and the characters are sketched in with a free and lively hand. Charles Kemble, as Charles, is the King himself: He makes Charles the Second Charles the First! Jones, as Lord Rochester, might be lustier, he is too well-bred a man for my Lord Rochester. Fawcett, as Captain Copp, is one great staff to the piece. So much heartiness shines throughout him. He is landlord,—and we wish all Admirals' Heads had such landlords! Sweet Miss Tree (Copp's niece) is delightful, as she ever is.

My Own Man.

A new farce from Mr. Peake's pen, under this good title, has made the town laugh and wonder why it laughed, for divers nights past. Jones plays a poor, but ready-witted barrister, spiritedly; Keely as a hair-dresser's son, who has a passion for dancing and for a lady's maid, is very amusing. There is great breadth of character, pun, and situation; but those who expect to have a farce as narrow as twopenny ribbon, are fools for their pleasures. People laugh thoroughly, and what more can a farce-writer desire.

Mr. Kent.

A new Richard the Third, a Mr. Kent, has also tried the stage twice, but with sad success. He has overrated his powers, and has had a proportionate rebuke; but, we think, when he comes to himself, he will fill many a lower part with ability. His acting was bad imitation in some parts, and worse originality in others. It was *Kean and water*. As Gloster he can never hope to keep the crown,—but he may do better things, and, we therefore reserve ourselves until we can speak more favourably of him.

Miss Nesbitt.

A young lady of great personal at-

traction and considerable talent, appeared for one night in Juliet; and, it was certainly her own fault that she did not repeat the character,—for she interested the judicious few greatly in her favour. She has seen Miss O'Neill, and yet she is no servile copyist. Her voice is clear and melodious, an excellent thing in Juliet; and her action is easy and lady-like. We shall see her again, and speak of her again!

THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

This little summer house has opened for its few persecuted months, as Mr. Morris would have us consider them, and it is tolerably well attended. A new one-act piece, called, "Come if you Can," has been acted for a brace of nights, and has been withdrawn, to prevent its title being answered in the negative. A farce from the ingenious pen of Simpson and Co.'s sire, has also been played, but with indifferent success. It is called "A Year in an Hour; or, the Cock of the Walk." Billy Buckhorse is Liston, and, of course, the hero! He is gay, with forty pounds a-year. He lives near Plymouth, is an ugly man, and yet longs to be a father and a husband. He is refused *seriatim* by the ladies. At length all the unmarried men are ordered to join their ships, and Bobby remains the solitary single man; he becomes cock of the walk. He gives himself airs, till a recruiting party put him to his *nonplush!* A rich relative however dies, and his property makes him estimable. He sets off for London, having made a compact with one Priscilla Fadefast, whose name betokens her quality. Here ends the first act. The second act jumps a year, and we find Bobby married, and a progenitor. Through a mistake, arising out of his wife's determination to keep her marriage a secret; a Mr. Stanley, Jun. is supposed by Mr. Buckhorse to be the parent of his much beloved son. Various errors succeed, but the piece ends well. Liston is a cowardly actor in a new farce; and, as all depended on him, the author paid for his reliance. It has not proved a hit.

PODAGRÆ ENCOMION;

OR

PRAISE OF THE GOUT.

A CURIOUS little work, and as rare as curious, has lately fallen into my hands,* which I presume to think will afford some amusement to the reader of such an article as I may, in a compendious shape, be permitted to make of it in the LONDON MAGAZINE. Had I been inclined to follow the example of my betters (in literary plunder—*servum pecus* in the worst sense) I might have passed the whole off as *new*, so convinced am I that the rarity of the original would have saved me from detection; but declining the honors of a borrowed plume, I content myself with the humbler, but honester character of an entertaining abridger.

This is the *title:*

"THE HONOUR OF THE GOUT: or a rational Discourse, demonstrating that the Gout is one of the greatest blessings, which can befal mortal man; that all Gentlemen who are weary of it are their own Enemies; that those practitioners who offer at the cure are the vainest and most mischievous cheats in nature.

"By way of a letter to an eminent Citizen, wrote in the heat of a violent paroxysm, and now published for the common good. By Philander Misiatrus. 1699."

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* It was lent to me by an eminent physician, whose intention it is to present it to his Majesty, who has expressed a wish to see it.

This piece appears, from many passages that occur, to have been written about the commencement of the reign of King WILLIAM; and the gouty "*eminent citizen*," to whom the epistle is addressed, was probably *an alderman*, or perhaps the *Lord Mayor* himself.

It begins thus:

"Why! sir, I am informed that your *Worship*, not having a right sense of things, nor the fear of God before your eyes, should, to the disgrace of your own virtue, give your tongue the liberty, in an open coffee-house, to speak ill of the gout. Of the gout, sir, which, if you look on as a disease, you ought to welcome as the most useful and necessary thing that could have happened to you. Yet, you could say that when the Almighty had, out of rude chaos, built this goodly frame of nature, which we see, and formed his noble creature man, he indulged the devil to create some one thing, and his damned envy gave being to the gout. Now, I am confident, sir, and have great authorities for it, that if the devil ever created any thing, it was *the doctor*; of whom, since you have made so much use, I know not but it may be rationally inferred, that you have dealt with the devil. The gout, sir, whether you know it or no, was postnate to the creation, and younger something than the fall of man, who having incurred the sentence of death, the friendly gout was sent in mercy down from Heaven to lengthen wasting life. By my consent, *you* should never have the gout, who have no more consideration in you than to blaspheme it."

To prove its divine origin, he proposes to proceed from its lowest commendations, and to ascend by *six just steps*, till he has raised it above all the stars, and entered it among the celestial spirits.

"First, *The gout gives a man pain without danger.*

"Since we must have pain while we live, give me the pain of the gout, which has no danger attending. Here some malevolent adversary may importunely object; Did never any man die of the gout? To this I answer, 1st, I have not yet affirmed, that the gout can make a man immortal, tho' I will boldly say thus much, it very often keeps a man alive till all his friends are weary of him. But, 2dly, Should I venture to say that the gout has in itself the power to make a man immortal, it ought not to seem so very strange, all things being considered. If that be true, which some authors write of the noble *Paracelsus*, he had the secret to make a man immortal, and I would not say he lyed, tho' himself died about *forty*: for perhaps he did not like his company; but it must have been by way of his discovery to give any man the gout when he pleased—in that I am positive. Here the objector will scornfully put me in mind, that gouty persons 'scape death no more than other men; which is very true, but that's because men are fools, and don't know when they are safe—they must be *curing* the gout forsooth, and to that end they deal with *the doctor*, i. e. with the factor of death, the emissary of hell, the purveyor of the grave, damned alchymist, good at calcining nothing but living bodies into dust and ashes. All that can be rationally said against the gout is, that it does not actually preserve man in spight of his own folly, and the doctor's ignorance.

"Your Worship is indeed a fit object for the envy of all thinking men; for I have heard you confess, that your's is an *hereditary gout*, and that's for the better; an hereditary gout is a far greater happiness than an acquired one—what a deal of intemperance, and amorous excess might it have cost your Worship to have got the gout *before* forty? Whereas now you have the mighty blessing for *nothing*. *Sorte nascendi*, it is your birth-right, sir, never think of parting with it. Perhaps you may be now tempted to ask me, how I acquired my gout? I shall not be shy to satisfy your curiosity, for I came by it honestly. We scholars have a way by ourselves to come at the blessing, without ever being beholden to the God that cheers the genteel candidate of the gout by day, or the Goddess that entertains him on nights: we lead sedentary lives, feed heartily, drink *quantum suffecit*, but sleep immoderately; so that the superfluities of our sober and

grave fulness, not exhaling, we very honestly prepare tartarous matter for the gout, for the beneficial gout, which gives us pain without danger."

"Second, *The gout is no constant companion, but allows his patients lucid joyous intervals.*

"Human nature is so framed, that no one thing is agreeable to it always, therefore it is well for us, that the world is so full of changes. It is true, that there is some pain in the gout, and ought to be, for constant health has no relish, 'tis an insipid dull thing. That reverend Calvinist, Dr. *Twiss*, affirms, that 'tis better to be damned than annihilated. I might, I suppose, with less offence, affirm, that 'twere better to be dead, than never to be sick of the gout. How often have I heard a grave adviser, one that had tried health and sickness for many years, tell the robust, young, riotous fellow, that he knew not the value of health. No, how should he, having never been sick? But why should his sober adviser press him to be careful of his health? That's the way never to understand the deliciousness of it—by that time he gets the gout, he'll thoroughly understand the matter, I'll warrant him! Who would spoil the refined pleasure of his recovery, by wishing to have one angry throb, one heavy groan abated him? *Si parvis componere magna liceret*, the gout is to health, as ham and tongue to wine, or rather, as Ζωη και ψυχη to the lover's congress. I am much of the mind, sir, that by what I have said already, you are a coming proselyte; but before I have done with you, you shall chuse to part with your eyes rather than your true friend the gout.

"Third, *The gout presents you with a perpetual almanack.*

"*Barometers, thermometers*, and other inventions of men, not yet perfect masters of their art, serve more for delight than the use of the curious; but the useful pains of the gout give your honour trusty prognostics of the seasons. Spinoza will have it, that when a Jewish prophet foretold any thing, he gave a sign, a present sign, which was a confirmation of his prophesy; you have the sign within you, sir, in the *intermedia* of your bones, and are a true prophet all over.

"The gout never twitches their nerves, but they will be telling others what changes are towards. Now, that which I propose is this, that people should not think it enough to know thus much of the gout, but study to improve and increase their knowledge; for no doubt more may be made of this blessing, than ever yet was done by the happy man that has enjoyed it longest. I am persuaded, that if the fortunate patient would be at the pains to observe all the motions of the gout, in his pinchings, smartings, galling accesses, in his gnawing, stabbing, burning paroxysms, he might quickly come to wind a storm, so long before, that in a short time no owners would think their ship safe, but with a gouty master, nor would any experienced seaman, that wanted a ship, offer himself to the merchants but on crutches.

"Fourth, *Gouty persons are most free from the head-ach.*

"The heavy recrements of the blood and nervous juice always fall downward to the gouty joints. The nerves of the head, the fibres and the membranes, and lastly, the skin itself, are all freed from a world of torment by means of the medicinal gout, which attracts to exterior remote parts vicious humours, and there sets them on fire, wastes and evacuates them. Persons much favoured by the gout are at this happy period quite freed from head-ach. It is possible, says *Confucius*, for a lame gouty person to be a *knave*, even in our own country have I known some such; but who ever knew a gouty cripple that was a fool? A Mandarin of the same race remarks that, natural fools never acquire the gout; the sons of gouty persons are defended from dulness and folly, by the sins of their parents, or if in their minority their understandings happen to lie a little backward, they shall no sooner enter on their gouty inheritance, but a bright illumination brings the same forward. The brain becomes so defecated by the gout, that I knew a gentleman but an ordinary writer in common, who, when he had the gout, wrote like an angel.

"Fifth. *The gout preserves its patients from the great danger of fevers.*

"Gouty persons, by reason of a fixed dyscrasy of the blood, are not

obnoxious to fevers. As they live free from the dreadful pains of the head-ach, so likewise from the scorching heat of fevers. I pity the young and healthy not for their present ease, but because of their imminent danger. A cheerful glass may perchance throw him into a fever, and that fever perchance cost him his life; whereas the man that's blest with the gout, fearlessly ventures the duty of the table, well knowing that when the worst comes to the worst, 'tis but roaring in purgatory some forty days or so, and by that time the gout has carried off clean all food for fever. They turn out, like burnt tobacco pipes, clean and pure, and fit for paradise. Such is a true picture of the fire of the gout which spends the morbific matter that might otherwise throw the body into a hellish fever. So that 'tis a truth, clear as the sun, if more people had the gout, fewer would die of a fever. Having placed these things in so clear a light, I am strongly persuaded that not your Worship only, but the generality of the age will set their prejudices aside, and yield to the happy force of the many useful truths, which by the bright illumination of a violent gout-paroxysm, I have here discovered; so that hereafter, instead of the old parting compliments - *save you, sir; God keep you in good health*—I question not but we shall say—*the gout defend you, sir; God give you the gout*:—for we ought not to hope for a blessing without the means. To wish a man the gout is to wish him that, which withdraws fuel from diseases, and preserves life at so cheap a rate, it costs a man not a penny more than patience.

" It has been the opinion of some writers, that none can be saved who die of the plague, but in judging of the future state of others, I think it best to venture being mistaken on the charitable side; and, therefore, I would sooner believe that none can be damned who have the gout.

" Sixth. To crown the honour of the gout, *it is not to be cured*.

" The gout defies all your gross galenical methods, and all your exalted chemical preparations; for the conjunct causes thereof, as the learned WILLIS confesses, lie in parts so very remote that the virtues of no medicines can reach them; and heaven be praised for it, for why, sir, would you *cure* (as you call it) the gout, which gives you pain without danger, a better taste of health by an acquaintance with pain; a knowledge of future things; freedom from the head-ach, and from fevers? The doctor and not the gout is your enemy. We may say of every medicaster, whether a college or a stage doctor, *habemus confitentem reum*, the whole clan of them are homicides by their own confession. The principles of their art, they say, are difficult to be understood, and uncertain to be relied on; and then also the temperament of the body, on which they practise, can be but guessed at; so that the success of the most learned practitioner can be but casual. Now, that after this, these men should be entertained, and so general admittance given to their practice, does evidently prove that the generality of men, when they lose their health, lose their wits too.

" GALEN, who is still revered as a God by modern practitioners, acknowledges it impossible to find out a medicine that shall do any great good one way, and not do as much hurt another. Trust to nature. Nature throwing off morbific matter to the remoter parts of the body does designedly beget the gout, and make use of that admirable remedy to cure diseases already gotten, and to prevent others. But it is not mere reason which I rely on, when I advise men to trust nature alone for their recovery, and never go to a doctor; I have the greatest authority to support my advice.

" *2 Chron.* 16. 12.—*Asa*, in the 39th year of his reign, was diseased in his feet (as I am now, which hinders me from running to my commentators) but I remember the phrase of the Septuagint is εμαλακισθη τυς ποδας, *his feet were soft and tender*—swelled with the gout; that must be the meaning; until his disease was exceeding great, yet in his disease, εν τῃ μαλακιᾳ ἀυτȣ, in the extreme softness and tenderness of his gout, *he sought not to the Lord, but to the physician*. I do not see how our doctors of physic can evade the force of this text, in defence of their profession; for it is a very weak and precarious reply, which they make, when they tell us that *Asa* is blamed, not directly for seeking to the *physicians*, but for not trusting in the *Lord*, when he sought to them. Now I will grant these gentlemen, that it is the duty

of patients to trust in the Lord, when they seek to the physicians; nay, it is their duty to trust in the Lord *then*, above any other time; for then they run themselves into those hazards, that, if the Lord does not help them, they play against the long odds. But I would have these physicians, who make but sorry interpreters of Scripture, to consider that the text sets seeking the Lord, and seeking the physician, in opposition to one another; plainly enough implying that the former was his duty, the latter his fault. But our physicians, it seems, would have the sick seek to the Lord and them both; as if the Lord could not do his own work without them. Let all honest gentlemen, who are preserved by the salutary gout in the land of the living, prefer a bill in parliament against this destructive order of men, that by a strong *cathartic* act, they may be purged out of his Majesty's dominions: I will engage that there's never a family in the nation, but shall by this means, besides their health, save their taxes.

"But I digress. What I ought chiefly to insist on, is the superlative excellence of the gout, which is never to be removed. The fear of losing a blessing takes off from the pleasure of enjoying it. Thieves may plunder your house, age will ruin your beauty, envy may asperse your reputation, bribes corrupt your faith, but the gout is a sure inheritance; neither thieves nor knaves; neither time, nor envy, nor any thing else, can despoil you of it. A man may himself, if he has a mind to it, squander his estate, blemish his comely form, injure his fame, and renounce his honesty; but let him get rid of the gout if he can—that blessing he may take comfort in, being secure that it is for his life. They say there's more care and trouble in keeping an estate than getting it; as for the gout, there may be some trouble in getting it, tho' that is mixt with pleasure too, but no man is put to the least care or trouble for the safe keeping of the gout. Possibly a wise and worthy person may secure his virtue against dangerous temptations, but then he must be always upon his guard; but let him take as little care of himself as he pleases, he shall never have the less gout for his loose way of living."

Our author now concludes his epistle of 70 pages, by professing that he is unable to proceed in consequence of an abatement of his paroxysms, "sensible," as he observes, "that no man can do honour to the gout by a just and adequate panegyric, except he, at the time of writing, feels it in extremity."

Considering that a work must be written before it is dedicated, he chuses advisedly to place the dedication at the end. It is, "to all the numerous offspring of Apollo, whether dogmatical sons of art, or empirical by-blows;" and conceiving that his epistle will spoil their trade, he recommends them "to travel"—to Botany Bay probably, as an excellent spot for the study of *simples*. "You have known," says he, "an overgrown *farrier* from abroad make a great *doctor* in England," and, as one good turn deserves another, he adds, "why should not you make as good *farriers* abroad as they do *doctors* here?" The fees, it is true, will not be so high, but "you can't, he exclaims, "in conscience expect as much for *killing* a horse, as a man." And should they be at a loss for an apology for this professional change, he directs them to say, "that when *the devils* were ejected out of *human bodies*, they were suffered to enter into *swine*."

E. D.

SKETCH OF FOREIGN LITERATURE.

GERMANY.

The Easter Fair at Leipsig.

In a letter from Professor B———.

WHATEVER complaints may sometimes be made of the decline of literature, it must be owned that they do not appear to be countenanced by the German book fair at Leipsig, which is a central point of innumerable ramifications. Besides 60 houses in the town itself, (half of which, however, rather carry on business as commissioners for other houses in different parts of Germany,) there are in Germany, and other countries where German is spoken, no less than 300, the greater of which send their

representatives to this fair; nay, we had partners of four Paris houses (among which we must particularly mention the highly respected firm of Treuttel and Würtz), two from London, Black and Bohte, and eight from houses in Denmark, Sweden, St. Petersburg, and the Russian provinces on the Baltic, who attended in person. It is true, indeed, that the voluminous catalogue contains many trifling articles, many old friends with new faces (i. e. new titles), and a great deal of literary rubbish. But even the mere manufacture gives subsistence to a multitude of paper-makers, printers, book-binders, &c. &c. How many thousand blossoms fall, in each succeeding spring, unproductive, to the ground! But, at the same time, the fairest fruit thrives and comes to maturity, *et pleno defundit Copia cornu.* The standing complaints of the German booksellers, viz. the plunder of literary property by piracy, and the restrictions of the censorship, were heard as usual on this occasion; but there was nowhere any impediment to the most active interchange of ideas (let us recollect the sixth edition of the Lexicon of Conversation, and of the fourth division of the ample and accurate Supplements, from which the article Greece was immediately translated into English); and freedom of expression, within legal bounds, is everywhere admitted. Cheap editions are printed to counteract the manœuvres of those who thrive by pirating the property of the rightful publisher. That of Schiller is now completed. The works of Klopstock and Wieland, on the same plan, are now publishing by Goschen, and those of Jacobi by a house at Zurich. Several houses have united to publish the works of esteemed authors; for instance, Heeren's works, of which the last volumes (x. xi. xii.), contain the account of the Asiatic nations of antiquity, entirely re-written. We consider it as a pleasing proof of the solidity of the instruction given to youth in the German high schools and universities, that nearly one-eighth part of the new publications appertain to the classic literature of Greece and Rome. Series of Greek and Roman authors, very various in price and size, appear at once at ten different publishers; among these the stereotype editions of Tauchnitz, and those of Weigel and Teutner in Leipsig, are very useful in diffusing Greek literature as much as possible. Philologers were gratified with Bahr's Ctesias, Bornemann's Symposion of Xenophon, Galen (which will make 16 volumes), the Greek tragedians (together 20 new editions), Cicero (alone occupying 16 articles), Horace (nearly completed by Doring), the Greek lexicographers, the collection of the Roman jurists, the Greek dictionaries of Riemer and Passow, now completed, and several very good translations, for instance, from the Anthology, by Jacobs, in the Life and Arts of the Ancients, and Aratus, by Voss. In ancient geography, we had the 12th sheet of Reichard's Orbis Antiquus, containing ancient Germany, and the work belonging to it—Germany under the Romans; and the new edition of the Map of Peutinger, executed by Mannert, under the auspices of the Bavarian Academy, had a great sale. Two-eighths of the new publications consist of voyages, travels, descriptions of countries, &c. in which we may observe that the attention of the Germans is particularly directed to Brazil by the Travels and plates of the Prince of Neuwied, and of the Bavarian academicians, Spix and Martius; by the accounts of Freireis and Von Eschwege, and of Schaffer, physician to the Empress of Brazil, who was sent to Vienna, and is now gone back to Rio de Janiero, his Brazil, published at Altona, may be supposed to contain the best as well as the latest information. The finest book of the fair is Baron Minutoli's Journey to the Oases and Upper Egypt, edited in a most masterly manner by Professor Tolken, and illustrated with 38 plates and maps. Nor must we omit the twelfth number of Gau's splendid work on Nubia. The great geographical work of Hassel deserves honourable mention. In theology, in which the dictionaries of Bretschneider and Gesenius are particularly to be distinguished, the controversy between Catholics and Protestants respecting mixed marriages is the order of the day; as in medical science, that between dynamic medicine, and Hahnemann's Homöopathy, with the profession; and in jurisprudence, the question of the publicity of judicial proceedings. Literary history has been enriched

by the revised edition of Wachler's Manual, now completed in three parts; the Ancient History of Greece, by Otto Müller's Dorians; and modern history by the third volume of Raumer's Princes of the house of Hohenstaufen, and Menzel's History of our Times. Regenerated Greece alone has employed the pens of 40 narrators and compilers. Almost three-eighths of our literary productions belong to the various departments of natural history, and especially botany. Göthe's Morphology has given a great impulse in this respect. There is a multitude of Encyclopedias and Historical Dictionaries, compressing wisdom into pocket books, and cutting up science into slices: we are rejoiced, however, at seeing that truly classical production of German assiduity, Ersch and Gruber's Universal Encyclopedia advanced another step by the publication of the twelfth part, which comes to the dramatic poet Brezner.

A great portion of the sum which the generality can allot to literature, as well as of the time that they can devote to reading, is absorbed by our daily, weekly, and monthly periodicals, to the multitude of which already existing, the catalogue of the present fair presents us with an addition of twenty-four new ones; one of the best of these is the *Rheinische Morgenzeitung*, called also "Charis," edited by Baron Von Erlach, which has been published since the beginning of this year, four times a week, by Groos, at Heïdelburg. If the insatiable appetite of the public that daily devours a novel or a tragedy (and to supply which the 300 circulating libraries of the lowest kind, scattered through Germany, possess an ample store, of novels that no person of education reads, and plays that are never performed) is not left unprovided for in this thick catalogue, there are, on the other hand, many productions of merit, by Tieck, Schilling, Laun, Van der Velde, &c.; a volume of tales by F. Jacobs; Pictures of Switzerland, by Zschokke; the New Thousand and One Nights, that is, such of the tales in the Arabian Nights as have not before been published, translated from Arabic into French, by Mr. Joseph Von Hammer, and from the French manuscript into German. Maps make a distinct article, not only in the catalogue, but in the trade of the Leipsig booksellers. Each of the houses in this line has its own Geographer. We leave it to judges in these matters to decide, whether Weiland, for the *Industriecomptoir*, at Weimar; Stieler, for Perthes in Gotha; Spohr, for the *Kunstcomptoir*, at Brunswick; or Reichard and Mannert, for Campe, in Nuremberg, deserve the preference; but they will certainly not overlook the fine map of South Germany, by Green, publishing by Cotta; the improved Historical Atlas, by Kruse; Kärcher's Ancient Geography for Schools; and the beautiful and accurate maps published at Vienna. It is only to be lamented that the Austrian government seems to act on the principle of discouraging all kinds of literary intercourse with other countries. Thus there were only two booksellers in person at the fair, from all the extensive and flourishing states which compose the Austrian empire. Scarcely any of the numerous maps published in the Imperial capital were anywhere to be met with, and only the great topographical map of Gallicia and Lodomiria in thirteen sections was to be seen in commission at Mr. Vogel's, Leipsig. In the department of the fine arts we had, besides Gau's Nubia already mentioned, Boisserée's Cathedral of Cologne, the 8th number of Lithographic and Copper-plates, after Boisserées gallery of Ancient Paintings at Stuttgard, the 33d number of the Lithographic plates from the Royal gallery of Munich and Schleisheim. As a magnificent treat for the eye we were gratified with Mr. Whitaker's brilliant work, representing the Coronation of his Majesty the King of England, which was brought by Bohté from London. Another splendid production, such as we have not for many years had from the English press, and which is not merely a book of pictures, is a critical inquiry into Ancient Armour, by Dr. Meyrick, in 3 vols. large 4to. We have here a vast number of finely coloured plates of kings, knights, and warriors, in various costume and armour. Such a series of accurate representations chronologically arranged would be very valuable without any addition; but their value is greatly enhanced by a dissertation,

evidently the result of laborious research, which however, so far from being dry, is highly interesting by numerous historical anecdotes and extracts from scarce books. Meyrick's object was to make a chronological classification of the various descriptions of arms and armour, which, notwithstanding the preceding works of Grose and Daniel, was still a literary desideratum. He has successfully executed his task, and afforded much valuable information to the historian, as well as a most welcome authority to artists of every description, to whom a knowledge of costume is necessary.—We were pleased also at seeing many other English works of merit, such as Parry's Voyage, Lyall's Account of the Russians, Lady Morgan's Salvator Rosa, of which a translation is already published, &c. In fact, our translators are so on the alert to lay hold of every thing that is published both in France and England, that there is reason to be surprised that so many French and English books are sold in Germany, especially when we consider how many English books in particular are reprinted in Germany. Thus we have very neat editions of all the novels attributed to Sir Walter Scott, as well as his poetical works; the poems of Lord Byron, Southey, &c. It may be considered as a proof of the extent to which English literature is studied among us, that Archdeacon Nares' Glossary of Old Words has been reprinted at Vienna. A really good English and German Dictionary is, however, still a desideratum. The one most in use is founded on Bailey's Dictionary, which has gone through twelve or thirteen editions. The first nine editions were very defective; the two or three following, edited by Dr. Fahrenkruger, were far superior; the last, published a few months ago, is edited by a Mr. Wagner. It is in 2 vols. 8vo. In English Grammars we abound; most of them are below criticism; others are very respectable, but being written by Germans are not so satisfactory as might be wished. The best we have seen, and of which our critical journals speak in the highest terms, is by a Mr. Lloyd, who, from the preface, appears to be an Englishman long resident in Germany. We had not seen the first edition; but the second, lately published, justifies the commendations which have been bestowed upon it. The perfect knowledge which the author evinces of the German language, which he writes with the greatest purity, enables him to compare the grammatical forms of the two languages, and to explain the points in which they differ. This Grammar, we may add, is adopted in some of the German Universities. We once heard of a German and English Dictionary published, or announced, by a Mr. Lloyd, but are ignorant whether this is the same person, or indeed whether such a dictionary ever was published.

ITALY.

The literary intercourse with Italy is unfortunately so infrequent and dilatory, that in general we can give but little more than the title of some new work, and that too very often some months after the publication. Among those of which we have lately had some account, the following appear the most deserving of notice—The History of Italy from 1789 to 1814, by Charles Botta, published at Florence, in 4 vols. 4to. A French translation in 5 vols. 8vo. has just appeared in Paris. Considering the vast importance of the period which it embraces, we would willingly have given some more particular account of this history; but it was only a few hours before writing this that we received both the Italian original and the French translation, and can at present only say that we believe we shall not be judging too favourably if we pronounce that the historian of the American War is fully equal to his subject, and that he has surpassed himself in this new and remarkable production.—The History of Ancient and Modern Italy, by L. Bossi, of which the 1st vol. was published in 1819, is now complete in 19 vols. 8vo. with 100 plates—Rampoldi's Annals of the Musselmen, 8vo. the first 5 vols. of which come down only to the 10th century of our era—The State of Literature, Science, and Art, among the Romans, from the foundation of the city till the time of Augustus, by Federico Cavriani, 2 vols. 8vo.—A second edition of Cicognara's splendid work, the History of Sculpture, revised and enlarged by the author—The 32d No.

of Etrusian Monuments, designed and engraved by F. Inghirami—Monography of the Serpents of Rome and its environs, by Professor L. Melaxa, 4to. with coloured plates.

NORWAY.

The Principles of Legislation, 3 vols. 8vo. by Mr. N. Treskow, are spoken of in high terms.

POLAND.

Letters of John III, King of Poland, to Queen Maria Casimire, during the Campaign before Vienna in 1683.

RUSSIA.

A supplement to the History of the Huns, the Turks, and the Moguls, containing an Abridgment of the History and Dominion of the Usbecks in Great Bucharia, from their settlement in the country till 1709, and the continuation of the History of Kharesen, from the death of Aboul-Ghari Khan to the same time, by Joseph Senkouski, 4to.

FRANCE.

The attention of the public has been so deeply and almost exclusively engaged by important* political matters, that not only have the journals for some time past been extremely barren of literary intelligence, but among the works published a more than ordinary proportion is dedicated to temporary and political topics. Under these circumstances our report will be brief.

The Drama.—A few successful trifles have appeared at the minor theatres, but no tragedy or comedy has been brought forward at the principal theatres. M. Lemercier has published his tragedy of Richard III. and Jane Shore, in which he has made considerable changes for the better. The 3d livraison of M. Jouy's works, contains two comedies, The Inheritance, or the Manners of the Age, and the Intrigues of the Court, the representation of which was prohibited.

History, Memoirs, and Biography.—Maria Antoinette at the Conciergerie, contains an interesting account of the sufferings of the Queen, and of the exertions of Mademoiselle Fouché and the Abbé Magnin, who succeeded in obtaining access to the dungeon where she was confined, and in administering to her the consolations of religion. History of the French Revolution, by F A. Mignet, 2 vols. 8vo. The journals of the opposite party differ so widely in their judgment of this work, that it is hardly possible to form an opinion on it. M. Pigault Lebrun has published two volumes of a concise Critical and Philosophical History of France. It was hardly to be expected that the author of many popular novels could be thoroughly qualified for the task of an historian; but the attempt and the execution do him credit, and his work merits a place among the historians of France. M. Pouqueville's history of the Regeneration of Greece, 4 vols. 8vo. is a highly interesting work, full of curious anecdotes, and of facts hitherto unknown, or imperfectly so, and which throws great light on the state of the Ottoman Empire. The History of the celebrated Ali Pacha, which is given at great length, might, we think, have been much abridged; the chief particulars of the life of that extraordinary personage being previously known.

Natural History.—Le Vaillant's Birds of Africa being out of print, a second edition is announced in fifty numbers, making 6 vols. in folio, at 25 francs per number, or in 4to. at 15 francs. Unfortunately the work is not complete; the history of the Gallinaceæ, of the Strand Birds (or Waders), and of Water fowl, being wanting. The author has long since had the descriptions and the drawings ready; and it is expected, if the public gives sufficient encouragement to the second edition of the first six volumes, that the remainder will be published to complete the work. Second editions are published of Abbé Hauy's Mineralogy, 4 vols. 8vo. with 120 plates in 4to. and of his Crystallography, 2 vols. 8vo. with 84 plates, revised and much enlarged by the author.

Voyages.—M. Freycinet's Voyage round the World is ordered to be published. It will make eight vols. 4to. with 340 plates. Two of the volumes, with 110 plates, will contain the narrative of the expedition. The other divisions are zoology and botany, &c. each of which may be purchased separately. Numerous publications appearing in successive parts or numbers, and of which we have already spoken, are regularly continued.

VIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

We are sorry to say that official dispatches have been received from Africa, confirming in their fullest extent the reports to which we alluded in our last, with respect to the defeat and destruction of the British forces in that quarter of the world. It appears that the Governor, Sir Charles M'Carthy, wearied by the representations of the Fantees, a friendly tribe, of the hostile intentions of the Ashantee race, determined upon marching forth to reduce them to obedience, - he had planned a junction with a division of troops under Major Chisholm, commanding himself in person a body of about 2000 men, British and Fantees. The Ashantee General, however, whose force amounted to about 10,000, anticipating the plan of the campaign, attacked the division under the Governor, before the junction could be effected. The battle commenced a little before two in the afternoon, and was carried on with great bravery by both parties till about four o'clock, when it was discovered that our ammunition was completely exhausted, and that the quantity with which our troops had been suffered to commence the engagement amounted to but twenty rounds per man! The Governor, it seems, had given particular orders upon this very point to the ordnance storekeeper, who is alleged most strangely to have neglected them, and some private letters go the length of declaring that when, towards the close of the battle, some of the supposed ammunition kegs were opened, they were found to contain nothing but *macaroni!* Of course, we give these details merely on the faith of private letters. There does not seem, however, to be the slightest doubt that very great neglect rests somewhere, the British ammunition being totally exhausted within two hours after the commencement of the attack! When the Ashantee General, who appears to have acted with considerable skill throughout, perceived our fire beginning to slacken, he immediately directed a general attack in front, and dispatched a large force towards our force to intercept it in case of a retreat. The consequences were easily foreseen; the most determined valour, which, to do our troops justice, they throughout exhibited, could not resist long so overwhelming a superiority of force. Our troops were not merely routed but literally cut in pieces, all the officers, with the exception of one or two, who escaped in the bush by a miracle, were killed, and Sir Charles M'Carthy himself was wounded, taken prisoner, and then savagely assassinated. One of the few who escaped declares that he saw the Governor's head fixed entire upon a pole, surrounded by the jaw bones of eighty of our officers; it seems, it is a custom with these barbarians thus to mutilate the heads of all their prisoners of rank. Accounts of this dismal event had reached Sierra Leone, where it had caused a very melancholy sensation, the Governor having been universally beloved by all ranks of people. Two of the Council had fallen along with him. Such are the details of this affair, too fully confirmed by the arrival of Captain Laing who brought the dispatches. We observe that some of the private letters from Sierra Leone recommended an European reinforcement of 2000 men to avenge this defeat. Upon this subject, we would merely ask "*cui bono?*" The valour of our troops is too well proved to suffer any stain from an overthrow caused chiefly by want of ammunition, and we have yet to learn what advantage is to be derived from even the success of our colonization in that most destructive climate. Sierra Leone has already been the grave of much valour and some talent. Its political or commercial returns are at best but equivocal. It has been chiefly advocated and patronized by a certain party in this country, whose entire political vision seems jaundiced by negroes and bounded by the slave trade. Even in this measure of philanthropy, and as such we certainly esteem it, we fear the policy of England can only be effectually exerted by erasing from *her own annals* the stigma of giving it continuance or countenance—but the *domestic* atmosphere is as yet too cloudy to en-

able us to see our way clearly enough to undertake a crusade against the world for Fantee emancipation, and for our own parts, we would rather see the whole jaw-extracting Ashantee tribe fat and hearty amongst the sugar canes of Jamaica, than let the head of another Sir Charles M'Carthy ornament the shambles of their sovereign butcher. We would recommend the theorists upon this subject to read the communication made by Mr. Brougham to the House of Commons in our parliamentary abstract, which proves how little even the most civilized of our European allies are disposed to second our philosophic sacrifices.

Every intelligence from Spain confirms the deplorable state to which Royal perfidy and priestly fanaticism have reduced that country. Ferdinand may be said to be kept on his throne, and the two factions from almost devouring each other, by the fear of the French army of occupation. A new treaty has been entered into, by which they are to remain until January 1825, when of course, another can continue them till the following new year's day, and so on, till the new year's days of fraud and treachery shall have been numbered. There was a report of an insurrection against Ferdinand, headed by one of his brothers—it has not been confirmed, and is perhaps premature—we should be curious to hear the grounds upon which one of Ferdinand's brethren would rebel against him it is impossible for any one to sustain his family name better than he does, unless indeed the Portuguese Queen, his sister, may dispute the palm with him; by the bye, she has *bred* uncommonly well—her son, Don Miguel, seems every way worthy of the mother and the uncle—legitimacy never whelped a purer specimen, as our readers will see by the accounts from Portugal. The Spanish amnesty has made its appearance in Madrid: we are glad to observe, that the traitor Abisbal is one of the exceptions—the document would neither have been complete, characteristic, nor consistent, had it not inculpated some friend or follower. We grieve at being obliged to add to the number of Ferdinand's victims the interesting and unfortunate widow of Riego. She died in London within the last month, her gentle spirit having gradually pined itself away ever since the intelligence of her husband's fate had been communicated to her. When she found herself dying, she dictated a testamentary paper, expressing her gratitude to England for the refuge it had afforded to her in her misfortunes, and declaring it to be a sacred duty to the memory of her murdered husband to publish to the world that his private sentiments had ever accorded with the public principles, to the maintenance of which he fell a victim. Having performed this solemn act of virtuous affection—thereby redeeming a brave man's name from the calumnies which crafty despotism would fling on it—she breathed her last in the arms of her sister, who shared her exile and helped to alleviate its sufferings.

Those who under the idea of supporting legitimacy are assiduously employed in giving it its death blow, have again rendered Portugal the scene of discord and commotion. The conspiracy, to which we alluded in our last, between the Queen and Don Miguel, the Infant of Portugal, against the authority of the King, was of so serious a nature that his Majesty was obliged to take refuge on board the Windsor Castle, one of our ships of war which had anchored within cannon shot of the shore. He was accompanied by all the foreign ambassadors, and immediately followed by his unnatural son, who was inveigled thither by a stratagem. The King severely reprimanded and forgave him, after having denounced his conduct in a public proclamation, released the multitude he had presumed to imprison, deprived him of his military command, and finally ordered him out of the kingdom on his travels. Had the king always displayed even any disposition to such firmness, he need not have had so painful an occasion as this for its exercise. From the official papers published by the French and British embassies, it would seem as if Miguel, during his temporary usurpation, for such it really was, had filled the prisons completely, and had actually, amongst others, incarcerated the chaplain to the

French embassy. It was at first supposed that so desperate an attempt would not have been made without the secret countenance of France, but the circumstance to which we have just alluded, together with the prompt determination evinced by the French ambassador, seems to set all suspicion on that subject at rest. Indeed there is no calculating either from analogy or probability upon what such a creature as this Miguel might attempt—never rising to the level of reason himself, he baffles every process of reasoning in others. That he has however a strong party in Lisbon, we fear the fact of his absence being thought neccessary must evince. He arrived at Brest, with his favourite bull-fighter, his pet-dog, and many other royal associates—he made the best of his way to Paris, and was introduced at Court, where, as it appeared, his dog and himself had studied in the same school, and were of course equally intelligible in the French tongue; he was obliged to be invited to dinner on the next Sunday through the medium of an interpreter. As the French Royal Sunday dinner is a public one, the good people of Paris will of course have an opportunity of beholding their august visitor in person—dinner however is a meal at which the Royal Host need not fear a comparison with any one. The King of Portugal having passed his birthday, the 13th of May, on board the Windsor Castle, landed again upon the 15th, and was received, say the papers, with acclamations of joy. He had previously distributed honours to the most distinguished, and evinced, as it is said, his sense of justice still farther by ordering the Queen to a convent. He is undoubtedly placed in a situation which requires a union of great prudence with great firmness, qualities, in which, if he now fails, he may be spared their exercise, at least on a throne, in a much shorter time than he imagines. His Brazilian successor has, it seems, promulgated a constitution which has given much satisfaction to his subjects—he and his Queen have publicly sworn to obey it—it is quite wonderful what a quantity of oaths the Kings and Queens of this august race have taken lately. We question much whether their most inert member would not outnumber far the most active witness for the Suppression of Vice men.

One of those unaccountable political intrigues which have so invariably distinguished the old regime in France, has just been played off in the capital of that country. A party, consisting chiefly of Priests and Ultras, headed by Chateaubriant, the War Minister, has succeeded in throwing out the measure for the reduction of the rentes, proposed by the Minister Villele, in the House of Peers. The King has sided with the defeated party, and thrown Chateaubriant out of the Ministry, an event which has moved exceedingly the Coteries of Paris. The rejection of the measure is popular—though not exactly perhaps with Mr. Rothschild:—as to its consequence, the dismissal of Chateaubriant, it exhibits the rather singular spectacle of a defeated Minister displacing a triumphant one—if indeed any thing can be singular in France. As to Chateaubriant himself, we believe the world cares very little whether he is in or out of office—as no great friends to the Holy Allies we rejoice at it—as great admirers of every thing approaching to a moral retribution, we are not sorry for it—Chateaubriant was alternately the abject idolater of Napoleon, and the still more abject toad-eater to the Bourbons—he has, therefore, in his disgrace, an alternative consolation—if he cannot solace himself in his closet by perusing his rhapsody in behalf of St. Louis, he has only to retire to his chapel and drop his tears into the bottle of holy water which he brought from the river Jordan to baptize the King of Rome.

There are no accounts from South America on which any reliance can be placed. Some say that Canterac, the Spanish Royalist leader in Peru, has, since the rejection of the Constitutional system by Ferdinand, joined Bolivar, and declared for the independence of that country; others, that an action has taken place in which Bolivar was defeated. Neither of these very contradictory reports can be traced to any authentic source, and it is more than probable that they have been both propagated for

stock jobbing purposes. There is intelligence, however, from Mexico, which declares that country to be in a state of such commotion, that, after the old Roman example, a dictator has been appointed. The government there seem to have been apprised of all Iturbide's movements, and to have suppressed his pension on his departure from Italy for England. The province seems to be not only in a discontented but very desperate state, and it is impossible to say what effect the enterprise of that military adventurer may produce—every thing, of course, depends upon his continued favouritism with the army, upon whose support, it is said, he chiefly calculates; a support, we lament to say, rarely given to the friend of liberty.

We have nothing to add, favourable or otherwise, on the state of Greece. The United States have remitted 6600*l.* to the Greek Government, being the amount of the subscriptions received in that country, and 2000*l.* more has been collected in our settlements in India.

Our number for this month will, in all probability, conclude the labours of parliament for the present very uninteresting session; in our next, we shall give the speech at its prorogation, which will be delivered too late to enable us to include it according to our accustomed arrangements. We continue, of course, our summary, which we have laboured to render as complete as possible, consistent with the brevity requisite in a publication of this nature. The House of Commons was occupied for two nights in a somewhat tedious debate upon the case of Mr. Smith, the Demerara Missionary, who was tried by a court martial in that colony, on the charge of having contributed to the revolt of the negroes, was condemned to death, recommended to mercy, pardoned in consequence, but died of illness in prison, previous to th communication to him of the extension of the Royal mercy. A great many petitions had been presented to the House from different parts of the country, praying for an inquiry into this case, and the present debate was commenced by Mr. Brougham, by a motion for that purpose. We can merely give the motion, which certainly went to affix a lasting stigma on the members of the Court, had it been acquiesced in; as to the debate itself, it would more than occupy our entire number. Mr. Brougham moved "that an humble address be presented to his Majesty, setting forth that the House, having taken into their most serious consideration the proceedings which had taken place on the trial of Mr. John Smith, at Demerara, contemplated with the most serious alarm the violation of law and justice which had then been committed; and they did earnestly pray that his Majesty would be most graciously pleased to give orders for such an impartial and humane administration of the law in that colony, as would secure the rights not only of the negroes but of the planters themselves." This motion was negatived by a majority of 46. The numbers being on a division—for it 147—against it 193.—We cannot omit recording upon this subject what may be only *a bit of scandal* respecting the honourable House: our readers may observe that the debate was adjourned; upon the second night, however, the members are said to have almost all rushed suddenly out to *see a balloon* which was ascending in their neighbourhood, in consequence of which the great legislative assembly being diminished below 40 members, the order became a dropped order, and the balloon itself had dropped an entire week before the debate could be resumed! This little incident, if true, may furnish Mr. Canning with a new argument against any innovation on the perfection of such an assembly.

An ineffectual motion was made by Mr. Hume for the better regulation of the naval service, a duty which the present system of that service rendered imperative, and which the leisure of the present moment rendered now particularly expedient. The principal objection raised by the honourable member, was to the impressment of our seamen, a practice which made our sea service one of general terror and abhorrence. The necessity which was urged in its extenuation did not, in fact, exist; men were found in abundance for the army, but for the other service so invincible a repug-

nance arose, that many even mutilated themselves to avoid it; and yet the navy enjoyed many advantages not participated by the merchant service. In the American navy there was no impressment, neither was there such long intervals as existed in the British, between the earning and the receipt of wages. Another objection was the length of service. He himself had seen seamen, who, after many years' absence from their country, were returning to enjoy their hard earnings, torn away by a man-of-war's boat before they could reach the shore, and, without a moment's rest, obliged to commence a new service which was to end perhaps only with their lives. Another evil arose from the mode of punishment; the practice of inflicting punishment at the discretion of courts martial was a bad one, but it was still worse to punish at the discretion or whim of officers, without any court martial whatsoever. The employment of so many young captains, and the unequal distribution of prize money, were evils also calling for correction. The honourable member said that he had a plan of his own to propose in lieu of the present system, but thinking it better to refer the subject to a committee, he should conclude by moving "That this House being well aware of the difficulty of manning the navy in time of war, and of the evils of forcibly impressing men for that purpose; and, considering that a time of profound peace will best admit of the fullest and fairest examination of that most important subject, will, early in the next session of parliament, take that subject into their most serious consideration, with a view to the adoption of such regulations as may prevent those evils in future, consistently with the efficiency of the navy, and the best interests of the country." This motion was opposed by Sir George Cockburn, and several naval officers. It was, they contended, impossible to do away with the practice of impressment, without maintaining in time of peace as well as war a sufficient number of seamen to man both our navy and our merchant ships. With respect to what had been said of corporal punishment, it was well known that the very lowest and vilest of criminals were often sent on board ship, and it was absolutely necessary to invest their commander with those prompt and summary powers, the exercise of which could alone strike terror into such minds as theirs. The British seamen were, at present, well disposed and contented, a spirit which grew out of the liberality of parliament, in granting to them the "long service pensions." In a few years there was every reason to expect that the crime of desertion would be more scarce in the British naval service than in any other. Mr. Hume's motion was finally negatived by a majority of 108 to 38.

On the 11th of June, as Mr. Brougham was proceeding through the lobby of the House of Commons into the house, he was assaulted by a gentleman of the name of Gourlay, for whom some years ago he had presented a petition. Mr. Gourlay accused the honourable member of having "betrayed him," and had, as Mr. Brougham declared, "a great wildness in his countenance." The Speaker notified the fact to the house as a breach of privilege, and Mr. Gourlay was detained by the Serjeant at Arms. Several members declared their doubts as to the unfortunate gentleman's sanity, and his case was referred to two eminent physicians, who gave it as their opinion that he was affected by a temporary alienation of mind. He accordingly remains still in confinement. Mr. Gourlay is very indignant at the mental imputation, and has published certainly a very sane letter, declaring it unfounded. Our readers may, perhaps, recognise in this gentleman the name of the person who recently, by a protracted and rather stormy litigation with the Duke of Somerset, attracted so much public attention.

A petition was presented by Mr. Hume to the House, from a person of the name of Carlisle, who was convicted of publishing a blasphemous libel, and sentenced to fine and imprisonment. It appeared that the term of his imprisonment had for some time expired, but he was still detained on the non-payment of the fine. Considering himself therefore as a Crown debtor, he had forwarded the present petition. On the part of the Crown, it was denied that he was its debtor, and Mr. Peel de-

clared that he was obliged to order even a more strict confinement, in consequence of this man's asserting that, conceiving his further imprisonment illegal, he considered himself quite justified in putting every one to death who was hereafter accessory to it. As to the fine, it was quite necessary that those who were sentenced to such punishment, should remain for some time in confinement, or fines never would be paid; but non-payment of a fine never led to perpetual imprisonment. The petition was ordered to lie upon the table.

Mr. Lambton, in moving that a petition from Mr. Buckingham should be brought up, went at considerable length into the case of that gentleman. Mr. Buckingham, it appears, had been connected with the press in India, and in the year 1808 established a paper called the Calcutta Journal, which brought him in a profit of 8000*l.* per annum; the independent spirit of the paper gave offence to the government, the consequence of which was the prosecution and acquittal of Mr. Buckingham; he was soon after, however, banished from India by Mr. Adam, who succeeded Lord Hastings *pro tempore*, as was also his successor Mr. Arnot, and the paper itself was subsequently suppressed. The immediate cause of the removal of Mr. Buckingham was alleged to be his having rather freely commented on the appointment of a Doctor Brice, who was at the head of the Presbyterian Church in India, to supply the government offices with stationery—this appointment was afterwards cancelled by the Court of Directors, and censured by the Presbytery of Scotland as degrading to their body, and yet Mr. Buckingham was banished for having merely disapproved of it! The conduct of the Indian government was vindicated by the President of the Board of Control, on the ground that Mr. Buckingham had already commenced proceedings against Mr. Adam in a Court of Law, and that therefore the House should not interpose. The petitioner had been warned no less than five times not to continue the course he had commenced, on pain of the withdrawal of his licence; these admonitions, however, he had chosen to disregard, and Mr. Adam, in concurrence with the whole council, adopted the step for which, if wrong, he was legally responsible. As to the alleged tyranny of Lord Amherst, Mr. Canning declared that he would just as soon believe that he had become a tyger as a tyrant on arriving in India. Mr. Lambton, in reply, declared that Mr. Buckingham had publicly abandoned all legal proceedings; but that having done his duty in giving publicity to this case of oppression, he must add that he had never expected any redress from the House of Commons. The petition was ordered to lie upon the table, and to be printed.

Mr. Hume, after some very severe, but, as it appears to us, very just remarks as to the present practice of committees upon private bills, moved that all members interested in any private bill should be excluded from voting upon such bill in the committees held above stairs. In the course of the discussion, the way in which those committees were got up, and in which "wandering members" were brought in to vote, in utter ignorance of all anterior proceedings, was particularly commented on. Mr. Grenfell pointedly declared, that the mode of proceeding amounted not only to a perversion but to a denial of justice. Mr. Hume's motion was in some degree modified, and a select committee was appointed, with an injunction to report their minutes of proceedings, and also their opinions to the house.

On some papers connected with the slave trade being laid upon the table by Mr. Canning, Mr. Brougham declared that he had authentic intelligence that this traffic was carried on now with as much vigour in the ports of France, as before its pretended abolition by that government!

Sir James Mackintosh in presenting a petition from a body of London merchants praying for the recognition of the independence of such South American States as had achieved their freedom, entered at large into that interesting subject. Sir James said, the recognition which he meant was merely a practical measure, by which we should treat those states as independent, and establish with them the same relations and interests that we had been accustomed to maintain with ancient

governments. Such a recognition implied no alliance, no guarantee, no assistance, no approbation — with these things we had nothing to do—we had merely to maintain our own rights and security. Mr. Canning declared that this country had only thought it fair to Spain to give it the opportunity of a precedency on this subject, hoping she would avail herself of it; that hope was now at an end, and therefore we must act as we thought most expedient. At the same time, to continue the present discussion, might rather retard than precipitate the object in view. Government had taken means to arrive at that information by which alone it could be led to a decision.

Mr. Canning, adverting to a late treaty entered into between this country and the Netherlands, with respect to our East India possessions, stated, that we had acquired Sincapore, got rid of the Dutch possessions which were a source of irritation to us on the Continent of India, and obtained a recognition of the principle of a free trade—as an equivalent for these advantages, we had only ceded Bencoolen, which cost us 87,000*l.* a-year, and agreed to a line of demarcation between the Dutch and British settlements in India. It was intended to place the new possessions under the administration of the East India Company.

Sir James Mackintosh gave notice of two motions for next session; one to amend the law of Copyright—the other to repeal the act of Geo. II., giving to the Lord Chamberlain, or his deputy, the right of licensing plays.

The proceedings in the House of Lords have been almost entirely destitute of interest during the last month. The County Courts Bill and the Cruelty to Animals Bill, which had both passed the Commons, were rejected by their Lordships. Earl Grey presented the Catholic Petition to which we adverted in our last, and declared, as did Mr. Brougham in the House of Commons, his dissent from certain parts of it. To what a wretched condition have these men reduced themselves, when even their own advocates are compelled thus to protect themselves from a participation in their absurdities. That Parliament are not inclined to go at least to the extreme of illiberality, is evident from the fact of their unanimously passing a bill to enable the Duke of Norfolk to hold the now vacant office of Deputy Earl Marshal of England without taking those oaths by which Catholics have been hitherto excluded. Bills have also passed, restoring, through the Royal Grace, several attainted Scotch Peerages, amongst which is the Earldom of Mar.

Our domestic intelligence is almost confined to the parliamentary abstract.

There have been several balloon ascents lately, one of which, we lament to say, has terminated in the death of Mr. Harris the aeronaut. The unfortunate gentleman was accompanied by a female of the name of Stocks, and after a fine ascent unhappily let too much gas escape on his return, by which means the machine rapidly descended, and was found on the ground completely collapsed, with Mr. Harris in the car quite dead, and the female in a state of stupor; she has, however, since recovered. Mr. Graham made a successful ascent on the very day of Mr. Harris's funeral. The unfortunate deceased has left a widow and child. His father deposed upon the inquest, that he had often told him during the progress of the balloon that "he was building a machine which would be the death of him." A sad omen, and sadly verified.

Several occurrences have taken place in our Courts of Law within the last month not altogether unworthy of notice. No less than eight indictments have been tried during the last Old Bailey sessions, against poor illiterate wretches charged with selling the Age of Reason. These men, or rather boys, seemed to consider themselves quite as martyrs, and were sentenced to six months, two years, and three years' imprisonment for *the same offence*. The Recorder alleged the difference of the defences as the reason for the difference of punishment!

At the Surrey Sessions where *Lord Eastnor* presided, a gentleman of the name of O'Callaghan was found guilty of an assault upon a clergyman of the name of Saurin. Mr. O'Callaghan conceived that Mr. Saurin had insulted some ladies under

his protection, and the jury, after hearing the evidence, recommended the defendant to mercy on the ground that he had received *"the strongest provocation."* The assault consisted in one blow struck with a switch which the defendant wrested out of Mr. Saurin's hand, and the Rev. Gentleman declared that he would have "MLT" the defendant had his friends permitted! The Court sentenced the defendant to a month's imprisonment in the House of Correction, and to pay a fine of 20*l*.!! Mr. O'Callaghan has been kept on bread and water—refused permission to purchase his own food, and not even allowed to see his friends except through an iron grating, where they are exposed to the severest inclemency of the weather. This treatment has excited a powerful sensation throughout the metropolis, and will, we hope, however grievous towards the individual, produce some benefit to the public. We believe the case from beginning to the end to be unparalleled in the annals of this country.

Mr. John Hunt has been at last sentenced for the publication of the Vision of Judgment, a libel on the late King. He was fined 100*l*. The King's Bench have done themselves infinite credit by such a sentence. Justice adds much to its dignity, and loses nothing of its force by being tempered with mercy.

AGRICULTURE.

The variations in the weather have been as great during the latter part of May, and the whole of June, as at any other period of the present year. The temperature of the air has been continually changeable—the middle of the day warm, and the morning and evening cold, with the wind generally north or north-east, bringing with it some very severe frosts. The late rains have, however, much altered the general appearance of the crops upon the light warm soils for the better, while those upon the wet cold lands are not at all improved. The wheats are upon the whole, however, looking well; but it is still doubtful whether the crop will be very productive. The barleys have not entirely recovered from the severe check they received; upon the high heath lands they are almost perished, notwithstanding the late rains. The grasses were expected to have been very heavy, owing to the excellent appearance of the layers in the winter; if the length be not great, the bottom is generally excellent. In some parts the hay harvest has begun with good promise. For the ensuing turnip crop the farmers are in active preparation. Swedes are already sown in many places, and are got in well. The markets have been very dull during the last month, notwithstanding the small arrivals, and the prices have consequently fallen most particularly for inferior samples of wheat.

The average arrivals during the month have been of—wheat 6090 quarters; barley 1576 quarters; oats 16,662 quarters; English flour 5560 sacks; foreign flour 716 bolls; and the average prices for the week ending June 5th, for wheat 63*s*. 8*d*.; barley 32*s*. 2*d*.; and oats 26*s*. 4*d*. Flour continues exceedingly dull, and fetches from 55*s*. to 60*s*. per sack.

The reports respecting the hop plantations are various. Those from Maidstone represent the vines as having made but small progress of late in consequence of the cold, while the Worcester statements give a favourable account; the vines are said to be growing rapidly, and gaining so much strength, that at least half a crop is expected. The duty is laid at 130,000*l*

Oak bark fetches from 8*l*. to 10*l*. a ton; and the wool trade is brisk, but the prices are nominal.

In Smithfield the market for beef and lamb is higher, but the mutton trade is dull.

Mr. Sutton's Pamphlet containing the recipe for the destruction of the turnip fly is published. The opinions of agriculturists concerning its efficacy are very conflicting, some representing it as a "mere catch," while others speak of it in high terms. His method, as it will be seen, certainly goes completely contrary to the established opinion, that the seed should be sown immediately after the ploughing. The plan which Mr. Sutton offers to the public is very simple, and, what is also a most important consideration, may be tried at an extremely small expense. Whether it will be found to answer upon a large scale is yet to be determined, the experiments having been limited in their extent. The attention of Mr. Sutton was particularly directed to this subject by the following circumstance. He says, "Early in the summer of the year 1822, when the weather was extremely hot, and the ground quite parched, I had a piece of land of about twenty perches, which was dug up and prepared for a crop of turnips—but on account of the dry weather that prevailed, I did not sow it till eight or ten days after, when a little rain fell. I immediately, for the same purpose, prepared several other plats of ground in the same garden, the whole of which I sowed with turnip seed at the same time. All the plants came up well; but in the course of a few days, all

that had been sown on the last prepared land were completely destroyed by the fly; while, to my great astonishment, those that had been sown on the twenty perches of stale fallow remained untouched, and in a prosperous state. Nor were there any traces of the insect to be discovered on the latter ground, except on its edges, which lay contiguous to the pieces which had been destroyed, and where the fly remained in such large numbers, that when I examined some cabbage leaves which I had thrown on that part of the ground, they were literally black with the insects which in the extremity of hunger had collected upon them."

To ascertain the cause of this partial attack, Mr. Sutton made several experiments, of which this is one:

"I took a quantity of fresh earth and put it into a hot oven, till it was thoroughly baked; I then took a similar quantity of fresh earth from the same place; I put both quantities into large pots, and when duly moistened I sowed turnip seed in each, placed them in a good sunny situation, and carefully covered them with glass lights. In a few days the plants made their appearance, and the following important result was the consequence:—the plants which were contained in the pot of baked earth had not a single fly upon them, while those in the other pot were soon destroyed by the insect."

From this and other experiments Mr. Sutton was led to suppose that by allowing the ground to continue exposed eight or ten days to the action of the sun the flies would totally disappear, and then the seed might be sown in safety. The following is the substance of his directions for the preparation of the land.

The soil must undergo the usual ploughing and cleaning about a fortnight previous to sowing. Five or six days afterwards the flies will rise, and if the soil be well cleaned they will soon perish. The more the land is ploughed and moved, the more effectually will the fly be destroyed. After the land has lain three or four days, care must be taken to cut up all the weeds that may have grown; for no food must be left for the flies. In order to ascertain if the fly be destroyed, cabbage leaves must be thrown here and there on the land; and if there be any flies, the leaves will soon be covered; if no flies should appear, the seed may then be sown, but without turning up the land again, as that would bring more eggs to the surface. If the weather should be cloudy or wet, a longer period must be allowed for the destruction of the fly; for it has been ascertained that these insects are able to remain much longer without food in cloudy or wet than in warm dry weather.

Such is the substance of the plan; its efficacy will now shortly be proved. If it is successful, it will render a hitherto precarious but very important crop in a comparative degree perfectly secure.

COMMERCE.

June 22, 1824.

Nothing worthy of particular attention has occurred since our last report, except that some uneasiness has been excited by the passing of a new tariff by the Senate at Washington, which, if carried into effect, will prove greatly detrimental to the British merchants; but the Senate having made several amendments, which were transmitted to the Representatives, it was thought probable that the bill would be ultimately lost.

Cotton.—The market has, on the whole, been rather dull for the last month; the first week in June was the most favourable, when about 2000 bags were sold. The fluctuations both here and at Liverpool have been insignificant. The sales at Liverpool, in four weeks, ending 19th of June, were 43,040 bags; the arrivals 39,270 bags.

Sugar.—The demand has, on the whole, been good and steady, especially for the good qualities of Muscovades; last week the market was dull, but without a reduction of the prices. Numerous arrivals being looked for the buyers hold back, expecting a better show, and lower prices.

In the refined market there was a considerable improvement last week; about 1000 casks crushed were purchased, a great proportion for the Mediterranean; there were also parcels of lumps taken for Hambro, and as there was still a scarcity of goods the prices advanced 1*s.* to 2*s.*; the improvement was chiefly in the low and middling descriptions; the fine was little varied.—Molasses were 25*s.* 6*d.* to 26*s.* the former the nearest quotation.

In the refined market this forenoon the purchases of crushed from 33*s.* to 35*s.* are very considerable; there were also many inquiries for lumps; none offer under 76*s.*, and so very few are to be purchased even at that rate, that several parcels are reported to be under contract for forward delivery.—Molasses remain at last week's prices, buyers at 25*s.* 6*d.*

No purchases of foreign sugars by private contract are reported.

Coffee.—The market has been on the whole steady.

The public sales last week were considerable, the Jamaica, Demerara, and Berbice, went off steadily at the previous prices: the Dominica sold at an advance of 2*s.* to 3*s.* per cwt.; St. Domingo declined 1*s.* per cwt. very good quality being sold at 60*s.* to 61*s.* 6*d.*

There were three public sales this forenoon; 335 bags St. Domingo sold at previous prices, good ordinary colouy 61*s.* to

61s. 6d. fine ordinary 62s. 6d.; 262 bags from Laguira, fine ordinary 63s.; all the finer descriptions of coffee sold again at a further advance of 2s. to 3s. per cwt.; fine ordinary Dominica 72s. to 73s. 6d.; good middling Jamaica 96s. to 97s. — Generally the coffee market is firm, with every prospect of a further improvement.

Rum, Brandy, and Hollands.—The market remains in a languid and depressed state; the purchases by private contract are quite inconsiderable. By public sale last week, 80 puncheons fine Jamaica rum, landed in 1823, sold, 36 to 40 O. P. at 2s. 2d. to 2s. 3d. average 40 at 2s. 4d.—Brandy continues very dull; free on board to arrive 2s. 6d. housed 2s. 7d.—In Geneva there is no alteration to notice.

Hemp, Flax, and Tallow.—The tallow market continues in a very depressed state; the new yellow candle tallow may be quoted 34s. to 34s. 3d.; old 33s.—For July and August shipments 35s. 3d. to 35s. 6d.; free on board 29s.—Hemp 35l. 5s. to 35l. 10s.; and for July and August shipments 35l. 12s. 6d.—In flax there is little alteration to notice; St. Petersburgh 12-head 43l. to 44l.—In the Exchange there is no alteration, nine 7-16ths.

Oils.—Little is doing in fish oils; the first intelligence respecting the result of the fishery is anxiously expected.

Tea having declined considerably, great interest was felt in the India House sale, which began on the first of this month. The Bohea and Congou sold rather lower than at the preceding sale; no alteration has since taken place, except that low Hyson Skins bear a premium of 1½d. per lb.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The following works are in the press:—

Dr. Forbes, of Chichester, will shortly publish a Translation of Avenbrugger, and a Series of Original Cases and Dissections, illustrating the utility of the Stethoscope and Percussion.

An Enquiry into the Duties and Perplexities of Medical Men as Witnesses in Courts of Justice: with Cautions, and Directions for their Guidance, by J. G. Smith, MD.

A Diagram, Illustrative of the Formation of the Human Character, suggested by Mr. Owen's Developement of a New View of Society.

Memoirs of the Rose, Comprising Botanical, Poetical, and Miscellaneous Recollections of that celebrated Flower, in a Series of Letters to a Lady, 1 vol royal 18mo.

Patmos and other Poems, by James Edmeston, Author of Sacred Lyrics, in One Volume. Published for the Benefit of Benevolent Institutions connected with the Churches and Congregations of the Rev. H. F. Burder, and of the Rev. F. A. Cox, of Hackney.

The Rev. T. Arnold, MA. late Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford, has been for many years employed in writing a History of Rome from the earliest Times to the Death of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius. The First Volume, from the Rise of the Roman State to the Formation of the Second Triumvirate, A. U. C. 710; B. C. 44. will soon be published.

Five Years' Residence in the Canadas, including a Tour through the United States of America in 1823, by E. A. Talbot, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo.

A Voyage to Cochin China. By Lieut. White, of the United States Navy.

A Chronological History of the West Indies. By Capt. Thomas Southey. In 3 vols 8vo.

Tales of a Traveller. By the Author of the Sketch Book.

The Human Heart. 1 vol. post 8vo.

Sylvan Sketches, by the Author of Flora Domestica. One vol. 8vo.

The Remains of Robert Bloomfield, consisting of Unpublished Pieces in Prose and Poetry, will be published in a few days, for the exclusive benefit of his widow.

WORKS LATELY PUBLISHED.

Fine Arts.

Physiognomical Portraits. One Hundred distinguished Characters, from undoubted Originals, engraved by the most eminent British Artists. 2 Vols. Imperial 8vo. 10l 10s.; India Proofs 4to 21l.

Illustrations of the Historical Romances, in Six Plates. 12mo. 6s.—8vo. 9s. Proofs 13s.

History and Biography.

Life and Remains of the Rev. Edward Daniel Clarke, LLD. Professor of Mine-

ralogy in the University of Cambridge. By the Rev. William Otter. 4to. 3l. 3s.

History of Mexico, from the Spanish Conquest to the present Æra. By Nicholas Mill, Esq 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Memoirs of Henry the Great, and of the Court of France during his Reign. 2 Vols. 8vo. 24s.

Biography of Celebrated Roman Characters, with Anecdotes of their Lives and Actions. By the Rev. W. Bingley, MA. 12mo. 7s.

Natural History of Quadrupeds for Children, with Plates. 12mo. 4s.

Grecian Stories, by Maria Hack. 18mo. 3s. 6d.

Memoirs of the Lives and Characters of the Right Hon. George Baillie, of Jerviswood, and of Lady Griselda Baillie. By their Daughter, Lady Murray, of Stanhope. 7s. 6d.

History of Suli and Parga, containing their Chronology and their Wars, particularly those with Ali Pacha, Prince of Greece. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Medicine and Surgery.

Harrison on the Arteries. Vol. I. 5s.

Miscellaneous.

The Etymologic Interpreter, or Explanatory and Pronouncing Dictionary of the English Language. Part I. by James Gilchrist. 8vo. 8s.

Notes of the War in Spain. By Thos. Steel, Esq. MA. 8vo. 9s.

Boxiana, Vol. IV. 8vo. 18s.

Views of Calcutta and its Environs, from Drawings executed by James B. Fraser, Esq. Part I. 2l. 2s.

The Butterfly Collector's Vade Mecum, or a Synoptical Table of English Butterflies. 12mo. 5s.

Account of the Bell Rock Light House. By Robert Stevenson, Civil Engineer. Royal 4to. with Engravings, 5l. 5s.

An Inquiry into the Principles of the Distribution of Wealth most conducive to Human Happiness. By William Thompson. 8vo. 14s.

Noontide Leisure, or Sketches in Summer. By Nathan Drake, MD. 2 Vols. 18s.

The Sweepings of my Study, 7s. 6d.

A Key, or Familiar Introduction to the Science of Botany, 5s.

Edinburgh Annual Register for 1823. 8vo. 1l. 1s.

Narration of the Conversion and Death of Count Struensee. With Notes. By the Rev. Thomas Rennell, BD. 8vo. 8s.

Gesta Romanorum, or entertaining Moral Stories invented by the Monks. Translated by the Rev. Charles Swan. 2 Vols. 12mo. 18s.

Novels and Tales.

Redgauntlet: a Tale of the 18th Century. By the Author of Waverley. 3 Vols. 1l. 11s. 6d.

Tales from afar. By a Clergyman lately resident abroad, Author of an Alpine Tale; Tales from Switzerland, &c. &c.

The Inheritance. By the Author of Marriage. 3 Vols. crown 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.

The Two Rectors. 12mo. 10s. 6d.

The Witch Finder: a Romance. By the Author of the Lollards, &c. 3 Vols. 1l. 1s.

Historical Romances of the Author of Waverley. Miniature Edit. 6 Vols. 18mo. 2l. 2s.

Poetry and the Drama.

Poems from the Portuguese of Louis De Camoens, with Remarks on his Life and Writings, Notes, &c. &c. By Lord Viscount Strangford, a new Edition, 7s.

Posthumous Poems, of Percy Bysshe Shelley. 8vo. 15s.

Letters in Rhyme from a Mother at Home to her Children at School. 18mo. Price 2s. extra boards.

Conrad, and other Poems. By T. A. Templeman, LLB. foolscap. 5s.

Abdallah: an Oriental Poem in 3 cantos. By Horace Gwynne 1 vol. 8vo. 8s. 6d.

The Widow of the City of Nain; and the Outlaw of Taurus. By the Rev. Thos. Dale. New Editions, 5s. 6d. each, sewed.

The Tragedies of Sophocles. Translated by the Rev. Thos. Dale. 2 Vols. 8vo. 25s.

The Silent River, and Faithful and Forsaken. Dramatic Poems. By Robert Sulivan. Foolscap 8vo. 5s. boards.

Theology.

Sunday Enjoyments; or Religion made Pleasant to Children. 18mo. 2s. 6d.

The Relapse; or True and False Morality. Foolscap, 5s.

Love to God. By the Rev. Jas. Joyce, AM. Second Edition, 8vo. 9s.

Voyages and Travels.

Narrative of an Excursion to the Mountains of Piedmont, and Researches among the Vaudois, or Waldenses, Protestant Inhabitants of the Cottian Alps. By the Rev. William Stephen Gilly, MA. 4to. 2l. 2s.

Tour in Germany, and some of the Southern Provinces of the Austrian Empire. 1820—1822. 2 Vols. 12mo. 16s.

Letters from North America, Written during a Tour in the United States and Canada. By Adam Hodgson. 2 Vols. 8vo. 1l. 4s.

Six Months' Residence and Travels in Mexico. By W. Bullock, FLS. 8vo. 13s

A Tour on the Continent through Part of France, Switzerland, and Italy, in the Years 1817 and 1818. By Roger Hog, Esq. Author of Adelaide de Grammont and Poems. 8s.

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

The Rev. J. R. Buckland, BD. Fellow of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, elected head master of Uppingham School, Rutland, on the resignation of Rev. T. Roberts, MA.—Rev. W. S. Gilly, MA. Rector of North Fambridge, Essex, elected Preacher to the Philanthropic Society, in the room of the Rev. Dr. Yates, resigned.—Rev. J. Goodenough, BCL. of Baliol College, Oxford, presented to the Rectory of Godmanstone, and the Perpetual Curacy of Nether Cerne, in the county of Dorset.—The Rev. James Donne, jun. MA. of St. John's College, Cambridge, instituted to the Vicarage of St. Paul's, Bedford, on the presentation of Lord Viscount Carteret.—The Lord Chancellor has presented the following Gentlemen to the undermentioned Livings:—The Rev. Thomas S. Gosset, MA. to the Vicarage of Old Windsor; the Rev. Dr. French, Master of Jesus College, Cambridge, to the Vicarage of Cretingham, in the county of Suffolk; the Rev. Solomon Piggott, to the Rectory of Dunstable, in Bedfordshire; the Rev. James Millner, to the Vicarage of Cudham, in the county of Kent.—Rev. Henry Michael Wagner, MA. late Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, presented to the Vicarage of Brighton, vacated by the promotion of Dr. Carr to the Bishopric of Chichester.—Rev. Henry George Liddell, MA. instituted by the Bishop of Chester, to the Rectory of Kenaldkirk, Yorkshire, on the presentation of the trustees of the late Earl of Strathmore.—Rev. John Thomas Grant, to the Rectory of Butlerlagh, in the county of Devon.—Rev. Rob. Tredcroft, to the Rectory of West Itchnor, in the county of Sussex.—Rev. Cornelius Pitt, to the Rectory of Hasleton, with Eaworth Chapel, in the county of Gloucester.—The Rev. James Knight, AM. of Halifax, appointed Perpetual Curate of St. Paul's, Sheffield, vice the late Rev. Thomas Cotterill.—The Rev. Charles Heathcote, MA. of Trinity College, Cambridge, elected a Chaplain of that Society, vice the Rev. W. Hildyard, MA.—A dispensation has passed the Great Seal to enable the Rev. J. S. Hewett, DD. Chaplain of Downing College, and late Fellow of Clare Hall, Cambridge, to hold the Rectory of Ewhurst, with the Rectory of Rotherhithe, Surrey.—The Rev W. Kaye Hett, BA. has been appointed Master of Heighington School, near Lincoln.

OXFORD, June 5.—The Chancellor's Prizes for this year have been adjudged as follows:

Latin Essay.—"Coloniarum apud Græcos et Romanos inter se Comparatio." Edward Bouverie Pusey, BA. of Christ Church, now Fellow of Oriel College.

English Essay.—"Athens in the time of Pericles, and Rome in the time of Augustus." William Ralph Churton, BA. of Queen's College, now Fellow of Oriel College.

Latin Verses.—"Babylon." Robert William Mackay, Commoner of Brasenose College.

Sir Roger Newdigate's Prize.—English Verse.—"The Arch of Titus." John Thomas Hope, Commoner of Christ Church.

The whole Number of Degrees in Easter Term was DD. four; DCL. one; BD. seven; BCL. one; MA. forty-one; BA. sixty-two; Matriculations, eighty-nine.

CAMBRIDGE, June 11.—The Chancellor's Gold Medal for the best English Poem by a resident undergraduate, is adjudged to Winthrop Mackworth Praed, Scholar of Trinity College. Subject, Athens.

BIRTHS.

May 24, 1824.—At Prador, the Hon. Mrs. Kenyon, a son.

31. In Upper Harley-street, the lady of Chas. Montague Williams, Esq. a daughter.

June 3.—The lady of Captain Franklin, RN. a daughter.

3. The lady of Thos. Beckwith, Esq of Bedford-place, a daughter.

10. At Balham Hill, Surrey, Mrs. Henry Harford, a son and heir.

— At Holbrook Hall, Suffolk, the lady of Captain Job Hanmer, RN. a son.

11. In Old Broad-street, the lady of Dr. Birkbeck, a son.

— In Tavistock-place, the lady of F. W. Sumner, Esq. a son.

13 At Park-house, Maidstone, the lady of Sir H. R. Calder, Bart., a son.

14. The lady of Jas. Heygate, Jun. Esq. a daughter.

15. The lady of Dr. Seymour, of George-street, Hanover Square, a son.

MARRIAGES.

May 26.—At Lewisham, by the Hon. and Right Rev. the Bishop of Oxford, James Steward, Esq. to Eliza, eldest daughter of the Rev Dr. Waite, of Lewisham Hill.

27. At Lowestoft, John Barnard Turner, Esq. Grandson of the late Sir Barnard Turner, Knt. to Charlotte Louisa, third daughter of the late Col. Belford, formerly of the Blues

29. At St. Pancras, Thos. Pilkington, Esq. of Habberley, to Harriet Alice, widow of Major Watkins, of the 66th Regiment.

June 1.—At Berry Pomeroy, Totness, Devonshire, Henry Richard Roe, Esq. of Knaton House, to Anne Maria, eldest daughter of Christopher Farwell, Esq. of Totness.

— Sir Daniel Williams, of Whitehall, Glamorganshire, to Ann, second daughter of the late Henry Jones, Esq. of Maesychochan House, Monmouthshire.

— At St. Luke's, Chelsea, Dr. Veitch, to Mary, widow of the late Capt. Jermyn, RN.

— At Sunbury, David Ricardo, Esq. of Gatcomb Park, Gloucestershire, to Catherine, youngest daughter of the late Thos. William St. Quintin, Esq. of Scampston, Yorkshire.

1. At Great Houghton, Northamptonshire, Capt. Croxton, of the Bengal Artillery, to Charlotte, second daughter of the Rev. Richard Williams, Rector of that place, and Prebendary of Lincoln.

2. Sir David Jones, of Penguin Hall, Glamorganshire, to Mary, eldest daughter of the Rev. Rees Edwards, of Neath.

3. At Islington, Robt. Bell, Esq. Barrister-at-law, to Margaret, second daughter of the late Capt. Peter Gordon, of the Wellesley East Indiaman.

7. Falconer Atlee, Esq. of West-hill House, Surrey, to Emma, daughter of the late Daniel Hardingham Wilson, Esq. and Grand-daughter of John Foote, Esq. of Charlton Place, Kent.

— At St. George's, Hanover Square, the Hon. Captain W. L. Fitzgerald De Roos, of the First Regiment of Life Guards, to Lady Georgiana Lenox, daughter of the Duke of Richmond. After partaking of a grand dinner at Earl Bathurst's, the new-married couple set off for his Lordship's seat at Cirencester to spend the honey-moon.

— At Tunbridge Wells, Wm. Thomas Thornton, Esq. second son of the late Edmund Thornton, Esq. of Whittington Hall, Lancashire, to Cornelia Harriet Isabella, eldest daughter of the late Col. Halkett, of Craigie Hall, in the county of Fife, NB.

10. At Milford, Hants, John Kingsmill, Esq. of Cavendish-square, to Eliza Katherine, only surviving daughter of the late Sir Robt. Kingsmill, Bart. of Sidmouth House in that county

— At St. Pancras, Charles Gonne, Esq. of York-place, Portman Square, to Susanna, second daughter of Daniel Beale, Esq. of Fitzroy Square.

Lately at Newbury, the Rev. F. Milman, Rector of St. Mary's, Reading, and Author of the "Fall of Jerusalem," &c. to Arabella, youngest daughter of Gen. Cockell.

12. At Newcastle, Thos. P. Lang, Esq. of the 13th Light Dragoons, to Ann Mary, second daughter of the late Job Bulman, Esq. of Cox Lodge, Northumberland.

15. At Chesham, Captain E. J. Samuel, of the Madras Cavalry, to Ann, eldest daughter of the late J. Field, Esq. of Chesham Hall, Bucks.
— At St. Ann's, Limehouse, Joseph Hunter, Esq. of Whitby, Yorkshire, to Mary Anne, youngest daughter of the late Luke Lyons, Esq. of Shadwell.
16. The Rev. John Hewlett, BA. of Peppard, near Henley on Thames, and of Worcester College, Oxford, to Charlotte Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Mr. Hewlett, of Oxford.
— At Clifton, Thomas Baillie, Esq. of Hanwell Park, Middlesex, to Elizabeth, second daughter of T. M. Hall, Esq. of Erina, county of Clare.
— By the very Rev. the Dean of Carlisle, Cramer Roberts, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-law, to Mary, youngest daughter of the late C. Gowen, Esq.
19. At St. George's, Hanover-square, Captain Fox, son of Lord Holland, to Miss Mary Fitz Clarence. The Duke of York gave away the bride; and the Duke and Duchess of Clarence, and Lord and Lady Holland were present at the ceremony.

ABROAD.

At Paris, Geo. Mundy, Esq. only son of the late Admiral Sir G. Mundy, KCB, to Alicia, eldest daughter of Thomas Strickland, Esq. of La Sagerie, near Tours, and formerly of Elm Grove near Liverpool.
At Hamburgh, Chas. D. Tolme, Esq. of that City, to Eliza, widow of the late Advocate Jacobsen, of Altona.

DEATHS.

May 13.—At Bridgenorth, Shropshire, in his 85th year, Wm Haslewood, Esq. who served as Captain in the 63d Regiment in the American War, when all his superior officers having fallen in battle, he commanded the Regiment for many months; but being subsequently disappointed in his expectations of promotion he retired from the service.
21. In his 84th year, at his seat, Hawkestone, Shropshire, Sir John Hill, Bart.
23. Suddenly in his 71st year, at Birmingham, on his way from his seat at Putney, to Manchester, Jas. Ackers, Esq. of Lark Hill. He served the office of High Sheriff for the county of Lancashire in 1800.
23. At Mrs. Hawkes's, Clapham Common, aged 17, Susan Elizabeth, eldest daughter of J. Cossins, Esq. of Weymouth, and niece of Lord Audley, and the Marchioness of Waterford.
— At Belvidere, in his 5?th year, the Hon. S. E. Eardley, only son of Lord Eardley.
27. At Edgebaston-house, near Birmingham, Sarah, wife of W. Francis, Esq.
— In Lower Brook-street, Mrs. Rattray, widow of the late Colonel John Rattray, of Craighall, Perthshire.
28. At his Chambers, Bernard's Inn, in his 76th year, Philip Neve, Esq. Barrister-at-law, a Commissioner of Bankrupts, and a Magistrate for the county of Middlesex.
31. At Bath, after a long illness, the lady of Sir George Abercrombie Robinson, Bart.
— C. M. Powell, Marine Painter, who has left a widow and eight children in extreme distress.

June 1.—R. Filmer, Esq. of Upper Montague-street, Russell-square, son of the late Sir Edm. Filmer, Bart. and brother to Sir John Filmer, of East Sutton Park, Kent.
3. At his house, at Brighton, Abigail, wife of M. Moratta, Esq.
— At Ford's Grove, near Winchmore Hill, Sarah Thomasin, wife of Edward Busk, Esq. in her 53d year.
4. At the Parsonage, East Horseley, Surrey, aged 70, the Rev. John Owen, Rector of that Parish, and of St Bennet's, Paul's Wharf; Archdeacon of Richmond, Yorkshire, and Chaplain General to his Majesty's Forces. His remains were interred at East Horseley on the 11th. He is reported to have left two or three large legacies to the Bible and Missionary Societies, and half the remainder of his fortune, said to be upwards of 100,000l. to his nephew, Joseph Beardmore, Esq. his sole male relative. Mr Owen was in the East Indies from about 1783 to 1793, with the Duke of York in the Expedition to Holland, and with the Duke of Wellington in Portugal. He was appointed to the Chaplain-Generalcy in 1812.
6. At Chartley Castle, his father's seat, Lord Viscount Tamworth, son of the Earl of Ferrers, of an inflammation in the bowels.
— At Margate, R. E. Hunter, MD. FLS.
— At Ammerdown Park, Somersetshire, having nearly completed his 78th year, Thomas Samuel Joliffe, Esq. This gentleman formerly mingled in the most brilliant circles of the metropolis, and sat in several parliaments during the administration of Lord North, and the commencement of that of Mr. Pitt. Of late years he resided entirely in the country.
7. At Croom's Hall, Greenwich, aged 19, the lady of Captain Cruickshank.
9. In South Audley-street, Thos. Chevalier, FRS. FLS. and FHS. Surgeon in ordinary to the King, and Professor of Anatomy and Surgery at the Royal College of Surgeons.
— Suddenly of apoplexy, at his house, the Craven's Head, Drury-lane, W. Oxberry. This excellent actor in the walk of low comedy was born in 1784, and was originally designed for an artist, for which purpose he was placed with the late Mr. Stubbs; but he soon relinquished the pencil, and was apprenticed to a printer. About this time he acquired a taste for theatrical pursuits, after which he joined some itinerant companies, and at length made his *debut* at Covent-garden, in Nov. 1807. Since this period he has always been engaged at some one of the London houses, and had, just previously to his decease, entered into an engagement with Mr. Elliston, for the term of three years.
10. At Walton-on-Thames, in his 6th year, Henry Charles, only son of the Hon. Grey Bennet.
12. At Trinity College, Cambridge, in his 64th year, the Rev. Thomas Lee, DD. who presided over that society 16 years.
16. At Cambridge, Diana Elizabeth, wife of Sir Brodrick Chinnery, Bart. of Flintfield, county of Cork, and daughter of the late George Vernon, Esq. of Clontarf-castle, near Dublin.
17. After a few days' illness, in Lower Grosvenor-street, the Right Hon. Lord Henry Thomas Howard Molyneux Howard, brother to the Duke of Norfolk; Deputy Earl Marshall, and MP. for Steyning.
Lately, in Grosvenor-street, the Hon. Mrs. Henrietta S. Walpole, in her 93d year.

ABROAD.

At Paris, at an advanced age, Sir M. Cromie, Bart.
At Paris, aged 85, General John Murray, father of Major-General Murray, late Governor of Demerara.
At Montcallier, near Turin (May 26th), in his 73d year, Capel Lofft, Esq. of Troston Hall, near Bury St. Edmond's, Suffolk. This gentleman, who was the nephew of the late Edmund Capel, Esq. the Commentator on Shakspeare, was educated for the bar, and published many works on subjects connected with his profession, but he was known also to the literary world in general as a man of very various acquirements, being well versed in Mathematics, Classics, Poetry, Music, and Criticism; and by his contributions to the Monthly Magazine, and other journals. He was the first patron of the late Robert Bloomfield, to whose Farmer's Boy he prefixed a preface. Mr. Lofft was twice married, first to a daughter of Mr. Emlyn of Windsor (the surviving children of which marriage are a son, in the military service of the East India Company, and a daughter),—secondly, to a daughter of the late Mr. Joseph Finch of Cambridge, by whom he had two daughters (now in Italy with their mother), and a son, at Eton. In 1816 he retired to the Continent, where he resided until his death. As a poet he was particularly successful in the Sonnet, of which he gave some elegant specimens in a collection published under the title of Laura, in 5 vols.
At Bombay, whither he had gone for the recovery of his health, S. P. W. Johnson, Esq. Assistant Secretary to his Majesty's government at Ceylon, eldest son of Sir Alexander Johnson.
At Demerara, aged 27, Robert Roberts, Esq. attorney-at-law, eldest son of E. Roberts, Esq. of North Brixton.

THE

LONDON MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1824.

CONTENTS.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR TAYLOR AND HESSEY.

THE LION'S HEAD.

The following letter from *Jerry Sneak* (which we suppose is the English for *Horrida Bella*) appears to put an end to the correspondence, though not to the matter in dispute;—the former of which, in truth, is all we care for. We ourselves are indifferent, whether the ghosts are light as a consumptive guinea, or fit to "go to scale" with the Swiss Giantess. The size and *substance* of a ghost might, perhaps, be expected to depend on its founder—surely the step of Falstaff "after death" would be an ounce heavier than that of Romeo's Apothecary. We beg, however, to be understood as expressing no decided opinion on the subject; though we own we should be glad to know that Shakspeare's spirits, like Mr. Polito's lions, had their "feeding time."

To the Editor of the London Magazine.

Respected Sir,—I regret to see by your last Number, that the Author of the Ghost-player's Guide is extremely angry with me for the letter I ventured to address to you on Shakspeare's lusty ghosts. I should be sorry to irritate so sensible a critic, from an apprehension that he might make a *subject* of me, and I therefore would rather, if he insisted on it, "give up the ghost" in his favour. I so dread also lest your readers should be weary of our "intestine war," and hiss us both off the stage—that I would consent rather that the poor things should be spirits and water, as your Guide insists on their being, than full-proof spirits that are good against the morning air, as Shakspeare intended them. Let them keep nine feet from the lamps, by four and a half from the wings, if your critic "will have it so." I have six-and-twenty beautiful extracts from Shakspeare, all adding to the bowels of the Etherials, and to the forwardness of their visits,—but I fear you will not pay for them in my article, and I like, in selling my meat, to have the bone weighed in. Your correspondent and my antagonist is hard upon my want of brain, and principle, and wit, and so forth; and rails in singular set terms on my naughty inconstancy of argument. I can only say I regret he has not taken my view of the subject in that serious light in which I intended it. I wished to speak solidly on the thick-ribbed spirits—and if he, like his own ghosts, has no bowels—for fair reasoning and strong proof,—it is my misfortune and his fault. I do not like to be obstinate, and therefore shall myself be silent,—but would *you* ask your friend what sort of a ghost Falstaff makes?—Is there a falling off in him? Does he no longer tallow in the spiritual kidney? Apologizing for again molesting you and yours, and with the best wishes for your able and sensitive critic's fatness in this world and thinness in the world to come,

I am yours, very kindly, for Horrida Bella,

Jerry Sneak,
✠ his mark.

What will Echo say to the insertion of the following stanzas, which appear to have caught her babbling ladyship in a talkative mood?—Does she ever reply to print?—She does,—we suppose, occasionally,—when she meets with a worthy temptation.—Is not a *second edition* something like her voice? In the following address the questions are well put and quaintly

answered;—only, here and there, Echo catches a syllable, which does not occur to our ears as one that should be replied to:—Echo however may be particular.

AN ADDRESS TO THE ECHO.

If I address the Echo yonder,
What will its answer be I wonder?
Echo—I wonder!

O wondrous Echo tell me, bless'e,
Am I for marriage or for celibacy?
Echo—Silly Bessy!

If then to win the maid I try,
Shall I find her a property?
Echo—A proper tye!

If neither being grave nor funny
Will win the maid to matrimony?
Echo—Try money!

If I should try to gain her heart,
Shall I go plain or rather smart?
Echo—Smart!

She mayn't love dress, and I again then
May come too smart, and she'll complain then?
Echo—Come plain then!

To please her most, perhaps 'tis best
To come as I'm in common dress'd?
Echo—Come undress'd!

Then if to marry me I teaze her,
What will she say if that should please her?
Echo—Please Sir!

When cross and good words can't appease her,
What if such naughty whims should seize her?
Echo—You'd see Sir!

When wed she'll change, for Love's no sticker,
And love her husband less than liquor?
Echo—Then lick her!

To leave me then I can't compel her,
Though every woman else excel her?
Echo—Sell her!

The doubting youth to Echo turn'd again, Sir,
To ask advice, but found it did not answer.

The youthful writer of the verses "Farewell" and "On the Death of Clara," must not think of publishing. He may take our word (whatever his good-natured friends may say to the contrary) that at present he merely rhymes.

We do *not* "want a Correspondent in H. W. B.'s way." His verse is not poetry—his language is not grammatical:

Then take up the lyre which has long been forsaken,
Its chords are not *broke*, though so silent it *lays*."

Among the communications we are obliged to reject, are the following:—My first gray Hair.—D.'s Lines.—Letter on the Drama.—Stanzas on Beauty.—The Likeness.—Meditations on a Marrow Bone.

THE

London Magazine.

AUGUST, 1824.

ROBERT BURNS AND LORD BYRON.

I HAVE seen Robert Burns laid in his grave, and I have seen George Gordon Byron borne to his; of both I wish to speak, and my words shall be spoken with honesty and freedom. They were great though not equal heirs of fame; the fortunes of their birth were widely dissimilar; yet in their passions and in their genius they approached to a closer resemblance; their careers were short and glorious, and they both perished in the summer of life, and in all the splendour of a reputation more likely to increase than diminish. One was a peasant, and the other was a peer; but Nature is a great leveller, and makes amends for the injuries of fortune by the richness of her benefactions; the genius of Burns raised him to a level with the nobles of the land; by nature if not by birth, he was the peer of Byron. I knew one, and I have seen both; I have hearkened to words from their lips, and admired the labours of their pens, and I am now, and likely to remain, under the influence of their magic songs. They rose by the force of their genius, and they fell by the strength of their passions; one wrote from a love, and the other from a scorn, of mankind; and they both sang of the emotions of their own hearts with a vehemence and an originality which few have equalled, and none surely have surpassed. But it is less my wish to draw the characters of those extraordinary men than to write what I remember of them; and I will say nothing that I know not to be true, and little but what I saw myself.

The first time I ever saw Burns was in Nithsdale. I was then a child, but his looks and his voice cannot well be forgotten; and while I write this I behold him as distinctly as I did when I stood at my father's knee, and heard the bard repeat his Tam O'Shanter. He was tall and of a manly make, his brow broad and high, and his voice varied with the character of his inimitable tale; yet through all its variations it was melody itself. He was of great personal strength, and proud too of displaying it; and I have seen him lift a load with ease, which few ordinary men would have willingly undertaken.

The first time I ever saw Byron was in the House of Lords, soon after the publication of Childe Harold. He stood up in his place on the opposition side, and made a speech on the subject of Catholic freedom. His voice was low, and I heard him but by fits, and when I say he was witty and sarcastic, I judge as much from the involuntary mirth of the benches as from what I heard with my own ears. His voice had not the full and manly melody of the voice of Burns; nor had he equal vigour of frame, nor the same open expanse of forehead. But his face was finely formed, and was impressed with a more delicate vigour than that of the peasant poet. He had a singular conformation of ear, the lower lobe, instead of being pendulous, grew down and united itself to the cheek and resembled no other ear I ever saw, save that of the Duke of Wel-

lington. His bust by Thorvaldson is feeble and mean; the painting of Phillips is more noble and much more like. Of Burns I have never seen aught but a very uninspired resemblance—and I regret it the more, because he had a look worthy of the happiest effort of art—a look beaming with poetry and eloquence.

The last time I saw Burns in life was on his return from the Brow-well of Solway; he had been ailing all spring, and summer had come without bringing health with it; he had gone away very ill and he returned worse. He was brought back, I think, in a covered spring cart, and when he alighted at the foot of the street in which he lived, he could scarce stand upright. He reached his own door with difficulty. He stooped much, and there was a visible change in his looks. Some may think it not unimportant to know, that he was at that time dressed in a blue coat with the undress nankeen pantaloons of the volunteers, and that his neck, which was inclining to be short, caused his hat to turn up behind, in the manner of the shovel hats of the Episcopal clergy. Truth obliges me to add, that he was not fastidious about his dress; and that an officer, curious in the personal appearance and equipments of his company, might have questioned the military nicety of the poet's clothes and arms. But his colonel was a maker of rhyme, and the poet had to display more charity for his commander's verse than the other had to exercise when he inspected the clothing and arms of the careless bard.

From the day of his return home till the hour of his untimely death, Dumfries was like a besieged place. It was known he was dying, and the anxiety, not of the rich and the learned only, but of the mechanics and peasants, exceeded all belief. Wherever two or three people stood together, their talk was of Burns and of him alone; they spoke of his history—of his person—of his works—of his family—of his fame, and of his untimely and approaching fate, with a warmth and an enthusiasm which will ever endear Dumfries to my remembrance. All that he said or was saying—the opinions of the physicians (and Maxwell was a kind and a skilful one), were eagerly caught up and reported from street to street, and from house to house.

His good humour was unruffled, and his wit never forsook him. He looked to one of his fellow volunteers with a smile, as he stood by the bedside with his eyes wet, and said, "John, don't let the awkward squad fire over me." He was aware that death was dealing with him; he asked a lady who visited him, more in sincerity than in mirth, what commands she had for the other world—he repressed with a smile the hopes of his friends, and told them he had lived long enough. As his life drew near a close, the eager yet decorous solicitude of his fellow townsmen increased. He was an exciseman it is true—a name odious, from many associations, to his countrymen—but he did his duty meekly and kindly, and repressed rather than encouraged the desire of some of his companions to push the law with severity; he was therefore much beloved, and the passion of the Scotch for poetry made them regard him as little lower than a spirit inspired. It is the practice of the young men of Dumfries to meet in the streets during the hours of remission from labour, and by these means I had an opportunity of witnessing the general solicitude of all ranks and of all ages. His differences with them in some important points of human speculation and religious hope were forgotten and forgiven; they thought only of his genius—of the delight his compositions had diffused—and they talked of him with the same awe as of some departing spirit, whose voice was to gladden them no more. His last moments have never been described; he had laid his head quietly on the pillow awaiting dissolution, when his attendant reminded him of his medicine and held the cup to his lip. He started suddenly up, drained the cup at a gulp, threw his hands before him like a man about to swim, and sprung from head to foot of the bed—fell with his face down, and expired with a groan.

Of the dying moments of Byron we have no minute nor very distinct account. He perished in a foreign land among barbarians or aliens, and he seems to have been without the aid of a determined physician, whose firmness or persuasion might have

vanquished his obstinacy. His aversion to bleeding was an infirmity which he shared with many better regulated minds; for it is no uncommon belief that the first touch of the lancet will charm away the approach of death, and those who believe this are willing to reserve so decisive a spell for a more momentous occasion. He had parted with his native land in no ordinary bitterness of spirit; and his domestic infelicity had rendered his future peace of mind hopeless—this was aggravated from time to time by the tales or the intrusion of travellers, by reports injurious to his character, and by the eager and vulgar avidity with which idle stories were circulated, which exhibited him in weakness or in folly. But there is every reason to believe, that long before his untimely death his native land was as bright as ever in his fancy, and that his anger conceived against the many for the sins of the few had subsided or was subsiding. Of Scotland, and of his Scottish origin, he has boasted in more than one place of his poetry; he is proud to remember the land of his mother, and to sing that he is half a Scot by birth and a whole one in his heart. Of his great rival in popularity, Sir Walter Scott, he speaks with kindness; and the compliment he has paid him has been earned by the unchangeable admiration of the other. Scott has ever spoken of Byron as he has lately written, and all those who know him will feel that this consistency is characteristic. I must, however, confess, his forgiveness of Mr. Jeffrey was an unlooked-for and unexpected piece of humility and loving kindness, and, as a Scotchman, I am rather willing to regard it as a presage of early death, and to conclude that the poet was "fey," and forgave his arch enemy in the spirit of the dying Highlander—"Weel, weel, I forgive him, but God confound you, my twa sons, Duncan and Gilbert, if you forgive him." The criticism with which the Edinburgh Review welcomed the first flight which Byron's Muse took, would have crushed and broken any spirit less dauntless than his own; and for a long while he entertained the horror of a reviewer which a bird of song feels for the presence of the raven. But they smoothed his spirit down, first by submission and then by idolatry, and his pride must have been equal to that which made the angels fall if it had refused to be soothed by the obeisance of a reviewer. One never forgets, if he should happen to forgive, an insult or an injury offered in youth—it grows with the growth and strengthens with the strength, and I may reasonably doubt the truth of the poet's song when he sings of his dear Jeffrey. The news of his death came upon London like an earthquake; and though the common multitude are ignorant of literature and destitute of feeling for the higher flights of poetry, yet they consented to feel by faith, and believed, because the newspapers believed, that one of the brightest lights in the firmament of poesy was extinguished for ever. With literary men a sense of the public misfortune was mingled, perhaps, with a sense that a giant was removed from their way; and that they had room now to break a lance with an equal, without the fear of being overthrown by fiery impetuosity and colossal strength. The world of literature is now resigned to lower, but perhaps, not less presumptuous poetic spirits. But among those who feared him, or envied him, or loved him, there are none who sorrow not for the national loss, and grieve not that Byron fell so soon, and on a foreign shore.

When Burns died I was then young, but I was not insensible that a mind of no common strength had passed from among us. He had caught my fancy and touched my heart with his songs and his poems. I went to see him laid out for the grave; several eldern people were with me. He lay in a plain unadorned coffin, with a linen sheet drawn over his face, and on the bed, and around the body, herbs and flowers were thickly strewn according to the usage of the country. He was wasted somewhat by long illness; but death had not increased the swarthy hue of his face, which was uncommonly dark and deeply marked—the dying pang was visible in the lower part, but his broad and open brow was pale and serene, and around it his sable hair lay in masses, slightly touched with gray, and inclining more to a wave than a curl. The room where he lay was plain and neat, and the simplicity of the

poet's humble dwelling pressed the presence of death more closely on the heart than if his bier had been embellished by vanity and covered with the blazonry of high ancestry and rank. We stood and gazed on him in silence for the space of several minutes —we went, and others succeeded us —there was no justling and crushing, though the crowd was great—man followed man as patiently and orderly as if all had been a matter of mutual understanding—not a question was asked not a whisper was heard. This was several days after his death. It is the custom of Scotland to "wake" the body—not with wild howlings and wilder songs, and much waste of strong drink, like our mercurial neighbours, but in silence or in prayer—superstition says it is unsonsie to leave a corpse alone; and it is never left. I know not who watched by the body of Burns—much it was my wish to share in the honour—but my extreme youth would have made such a request seem foolish, and its rejection would have been sure.

I am to speak the feelings of another people, and of the customs of a higher rank, when I speak of laying out the body of Byron for the grave. It was announced from time to time that he was to be exhibited in state, and the progress of the embellishments of the poet's bier was recorded in the pages of an hundred publications. They were at length completed, and to separate the curiosity of the poor from the admiration of the rich, the latter were indulged with tickets of admission, and a day was set a-part for them to go and wonder over the decked room and the emblazoned bier. Peers and peeresses, priests, poets, and politicians, came in gilded chariots and in hired hacks to gaze upon the splendour of the funeral preparations, and to see in how rich and how vain a shroud the body of the immortal had been hid. Those idle trappings in which rank seeks to mark its altitude above the vulgar, belonged to the state of the peer rather than to the state of the poet; genius required no such attractions; and all this magnificence served only to divide our regard with the man whose inspired tongue was now silenced for ever. Who cared for Lord Byron the peer, and the privy councillor, with his coronet, and his long descent from princes on one side, and from heroes on both—and who did not care for George Gordon Byron the poet, who has charmed us, and will charm our descendants with his deep and impassioned verse. The homage was rendered to genius, not surely to rank—for lord can be stamped on any clay, but inspiration can only be impressed on the finest metal.

Of the day on which the multitude were admitted I know not in what terms to speak—I never surely saw so strange a mixture of silent sorrow and of fierce and intractable curiosity. If one looked on the poet's splendid coffin with deep awe, and thought of the gifted spirit which had lately animated the cold remains, others regarded the whole as a pageant or a show, got up for the amusement of the idle and the careless, and criticised the arrangements in the spirit of those who wish to be rewarded for their time, and who consider that all they condescend to visit should be according to their own taste. There was a crushing, a trampling, and an impatience, as rude and as fierce as ever I witnessed at a theatre; and words of incivility were bandied about, and questions asked with such determination to be answered, that the very mutes, whose business was silence and repose, were obliged to interfere with tongue and hand between the visitors and the dust of the poet. In contemplation of such a scene, some of the trappings which were there on the first day were removed on the second, and this suspicion of the good sense and decorum of the multitude called forth many expressions of displeasure, as remarkable for their warmth as their propriety of language. By five o'clock the people were all ejected—man and woman—and the rich coffin bore tokens of the touch of hundreds of eager fingers—many of which had not been overclean.

The multitude who accompanied Burns to the grave went step by step with the chief mourners; they might amount to ten or twelve thousand. Not a word was heard; and, though all could not be near, and many could not see, when the earth closed on their darling poet for ever, there was no rude impatience shown, no fierce disappointment expressed.

It was an impressive and mournful sight to see men of all ranks and persuasions and opinions mingling as brothers, and stepping side by side down the streets of Dumfries, with the remains of him who had sang of their loves and joys and domestic endearments, with a truth and a tenderness which none perhaps have since equalled. I could, indeed, have wished the military part of the procession away—for he was buried with military honours—because I am one of those who love simplicity in all that regards genius. The scarlet and gold—the banners displayed—the measured step, and the military array, with the sound of martial instruments of music, had no share in increasing the solemnity of the burial scene; and had no connexion with the poet. I looked on it then, and I consider it now, as an idle ostentation, a piece of superfluous state which might have been spared, more especially as his neglected and traduced and insulted spirit had experienced no kindness in the body from those lofty people who are now proud of being numbered as his coevals and countrymen. His fate has been a reproach to Scotland. But the reproach comes with an ill grace from England. When we can forget Butler's fate—Otway's loaf—Dryden's old age, and Chatterton's poison-cup, we may think that we stand alone in the iniquity of neglecting pre-eminent genius. I found myself at the brink of the poet's grave, into which he was about to descend for ever—there was a pause among the mourners as if loath to part with his remains; and when he was at last lowered, and the first shovelful of earth sounded on his coffin-lid, I looked up and saw tears on many cheeks where tears were not usual. The volunteers justified the fears of their comrade by three ragged and straggling volleys. The earth was heaped up, the green sod laid over him, and the multitude stood gazing on the grave for some minutes' space, and then melted silently away. The day was a fine one, the sun was almost without a cloud, and not a drop of rain fell from dawn to twilight. I notice this—not from my concurrence in the common superstition—that "happy is the corpse which the rain rains on," but to confute a pious fraud of a religious Magazine, which made Heaven express its wrath at the interment of a profane poet, in thunder, in lightning, and in rain. I know not who wrote the story, and I wish not to know; but its utter falsehood thousands can attest. It is one proof out of many, how divine wrath is found by dishonest zeal in a common commotion of the elements, and that men, whose profession is godliness and truth, will look in the face of heaven and tell a deliberate lie.

A few select friends and admirers followed Lord Byron to the grave—his coronet was borne before him, and there were many indications of his rank; but, save the assembled multitude, no indications of his genius. In conformity to a singular practice of the great, a long train of their empty carriages followed the mourning coaches—mocking the dead with idle state, and impeding the honester sympathy of the crowd with barren pageantry. Where were the owners of those machines of sloth and luxury—where were the men of rank among whose dark pedigrees Lord Byron threw the light of his genius, and lent the brows of nobility a halo to which they were strangers? Where were the great Whigs? Where were the illustrious Tories? Could a mere difference in matters of human belief keep those fastidious persons away? But, above all, where were the friends with whom wedlock had united him? On his desolate corpse no wife looked, and no child shed a tear. I have no wish to set myself up as a judge in domestic infelicities, and I am willing to believe they were separated in such a way as rendered conciliation hopeless; but who could stand and look on his pale manly face, and his dark locks which early sorrows were making thin and gray, without feeling that, gifted as he was, with a soul above the mark of other men, his domestic misfortunes called for our pity as surely as his genius called for our admiration. When the career of Burns was closed, I saw another sight—a weeping widow and four helpless sons; they came into the streets in their mournings, and public sympathy was awakened afresh; I shall never forget the looks

of his boys, and the compassion which they excited. The poet's life had not been without errors, and such errors, too, as a wife is slow in forgiving; but he was honoured then, and is honoured now, by the unalienable affection of his wife, and the world repays her prudence and her love by its regard and esteem.

Burns, with all his errors in faith and in practice, was laid in hallowed earth, in the churchyard of the town where he resided; no one thought of closing the church gates against his body, because of the freedom of his poetry, and the carelessness of his life. And why was not Byron laid among the illustrious men of England, in Westminster Abbey? Is there a poet in all the Poet's Corner who has better right to that distinction? Why was the door closed against him, and opened to the carcases of thousands without merit, and without name? Look round the walls, and on the floor over which you tread, and behold them encumbered and inscribed with memorials of the mean and the sordid and the impure, as well as of the virtuous and the great. Why did the Dean of Westminster refuse admission to such an heir of fame as Byron? if he had no claim to lie within the consecrated precincts of the Abbey, he has no right to lie in consecrated ground at all. There is no doubt that the pious fee for sepulture would have been paid—and it is not a small one. Hail! to the Church of England, if her piety is stronger than her avarice.

EXCERPTA ANTIQUARIA: MISCELLANEOUS ANTIQUITIES.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Her personal vanity has been illustrated and severely commented on by Lord Orford, in his article on Lord Essex, in the "Noble Authors;" and it is noticed by all who have written on her life and character. The following is extracted from Sir John Harington's "Brief View of the State of the Church of England," penned so early as 1608 or 1609, but not printed till 1653. Harington was *godson* to the virgin queen, which renders what he says of better authority and the greater interest.

There is almost none that waited in Queen Elizabeth's court, and observed any thing, but can tell, that it pleased her very much to seeme, to be thought, and to be told that shee looked young The majesty and gravity of a scepter, borne forty four veares could not alter that nature of a woman in her. Dr. Anthony Rudd, Bishop of St David's, once preaching before her, touched on her age, and quoted certain texts on the infirmities of the old, as Eccl. xii. &c. &c. When he had concluded, the Queen plainly told him, *he should have kept his arithmetic to himself*: but I see, said she, *the greatest clerks are not the wisest men.*

When her Majesty sent the Earl of Essex on the Cadiz expedition, she appointed the following Prayer to be used throughout the fleet, and Camden expressly ascribes the composition to herself; "His praescriptis (says he in his Annals) illa precationem dictavit, qua per singulas naves quotidie divinam opem coeptis implorarent." It is transcribed from "A briefe and a true Discourse of the late honorable Voyage vnto Spaine, and of the Wynning, Sacking, and Burning of the famous Towne of Cadiz there, and of the miraculous Ouerthrowe of the Spanish Navie at that Tyme, with a Report of all other Accidentes thereunto appertayning. By Doctor Marbeck, attending vpon the Person of the Right Honorable Lord Highe Admirall of England all the Tyme of the saide Action." * Marbeck † says, that

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* This is in manuscript among Dr Rawlinson's collection in the Bodleian. It was printed, with some variations, and without the name of the author, in folio, in order to be inserted at the end of some copies of the first volume of Hakluyt's Voyages, Lond. 1599.

† Roger Marbeck was the son of John Marbeck, a celebrated musician and the

whilst they were lying at anchor in Plymouth roads, "by good fortune there came to my handes a Prayer in Englishe touching this present action, and *made by her Majestie as it was voyced*; the prayer seemed to mee to be most excellent, as well for the matter as also the manner, and therewithall very patheticall, and therefore for dyvers good motives wch then presentlie came vnto my mynd," he not only preserved it in its original form, but "at that very instaunt presumed* to translate it into Latin." The translation we omit, and proceed to give the

Prayer.†

Most Omnipotent Maker and Guider of all our worlde's masse, that onlie searchest and fadomist the bottome of all our harte's conceites, and in them seest the true originalls of all our actions intended, thou that by thie foresight doost trulie discerne howe no malice of revenge, nor quittaunce of iniurye, nor desier of blood shed, nor greedines of lucre, hath bredd the resolution of our nowe sett out armye, but a heedefull care, and warie watche, that no neglect of foes, nor ouer suertie of harme, might breed ether daunger to vs, or glorie to them. Theis beeinge the groundes, thou that dost inspire the mynd, we humblie beseech thee, withe bended knees, prosper the worke, and with best fore windes guide the jorney, speed the victory, and make the returne the advauncement of thie glory, the triumphe of their fame and suertie to the realme, with the least losse of Englishe bloude. To theis devout petitions, Lord, give thou thy blessed graunt. Amen.

The following lines, attributed to Elizabeth, are from a manuscript collection of English and Latin Epi-

organist of Windsor. In 1552 he came from Eaton, and was admitted a student of Christ Church, Oxford, being then sixteen, of which university he was twice Proctor. In 1564 he was unanimously chosen Public Orator, being the first person upon whom that office was conferred for life. He became afterwards Provost of Oriel and a Canon of Christ Church; but marrying unfortunately, gave up his preferments, studied physic, and taking his superior degree in that faculty, left the university, and was appointed physician to Queen Elizabeth. It is not unlikely that his domestic uneasiness induced him to join in the expedition under Lord Essex, for Marbeck was not, at that period, of an age suited to peril and adventure. At his return he seems to have resided in London, where he died in the year 1605, and was buried in St. Giles's, Cripplegate

* "Yf it weare of her maiesties doinge, I most humblie prostrate at her sacred feete craue pardon for daringe to presume to deface so excellent a pend thinge with my rude and homelie translation, beseechinge her matie to accept of my good meaninge, and to admitt this my plaine and simple excuse, whiche is, that in very truthe I could doe it no better."

† It appears to have been customary to compose and publish prayers of this description on all national undertakings. We have now before us two broadsides "set foorth by authoritie," and both "Imprinted at London by the deputies of Christopher Barker, Printer to the Queene's most excellent Maiestie." One of these is entitled "A Prayer of Thanksgiuing, and for Continuance of good Successe to her Maiestie's forces," was printed in 1596; the second is a composition of sufficient merit to render it well worthy of preservation. It was printed in 1599.

A Prayer for the good Successe of her Maiesties Forces in Ireland.

Almightie God and most mercifull Father, which by thine holy Worde declarest thy selfe to be the first ordeiner and continuall vpholder of all Princely power and right, and by thy terrible iudgements against *Core*, *Dathan*, and *Abiram*, in opening the earth to swallow vp them and theirs; and with like vengeance powred vpon *Absalon*, *Achitophel*, *Adoniah*, and *Sheba*, diddest manifest to the whole world, how much thou hatest all resistance and rebellion against thy Diuine ordinance: Vouchsafe (wee humbly beseech thee) to strengthen and protect the Forces of thine anoynted our Queene and Soueraigne, sent out to suppresse these wicked and vnnaturall Rebels. Be thou to our Armies a Captaine, Leader and Defender. Let thine holy Angels pitch their Tents round about to guard them, and giue them victorie against all such as rise vp to withstand them. Let not our sinnes (O Lord) be an hinderance to thine accustomed mercies towards vs, neither punish our misdeeds by strengthening the handes of such, as despise thy Trueth, and haue wickedly cast off the rightfull yoke of their due allegiance: That so thy blessed Handmayde our dread Soueraigne, may alwayes reioyce in thy Saluation, And we her loyall Subiects still haue cause to magnifie thy glorious Name, and to offer to thee with ioy the sacrifices of praise and thankes-giuing in the middest of the great Congregation. Graunt this (o most righteous Lord God of Hosts) we beseech thee, through Jesus Christ our onely Sauiour and Redeemer. Amen.

We have the rather reprinted this, believing that the broadside from which it has been taken is the only copy now in existence.

grams made early in the seventeenth century. Of her Majesty's proficiency in the learned languages we have before given some early and very interesting specimens;* that which we now produce is by no means deficient in point and ability, nor do we see any reason to doubt of its authenticity.'

Queen Elizabeth to Leicester, who thought to haue married her.

Urse, quid insanis? vis tu Rex esse ferarum?
Urse, cares caudâ, non potes esse Leo.†

RICHARD CROMWELL

Was chosen chancellor of the University of Oxford on the death of his father, but no sooner was there a prospect of the Restoration, than he intimated his willingness to resign that distinguished post, in a letter to the Convocation, and soon after actually resigned it by a second letter addressed to the same body. We believe these epistles never to have been printed; and as they are highly characteristic of the writer, shall now present them to our readers. Richard Cromwell was a well intentioned, respectable person, ill calculated for the reins of government, and perfectly unambitious of their possession. It would appear, however, that he was favourable to literature, and would, probably, had things taken a different turn, have appeared to greater advantage as the chancellor of Oxford than as the protector of Great Britain; a dignity for which he had neither abilities nor strength of character.

For the Vice-Chancellour and the Convocation of the Vniversity of Oxford, These

Gentlemen—The signall changes of the hand of God towards mee haue not sequestred my thoughts from the discharge of that office wherein I stand ingaged vnto you. And whereas the revolution of time requireth that either your present Vice-Chancellour bee reinstated in his office, or another chosen to succeede him; considering what abundant testimony your present Vice-Chancellour, Dr. Conant, hath giuen of his intire qualification for soe great a trust, I doe hereby nominate and recommend him to you, to beare the same office for this next yeare alsoe, promising to my selfe the chearfull concurrence of your vnanimous votes in the reiterated conferring of this dignity vpon a person, who by his labours and exemplary conversation amongst you, is a great ornament to your Vniversity. Gentlemen, your ready complyance to this proposall will demonstrate the continuance of your respects towards mee, whose high esteeme of learning and learned men you might haue more fully experimented, had not the most wise disposition of the Almighty hindred the more reall and fruitfull manifestations of the same vnto you. And I assure you, that I am soe affected to the flourishing of your estate, that as I accepted of the honour of your Chancellorshippe with earnest desires to become instrumentall towards your prosperity, soe I shall readily divest my selfe of that honour, when by soe doing I may, at least, occasionally, contribute any thing to the attaining of that great end.

I rest,
Gentlemen,
Your affectionate friend and
Chancellour,
Hursley, Oct 6. 6—59. R. CROMWELL.

For the Vice-Chancellour and Convocation of ye University of Oxford, These

Gentlemen—I doe and allwayes shall retaine a hearty sence of my former obligations to you in your free election of me to the office of your Chancellour, and 'tis noe small trouble to my thoughts when I consider how little serviceable I haue been to you in that relation. But since the all wise Providence of God (which I desire all wayes to adore and bow downe unto) hath been pleased soe to change my condition that I am not in a capacity to answer the ends of that office, I thought I should not be faithfull to you if I did not resign it up into your hands, that you might haue opportunity to chuse some other person, whoe in the present state of things may be more fit and able to serve you. I doe hereupon most freely giue up and resigne all my right and interest in that office. But shall allwayes retaine my affection and esteem for you, with my prayers for your continuall prosperity, that amidst the many examples of the instability and revolutions of humaine affaires you may still abide flourishing and fruitfull. I am,

Gentn,
Your affectionate friend and servant,
R. CROMWELL.
Hursley, May ye 8th, 1660.

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* *London Magazine*, April and December, 1822, pages 387, 555.
† It is almost unnecessary to state, that the appellation of Bear alludes to the armorial ensigns of Lord Leicester.

DREAMS: FELON'S HILL—WINDY HOVEL—THE VIOLETS.

I AM one of those feverish-spirited beings who never sleep without dreaming. And, on the other hand, I belong to that visionary class of mortals, who very often dream without sleeping. Nor can I justly assert that there is much difference, as to probability, between my sleeping and my waking fancies. In the latter, however, I am seldom wholly unconscious of the act of creation within me; whilst the former are the involuntary wanderings of my mind, when sleep has divested the will of its power to control or excite the imagination. Between these voluntary and involuntary dreams, I should nevertheless acknowledge one distinction, namely, that my day-dreams—those which I wilfully create—are seldom equal in beauty or terrific interest to the shadowy scenes which pass over my mind in slumber. I will give an instance of each, and conclude with another which, in the opinion of many, would go far to establish the popular theory that there is something prophetic in the nature of real dreams.

Travelling one day by the sea-shore, after having passed several deserted maritime villas, I at length found myself alone in the noisy solitude of the waves and echoing headlands. The aiery of an eagle or wild sea-bird, among the overhanging cliffs, was the only tenement within view. I saw the osprey frequently come down from the sun, and sailing between the ocean and the heights, with a shrill note of signal, enter his lofty nest. Huge cormorants sat balancing on the ridge of every wave, with their greedy necks plunged into the surf; and flights of seamews, scarcely distinguishable by their pale ashen colour from the foam in which they mingled, rose every now and then under the curl, uttering their peculiar scream as the white horses reared, and again settling quietly down upon the waters. It was about six o'clock in the afternoon when I doubled a high cape that jutted a good way into the sea; beyond this the flood became smoother, and only fell in a solid phalanx, at each return, upon the strand, without much noise or fluctuation. There was a great extent of beach now within view; the cliffs did not hang over it, but leaned back upon the land. They were not chalky or sandy as they usually are, but rather immense sheetings of grey rock, masses of enormous stones piled one above another, and apparently held together by mere points, so that if one by any accident were pulled from the bottom, the whole side of the mountain would probably have descended to the shore. There were sometimes indeed small portions of verdure, and marks of burrows made by rabbits or marterns, but there was very little pasture, perhaps no more than what just sufficed for these animals. A considerable breadth of marge between the base of these hills and the ocean was covered with a loose gravel, thinly overspread with rush-grass, and interspersed here and there with large fragments of granite which had rolled down from the cliffs. I am thus particular in describing this scene, that I may place the reader, visionarily, where I was myself, and enable him to enter into my feelings. At about the middle length of the beach there was a rude stone wall, very much dilapidated, stretching from the foot of the hills to the sea-weed on the shore. A gap divided this low parapet, and from side to side of the gap was extended, as a kind of gate, the long stem of a beechen tree, from which the dry silver bark was curling off by the force of its own crispness. Upon this tree I leaned, and turning my back to the ocean, gazed with sublime pleasure on the rocky stairs which seemed to lead up to the cloud-built chambers of the sky. So barren a view never met the eye of a spectator before, and to whatever part of the shore I looked, the same gray sterility of prospect saluted me. Before me were the slaty hills reflecting and reflected by the dull pale-blue fields of water that spread to the horizon; on each side were pathless sands, and the sky itself either lent or took the leaden hue of this desolate shore. Bleak as the scene was, however, I could not leave it, though evening descended fast, and the gale blew fresh from the mountains. I still

leaned upon the tree, ruminating on man's insignificance and frailty, as I measured with my eye the gigantic retinue of hills before me. They spoke loud things to my heart, silent as they stood. Silent, I repeat, for the monotonous roar of the ocean had now diminished to an inaudible ripple as the tide forsook the strand, and Echo was asleep upon her stony pillow. Some time passed in this state of utter loneliness. On a sudden, however, as the wind blew yet fuller, I heard what I conceived to be the links of a chain give an iron sound from the hill-side. I looked toward the point from which the sound came, and sharpening my sight, perceived what had hitherto escaped my casual glance,—a gibbet standing about halfway up the rocks, with a human body hanging upon it in chains. It was not terror which seized me, at this sight; but a gloom all at once seemed to be thrown around me, and though I was riveted to the spot I would have given the world to have been away. The reader perhaps will scarcely appreciate the intensity of this scene, but I assure him the bare recollection of it even at this distance of time makes me shudder. Yet there was nothing to apprehend; this was most probably the body of some murderer (indeed I had heard something about Felon's Hill at one of the villages I passed through), who was gibbeted on the spot where he had committed the fatal deed; and it was not very probable that another would have chosen the same spot for the same purpose. But nevertheless (though I denied the sensation of terror), I acknowledge that I *did* feel my hair involuntarily rising, and a cold sweat overran my face. The reader will almost laugh at me when I tell him that the appalling desolation of this sight was further encreased, by—by —shall I be believed?—by the *rabbits* which I saw playing about the foot of the gibbet, just under the figure, where it swung to and fro with the arms hanging like weights down to the knees! The creaking of the gallows also, and the cling of the chains as the body turned with the wind like a vane, now this shoulder, now that, coming forward, —I shall remember them in my grave! Some time must have elapsed whilst I stood wrapt in this dreadful contemplation; Night almost surprised me in the attitude of a statue. I recollected myself; sprang over the gate, and walking rapidly on without once looking behind me, as rapidly at least as the sand continually sliding from under my feet would permit, I at length got upon the high road just as the moon was rising. O, thought I, what a scene would *that* be now! How the moon must look on Felon's Hill, whilst the waves dash sullenly below, and the corpse swings, and its chains jangle in the breeze!

To illustrate my theory, I must take the liberty of premising a second adventure which happened to me some years ago.

"My lad," said a fellow, tapping me from behind on the shoulder, "whither art springing so fast o'er the heather?"

The suddenness of the interrogation startled me, for I had nearly gained the summit of the hill, and a few minutes before had looked down its side without perceiving anything but low bushes spotting the pasture. The dimness of twilight, however, might have deceived me.

"To N——," said I; "it is not very far, I believe."

"Farther than you may get to-night, mayhap," said the man; "you are fresh upon this pasture, I warrant?"

"I was never amongst these hills before. I have been wandering here the whole day, and bethought myself of returning only when I had lost my path and it became too dark to find it."

My companion smiled, or rather leered, at this simple confession.

"But I am sure," added I, involuntarily putting up my eye-glass, —"I am sure N—— must lie at the other side of this hill."

"Ay, ay, to be sure; Heaven lies at the other side of the moon, but a long way still from that, could a man even get so far on his journey."

"Is it not visible from the hill-top?" I with some anxiety inquired.

"We shall see," he replied, and having gained the ascent, leaped upon a high rock and clapping the ring of a large door-key to one eye,—"If there be a town within ken," said he, "I'll carry you on my back

to it, and be cudgelled all the way like a donkey."

There was no necessity for mounting the rock to see that the town was indeed not within view. This side of the hill spread forward into a boundless expanse of green moor, with scarcely an object to relieve its smoothness but a few tufts of rushes here and there. Behind me were the mountains I had descended a few hours ago, and on each hand were their lordly brothers, each overtowering the rest as it stood farther away. I am fond of loneliness, as the reader must have perceived from what I have already related; wild evening rambles and nocturnal musings in total solitude, have ever been more pleasing to me than society. But the present scene was almost too forlorn. I was most probably many, many miles from any habitation, and I stood alone amidst a world of hills. The night also, which had now closed in, though clear, was bitterly cold. 'Alone,' did I say?—whilst I stood pondering on the desolate prospect before me, and blaming the heedlessness which had led me hither, I received a slap upon the shoulders as if the side of a house had fallen upon them, and the fellow I spoke of shouted through my ears—"Box thy noddle no more about it, man; shalt sleep in a higher bed to-night than any man this side of Skiddaw or Ben-Nevis. Can'st tell a star from a rush light?" said he, pointing to a small beacon which glimmered on the top of one of the midmost hills to my right. Without expecting my answer, he pushed me rudely towards it, and walked on himself, scarcely deigning to observe whether I accompanied him. I was as a willow-wand to an oak beside him, so resistance was vain; and I could perceive by a casual quick glance of his eye, as the moon which had now surmounted the hill-tops shone down upon us, that he had no notion of allowing me to escape him. Had this been possible I certainly should have attempted it, notwithstanding his promised hospitality. In fact, his manners had given me impressions which his appearance fully confirmed; the word 'villain' was stamped upon his lowering forehead as plainly as if the hangman had burnt it there with a hot iron. I had nothing to do but follow in silence.

As we proceeded up the hill, I attempted once or twice to interrupt the horrid pause by asking some apparently indifferent questions about the place to which we were going, but the wind blew so strongly down the mountain that, together with my secret agitation, it rapt my breath between every few words, especially as we walked very fast considering the ascent. My companion did not pay the least attention to any thing I endeavoured to say, but turning every now and then gave a shout which in the stillness of night I heard faintly repeated by several very distant echoes. Just as we had gotten to the pinnacle, he shouted again, and I now plainly heard the shout answered by three or four different human voices from the bottom of the hill. Moonlight showed me indistinctly something moving up the rocks as I looked thither, and when it approached nearer I found it to be a party of men, one of whom had a sack heavily laden on his shoulders. Black-brow (as I will beg leave to christen my companion) and his unwilling guest were standing at the door of a ruinous hovel, built with awkward gray stones on the very top of the hill. Black-brow applied his *eye-glass* to the keyhole, and we entered the miserable dwelling, in the window of which a solitary light was burning. He thrust me into a small room, locked the door of it, and in a few minutes I heard the other party arrive, one of whom flinging down what I conjectured to be the sack at the threshold of my door, with a horrid oath exclaimed that "it would have broken a colt's back to carry it." I think, but am not able positively to assert, that as the sack fell heavily against the door, I heard something like a groan. The party now adjourned to another room at the farthest end of the building, and a great deal of noisy conversation ensued, of which however I could gather nothing but the oaths and exclamations. After some time I heard the crackling of a fire; by and by the noise increased; laughter intermixed with curses, and interrupted by a loud quarrel or a vociferous song, gave indication of a drinking-bout, and that desperate

kind of jollity so natural to desperate characters, had evidently reached its acme. In an hour or two, the uproar diminished, the voices became gradually fewer, and at length there was total silence. I had now time to look about me. The apartment in which I was confined scarcely allowed me either to stand upright, or to stretch myself lying. It had but one small window furnished with a single pane of glass, vulgarly called a "bull's-eye." Some straw, upon which a coarse frieze-coat was flung, lay in one corner of the room. Overcome with fatigue and anxiety, I threw myself down upon this wretched truss, somewhat in the form of a dog going to sleep,—not indeed that it was my intention to sleep, but to meditate how I should attempt my escape. My situation in itself was perilous, but there was something in the accompanying circumstances which rendered it doubly terrific. To feel myself alone in this solitary habitation, amidst these deserted mountains, would have been sufficiently uncomfortable; to know myself in the hands and at the mercy of a gang of villains, whose interest it was, never to permit one who had thus unluckily stumbled upon their secret resort to return alive, was dreadful. That their trade was either murder, or what frequently led to it, I had little doubt; and they might perpetrate an act of that kind here with perfect impunity, as they had nothing to do but let the body of their victim drop between the rocks, where a casual traveller would never think of descending. The reflection was horrible. I rose and looked out of the miserable window; there was nothing before me but valleys of pale rock, and huge solitary pinnacles on which the moon shone with an intensity of brightness that gave them the appearance of being clothed in shrouds, while their shadows looked like long trains of sable sweeping behind. The hill on the top of which this hovel stood was peculiarly bleak, and the wind storming about the corner where my room lay, and puffing at the window, as if endeavouring to gain an entrance to this wretched dwelling, rocked it to and fro on its foundation. From this circumstance I have always called it to myself—Windy Hovel. Whilst I viewed the scene of desolation before me,—wherefore, I do not know,—but I wished the moon away; its light seemed to throw a ghastly paleness over the ground, and to discover to me more plainly the forlornness of my situation. Darkness would have been preferable. I wished for silence also, rather than such dreary sounds as I was compelled to hear. The storm coming up, as it were, in waves, against the gable-end of the hut, and then howling disappointed away, made my flesh creep whilst I listened to it; whilst ever and anon, a midnight snore, or the moan of the nightmare from the robbers' apartment, echoed deep and drear through the building. A total pause would then for a few minutes ensue.—Again the blast shook the walls, and roared in the chimneys. At one time, when it seemed to have collected all its strength, the outer door burst open with the violence of the shock, and I thought the whole mountain was seized with an earthquake. Another interval of calm.—One of the sleepers within, uneasy perhaps with his previous debauch, now tore up the silence of night, drawing his breath ruggedly through his throat and nostrils, till the noise almost wakened himself. A second broke out into an exclamation of terror, as his conscience pursued him in his dreams; then corrected himself, and slept again. A third groaned deeply as the nocturnal incubus sat heavier on his breast, and I could hear him quarreling inarticulately as if struggling from under the pressure of the demon. At length a loud yell, like that of a bloodhound when about to spring upon his victim, was uttered in a voice which I could not mistake: it clove me to the tenderest brain; my blood froze into icicles. I listened—almost choaking with suspense:—all was as hush as death, till another blast came.—But I have not related the worst: As I looked down upon the floor of the room which was divided by a column of moonlight that came in at the window-pane, I saw a stream of some very dark liquor crossing the bright reflection, and putting my finger into this—judge my horror, when I discovered it to be blood! I now recollected

that the loaded sack had been placed against my door, and upon going there I found that a quantity of blood had oozed from under the pannels, and was spread into a thick pool in the middle of which I was now standing. Doubt, if I had any, was dispelled by this sight; it was plain that some unfortunate person had been murdered by my host or his gang, who had carried the body hither, to be first rifled, and then thrust into some deep cavern where it could never be discovered. No time was to be lost: my blood might soon be mingled with that which tracked the floor; so I resolved, at the risk of strangulation, to attempt forcing my body through the window. In the oblivion of drunkenness they had neglected better securing this outlet, and perhaps had altogether forgotten my existence; so I had one chance of escape. I cut the frame work with my pen-knife, lacerating my own fingers dreadfully in my hurry and trepidation, and finally, by great exertion, squeezed myself out, head foremost, through the opening. Just as I touched the ground, I heard a burst of voices from within, and a furious rush through the door. I flew down the mountain, heard the door of the hut clapped violently several times, and a number of people speaking together in great confusion: some shots were fired which rang in repeated echoes through the neighbouring valleys, but I had now gained the shelter of the next hill, and winging round its base, continued my flight—till my limbs were no longer able to bear me. I sank down in a swoon, from which I did not awake till it was broad day. A cow was grazing quietly beside me, and a neat garden-cottage stood at some distance. Thither I dragged my weary frame; too happy, however, in having so miraculously escaped the perils of Windy Hovel.

Of the above two stories, one is a waking and the other a real vision; I will leave the reader to distinguish which is the fruit of my own fantastical brain, which the inspiration of Morpheus. Let me now proceed to relate the prophetic dream which I spoke of.

Methought I was in a green avenue lying between two forests of huge elms, which mingled their branches so thickly that it was but now and then I could obtain a glimpse of the blue sky above them; this they seemed to touch with their topmost leaves. The avenue was perfectly straight, and so long, that the end of it was always lost in darkness, however far I proceeded. Notwithstanding the shade, I could yet see to a considerable distance before me, but with that kind of unsteadiness which perhaps the reader has often experienced when, after having travelled rapidly, and seen the hedges and other objects fleeting behind him as it were, he suddenly stops;—everything seems to vibrate before his eyes. It was thus with me in my dream. The trees, and even the walk itself, seemed to be in continual, but almost imperceptible motion, and the whole forest appeared dim and visionary. I walked on alone and in dead silence for several hours. I attempted frequently to penetrate into the forest on either hand, but was prevented by myriads of owls, who, the very moment I put my head among the trees, took wing, and flying in noiseless confusion amid the branches, so distracted my sight that I found it quite impossible to make my way through the briars and entanglement. Proceeding therefore on my endless journey, I sought to amuse myself by plucking some flowers which grew prettily on the way side. Amongst these were several violets, hyacinths, and harebells, of the most delicate form and colour; but what was very strange, I remarked that each flower as I plucked it immediately withered in my hand. Though I selected those of the deepest tinge and the freshest beauty, where they endeavoured to hide themselves in the grass, they turned pale the moment I pulled them and withered almost into dust. I knelt down to smell them as they grew in the sward, but they all drooped their heads as I approached, and tears fell in showers from their leaves upon the grass beneath them. Their scent I remarked also, was not their own, but that of *rosemary*. Whilst I was meditating upon the strangeness of all this, I heard faint sounds as if travelling up the avenue towards me. They became gradually louder; I could distinguish the grand and melancholy swell of an organ,

interrupted at intervals by the tolling of a distant bell. The anthem was plainly a dirge, and as I walked onwards I fancied I could detect the voices of a choir chaunting the requiem for the dead. Soon after I was convinced of this, for upon looking a long way down the vista, I discerned something like a funeral procession coming to meet me. It advanced; and was what I suspected. As the head mourners approached, however, in two lines, they separated to the right and left a few paces before me, each couple successively disappearing behind the trunks of the elm trees, and being immediately lost in the gloom of the forest. This continued till the body of the cavalcade had advanced quite close to me. The crowd opened into a semicircle; in the midst of which I was surprised to find, instead of a coffin with bearers as I had expected, a marriage table laid out with the choicest fruits and viands, and surrounded by a nuptial, not a burial, troop of both sexes. There were several maidens in white dresses, with garlands and ribbands, accompanied by youths in gay habiliments. In the midst of this band stood a girl covered from head to foot in a long veil, but apparently of exquisite beauty; she was in bridal array. The choir, however, which consisted entirely of children with the faces of cherubs, still continued the dirge, and the passing-bell still continued to toll. What was meant by this incongruous mixture of the two most opposite ceremonies I could not divine, and I was still the more perplexed when, upon the damsels scattering from baskets which they held, a shower of violets over the bride, she began to weep, and the whole band joined in lamentation. At the same instant the greensward took a deeper tinge, and from the pattering amongst the leaves above me, I conjectured that the sky was likewise mourning. It now grew very dark, and the wind entering within the trees, they began to swing furiously to and fro, with a violent rushing murmur over head, like a confusion of mighty sighs. The cavalcade had totally vanished, but I could still hear the faint wail of the organ, choir, and bell, mingling with the roar of the forest. How this ended, I do not recollect.

Next morning I thought of my dream; but the business of the day soon effaced it from my mind. At tea-time, upon opening the window of the room where I sat, to admit the summer-evening breeze, sounds which I had very lately heard, but I could not immediately recollect where, saluted my ear;—it was the very knell which had rung last night, faintly echoing as the sash was raised. My dream returned, like a blow upon my heart.

The village spire shot up amidst the trees at some distance in front of my cottage; I put on my hat, leaped out of the window on the terrace, and crossing the lawn, bent my steps directly, over hedge and corn-field, to the church-yard. I entered just as the priest was commencing the burial service; the whole population of our village had collected, and with heads reverentially uncovered, listened in such mute attention, that although I stood at the very outermost circle, and though the minister spoke in an unusually subdued tone of voice, I heard almost every syllable. He pronounced the affecting words "our dearly beloved sister," in a tone of parental love and sorrow, which showed that the dearest of his little flock had just been torn from his care. Several young men around me pretended to wipe the dust and sweat from their brows; the elders looked on with tearless eyes and gray indifference, as much as to say, "Ay! it is one more to the many we have seen laid here before her." Yet there was perhaps a deeper melancholy in this seeming apathy. I perceived one cottager who held a little girl by the hand, instinctively pull the child away from the grave; and a woman, upon whose apron several little ones were hanging, spread her arms round them, like a mother-bird stretching her wings over her nestlings, when danger is near. There was, however, but one interruption to the service; when the earth fell upon the coffin, a convulsive shriek uttered by some person in the crowd, created a momentary confusion. I got upon an elevated mound near me, and perceived an elderly woman, whom I had known as the mother of one beautiful daughter, struggling with several of the village-matrons, who appeared

to be withholding her from rushing into the grave. The father, an artizan of the village, was a still more distressing object: covered with the hue of his profession, which was that of a working blacksmith, and his face wrinkled deep with time and care —(care now alas! rendered useless by the death of her, for whom he had laboured so long and anxiously to provide)—he was such a figure of silent, utter despair, as I never before witnessed. He appeared to have lost all sense of what was passing without him; he stood with his hands clasped down before him, and his neck stretched out towards the grave, into which, however, it was evident that he could not see, for his eyes were literally blinded with tears. When the chasm was filled up, he was led unconsciously off the ground; and in passing through the village afterwards, I saw the unfortunate man sitting, like an idiot, on a bench at his own door, where his officious friends were endeavouring to prevail on him to forget his grief, but in vain. His wife could scarcely be torn from the church-yard, wrestling violently with her conductors, and repeatedly calling on her child! her Mary! her darling, her beautiful Mary!

The ceremony of covering the grave with green sods, a custom still observed in this distant part of the country, was performed by the youths of the village, many of whom had been, as I was told, the professed sweethearts, and all the silent admirers, of the beautiful girl who had thus disappeared from them for ever. After this rite was over, a number of young women in white mourning came from behind the head-stones, where they had stood during the service, and began strewing the grave with a profusion of death-flowers. The prettiness of this tribute to innocence and virgin purity, brought tears into my eyes; but when I saw that the flowers which were scattered consisted chiefly of *violets*,—my dream recurred so vividly to my mind, and I saw it so fatally and minutely explained by the present circumstances, that I could not forbear inquiring more particularly into the history of this girl, having a presentiment that there was a still further coincidence between it and my vision. One of the strowers acquainted me that Mary, singular to relate! had been on the eve of *marriage*, but had taken cold, died of a fever, and was buried on the very day that had been appointed for her wedding. Thus was my dream fulfilled, even to the very letter!

The crowd now departed, with many homely but sincere expressions of regret for the death of their young companion, and I walked slowly homeward, musing on the fate of this violet of life's spring-time, nor have I ever since felt inclined to ridicule the idea of a *prophetic dream*.

A STORM.

1.

The mountains of the boiling sea
To-night are loosen'd from their dreams,
And upwards to the tempest flee,
Baring their foreheads where the gleams
Of lightning run, and thunders cry,
Rushing and raining through the sky!

2.

The mountains of the sea are waging
Loud war upon the peaceful night,
And bands of the black winds are raging
Thorough the tempest blue and bright,
Blowing her cloudy hair to dust
With kisses, like a madman's lust!

3.

What Spirit, like an Até, walketh o'er
Earth—ocean—air? and aye with Time
Mingled, as with a lover talketh?—
Methinks their colloquy sublime
Draws anger from the sky, which raves
Over the self-abandon'd waves!

4.

Behold! like millions mass'd in battle,
The tumbling billows headlong go,
Lashing the barren deeps which rattle
In mighty transport till they grow
All fruitful in their rocky home,
And dash from frenzy into foam.

5.

And, see where lie on the faithless billows
Women, and men, and children fair,
Some hanging, like sleep, to their swollen pillows,
With helpless sinews and streaming hair,
And others who plunge in their sounding graves!—
Ah! lives there *no* strength above the waves?—

6.

'Tis said, the Moon can rock the sea
From frenzy strange to silence mild—
To sleep—to death:—But where is *she*,
While now her storm-born giant child
Upheaves his shoulder to the skies?—
Arise, sweet planet pale!—Arise!

7.

She cometh,—lovelier than the dawn
In summer when the leaves lie green;
More graceful than the alarmed fawn
Over his grassy supper seen:
Bright quiet from her beauty falls,
Until—again the tempest calls!

8.

The supernatural Storm,—he waketh
Again, and lo! from sheets all white
Stands up unto the stars, and shaketh
Scorn on the jewell'd locks of night.
He carries a ship on his foaming crown,
And a cry, like Hell, as he rushes down!

9.

—And so still soars from calm to storm
The stature of the aye-changing sea:—
So doth desire or wrath deform
Our else calm humanity;—
Until at last we sleep,
And never wake nor weep,
(Hush'd to death by some faint tune,)
In our grave beneath the moon!

B.

OLD ENGLISH DRAMA:—THE SECOND MAIDEN'S TRAGEDY.

A late noble and lamented author, in one of his lighter poems, sarcastically alludes to the mania for Shakspeare now so prevalent among us.* Yet I cannot but think that either Shakspeare is very little read, or, what will equally suit my theory, read to very little purpose. He is quoted to be sure, upon every and no occasion, by the small wits and writers of namby-pamby essays, who eke out their own little prattle by a free and flippant use of his sacred text; but farther than this, it appears to me that the Prince of the Drama might run his sceptre up to the hilt in a sand-bank, and put a night-cap on his head instead of a diadem, for all the influence he exercises at present in the empire of literature. At all events, this influence, if it exist at all, must exist in a very latent capacity: even in his patrimonial domain—the province of the drama, none of those who verbally acknowledge his supremacy, either wear his colours, observe his laws, or copy his example. Had there been a second Genesis, I should have allotted him to an Adam and Eve of quite another clay from that which compounded the sinful couple who had the merit of propagating our living dramatists. I am to be understood, however, as saying this merely in allusion to their works already published, as set in opposition to his. There have been latterly some indications of a wish to resume the Shakspearian method of composition. Large promises have also been made to put Tom Otway's nose out of joint, and to make the other tragedists of the rhetoric school cry out for mountains to cover them,—promises, the fulfilment of which we should expect with the most sanguine credulity, if to do were not, in some cases, rather a more laborious occupation than to say.

But I have been accused (God knows with what injustice!) of "comparing" the Dramatists of the Day with Shakspeare. 'Twould have been the next thing to have compared (not meaning any disrespect)—the sun to a litter of moon-calves. And when I now (perceiving the above indications) recommend Shakspeare as the best existing model which an author can propose to himself to work from, Dramaticus may start up on the first of next month, and in the same strain of equity ask me,—if I would set an ox in the middle of the bulrushes and expect the hoarse nation there to emulate his lordly voice and magnitude with any thing like success? But if Dramaticus argues legitimately, I wonder why we take such pains to exhibit our Old Masters annually; or why young artists are not prudently discouraged from worshipping Theseus and the Hippocampi at Montague house. Surely copper-plate is graven in vain, and "Command you may your mind from play" might better be etched with a pick-axe than a needle, since it is unreasonable to require a perfect pothook or hanger from the pen of a school-boy. Let Timotheus yield the place to Tweedledum, will say Dramaticus; *he* "raised a mortal to the skies," and as this is on all hands allowed to be beyond the powers of a modern musician, let us, in the name of all that is practicable! imitate him only whom we can hope to rival,—*ex hoc sit* Tweedledum, Tweedledum *sit tempore nobis!*

What a fool then was Maro, to take Homer for his model! Wherefore did he not, with the praiseworthy pusillanimity of our living dramatists, rather choose Mævius for his exemplar, and, instead of *Ἄνδρα μοι ἔννεπε, Μοῦσα*, begin like that vagabond poet —*Fortunam Priami cantabo et nobile bellum?* But I shall be told that this is not the point: that a *comparison* with Shakspeare is what the Dramatists of the Day do not like to stand, and which they must beg leave to deprecate. Again I reply, that neither in thought, word, nor deed, neither in my mind nor in my letters, did I ever institute the comparison

* "To be, or not to be! that is the question,"
Says Shakspeare who, just now, is much the fashion.
Don Juan, c. 9. st. xiv.

alluded to; and the charge gives me at least as much anguish as the comparison, had it been made, could have given a dramatist: I should have besought Vulcan to turn me into bronze, and work me up as a double-faced statue of Blasphemy and Impudence, had I ever been guilty of such a sacrilegious insult to the divinity of Shakspeare. The comparison (if it must be called so) was instituted, not as a mean whereby to estimate the genius of the present age of dramatists, (Could the weight of half a dozen grains of butterfly-dust be found, by putting Plinlimmon in the opposite scale?)—but merely in order to show my cotemporaries where and how far they had diverged from the legitimate methods of dramatism. These methods are more clearly exemplified in *his* works, than in those of any other writer; and *therefore* did I so frequently set them by the side of our modern prolusions. My quotations were mostly taken from *his* plays, because I would confirm by their infallible authority the rules for dramatic composition which reason or common-sense told me were right. From other play-makers I did not quote, because they either do not observe these rules at all, or observe them less scrupulously than he does,—if indeed these terms can be properly applied to one who wrote involuntarily right, rather than studied to do so. Besides it should be plain to the most superficial reader of my Letters, that this "comparison" was not made for the invidious purpose alleged, inasmuch as they impeach our living dramatic writers, not with a deficiency of genius, but with a wrong direction of it. Nay, with a generosity which perhaps they would better appreciate if they knew with what pain it was exerted,—I sedulously culled out the very best passages from their works, and bestowed upon them the praise of being even more poetical than was at all either necessary or agreeable!

But we will put out the sun for the present: we will extinguish *pro tempore* this insufferable luminary who swallows up all the glimmerlings of our literary system in his beams: let Shakspeare get another lark to sing of his brightness; I will be dumb as an alabaster cherub in his praise,—for the remainder of this paper.

My quiver is not empty; I have other bolts beside thunder-bolts to shoot with; Massinger alone would supply me with proof sufficient, that our living playwrights know, or at least seem by their practice to know, little more of the dramatic art than Minerva's owl did of cobweb-spinning, or her game-cock of the science of strategy. And the same conclusion might be deduced from the works of any of our ancient dramatists who have attained celebrity. Indeed, the secret of the Art, like that of many others, such as raising enormous weights, mixing imperishable colours, &c. appears to have been lost altogether: and at a strange epoch too! viz. when we gained our liberties, about the end of the seventeenth century. Strange, I say, that the flowers of genius should wither when the tree of liberty began to flourish. The last of these worthies—shall we call him Shirley?—seems to have broken the heir-loom of the dramatic family, when he could no longer use it himself: his successors, Lee, Dryden, Young, &c. found a few stray splinters of it, and putting them together with clumsy artifice, wove fustian tragedies, till the crazy machine, just as Douglas was thrown off, went to pieces, and our own weavers of tragic story have substituted a new gim-crack in its stead, but no more like the former than I to Hercules. There may have been perhaps something in the manners, pursuits, or language, of that golden age, more congenial to dramatic writing: certainly, with respect to this province of literature, it is like stepping from Oasis into the desert, when we pass from the Elizabethan into the very next age succeeding. Now began the tornado style; simooms swept the boards every night, and the spectators were choaked with the dust raised by the performers: Lee, in a fit of poetical cholic, roars aloud to "give a whirlwind room!" and Dryden lets a hurricane loose whenever he thinks the audience in danger of sleeping. Hence, whenever we meet with a good *flotson* tragedy, we almost always find it in the end to belong to the first age of the drama; when with a bad one, we infallibly

discover it to be the property of the second; when we meet with a tragedy which is *not* a tragedy, but merely, as it were, a sad sort of dialogical poem, we might, without any fear of getting a slap in the teeth from the Goddess of Veracity for our error, set it down immediately to the credit of the present. Here is, for instance, THE SECOND MAIDEN'S TRAGEDY; who that devours the following *morceaus*, would ever think of returning thanks to either of the latter ages for his luncheon?

Enter the LADY *clad in black, with Attendants.*

Tyrant. (her lover). Whence rose that cloud? can such a thing be seen
In honour's glorious day, the sky so clear?
Why mourns the kingdom's mistress? does she come
To meet advancement in a funeral garment?
Back! (*to the Attendants*) she forgot herself, 'twas too much joy
That bred this error, and we heartily pardon't.
Go, bring her hither like an illustrious bride
With her best beams about her; let her jewels
Be worth ten cities; that beseems our mistress,
And not a widow's case, a suit to weep in.
(Act 1, Sc. 1.)

Exit LADY *and* GOVIANUS (*her husband.*)

Tyr. Methinks the day e'en darkens at her absence
I stand as in a shade, when a great cloud
Muffles the sun, whose beauties shine far off
On towers and mountains, but I keep the vallies,
The place that is last served.
(Act 1, Sc. 1.)

These passages are too pure and poetical (the latter especially) for the Rhetoric school of drama; too spirited and full of action (the former especially) for the Poetic. Combining the spirit of poetry with the essence of drama, they could in fact belong only to the Dramatic age of our literature. Accordingly, we find by the preface to the tragedy in which they appear, that they were written at least five years before Shakspeare's death:

"This is one of the three unpublished plays which escaped the fatal hands of Warburton's cook, and is printed from a manuscript book of that gentleman, in the Lansdown Collection. No title-page is prefixed to the manuscript, nor is the name of 'The Second Maiden's Tragedy' in the same hand-writing as the play. From the tenor of the licence to act, indeed, it is probable that this name was given to it by the Master of the Revels; that licence is in the following words: 'This Second Maiden's Tragedy (for it hath no name inscribed,) may, with the reformations, be publicly acted. 31 October, 1611, G. Buc.' Why it is called 'The Second Maiden's Tragedy' does not appear; there is no trace of any drama having the title of 'The First Maiden's Tragedy,' and it does not bear any resemblance to the 'Maid's Tragedy' of Beaumont and Fletcher."

I say that the *vis animi* which inspired this play is as different from that which breathes through a modern tragedy, as is the fine frenzy of a Delphic priestess from the voluptuous enthusiasm of a love-sick milliner. They differ not only in degree, but in kind: one is the true *vis dramatica*, the other is neither *vis non dramatica*, but the mere *motus poeticus* —rather a *motion* of the mind carrying it *over* so much poetry, than an *exertion* of the mind carrying it *through* so much drama. So that Dramatists will gain little by having their plays compared with The Second Maiden's Tragedy, instead of Hamlet or Othello. Nay, the comparison is still more unfavourable to their pretensions; for it demonstrates that their inferiority is *not* so much owing to the superhuman and unnatural genius of Shakspeare, as they would fain have us think. Here is a tragedy written by a poor, bare, forked animal, like one of themselves, (it is evidently not the work of that literary monster, that great *lusus naturæ*—Shakspeare); yet is it not only as far superior to the best of theirs, as the poetry of the Mæonian ballad-singer to that of a strolling brother from St. Giles's, but a production altogether different in kind. This mortal author,—who confessedly, was neither the Spirit of Drama incarnate, nor Melpomene in unmentionables, as some contend William Shakspeare to have been,—this child of dust, and subject of corruption, wrote, it appears, a tragedy, neither with Mahomet's pen, nor the style of a prophet, but with a common, fly-flapping, perishable, and profane-gray goose quill;—yet this being compared with a tragedy of the pre-

sent day, the respective merits, as dramas, are somewhat in the proportion of a round million to a round cypher.* I do not, therefore, see how our dramatists, who, in that capacity, may be said to sit at the very foot of Parnassus, can think to exalt themselves in our eyes by directing our view to an author who sits half way up the hill, rather than to him who sits on the ball of Fame's Temple. It exceeds my perspicacity I confess to apprehend what profit accrues to Fazio or Mirandola, by being proved inferior, not to Lear or Macbeth, but to The Second Maiden's Tragedy. However, that is not *my* concern: only, I hope it will be no longer imputed to me that I compare modern dramatists with a supernatural playwright. I am content to measure the "tallest fellow" among them with this unknown author, and if I do not prove them lower, as tragedists, by the whole length of their heights than he is,—I will turn my pen into a pop-gun, and shoot at nothing but drawing-room flies for the future.

A good way of finishing the matter at once would be to send a formal challenge to the whole living fraternity of dramatists,—something in the following style, viz.: pluck me out a scene from any of your works equal to this: nay, I will even stand a broadside, that is to say, club tragedies, and produce, if you can, from the sum of your tragic efforts, a number of scraps, equal in quantity and merit, to this extract:

Enter the TYRANT *and* SOLDIERS *at a farther door, which opened, brings them to the tomb where the* LADY *lies buried. The tomb is discovered richly set forth.*

Tyrant. Softly, softly!
Let's give this place the peace that it requires;
The vaults e'en chide our steps with murmuring sounds,
For making bold so late,—it must be done.

First Soldier. I fear nothing but the ghost of a quean I kept once; she swore she would so haunt me, I should never pray in quiet for her, and I have kept myself from church these fifteen years to prevent her.

Tyr. The monument woos me, I must run and kiss it.
Now trust me if the tears do not e'en stand
Upon the marble: What slow springs have I!
'Twas weeping to itself before I came;
How pity strikes e'en through insensible things,
And makes them shame our dulness!
Thou house of silence, and the calms of rest,
After tempestuous life,—I claim of thee
A mistress, one of the most beauteous sleepers
That ever lay so cold; not yet due to thee
By natural death, but cruelly forced hither,
Many a year before the world could spare her!
We miss her amongst the glories of our court,
When they be number'd up. All thy still strength,
Thou grey-eyed monument, shall not keep her from us!
Strike, villain! though the echo rail us all
Into ridiculous deafness; pierce the jaws
Of this cold ponderous creature.

Second Sol. Sir!

Tyr. Why strikest thou not?

Second Sol. I shall not hold the axe fast, I am afraid, sir.

Tyr. O shame of men! a soldier, and so fearful?

Second Sol. 'Tis out of my element to be in a church, sir.
Give me the open field and turn me loose, sir.

Tyr. True, thou then hast room enough to run away;
Take thou the axe from him.

First Sol. I beseech your grace—
'Twill come to a worse hand. You'll find us all
Of one mind for the church, I can assure you, sir.

Tyr. Nor thou?

Third Sol. I love not to disquiet ghosts
Of any people living.

Tyr. O, slaves of one opinion!—Give me't from thee,
Thou man made out of fear!

Second Sol. By my faith, I'm glad I'm rid on't—
I that was ne'er before in a cathedral,
And have the battering of a lady's tomb,
Lies hard upon my conscience at first coming;
I should get much by that; it shall be a warning to me,
I'll ne'er come here again.

Tyr. No—wilt not yield?
(*Strikes at the tomb.*)
Art thou so loth to part from her?

First Sol. What means he?
Has he no feeling with him? By this light, if I be not afraid to stay any longer; very fear will go nigh to turn me of some

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* I do not say—infinity to nothing, because that more adequately expresses the ratio of *Shakspeare's* superiority.

religion or other, and so make me forfeit my lieutenantship.

Tyr. O, have we got the mastery? help, you vassals!
'Freeze you in idleness, and can see us sweat?

Second Sol. We sweat with fear as much as work can make us.

Tyr. Remove the stone that I may see my mistress!
Set to your hands, you villains, and that nimbly,
Or the same axe shall make you all fly open!

All. O, good my lord!

Tyr. I must not be delayed.

First Sol. This is ten thousand times worse than entering on a breach.

Tyr. O blest object!
I never shall be weary to behold thee;
I could eternally stand thus and see thee.
Why, 'tis not possible death should look so fair!
Life is not more illustrious when health smiles on't;
She's only pale, the colour of the court,
And most attractive; mistresses most strive for't;
And their lascivious servants most affect it.
Lay to your hands again!

All. My lord?

Tyr. Take up her body!

First Sol. How, my lord?

Tyr. Her body!

First Sol. She's dead, my lord.

Tyr. True, if she were alive,
Such slaves as you should not come near to touch her;
Do't, and with all best reverence, place her here.

First Sol. Not only, sir, with reverence, but fear;
You shall have more than your own asking, once.
I am afraid of nothing but she'll rise
At the first jog, and save us all a labour.

Second Sol. Then were we best take her up and never touch her.

First Sol. How can that be? does fear make thee mad?

Tyr. O the moon rises! what reflection
Is thrown about this sanctified building,
E'en in a twinkling! How the monuments glisten,
As if Death's palaces were all massy silver,
And scorned the name of marble! Art thou cold?
I have no faith in't yet, I believe none.
Madam!—'tis I—sweet lady!—prythee speak—
'Tis thy love calls on thee—thy king!—thy servant!—
No! not a word! all prisoners to pale silence
I'll prove a kiss.

Second Sol Here's fine chill venery;
'Twould make a pandar's heels ache, I'll be sworn;
All my teeth chatter in my head to see't.

Tyr. Thou'rt cold indeed, beshrew thee for't,
Unkind to thine own blood, hard-hearted lady!
What injury hast thou offered to the youth
And pleasure of thy days! Refuse the court,
And steal to this hard lodging! was that wisdom?
Oh I could chide thee with mine eye brim full,
And weep out my forgiveness when I've done!
Nothing hurt thee but want of woman's counsel;
Had'st thou but asked th' opinion of most ladies,
Thou'dst never come to this! they would have told thee
How dear a treasure life and youth had been;
'Tis that they fear to lose; the very name
Can make more gaudy tremblers in a minute,
Than heaven, or sin, or hell.—A. 4. Sc. 3.

I have given nearly the whole of this fine scene (having made but one or two trifling and necessary omissions), first because I think it worthy of general admiration; secondly, because I would propose it to living authors as a noble model for their imitation; and thirdly, because I would not, even for a moment, lie under the suspicion of disingenuity, in having suppressed parts which might be considered as less favourable to my opinion of the merit of the whole.

The above is, as the occasion required, a scene for the most part of still sublimity and repose; that address of the Tyrant to the monument, and his two latter speeches, are full of the gentlest pathos, and are breathed in the most sweet and submissive voice of poetry:—yet the whole is pregnant with the deepest interest; its representation would indubitably obtain the most breathless attention of a commonly judicious audience. The incident itself is magnificent and imposing; there is something beside the mere beauty of the dialogue to keep the bosom stirring. Let modern play writers mark this!—Also, the melancholy grandeur of the Tyrant's speeches is skilfully relieved, and its effect heightened, by the contrast of humour displayed in the soldiers' remarks; and it is well worthy a threatening dramatist's notice, that even these sombre speeches are carried on, for the most part, by inter-

jection and exclamation, whereby their otherwise monotonous result upon the ear is enlivened.* I know very well how a Dramatist of the Day would have treated the subject; I know it as well as if I were sitting on his pineal, along with his soul: this is exactly what he would have done,—divided the whole dialogue into half a dozen speeches, the mid-ones of which would consist of some certain verses good for nothing but to waste the vocabulary, and the others would comprise everything that could be said or sung upon *marble-beauty*, all of which would pour forth from the orator's lips, in one shape, and with one uniform sound, like water from the mouth of a fountain-lion.

The plot of this tragedy is defective; ingeniously so: for it consists of two plots, put together with such unhappy artifice, that neither has as much connexion with the other, as the moon with the tide in a cup of wine. This tragedy is, in fact, under one name, *two* short tragedies, each of which is incessantly obstructing the progress of the other. An underplot in a drama should follow the same rule as an episode in an heroic poem,—it should forward the principal story. In the present tragedy, the underplot (which is taken from the *Curious Impertinent* in Don Quixote) seems to have been constructed by the artist, with a view to make a modern Aristotle grin with spite, at seeing the above great rule violated with as much industry as it should be preserved. There is also but little delineation of character in The Second Maiden's Tragedy; and what little there is, merits no praise for its accuracy: Thus, the Tyrant is endued with several incompatible dispositions, tenderness and cruelty, refinement and insensibility. Whoever wrote the author's name, William Shakspeare, in the title page, wrote himself liar, at the same time, —for Shakspeare could never have been so inartificial in his plot, nor so uncharacteristic in his personages But with all its faults, or deficiencies, this tragedy may challenge admiration with as bold a front as any since the days of Massinger. Indeed, as compared with the great play of this latter writer, though it exhibits far less power of characterial delineation, it manifests considerably more power of poetry; it has no such character as Sir Giles Over-reach, but on the other hand A New Way to pay Old Debts contains no such exquisite language as this:—

Wife. Your counsel will prevail; persuade him, good sir,
To fall into life's happiness again,
And leave the desolate path. I want his company:
He walks at midnight in thick shady woods,
Where scarce the moon is starlight; I have watch'd him
In silent nights, when all the earth was drest
Up like a virgin, in white innocent beams,—
Stood in my window, cold and thinly clad,
T' observe him through the bounty of the moon,
That liberally bestowed her graces on me,
And when the morning dew began to fall,
Then was my time to weep.—A. 1. Sc. 2.

As the Dramatists of the Day, therefore, are so much angered by my having brought their works in contact with Shakspeare's (*quam proxime*) perfect tragedies, their rage I suppose will be mollified when I set an imperfect model before them. Imperfect as it is, let them work from this; and equal it, if that power stand within a pair of modern slippers. We would even compound for two parallel plots and uniformity of character; but let them copy the energy, the action, the mixture of poetry and common dialogue, the novelty of scene, and the fabular interest, of "The Second Maiden's Tragedy," if they would raise their reputation as high as their pretensions.

As to the manner in which the first Number of The Old English Drama has been gotten up, I have only to say, that I could wish a much worse play a much better Editor. In the *Dramatis Personæ*, one flagrant mistake gives hopeful and well-redeemed earnest of numberless inaccuracies in the text, which confound its sense and destroy its harmony.

There is another remarkable difference between our ancient and modern dramatists, which I shall beg leave to advert to in another paper,

* The same skill is displayed (as my fifth Letter observes) in the Bedchamber Scene, Cymbeline. A. 2. Sc. 2. where, though the scene is still, the speaker murmurs expressively.

—illustrating my point by a few more quotations from this beautiful, this inestimable relic of Antiquity. At present, I will merely add, that I regard "The Second Maiden's Tragedy" as an addition to our known stock of dramatic poetry, scarcely to be exceeded in value, but by a drama from the pen of Shakspeare himself.*

JOHN LACY.

* There are many, many lines in the above tragedy, which Shakspeare must have either written or inspired.

> O who dares play with destiny but he
> That *wears security so thick upon him*,
> The thought of death and hell cannot pierce through!
>
> A. 5 Sc. last.

TROPICAL RECOLLECTIONS: THE INDIAN'S TALE.

I HAD wandered for several hours, with my gun slung across my shoulder, through the lonely but fruitful and ever-verdant scenes of Guiana, and was returning little satisfied with the result of my expedition, having shot but three wood-pigeons, and an *accouri*, when I came to an extensive *bosch* or forest which I had previously ranged. The sun had lost much of his power, and was evidently on the wane, but his former influence seemed still upon me, and I felt nearly exhausted from the fatigue I had undergone. I determined, however, to proceed, and took my way through a narrow and broken path from which the sun and the winds of heaven appeared shut out by the high and thickly-foliaged trees. The white cedar towered there in its beauty, whilst the *wallaba*, with its iron trunk and leafy crown, threw its broad arms across, as if to shield it from impending storms. Here and there a bead-tree, with leaves fairy-like and graceful as those of the acacia, gave its red tributes to the parched earth, and the orange-coloured *semitos* hung like golden gems from the bright green boughs that held them. As I wandered on, my thoughts insensibly became "part and parcel" of the solitary scene around me. The mind of man is a universal mould, capable of receiving impressions from the most varied and even contradictory objects; it is Nature's depositary for her choicest works—the hive of all her sweets. It enhances her vivid and sparkling beauties, and lends a twilight softness to the luxuriant noon-day of her glories. Nay, it goes even beyond this, and bears a still closer affinity to nature. It has its (intellectual) dawn, its noon, and eve, and night, like her; its spring, and summer, and autumn, and winter; its flowers and its weeds, its bloom and its mildew; its changes of good and ill; its splendour and its desolation. Can we then wonder that the mind, feeling this existing sympathy, should possess an acute susceptibility of the charms and influence of external objects, and from the meanest flower and lowliest shrub gather high thoughts and love, and soothing, because holy inspirations? Can we then wonder that it should, when under the dominion of contending emotions, admire the moodier, the grander, the stormier scenery of Nature? Her caves, and ocean, and mountain-rivers: her gloomy forests and her solitudes? Or that, when it is itself filled with gentler and fairer and holier sensations, it should delight in Nature's calmer and more soothing scenes? Her green hills, and placid streams, and fairy moonlight? He who wanders in loneliness and solitude of heart finds a solace (a melancholy one it is true, but yet it *is* a solace) in corresponding scenes. If he be proud in his deep misery, the words of his fellow man, meant to express *pity*, may be construed into *offence*; for sorrow is suspicious; but a scene over which Nature has thrown a gloom and blossomless sterility, speaks to his heart in the silent language of true sympathy, and breathes compassion without words. *He* is most in love with Nature who thinks she mourns with him. Her gaiety would seem to mock his desolation: but her tears fall on his sorrows like dew upon the withered flower; and he feels that he is no longer alone, for Nature holds communion with him in his wretchedness, and bids her doves sigh, and

her clouds weep with him. His real griefs become wedded to the apparent ones of Nature. She is at once the sharer and alleviator of his griefs, his nurse as well as companion. Who that has, in the pride of youth and robust strength, ascended some lofty mountain, whose summit the clouds have chosen for their resting-place; who that has reclined upon some giant rock, and gazed upon the majesty of ocean, has not felt his soul imbued with the sublimity of such scenes? Has not felt his spirit, at those moments, become free as the mountain-air he breathes, and his thoughts boundless as the ocean he surveys? Who that has heard the low of cattle, the hum of bees, the song of birds, and the fall of distant waters when the day is departing from the earth slowly, as a lover from his mistress, has not imbibed serenity and peace? Such were my thoughts and feelings as I moved slowly on my way. I had nearly reached the extremity of the forest when I saw an Indian sitting beneath a spreading mango-tree. He had a parrot on his arm, and several neatly and curiously made baskets were at his side. He appeared lost in thought, and did not notice me until I approached close to the spot where he was seated. Like others of his nation, he had his body painted red, and his straight black hair reached down to his hips. I had often remarked that the faces of all these Indians appeared the same—faithful copies of one original—exhibiting a sleek but indolent placidity—a careless and inert content; but in him, although his features individually may have resembled those which I had before seen, I traced lines of deep thought and melancholy reflection. I had never but once spoken to any of his race, and that was merely for a moment, and I became curious to learn something respecting them. I addressed him, and was happy to find by his answering salutation that he could perfectly understand me. He spoke to me in a mixture of broken Dutch and English, which he had learnt in the course of his little trading journeys to the towns inhabited by European settlers. I sat down beside him, and, by degrees, we entered into familiar conversation. By the aid of a little rum, which I carried in a leathern cup, I made him tolerably communicative; and, at last, in the wild and metaphorical style of all savage people, he thus recounted the events of his past life.

"I am of the Arrowauk nation—and from my youth upwards was trained by my father to the use of the bow and gun. Whilst yet a boy I could bring down, with either, the smallest birds, even when they were at their utmost speed. For this reason I became noticed by my countrymen, and the maidens looked upon me with a favouring eye, and listened to me with a willing ear. There was one among them whom I had known from childhood. Ayana was as beautiful to my eyes, as the purple berries to the wood-dove, or the *mispel* to the humming-bird. I lived not when she was away from me. She was my breath. I was not then as I now am, and many maidens would have shared my hut—but Ayana was in my heart and I loved no other. Never shall I forget the day when I took her home! As she stept into my *koriaal*, she looked like a good spirit coming to bless Ouayo, and as we glided down the falls of the river, she was like the bright moon descending from the blue sky. We have none like her now in all our nation. Ayana brought me five children, and we lived together like the seven stars that dwell in the quiet heavens. When I left my hut to fish in the river or shoot in the woods for our daily food, Ayana was troubled, and would look after me in sorrow: when I returned, whether good or ill success had attended me, she was glad in her heart, and smiled, and welcomed me. When I was ill, and the burning fever dried my brain, she bound the cool banana leaves round my forehead, and supported my delirious head upon her bosom; and when I was weary, she would sing me to sleep in her arms.* Oh! how good, how kind was Ayana then! But the fruit cannot hang for ever on the boughs, nor our joys cling eternally to the tree of life.

* I occasionally met Ouayo afterwards in —— Town, and took an opportunity of learning from him the nature of the songs that Ayana used to sing. He translated one

Mine I am sure did not. Before a moon was old I saw four of my little treasures sink one by one into coldness and death. They fell not like guava in their ripeness, but were plucked green from their father's heart. While the hot fever scorched up their little lips and withered their infant strength, I could not bear to leave them. I went not out to fish—I had no heart to load my gun, or bear my unheeded bow. Ayana used to weep, but *I* could not, although my bosom was full of tears. When the last breath left the lips of my fourth child, who was the most like Ayana of them all, I think I died too, or else a sad change came over me. I can but imperfectly describe what I then felt. It was, and still is, like a dream. All that I can remember is, that I seemed not to have altered in form but in mind, and to have lost all feeling either of good or evil. I appeared to be in the same spot as before; but there was nothing above, below, or around me, except a kind of cloud, or troubled water, or something which was, and yet was not distinct. At that time I was nothing—or at best but like that trunk (and he pointed to a tree that had fallen, though a few green leaves upon the top indicated that there were still some vestiges of existence remaining in it) which, though there is yet some life about it, can never flourish more. I had a wife—but felt not that I was a husband:—I had still one child left—but knew not that I was a father. My mind was dark. It was Ayana's kiss that awakened me from the dead; and I went out and dug a grave for my child, beside her brothers and sisters; and I laid her in it and returned to Ayana. And she was weeping, and then I wept too and felt comforted. And we lived on, and dearly cherished our only child, and she was as a bright star shining through the night of our sorrow. One day as I was returning home, loaded with the produce of my toil, I felt an unusual pressure on my mind. And I had misgivings of evil but knew not what that evil was. Ayana came not out to meet me as she was wont, and this confirmed my forebodings. I was unwilling and yet anxious to enter the hut. I at length opened the door, and at the sight of Ayana I started, and I said 'Our child is dead!" and Ayana answered not but wept. And she pointed to a mat at the corner of the hut and groaned aloud.

"There lay the body of our lovely—our innocent—our last child; and I had none but Ayana to care for in the whole world. My poor girl had gone without suspecting danger into my koriaal just above the falls, and sighed her sweet spirit out upon the cold and desolating waters. When I threw the pitiless earth over the body of the last one that my blood had warmed—that my breath had animated—it seemed to fall upon my own heart. Ah! I shall never forget how lonely Ayana and I became. We would sit for hours together without speaking, and gaze upon the spot where our children used to lie; and then we would turn and look at each other, and sigh in the anguish of our child-

of them literally, which I took down, and prevailed upon him afterwards to repeat in his own language, by which means I was enabled to judge of the rhime and metre. I give it here. It is as near to the original as I could possibly bring it.

Swiftly goes the koriaal over the hurrying waters
  When the dwellings of the white-men are seen afar;
Swiftly dart the tempest-fires through the cloudy heavens,
  And swiftly through the night-scene shoots the falling star.
But swifter than the koriaal upon the hurrying waters
  When the dwellings of the white men are seen afar,
And swifter than the tempest-fires that pierce the cloudy heavens,
  Or the bright and rapid flight of the sky-descending star,
Are the maiden's steps when gaily at sun-set time they roam
  To meet her Indian hunter-love and lead him to her home.

Fondly loves the anaquaw the cool and silent shade,
  The lizard loves the sun—and early or late
The blossoms love the dews, which leave their blue abodes,
  And dearly loves the forest-bird his gentle forest mate.
But dearer than to anaquaw the cool and silent shade,
  Than sunshine to the lizard or his mate to forest-dove—
Is the feeling in the maiden's heart when at the close of day
  She wanders forth to greet with smiles her Indian hunter-love.

less hearts. But there was a still darker storm hanging over the peace of Ouayo. One of our nation, in passing near my hut, was severely bitten by a *bosch-meester* (bush-master), whose bite is considered to be beyond the reach of cure. I had learnt from my father, who had acquired a great reputation amongst our countrymen on account of his knowledge of plants and shrubs, to judge with some certainty of the powers and properties of the various healing herbs; and I immediately endeavoured to make that which I had learnt subservient to a good purpose. I was with Uteko for many a long day and sleepless night, and watched him with a brother's care when darkness was on his brain—and the sky-fires in his eye. He recovered, and seemed grateful, and I loved him well. But, oh! he was like the coral-snake—and had two faces.* One of seeming friendship deceived me:—the other of pretended love beguiled Ayana. I will tell you all; although the recollection of what has passed nearly maddens me. I sometimes went to the town of the white men to sell the baskets that Ayana made, and the parrots and parroquets which I caught in the forests. And I joyed to deal with the white men, and loved to bring home the produce of my journey, and make glad the heart of Ayana. I used to go in a koriaal with others of my countrymen, and return again with them. Once we had proceeded but a short distance when I saw a noble deer at a distance. I took a bow and arrow which was in the koriaal, landed, and followed the track of his hoofs as quickly and as silently as I could; but I never got within shot of him; and at last, owing to the thickness of the forest, entirely lost sight of him. Hurried on by the ardour of the chase I had roamed nearly to my own hut, and as my thirst was excessive, I determined to turn my steps homeward. There was a bamboo-tree not far from my hut, under whose shade my children used to play, and Ayana and myself were wont to sit at noon. As I came in sight of this spot, I saw two figures, and they were clasped in each other's embrace. and my heart misgave me and my strength failed. And as I drew nearer I saw that one of them was Uteko, and the other Ayana. The friend and wife. The blighter and the blighted. The betrayer and the betrayed. My left hand grasped the bow—my right drew the quivering cord—the arrow was in his heart!. And he passed away from the living in his guilt—and with the faithless kiss of lust upon his lips. I rushed towards Ayana and seized her by the throat. In that moment no thought of our past love entered my breast, or if it did, it was but to make my vengeance more certain. My mind was in a sleep, and a dream of blood came across it. I was then, indeed, what the white men call every living being amongst us—a savage. And humanity had perished within me, and the night clouds were on my brain. A shriek awakened me. It was the last sound Ayana ever uttered: for when my eyes turned upon her she was dead in my grasp; and her eyes had started from their sockets. I could not endure the sight—my blood was cold—and indistinct shadowy forms seemed gliding around me. I fell with the lifeless body of Ayana to the earth, and knew not that I breathed. I can only remember the way in which I started from my trance of death. It was the sensation of a sudden chill running through every vein that aroused me. I looked around but I was in darkness, and the bats flitted across me, and the night-winds called to the forest. And I remembered not what had happened, for my senses were still straying in the shadows of the night. With the noise I made on awaking I had startled the timorous guana, for I heard him rustling through the fallen leaves to avoid me; and then came my senses back again, and I thought that I had dreamed of horrors—but knew nothing further. The moon stole into the dark sky, and her beams fell upon the altered face of Ayana. I kneeled down beside her, and I remembered all things, and my deserted heart was sick with sorrow. The spirits of my fathers seemed passing before me, and I thought they summoned me to the land of rest, and I lay me down to die. But death was pitiless and came not. And there was a mountain on my

* The coral-snake, or blood snake, as it is likewise called, has much the same appearance at both extremities;—hence it is supposed by the natives to be double-headed

breast, and I longed for the dark waters to roll over me. The world seemed dead—for I had none now to love—none to cherish me—and the skies, and the trees, and the hills, and the waves had become hateful to my sight. I felt that I could never know happiness again, for Ayana was gone from me, like the rainbow from a sky of clouds and storms—like a sun-ray from the valleys it had brightened."

As he concluded, he covered his face with his hands and sighed deeply, and remained for some time apparently lost in thought. The night was closing around us, and the anaquaw was pouring its sad notes on the winds; we arose from our leafy seat, and it was with a melancholy feeling that I saw the heart-stricken Indian go on his way to the town of the white men.

THE IDLER'S EPISTLE TO JOHN CLARE.

So loth, friend John, to quit the town?
T'was in the dales thou won'st renown:
I would not John! for half-a-crown
Have left thee there;
Taking my lonely journey down
To rural air.

The paven flat of endless street
Is all unsuited to thy feet;
The fog-wet smoke is all unmeet
For such as thou;
Who thought'st the meadow verdure sweet,
But think'st not now.

"Time's hoarse unfeather'd nightingales" *
Inspire not like the birds of vales;
I know their haunt in river dales
On many a tree,
And they reserve their sweetest tales
John Clare! for thee.

I would not have thee come to sing
Long odes to that eternal spring,
On which young bards their changes ring
With birds and flowers;
I look for many a better thing
Than brooks and bowers.

'Tis true thou paintest to the eye
The straw-thatch'd roof with elm-trees nigh;
But thou hast wisdom to descry
What lurks below:
The springing tear, the melting sigh,
The cheek's heart-glow.

The poets all, alive or dead,
Up Clare! and drive them from thy head;
Forget whatever thou hast read
Of phrase or rhyme;
For he must lead and not be led
Who lives through time.

What thou hast been the world may see,
But guess not what thou still may'st be;
Some in thy lines a Goldsmith see,
Or Dyer's tone:
They praise thy worst; the best of thee
Is still unknown.

* Namely, Watchmen: authority, Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

Some grievously suspect thee, Clare!
They want to know thy form of prayer;
Thou dost not cant, and so they stare
And smell free-thinking;
They bid thee of the devil beware,
And vote thee sinking.

With smile sedate and patient eye
Thou mark'st the creedmen pass thee by,
To rave and raise a hue and cry
Against each other:
Thou see'st a father up on high,
In man a brother.

I would not have a mind like thine
Thy artless childhood tastes resign,
Jostle in mobs, or sup and dine
Its powers away;
And after noisy pleasures pine
Some distant day.

And, John! though you may mildly scoff,
That curst confounded church-yard cough
Gives pretty plain advice, be off!
While yet you can;
It is not time yet, John! to doff
Your outward man.

Drugs?—Can the balm of Gilead yield
Health like the cowslip-yellowed field?
Come sail down Avon and be healed,
Thou cockney Clare!
My recipe is soon revealed;
Sun, sea, and air.

What glue has fasten'd thus thy brains
To kennel odours and brick lanes?
Or is it intellect detains?
For faith I'll own
The provinces must take some pains
To match the town.

Does Agnus fling his crotchets wild,
"In wit a man," in heart a child?
Has Lepus' sense thine ear beguiled
With easy strain?
Or hast thou nodded blithe and smiled
At Herbert's vein?

Does Nalla, that mild giant, bow
His dark and melancholy brow;
Or are his lips distending now
With roaring glee,
That tells the heart is in a glow,
The spirit free?

Or does the Opium-eater quell
Thy wondering sprite with placid spell?
Still does * * * * *
* * * * * *

But, Clare! the birds will soon be flown;
Our Cambridge wit resumes his gown;
Our English Petrarch trundles down
To Devon's valley;
Why, when the *Mag* is out of town,
Stand shilly-shally?

The table-talk of London still
Shall serve for chat by rock and rill;
And you again may have your fill
Of season'd mirth;
But not if spade thy chamber drill
Six feet in earth.

Come then; thou never sawest an oak
Much bigger than a waggon-spoke:
Thou only couldst the Muse invoke
On treeless fen,
Then come and aim a higher stroke,
My man of men!

The wheel and oar by gurgling steam
Shall waft thee down the wood-brow'd stream;
And the red channel's broadening gleam
Dilate thy gaze;
And thou shalt conjure up a theme
For future lays.

And Rip Van Winkel shall awake
From his loved idlesse for thy sake;
In earnest stretch himself, and take
Pallet on thumb;
Nor now his brains for subjects rake,
John Clare is come.

His touch will hue by hue combine
The thoughtful eyes that steady shine,
The temples of Shakspearian line,
The quiet smile,
The sense and shrewdness which are thine,
Withouten guile.

And thou shalt have a jocund cup
To wind thy spirits gently up,
A stoop of hock, or claret sup,
Once in a way;
And we'll take hints from Mistress Gupp†
That same glad day.

AN IDLER.

† The lady's name is Guppy; but the rhyme was inexorable, and said Gupp. She is immortalized by the invention of a machine to keep muffins hot over the lid of the tea-urn.

ELEMENTS OF VOCAL SCIENCE.*

THERE is an increasing predilection for music in this country, but our actual improvement in the science does not seem proportionate. With us, every style has been tried, and after all we have not been able to fix upon one, and adopt it for our own. Each has, in its turn, been abandoned the instant its novelty had worn off, and its characters were beginning to be understood. We have paid rakish court to an infinite number, and are jilted at last. We are not harmoniously married, but remain *musical bachelors*, and we deserve it for our inconstancy. In the music of the present day, there is no one style that can in justice be called English. Most of our composers seem to set about their work with as much apathy as a puppet-maker would evince in the manufacturing of a doll. They make, as it were, musical figures: taking Mozart for the body—Cimarosa and Paisiello for the arms—Guglielmo for the head—and clapping on Weber and Boieldieu, awkwardly enough to be sure, for they are not at all in proportion, either in size or muscular strength,

* Elements of Vocal Science; being a Philosophical Inquiry into some of the Principles of Singing. By Richard Mackenzie Bacon. London: Baldwin, 1824.

to form the legs; whilst Rossini is the piece of wire underneath, which has only to be pulled by Mr. Bishop or Mr. Any-body-else, and the automaton moves his limbs, shakes his head knowingly, walks up stairs into the drawing rooms of the great, and takes his seat beside the harp or piano-forte. The music of the present day is essentially a mixture of foreign spirits. It is not among the "British Compounds." We have, however, occasionally heard passages from the music of different composers so well fitted into each other, that we have really been puzzled to know where Guglielmo ends and Rossini begins, and *vice versa.* We should not quarrel with our composers for gathering exotic musical productions, and stringing them together like cherries, if they would only charge gardener's price; but we think that five shillings for a bunch of stolen fruit is rather exorbitant. By the bye, we are glad to find that, in one case at least, we get the upper hand of the law, or else we ourselves might have been indicted as receivers at divers times of sundry pieces of music, *knowing them to be stolen.* But to come to the point. The science of music has had many assailants, and many able defenders; but we doubt whether any preceding writer has put its "best leg foreward" so ingeniously and, we will say, so justly, as the author of the work before us. He sits down to convince his reader by fair argument and sound reasoning, that his favourite science is deserving of more attention than has generally been conceded to it. He is determined to divest it of its street-playing associations, and to tear the vagabond coat from its back. He has made up his mind to strip it of its "last dying speech" attributes, and he has fully succeeded. We consider, judging by the present production, that Mr. Bacon is eminently qualified to write on the theme which he has chosen. To superior musical and literary knowledge he joins a love of his subject, which tends almost as much as his argument to convince us that he is right. He throws down his gauntlet to the vituperators, and woe be to them who shall take it up. He does not need our assistance, or we would follow him to the field, and battle on his side. Assured

—— that we, now feeble, should be strong,
When mated with this advocate of song.

It has often struck us, that a work like the *Elements of Vocal Science* was much wanted (we will not press the favourite and long-established *desideratum* into the service), and right glad are we to find that it has been supplied from so good a source. There are, doubtless, many who, on perusing Mr. Bacon's book, will exclaim: "Is the man dreaming? Would he compare vocal or instrumental science to painting? Would he really make it a relative, however distant, of poetry?" We answer fearlessly—"Yes!" He would do more—nay, he has done more. He is not satisfied with distant relationship:—he has no idea of a "country-cousin" in music. "Sister or nothing!" is his motto, and we agree with him. Let every man, who has a heart that feels, and a mind that values music, recall the delight it has afforded him—and we doubt not but that more than half the world will become proselytes to Mr. Bacon's opinion.

In the first letter "On the Formation of an English School of Singing," (where the *Messiah* of Handel, and the *Creation* of Haydn, are prettily considered as the "Paradise Lost," and the "Seasons" of music) he remarks:

For a long period English music, properly so called, has almost disappeared. At this time it would be difficult to describe the compositions of our countrymen. For although the simple grandeur, the pure and nervous cast of sentiment which appear to me to constitute the original characteristics of English writing and of English execution, are not absolutely obliterated, they are lapsing fast into the fascinating langour and delightful facility of Italian art. I cannot help thinking we are arrived at a pitch of acquirement that enables us to compare and class the materials we have been so long amassing. We ought at least to begin the work of arrangement, to support by our natural strength the delicacy of our exotic elegance, and to diversify and adorn with the collected graces of foreign study, the severer virtues of native growth. We have no other defence against the arts of Italy, who is now alluring our musicians into an alliance which can hardly fail to terminate in the extinction of the name of English music, and in our annexation to the musical conquests of that country, which enslaves, as her Capua did the

army of the Carthaginian, by voluptuous insinuation.—(P. 23, 24.)

He then says:

My distinct and definite object is the preservation of the strength and majesty of our national musical character. As the basis of a school of our own, novelty is not more necessary merely as novelty and as food for the delicate and changeful appetite of the public, than for the introduction of new passages and new modes of expression, which mark the progress of invention and of taste. It is come to a plain and simple alternative. We must either adopt the style and the manner of Italy and Germany, both in composition and in execution, or we must be governed by laws of our own.—(P. 40, 41.)

These observations may be true enough, but we question whether it is not rather too late in the day to think of being "governed by our own laws" in music. The wanton Muse of Italy dances over the grave of English song, and few appear indignant at the one, or seem to sympathize with the other. For our own parts, we consider that Rossini has given the final blow to our national taste, and many of our composers (and among them, Bishop, who is worthy of better employment) have for some time past been giving us nothing but feeble imitations of a feeble original—Rossini. Their compositions are like the last worn-out impressions from an originally imperfect plate. Rossini is the *bleak* of music, he skims along the surface, but goes not to the depths of harmony. He has grace—but little energy:—a flow of ideas with but confined variety of expression: occasional feeling but no sublimity. He is not to be mentioned with Mozart. Rossini seems to flirt with Polyhymnia. Mozart, on the contrary, is overhead and ears in love with her. Rossini kisses her hand—Mozart presses her to his bosom. Rossini is content with her words—Mozart drinks in her sighs.

From letter the 2d, "On Style and Manner," we extract with pleasure the following salutary and excellent advice:

Experience shews us that scarce any one singer, of whatever eminence, has risen to the top of his art in more than one style. Indeed there are causes which render the possession of a diversity of talents almost impossible. Like judgment and wit, the powers which constitute the one destroy the other. The mind must be directed and confined to one pursuit. I would therefore here only recommend the student to fix his first attention on the great style, to study principles, and to form as correct and pure a taste as possible, for if nature should have denied him those powers which are necessary to maintain the highest rank, he will descend to any subordinate station, with advantages not commonly enjoyed by those with whom he is to contend; while on the contrary, if he be too much employed in the practice of the mechanical parts of the art, he will become attached by habit to inferior excellences, and can never elevate his mind to the contemplation of the accomplishments that are the most truly desirable of attainment.—(P. 51, 52.)

We pass over the three letters that follow on the Vocal Music of the Church, the Concert, and the Theatre (which are very ably written) and proceed to give a specimen from letter the 6th, on the Vocal Music of the Chamber. It gives us a fascinating, but assuredly not overdrawn picture of one of the best delights of "Home, sweet Home." After speaking of the public exercise of singing, the author thus proceeds:

It is, however, in the absolute or in the comparative privacy of the Chamber, that vocal art is capable, if not of the most grand, forceful, and sublime effects, yet of the most pleasing, most pervading, and most homefelt gratifications. Its power of penetration is commensurate with the fine temper and delicacy of the instrument employed. It is here, and here only, that music receives its utmost polish, and is heightened by the praise and participation of those whom respect, friendship, esteem, and love incite us to please. In public we admire and we are astonished at the magnificent combinations of various art, and at the facility to which a life of labour, devoted to the attainment of execution, at length ascends; but in private, if we contract and concentrate our notions of the powers of the art, we combine them with the affections. There can be no stronger proof of this fact, than that those to whom it would be almost annihilation to witness the performance of a daughter, a sister, or a mistress in public, admitting that they possess the finest powers, do yet derive from the limited exhibition of the same faculties in the chamber, the highest possible intellectual enjoyment. The truth is, that our associations are in this respect boundless in their empire over us, and not the least of them is the conviction which we experience, that the expression of particular passions and sentiments is connected with personal habits and recollections. These we appropriate. But we cannot bear that these should become the objects of indiscrimi-

nate observation. Such a scrutiny operates like the violation of the dearest confidence —like the exposure of the secrets of the heart. For these reasons I have always considered that music is seldom intensely felt, except amongst a society whose mutual relations embrace the affectionate as well as the ceremonious intercourses of life. It will necessarily follow, that in proportion to the warmth and delicacy of the natural sensibility and to the high cultivation of the art, will be the pleasures thus derived from its exercise. It is also in this view, that music becomes the most delightful solace of domestic hours—and if to these general remarks I add, that a slight accession of new stimulus, both in the selection of musical subjects and in the occasional addition of new auditors, greatly tends to exalt and keep alive the pleasure of the pursuit, I shall say nearly all that my experience prompts, in regard to the creation and the communication of the sober yet intense gratification of private musical society. The matter for the nicest adjustment is in the judicious application of these stimuli, so as to hit the medium between langour and exhaustion, for talent is but too liable to be affected by the danger incident to both these causes of disorder and decline. To preserve a constant progression, equal to the common desire, is the capital difficulty. Sameness wearies, excess satiates the appetite.—(P. 106—109.)

In the succeeding letter he contrasts the ITALIAN and ENGLISH MANNER with much skill, and his observations on TONE are the best we have seen. The remaining letters, from which we cannot afford to make extracts, will, like the preceding papers, both interest and instruct the reader. The remarks on ORNAMENT should be read by every singer —either public or private. Of the Prefatory Essay we have said nothing, nor do we intend to speak—but the subjoined extract will, we have a notion, say a great deal.

The most valuable end of education is that dependence upon ourselves, and that independence of others, which a power to occupy time worthily and happily bestows. This chiefest attribute belongs not to music only, but ought to be the first consideration in every part of a well-regulated plan for the formation of youthful habits. Occupation of this sort is more, far more necessary to females than to men. Business, either public or private, employs the hours of the latter. But in proportion as the time of the former is disengaged, are they likely to fall victims to frivolity or ennui, or to a still worse fate. It is not that the female mind is more prone to idleness or weakness than that of their lordlier companion—but it necessarily happens, that whenever a female has no prevailing object or rather objects of steady pursuit, the hours cannot pass otherwise than heavily. A very short time will suffice to fulfil the essential duties of the task commonly allotted to young females, in a sphere of life any thing above that condition where the employment of their time gains their livelihood. They cannot get on without variety of intellectual objects; reading and work will both fatigue and wear out. Manners are changed. Formerly, woman was rather the slave or the mistress, than the companion of man. Tent-stitch and tapestry were preventive contrivances to stifle the fancy and to murder time. But now pleasures are chiefly domestic, they are enjoyed much by participation; and it is the duty of the wife and the mother to frame such a round of amusement as shall keep as well as win the husband, and mould him to that home which is not only to preserve affection and to attract a circle of friends, but which is also to model a society fitted to form their offspring for virtuous and amiable citizens, good sons and daughters, good husbands and wives, and, in their turn, good fathers and mothers. To the formation of such a home, as society is now constituted, much various knowledge and various accomplishment are necessary in the female. "It is the imagination that keeps the heart warm," writes one who well knew mankind. I will not say that music is so important as to be indispensable to such a plan; but I will go so far as to avow, that I think music, justly pursued, is likely to assist most materially in fixing the attention, refining the taste, varying the powers, and warming the sensibility of females. If, as has been affirmed with an approach to truth, none can sing with really fine expression till they have felt the passion of love, it may be inferred, that there is a subtilizing, a refining power, inherent in music, which cannot fail to be ultimately connected with the affections concerned in the support of domestic happiness. I firmly believe that it is so. I firmly believe that music purifies and elevates and endears wherever it is cultivated, not for the superiority which is the prize of public exhibition, but as the alternative amusement and solace of private life; and it will never fail to repay those who seek its satisfactions, with a pleasure that will be permanent, because it must be always progressive.—(P. 7—9.)

We feel with Mr. Bacon, that "singing has hitherto been treated too much like an art and too little as a science," and thank him for having corrected the error and advocated the claims of the jewel-crowned Goddess with so much talent and success.

SCHILLER'S LIFE AND WRITINGS,

(Part III *continued.*)

FROM HIS SETTLEMENT AT JENA TO HIS DEATH (1790—1805).

Among a number of fluctuating engagements, one, which for ten years had been constant with him, was the editing of the *Thalia*. The principles and performances of that work he had long looked upon as insufficient: in particular, ever since his settlement at Jena, it had been among his favourite projects to exchange it for some other conducted on a more liberal scheme, uniting more ability in its support, and embracing a much wider compass of literary interests. Many of the most distinguished persons in Germany had agreed to assist him in executing such a plan; Goethe, himself a host, undertook to go hand in hand with him. The *Thalia* was in consequence relinquished, at the end of 1793; and the first number of the *Horen* came out early in the following year. This publication was enriched with many valuable pieces on points of philosophy and criticism; some of Schiller's finest essays first appeared here: even without the foreign aids which had been promised him, it already bade fair to outdo, as he had meant it should, every previous work of that description. The *Musen-almanach*, of which he likewise undertook the superintendence, did not aim so high: like other works of the same title, which are numerous in Germany, it was intended for preserving and annually delivering to the world a series of short poetical effusions, or other fugitive compositions, collected from various quarters, and often having no connexion but their juxta-position. In this work, as well as in the *Horen*, some of Schiller's finest smaller poems made their first appearance; many of these pieces being written about this period, especially the greater part of his ballads, the idea of attempting which took its rise in a friendly rivalry with Goethe. But the most noted composition sent forth in the pages of the *Musen-almanach*, was the *Xenien*;* a collection of epigrams which originated partly, as it seems, in the mean or irritating conduct of various cotemporary authors. In spite of the most flattering promises, and of its own intrinsic character, the *Horen*, at its first appearance, instead of being hailed with welcome by the leading minds of the country, for whom it was intended as a rallying point, met in many quarters with no sentiment but coldness or hostility. The controversies of the day had sown discord among literary men; Schiller and Goethe, associating together, had provoked ill-will from a host of persons, who felt the justice of such mutual preference, but liked not the inferences to be drawn from it; and eyed this intellectual duumvirate, however meek in the discharge of its functions, and the wearing of its honours, with jealousy and discontent. The cavilling of these persons, awkwardly contrasted with their individual absurdity and insipidity, at length provoked the serious notice of the two illustrious associates: the result was this German Dunciad; a production of which the plan was, that it should comprise an immense multitude of detached couplets, each conveying a complete thought within itself, and furnished by one of the joint operators. The subjects were of unlimited variety; "the most," as Schiller says, "wild satire, glancing at writers and writings, intermixed with here and there a flash of poetical or philosophic thought." It was at first intended to provide about a thousand of these pointed monodistichs; unity in such a work appearing to consist in a certain boundlessness of size, which should hide the heterogeneous nature of the individual parts: the whole were then to be arranged and elaborated, till they had acquired the proper degree of consistency and symmetry; each sacrificing something of its own peculiar spirit to preserve the spirit of the rest. This

* So called, we presume, from ξενιον, *munus hospitale*.

number never was completed: and, Goethe being now busy with his *Wilhelm Meister*, the project of completing it was at length renounced; and the *Xenias* were published as unconnected particles, not pretending to constitute a whole. Enough appeared to create unbounded commotion among the parties implicated: the *Xenias* were exclaimed against, abused and replied to on all hands: but as they had declared war not on persons but on actions; not against Gleim, Nicolai, Munso, but against bad taste, dulness, and affectation, nothing criminal could be sufficiently made out against them. The *Musen-almanach*, where they appeared in 1797, continued to be published till the time of Schiller's leaving Jena: the *Horen* ceased some months before.

The co-operation of Goethe, which Schiller had obtained so readily in these pursuits, was of singular use to him in many others. Both possessing minds of the first order, yet constructed and trained in the most opposite modes, each had much that was valuable to learn of the other, and suggest to him. Cultivating different kinds of excellence, they could joyfully admit each other's merit; connected by mutual services, and now by community of literary interests, few unkindly feelings could have place between them. For a man of high qualities, it is rare to find a meet companion; painful and injurious to want one. Solitude exasperates or deadens the heart; perverts or enervates the faculties: association with inferiors leads to dogmatism in thought, and self-will even in affections. Rousseau never should have lived in the Val de Montmorenci; it had been good for Warburton that Hurd had not existed; for Johnson never to have known Boswell or Davies. From such evils Schiller and Goethe were delivered: their intimacy seems to have been equal, frank, and cordial; from the contrasts and the endowments of their minds, it must have had peculiar charms. In his critical theories, Schiller had derived much profit from communicating with an intellect as excursive as his own, but far cooler and more sceptical: as he lopped off from his creed the excrescences of Kantism, Goethe and he, on comparing their ideas, often found in them a striking similarity; more striking and more gratifying, when it was considered from what diverse premises these harmonious conclusions had been drawn. On such subjects they often corresponded when absent, and conversed when together. They were in the habit of paying long visits to each other's houses; frequently they used to travel in company between Jena and Weimar. "At Triesnitz, half a mile from Jena, Goethe and he," we are told, "might sometimes be observed sitting at table, beneath the shade of a spreading tree; talking and looking at the current of passengers."—There are some who would have "travelled fifty miles on foot" for the pleasure of joining the party.

Besides this intercourse with Goethe, he was happy in a kindly connexion with many other estimable men, both in literary and in active life. Dalberg, at a distance, was to the last his friend and warmest admirer. At Jena, he had Schütz, Paul, Hufland, Reinhold. Wilhelm von Humboldt, also, brother of the celebrated traveller, had come thither about this time, and was now among his closest associates. At Weimar, excluding less important persons, there were still Herder and Wieland to divide his attention with Goethe. And what to his affectionate heart must have been the most grateful circumstance of all, his aged parents were yet living to participate in the splendid fortune of the son whom they had once lamented and despaired of, but never ceased to love. In 1793, he paid them a visit in Swabia, and passed nine cheerful months among the scenes dearest to his recollection; enjoying the kindness of those unalterable friends whom nature had given him; and the admiring deference of those by whom it was most delightful to be honoured—those who had known him in adverse and humbler circumstances, whether they might have respected or contemned him. By the Grand Duke, his ancient censor and patron, he was not interfered with; that Prince, in answer to a previous application on the subject, having indirectly engaged to take no notice of this journey. The Grand Duke had already interfered too much with him, and bitterly repented of his in-

terference. Next year he died; an event which Schiller, who had long forgotten past ill-treatment, did not learn without true sorrow, and grateful recollections of by-gone kindness. The new sovereign, anxious to repair the injustice of his predecessor, almost instantly made offer of a vacant Tübingen professorship to Schiller—a proposal flattering to the latter, but which, by the persuasion of the Duke of Weimar, he respectfully declined.

Amid labours and amusements so multiplied, amid such variety of intellectual exertion and of intercourse with men, Schiller, it was clear, had not suffered the encroachments of bodily disease to undermine the vigour of his mental or moral powers. No period of his life displayed in stronger colours the lofty and determined zeal of his character. He had already written much; his fame stood upon a firm basis; domestic wants no longer called upon him for incessant effort; and his frame was pining under the slow canker of an incurable malady. Yet he never loitered, never rested; his fervid spirit, which had vanquished opposition and oppression in his youth; which had struggled against harassing uncertainties, and passed unsullied through many temptations, in his earlier manhood, did not now yield to this last and most fatal enemy. The present was the busiest, most productive season of his literary life; and with all its drawbacks, it was probably the happiest. Violent attacks from his disorder were of rare occurrence; and its constant influence, the dark vapours with which it would have overshadowed the faculties of his head and heart, were repelled by diligence and a courageous exertion of his will. In other points, he had little to complain of, and much to rejoice in. He was happy in his family, the chosen scene of his sweetest, most lasting satisfaction; by the world he was honoured and admired; his wants were provided for; he had tasks which inspired and occupied him; friends who loved him, and whom he loved. Schiller had much to enjoy, and most of it he owed to himself.

In his mode of life at Jena, simplicity and uniformity were the most conspicuous qualities, the single excess which he admitted being that of zeal in the pursuits of literature – the sin which all his life had most easily beset him. His health had suffered much, and principally, it was thought, from the practice of composing by night: yet the charms of this practice were still too great for his self-denial; and, except in severe fits of sickness, he could not discontinue it. The highest, proudest pleasure of his mind was, that glow of intellectual production, that "fine frenzy," which makes the poet, while it lasts, a new and nobler creature; exalting him into brighter regions, adorned by visions of glorious beauty, and delighting all his faculties by the intense consciousness of their exerted power. To enjoy this pleasure in perfection, the solitary stillness of night diffusing its solemn influence over thought as well as earth and air, had at length in Schiller's case grown indispensable. For this purpose, accordingly, he was accustomed, in the present, as in former periods, to invert the common order of things: by day he read, refreshed himself with the aspect of nature, conversed or corresponded with his friends; but he wrote and studied in the night. And as his bodily feelings were too often those of languor and exhaustion, he adopted, in impatience of such mean impediments, the pernicious expedient of stimulants, which yield a momentary strength, only to waste our remaining fund of it more speedily and surely.

During summer, his place of study was in a garden, which at length he purchased in the suburbs of Jena, not far from the Weselhofts' house, where at that time was the office of the *Allgemeine Litteraturzeitung*. Reckoning from the market-place of Jena, it lies on the south-west border of the town, between the Engelgatter and the Neuthor, in a hollow defile, through which a part of the Leutrabach flows round the city. On the top of the acclivity, from which there is a beautiful prospect into the valley of the Saal, and the fir mountains of the neighbouring forest, Schiller built himself a small house with a single chamber.* It was his favourite abode during hours of composition; a great part of the works he then wrote were written here. In winter he likewise dwelt apart from the noise of men; in the Griesbachs' house,

* The street leading from Schiller's dwelling-house to this was by some wags named the *Xenien-gasse*; a name not yet entirely extinct.

on the outside of the city-trench. * * * On sitting down to his desk at nights, he was wont to keep some strong coffee, or wine-chocolate, but more frequently a flask of old Rhenish, or Champaign, standing by him, that he might from time to time repair the exhaustion of nature. Often the neighbours used to hear him earnestly declaiming, in the silence of the night: and whoever had an opportunity of watching him on such occasions,—a thing very easy to be done from the heights lying opposite his little garden-house, on the other side of the dell,—might see him now speaking aloud and walking swiftly to and fro in his chamber, then suddenly throwing himself down into his chair and writing; and drinking the while, at times more than once, from the glass standing near him. In winter, he was to be found at his desk till four, or even five o'clock in the morning; in summer, till towards three. He then went to bed, out of which he seldom rose till nine or ten.*

Had prudence been the dominant quality in Schiller's character, this practice would undoubtedly have been abandoned, or rather, never taken up. It was an error so to waste his strength; but one of those which increase rather than diminish our respect: originating, as it did, in generous ardour for what was best and grandest, they must be cold censurers that can condemn it harshly. For ourselves, we but lament and honour this excess of zeal; its effects were mournful, but its origin was noble. The lovers of the picturesque will not learn without regret, that the small garden-house, which was the scene of it, yielding to the hand of time, crumbled into ruin some years ago, and is not now at all to be traced. This piece of ground is hallowed with a glory that is bright, pure, and abiding; but the literary pilgrim could not have surveyed without peculiar emotion the simple chamber in which Schiller wrote the *Reich der Schatten*, the *Spaziergang*, the *Ideal*, and the immortal scenes of *Wallenstein*.

The last-named work had cost him many an anxious, given him many a pleasant, hour. For seven years it had continued in a state of irregular, and oft suspended progress; sometimes "lying endless and formless" before him; sometimes on the point of being given up entirely. The multitude of ideas which he wished to incorporate in the structure of the piece retarded him, and the difficulty of contenting his taste respecting the manner of effecting this retarded him still more. In *Wallenstein*, he wished to embody the more enlarged notions which experience had given him of men, especially which history had given him of generals and statesmen; and while putting such characters in action, to represent whatever was, or could be made, poetical, in the stormy period of the Thirty Years' War. As he meditated on the subject, it continued to expand; in his fancy, it assumed successively a thousand forms; and after all due strictness of selection, such was still the extent of materials remaining on his hands, that he found it necessary to divide the play into three parts, distinct in their arrangement, but in truth forming a continuous drama of eleven acts. In this shape it was sent forth to the world, in 1799; a work of labour and persevering anxiety; but of anxiety and labour, as it then appeared, which had not been bestowed in vain. *Wallenstein* is by far the best performance he had yet produced; it merits a long chapter of criticism by itself; and we have only a few sentences which we can spend on it.

As a porch to the great edifice, stands part first, entitled *Wallenstein's Camp*, a piece in one act. It paints with much humour and graphical felicity the manners of that rude tumultuous host which Wallenstein presided over, and had made the engine of his ambitious schemes. Schiller's early experience of a military life seems now to have stood him in good stead: his soldiers are delineated with the distinctness of actual observation; in rugged sharpness of feature, they sometimes remind us of Smollett's seamen. Here are all the wild lawless spirits of Europe, assembled within the circuit of a single trench: violent, tempestuous, unstable is the life they lead. Ishmaelites, their hands against every man, and every man's hand against them; the instruments of rapine: tarnished with almost

* Doering. S. 118—131.

every vice, and knowing scarcely any virtue but those of reckless bravery and uncalculating obedience to the chief, their situation still presents some aspects which affect or amuse us; and these the poet has seized with great dexterity. Much of the cruelty and repulsive harshness of these soldiers we are taught to forget in contemplating their forlorn houseless wanderings, and the practical magnanimity with which even they contrive to wring from fortune a tolerable scantling of enjoyment. Their manner of existence Wallenstein has, at an after period of the action, rather movingly expressed:

Our life was but a battle and a march,
And, like the wind's blast, never-resting, homeless,
We storm'd across the war-convulsed earth.

Still farther to soften the asperities of the scene, the dialogue is cast into a rude Hudibrastic metre, full of forced rhymes and strange double-endings, with a rhythm ever changing, ever rough and lively, which might almost be compared to the hard, irregular, fluctuating sound of the regimental drum. In this ludicrous doggrel, with phrases and figures of a correspondent cast, homely, ridiculous, graphic, these men of service paint their hopes and doings. There are ranks and kinds among them, representatives of all the constituent parts of the motley multitude, which followed this prince of *Condottieri*. The solemn pedantry of the ancient Wachtmeister is faithfully given; no less so are the jocund ferocity and heedless daring of Holky's Jägers, or the iron courage and stern camp philosophy of Pappenheim's Cuirassiers. Of the Jager the sole principle is military obedience; he does not reflect or calculate; his business is to do whatever he is ordered, and to enjoy whatever he can reach. "Free would I live," he says,

Free would I live, and easy and gay,
And see something new on each new day;
In the joys of the moment lustily sharing,
'Bout the past or the future not thinking or caring;
To the Kaiser, therefore, I sold my bacon,
And by him good charge of the whole is taken.
Order me on 'mid the whistling fiery shot,
Over the Rhine-stream rapid and roaring wide,
A third of the troop must go to pot,—
Without loss of time, I mount and ride;
But farther, I beg very much, do you see,
That in all things else you would leave me free.

The Pappenheimer is an older man, more sedate and also more indomitable: he has wandered over Europe, and gathered settled maxims of soldierly honour and soldierly necessity: he is not without a *rationale* of life; the various professions of men have passed in review before him, but no coat that he has seen has pleased him like his own "steel doublet;" cased in which it is his wish,

Looking down on the world's poor restless scramble,
Careless, through it, astride of his nag to gamble.

Yet at times with this military stoicism, there is blended a dash of homely pathos; he admits:

This sword of ours is no plough or spade,
You cannot delve or reap with the iron blade;
For us there falls no seed, no corn-field grows,
Neither home nor kindred the soldier knows;
Wandering over the face of the earth,
Warming his hands at another's hearth;
From the pomp of towns he must onward roam;
In the village-green with its cheerful game,
In the mirth of the vintage or harvest-home,
No part or lot can the soldier claim.
Tell me then, in the place of goods or pelf,
What has he, unless to honour himself?
Leave not e'en this his own, what wonder
The man should burn and kill and plunder?

But the camp of Wallenstein is full of bustle as well as speculation; there are gamblers, peasants, sutlers, soldiers, recruits, capuchin friars, moving to and fro in restless pursuit of their several purposes. The sermon of the Capuchin is an unparallelled composition; a medley of texts, puns, nick-names and verbal logic, conglutinated by a stupid judgment, and a fiery catholic zeal. It seems to be delivered with great unction, and to find fit audience in the camp: towards the conclusion they rush upon him, and he narrowly escapes killing or ducking for having ventured to glance a censure at the general. The soldiers themselves are jeering, wrangling, romping, discussing their wishes and expectations; and, at last, they all combine in a

profound deliberation on the state of their affairs. A vague exaggerated outline of the coming events and personages is imaged to us in their coarse conceptions. We dimly discover the precarious position of Wallenstein; the plots which threaten him, which he is meditating; we trace the leading qualities of the principal officers; and form a high estimate of the potent spirit which binds this fierce discordant mass together, and seems to be the object of universal reverence where nothing else is revered.

In *The Two Piccolomini,* the next division of the work, the generals for whom we have thus been prepared appear in person on the scene, and spread out before us their plots and counterplots; Wallenstein, through personal ambition and evil counsel, slowly resolving to revolt; and Octavio Piccolomini in secret undermining his influence among the leaders, and preparing for him that pit of ruin, into which, in the third part, *Wallenstein's Death,* we see him sink with all his fortunes. The military spirit which pervades the former piece is here well sustained. The ruling motives of these captains and colonels are a little more refined, or more disguised, than those of the Cuirassiers and Jägers; but they are the same in substance; the love of present or future pleasure, of action, reputation, money, power; selfishness, but selfishness distinguished by a superficial external propriety, and gilded over with the splendour of military honour, of courage inflexible, yet light, cool, and unassuming. These are not imaginary heroes, but genuine hired men of war: we do not love them; yet there is a pomp about their operations, which agreeably fills up the scene. This din of war, this clash of tumultuous conflicting interests, is felt as a suitable accompaniment to the affecting or commanding movements of the chief characters whom it envelopes or obeys.

Of the individuals that figure in this world of war, Wallenstein himself, the strong Atlas which supports it all, is by far the most imposing. Wallenstein is the model of a high-souled, great, accomplished man, whose ruling passion is ambition. He is daring to the utmost pitch of manhood; he is enthusiastic and vehement; but the fire of his soul burns hid beneath a deep stratum of prudence, guiding itself by calculations which extend to the extreme limits of his most minute concerns. This prudence, sometimes almost bordering on irresolution, forms the outward rind of his character, and for awhile is the only quality which we discover in it. The immense influence, which his genius appears to exert on every individual of his many followers, prepares us to expect a great man; and, when Wallenstein, after long delay and much forewarning, is in fine presented to us, we at first experience something like a disappointment. We find him, indeed, possessed of a staid grandeur; yet involved in mystery; wavering between two opinions; and, as it seems, with all his wisdom, blindly credulous in matters of the highest import. It is only when events have forced decision on him that he rises in his native might, that his giant spirit stands unfolded in its strength before us;

Night must it be ere Friedland's star will
    beam:

amid difficulties, darkness, and impending ruin, at which the boldest of his followers grow pale, he himself is calm, and first in this awful crisis feels the serenity and conscious strength of his soul return. Wallenstein, in fact, though pre-eminent in power, both external and internal, of high intellect and commanding will, skilled in war and statesmanship beyond the best in Europe, the idol of sixty thousand fearless hearts, is not yet removed above our sympathy. We are united with him by feelings which he reckons weak, though they belong to the most generous parts of his nature. His indecision partly takes its rise in the sensibilities of his heart as well as in the caution of his judgment: his belief in astrology, which gives force and confirmation to this tendency, originates in some soft kindly emotions, and adds a new interest to the spirit of the warrior; it humbles him, to whom the earth is subject, before those mysterious powers which weigh the destinies of man in their balance, in whose eyes the greatest and the least of mortals scarcely

differ in littleness. Wallenstein's confidence in the friendship of Octavio, his disinterested love for Max Piccolomini, his paternal and brotherly kindness, are feelings which cast an affecting lustre over the harsher more heroic qualities with which they are blended. His treason to the Emperor is a crime, for which, provoked and tempted as he was, we do not greatly blame him: it is forgotten in our admiration of his nobleness, or recollected only as a venial trespass. Schiller has succeeded well with Wallenstein, where it was not easy to succeed. The truth of history has been but little violated; yet we are compelled to feel that Wallenstein, whose actions individually are trifling, unsuccessful and unlawful, is a strong, sublime, commanding character: we look at him with interest, our concern at his fate is tinged with a shade of kindly pity.

In Octavio Piccolomini, his war-companion, we can find less fault, yet we take less pleasure. Octavio's qualities are chiefly negative: he rather walks by the letter of the moral law, than by its spirit; his conduct is externally correct, but there is no touch of generosity within. He is more of the courtier than of the soldier; his weapon is intrigue, not force. Believing firmly that "whatever is is best," he distrusts all new and extraordinary things; he has no faith in human nature, and seems to be virtuous himself more by calculation than by impulse. We scarcely thank him for his loyalty: serving his Emperor, he ruins and betrays his friend: and, besides, though he does not own it, personal ambition is among his leading motives; he wishes to be general and prince, and Wallenstein is not only a traitor to the sovereign, but a bar to this advancement. It is true, Octavio does not personally tempt him towards his destruction; but neither does he warn him from it; and, perhaps, he knew that fresh temptation was superfluous. Wallenstein did not deserve such treatment from a man whom he had trusted as a brother, even though such confidence was blind, and guided by visions and starry omens. Octavio is a skilful, prudent, managing statesman, of the kind praised loudly, if not sincerely by their friends, and detested deeply by their enemies. His object may be lawful or even laudable; but his ways are crooked: we dislike him but the more, that we know not positively how to blame him.

Octavio Piccolomini and Wallenstein are, as it were, the two opposing forces by which this whole universe of military politics is kept in motion. The struggle of magnanimity and strength combined with treason, against cunning and apparent virtue aided by law, gives rise to a series of great actions, which are here vividly presented to our view. We mingle in the clashing interests of these men of war; we see them at their gorgeous feasts, and stormy consultations, and participate in the hopes or fears that agitate them. The subject had many capabilities; and Schiller has turned them all to profit. Our minds are kept alert by a constant succession of animating scenes of spectacle, dialogue, incident; the plot thickens and darkens as we advance; the interest deepens and deepens to the very end.

But among the tumults of this busy multitude, there are two forms of celestial beauty that solicit our attention, and whose destiny, involved with that of those around them, gives it an importance in our eyes which it could not otherwise have had. Max Piccolomini, Octavio's son, and Thekla, the daughter of Wallenstein, diffuse an ethereal radiance over all this tragedy; they call forth the finest feelings of the heart, where other feelings had already been aroused; they superadd to the stirring pomp of scenes which had already kindled our imaginations, the enthusiasm of bright, unworn humanity, "the bloom of young desire, the purple light of love." The history of Max and Thekla is not a rare one in poetry; but Schiller has treated it with a skill which is extremely rare. Both of them are represented as combining every excellence; their affection is instantaneous and unbounded; yet the coolest, most sceptical reader is forced to admire them, and believe in them.

Of Max we are taught from the first to form the highest expecta-

tions: the common soldiers and their captains speak of him as of a perfect hero; the Cuirassiers had at Pappenheim's death, on the field of Lützen, appointed him their colonel by unanimous election. His appearance answers these ideas: Max is the very spirit of honour and integrity and young ardour personified. Though but passing into maturer age, he has already seen and suffered much; but the experience of the man has not yet deadened or dulled the enthusiasm of the boy. He has lived, since his very childhood, constantly amid the clang of war, and with few ideas but those of camps; yet here, by a native instinct, his heart has attracted to it all that was noble and graceful in the trade of arms, rejecting all that was repulsive or ferocious. He loves Wallenstein, his patron, his gallant and majestic leader: he loves his present way of life because it is one of peril and excitement, because he knows no other, but chiefly because his young unsullied spirit can shed a resplendent beauty over even the wastest region in the destiny of man. Yet though a soldier, and the bravest of soldiers, he is not this alone. He feels that there are fairer scenes in life, which these scenes of havoc and distress but deform or destroy: his first acquaintance with the Princess Thekla unveils to him another world, which till then he had not dreamed of; a land of peace and serene elysian felicity, the charms of which he paints with simple and unrivalled eloquence. Max is not more daring than affectionate; he is merciful and gentle, though his training has been under tents: modest and altogether unpretending, though young and universally admired. We conceive his aspect to be thoughtful but fervid, dauntless but mild: he is the very poetry of war, the essence of a youthful hero. We should have loved him anywhere; but here, amid barren scenes of strife and danger, he is doubly dear to us.

His mistress Thekla is perhaps still more so. Thekla, just entering on life, with "timid steps," with the brilliant visions of a cloister yet undisturbed by the contradictions of reality, beholds in Max, not merely her protector and escort to her father's camp, but the living emblem of her shapeless yet glowing dreams. She knows not deception, she trusts and is trusted: their spirits meet and mingle, and "clasp each other firmly and for ever." All this is described by the poet with a quiet inspiration, which reaches far into the depths of our nature. We rejoice in the ardent, pure, and confiding affection of these two angelic beings: but our feeling is changed and made more poignant, when we think that the inexorable hand of Destiny is already lifted to smite their world with blackness and desolation. Thekla has enjoyed "two little hours of heavenly beauty;" but her native gaiety gives place to serious anticipations and alarms; she feels that the camp of Wallenstein is not a place for hope to dwell in. The instructions and explanations of her aunt disclose the secret: she is not to love Max; a higher, it may be a royal, fate awaits her; but she is to tempt him from his duty, and make him lend his influence to her father, whose daring projects she now for the first time discovers. 'From that moment her hopes of happiness are vanished, never more to return. Yet her own sorrows touch her less than the ruin with which she was about to overwhelm her tender and affectionate mother. For herself, she waits with gloomy patience the stroke that is to crush her. She is meek, and soft, and maiden-like; but she is Friedland's daughter, and does not shrink from what is unavoidable. There is often a rectitude and quickness and inflexibility of resolution about Thekla, which contrasts beautifully with her inexperience and timorous acuteness of feeling: on discovering her father's treason, she herself decides that Max "shall obey his first impulse" and forsake her.

There are few scenes in poetry more sublimely pathetic than this. We behold the sinking but still fiery glory of Wallenstein, opposed to the impetuous despair of Max Piccolomini, torn asunder by the claims of duty and of love; the calm but broken-hearted Thekla, beside her broken-hearted mother, and surrounded by the blank faces of Wallenstein's desponding followers. There is a physical pomp corresponding to

the moral grandeur of the action: the successive revolt and departure of the troops is heard without the walls of the palace; the trumpets of the Pappenheimers re-echo the wild feelings of their leader. What follows too is equally affecting. Max being forced away by his soldiers from the side of Thekla, rides forth at their head in a state bordering on frenzy. Next day the news arrives that he has dashed himself against the nearest squadron of the Swedes; has cut his way into their camp, and died with all his men, the humblest trooper refusing to take quarter when his heroic leader was no more. The effect which this intelligence produces upon Thekla displays all the hidden energies of her soul. She makes the messenger repeat his sad story, on accidentally hearing which, she had, in the first instance, swooned; listens calmly, rewards him with a ring, inquires where her lover lies buried, and then departs to die beside his grave. The heart-rending emotions which this amiable creature has to undergo are described with an almost painful effect: the fate of Max and Thekla might draw tears from the eyes of a stoic.

Less tender, but not less sublimely poetical, is the fate of Wallenstein himself. We do not pity Wallenstein; even in ruin he seems too great for pity. His daughter having vanished like a fair vision from the scene, we look forward to Wallenstein's inevitable fate with little feeling save expectant awe: it is almost as if we viewed the ponderous swaying of some high majestic tower about to fall. Yet there is, undoubtedly, some touch of pathos mingled with the failing strength of Friedland. The last scene of his life is among the finest which poetry can boast of. Thekla's death is still unknown to him; but he thinks of Max and almost weeps. He looks at the stars: dim shadows of superstitious dread pass fitfully across his spirit, as he views those fountains of light, and compares their glorious and enduring existence with the fleeting troubled life of man. The strong spirit of his sister is subdued by dark forebodings: omens are against him; his astrologer entreats, one of the relenting conspirators entreats, his own feelings call upon him, to watch and beware. But he refuses to let the resolution of his mind be overmastered; he casts away these warnings, and goes cheerfully to sleep, with dreams of hope about his pillow, unconscious that the javelins are already grasped which will send him to his long and dreamless sleep. The death of Wallenstein does not cause tears; but it is perhaps the most high-wrought scene of the play. A shade of horror, of fateful dreariness, hangs over it, and gives additional effect to the fire of that brilliant poetry which glows in every line of it. Except in Macbeth or the conclusion of Othello, we know not where to match it. Schiller's genius is of a kind much narrower than Shakspeare's; but in his own peculiar province, the exciting of lofty, earnest, strong emotion, he admits of no superior. Others are finer, more piercing, varied, thrilling, in their influence: Schiller, in his finest mood, is overwhelming.

This tragedy of Wallenstein, published at the close of the eighteenth century, may safely be rated as the greatest dramatic work of which that century can boast. France never rose into the sphere of Schiller, even in the days of her Corneille: nor can our own country, since the times of Elizabeth, name any dramatist to be compared with him in general strength of mind, and feeling, and acquired accomplishment. About the time of *Wallenstein's* appearance, we of this gifted land were shuddering at *The Castle Spectre!* Germany, indeed, boasts of Goethe: and on some rare occasions, it must be owned that Goethe has shown talents of a higher order than are here manifested; but he has made no equally regular or powerful exertion of them: *Faust* is but a careless effusion compared with *Wallenstein*. The latter is in truth a vast and magnificent work. What an assemblage of images, ideas, emotions, disposed in the most felicitous and impressive order! We have conquerors, statesmen, ambitious generals, marauding soldiers, heroes, and heroines, all acting and feeling as they would in nature, all faithfully depicted, yet all embellished by the spirit of poetry, and all made conducive to heighten one paramount impression, our sym-

pathy with the three chief characters of the piece.*

Soon after the publication of *Wallenstein*, Schiller once more changed his abode. The "mountain air of Jena" was conceived by his physicians to be prejudicial in disorders of the lungs; and partly in consequence of this opinion, he determined henceforth to spend his winters in Weimar. Perhaps a weightier reason in favour of this new arrangement was the opportunity it gave him of being near the theatre; a constant attendance on which, now that he had once more become a dramatist, seemed highly useful for his farther improvement. The summer he, for several years, continued still to spend in Jena; to which, especially its beautiful environs, he declared himself peculiarly attached. His little garden-house was still his place of study during summer; till at last he settled constantly at Weimar. Even then he used frequently to visit Jena; to which there was a fresh attraction in later years, when Goethe chose it for his residence, which we understand it yet to be. With Goethe he often staid for months.

This change of place produced little change in Schiller's habits or employments: he was now as formerly in the pay of the Duke of Weimar; now as formerly engaged in dramatic composition as the great object of his life. What the amount of his pension was we know not: that the Prince behaved to him in a princely manner we have proof sufficient. Four years before, when invited to the university of Tübingen, Schiller had received a promise, that, in case of sickness or any other cause preventing the continuance of his literary labour, his salary should be doubled. It was actually increased on occasion of the present removal: and again still farther in 1801, some advantageous offers being made to him from Berlin. Schiller seems to have been, what he might have wished to be, neither poor nor rich: his simple unostentatious œconomy went on without embarrassment; and this was all that he required. To avoid pecuniary perplexities was constantly among his aims: to amass wealth, never. We ought also to add that, in 1802, by the voluntary solicitation of the Duke, he was ennobled; a fact which we mention, for his sake by whose kindness this honour was procured; not for the sake of Schiller, who accepted it with gratitude, but had neither needed nor desired it.

The official services expected of him in return for so much kindness seem to have been slight, if any. Chiefly or altogether of his own accord, he appears to have applied himself to a close inspection of the theatre, and to have shared with Goethe the task of superintending its concerns. The rehearsals of new pieces commonly took place at the house of one of their friends; they consulted together on all such subjects, frankly and copiously. Schiller was not slow to profit by the means of improvement thus afforded him; in the mechanical details of his art he grew more skilful; by a constant observation of the stage, he became more acquainted with its capabilities and its laws. It was not long till, with his characteristic expansiveness of enterprise, he set about turning this new knowledge to account. In conjunction with Goethe, he remodelled his own *Don Carlos*, and his friend's *Count Egmont*, altering both according to his latest views of scenic propriety. It was farther intended to treat in the same manner the whole series of leading German plays, and thus to produce a national stock of dramatic pieces, formed according to the best rules; a vast project, in which some progress continued to be made, though other labours often interrupted it. For the present, Schil-

* *Wallenstein* has been translated into French by M. Benjamin Constant; and the last two Parts of it have been faithfully rendered into English by Mr. Coleridge. As to the French version, we know nothing, save that it is an *improved* one; but that little is enough. Schiller, as a dramatist, improved by M. Constant, is a spectacle which we feel no wish to witness: the very name *Wallenstein* clipped and docked into *Valstein* is, with our previous experience, quite satisfactory. Mr. Coleridge's translation is also as a whole unknown to us: but judging from many large specimens, we should pronounce it, excepting Sotheby's Oberon, to be the best, indeed, the only sufferable, translation from the German, with which our literature has yet been enriched.

ler was engaged with his *Maria Stuart*: it appeared in 1800.

This tragedy will not detain us long. It is upon a subject, the incidents of which, are now getting trite, and the moral of which has little that can peculiarly recommend it. To exhibit the repentance of a lovely but erring woman, to show us how her soul may be restored to its primitive nobleness, by sufferings, devotion, and death, is the object of *Maria Stuart*. It is a tragedy of sombre and mournful feelings; with an air of melancholy and obstruction pervading it; a looking backward on objects of remorse, around on imprisonment, and forward on the grave. Its object is undoubtedly attained. We are forced to pardon and to love the heroine; she is beautiful, and miserable, and lofty-minded; and her crimes, however dark, have been expiated by long years of weeping and woe. Considering also that they were the fruit not of calculation, but of passion acting on a heart not dead, though blinded for a time to their enormity, they seem less hateful than the cold, premeditated villany of which she is the victim. Elizabeth is selfish, heartless, envious; she violates no law, but she has no virtue, and she lives triumphant: her arid, artificial character serves by contrast to heighten our sympathy with her warm-hearted, forlorn, ill-fated rival. These two queens, particularly Mary, are well delineated; their respective qualities are vividly brought out, and the feelings they were meant to excite arise within us. There is also Mortimer, a fierce, impetuous, impassioned lover; driven onward chiefly by the heat of his blood, but still interesting by his vehemence and unbounded daring. The dialogue moreover has many beauties; there are scenes which have merited peculiar commendation. Of this kind is the interview between the queens; and more especially the first entrance of Mary, when, after long seclusion, she is once more permitted to behold the cheerful sky. In the joy of a moment's freedom, she forgets that she is still a captive; she addresses the clouds, the "sailors of the air," who "are not subjects of Elizabeth," and bids them carry tidings of her to the hearts that love her in other lands. Without doubt, in all that he intended, Schiller has succeeded: *Maria Stuart* is a beautiful tragedy; it would have formed the glory of a meaner man, but it cannot materially alter his. Compared with *Wallenstein* its purpose is narrow, and its result is common. We have no manners or true historical delineation. The figure of the English court is not given; and Elizabeth is depicted more like one of the French Medici than like our own politic, capricious, coquettish, imperious, yet on the whole true-hearted, "good Queen Bess." With abundant proofs of genius, this tragedy produces a comparatively small effect, especially on English readers. We have already wept enough for Mary Stuart, both over prose and verse; and the persons likely to be deeply touched with the moral or the interest of her story, as it is recorded here, are rather a separate class than men in general. Madame de Stael, we observe, is her principal admirer.

Next year, Schiller took possession of a province more peculiarly his own: in 1801, appeared his *Maid of Orleans* (*Jungfrau von Orleans*); the first hint of which was suggested to him by a series of documents, relating to the sentence of Jeanne d'Arc and its reversal, first published about this time by De l'Averdy of the *Académie des Inscriptions*. Schiller had been moved in perusing them: this tragedy gave voice to his feelings.

Considered as an object of poetry or history, Jeanne d'Arc, the most singular personage of modern times, presents a character capable of being viewed under a great variety of aspects, and with a corresponding variety of emotions. To the English of her own age, bigoted in their belief and baffled by her prowess, she appeared inspired by the Devil, and was naturally burnt as a sorceress. In this light, too, she is painted in the poems of Shakspeare. To Voltaire, again, whose trade it was to war with every kind of superstition, this child of fanatic ardour seemed no better than a moon-struck zealot; and the people who followed her, and believed in her, something worse than lunatics. The glory of what she had achieved was forgotten, when the means of achieving it were recollected; and the Maid of Orleans was deemed the fit subject of a poem, the

wittiest and most profligate for which literature has to blush. Our illustrious *Don Juan* hides his head when contrasted with Voltaire's *Pucelle:* Juan's biographer, with all his zeal, is but an innocent, and a novice, by the side of this arch-scorner.

Such a manner of considering the Maid of Orleans is evidently not the right one. Feelings so deep and earnest as hers can never be an object of ridicule: whoever pursues a purpose of any sort with such fervid devotedness is entitled to awaken emotions, at least of a serious kind, in the hearts of others. Enthusiasm puts on a different shape in every different age: always in some degree sublime, often it is dangerous; its very essence is a tendency to error and exaggeration; yet it is the fundamental quality of strong souls; the true nobility of blood, in which all greatness of thought or action has its rise. *Quicquid vult valdè vult* is ever the first and surest test of mental capability. This peasant girl, who felt within her such fiery vehemence of resolution that she could subdue the minds of kings and captains to her will, and lead armies on to battle, conquering, till her country was cleared of its invaders, must plainly have possessed the elements of a majestic character. Benevolent feelings, sublime ideas, and above all an overpowering will, are here indubitably marked. Nor does the form, which her activity assumed, seem less adapted for displaying these qualities, than many other forms in which we praise them. The gorgeous inspirations of the Catholic religion are as real as the phantom of posthumous renown; the love of our native soil is as laudable as ambition, or the principle of military honour. Jeanne d'Arc must have been a creature of shadowy, yet far-glancing dreams, of unutterable feelings, of "thoughts that wandered through eternity." Who can tell the trials and the triumphs, the splendours and the terrors, of which her simple spirit was the scene! "Heartless, sneering, God-forgetting French!" — as old Suwarrow called them—they are not worthy of this noble maiden. Hers were errors, but errors which a generous soul alone could have committed, and which, generous souls would have done more than pardon. Her darkness and delusions were of the understanding only; they but make the radiance of her heart more touching and apparent; as clouds are gilded by the orient light into something more beautiful than azure itself.

It is under this aspect that Schiller has contemplated the Maid of Orleans, and endeavoured to make us contemplate her. For the latter purpose, it appears that more than one plan had occurred to him. His first idea was, to represent Joanna, and the times she lived in, as they actually were: to exhibit the superstition, ferocity, and wretchedness of the period, in all their aggravation; and to show us this patriotic and religious enthusiast beautifying the tempestuous scene by her presence; swaying the fierce passions of her countrymen; directing their fury against the invaders of France; till at length, forsaken and condemned to die, she perished at the stake, retaining the same steadfast and lofty faith, which had ennobled and redeemed the errors of her life, and was now to glorify the ignominy of her death. This project, after much deliberation, he relinquished as too difficult. By a new mode of management, much of the homeliness and rude horror, that defaced and encumbered the reality, is thrown away. The Dauphin is not here a voluptuous weakling, nor is his court the centre of vice and cruelty and imbecility: the misery of the time is touched but lightly, and the Maid of Arc herself is invested with a certain faint degree of mysterious dignity, ultimately represented as being in truth a preternatural gift; though whether preternatural, and if so, whether sent from above or from below, neither we nor she, except by faith, are absolutely sure, till the conclusion.

The propriety of this arrangement is liable to question; indeed, it has been more than questioned. But external blemishes are lost in the intrinsic grandeur of the piece: the spirit of Joanna is presented to us with an exalting and pathetic force sufficient to make us blind to far greater improprieties. Joanna is a pure creation, of half celestial origin, combining the mild charms of female loveliness with the awful majesty of a pro-

phetess, and a sacrifice doomed to perish for her country. She resembled, in Schiller's view, the Iphigenia of the Greeks; and as such, in some respects, he has treated her.

The woes and desolation of the land have kindled in Joanna's keen and fervent heart a fire, which the loneliness of her life, and her deep feelings of religion, have nourished and fanned into a holy flame. She sits in solitude with her flocks, beside the mountain chapel of the Virgin, under the ancient Druid oak—a wizard spot, the haunt of evil spirits as well as of good; and visions are revealed to her such as human eyes behold not. It seems the force of her own spirit expressing its feelings in forms which re-act upon itself. The strength of her impulses persuades her that she is called from on high to deliver her native France; the intensity of her own faith persuades others; she goes forth on her mission—all bends to the fiery vehemence of her will—she is inspired because she thinks herself so. There is something beautiful and moving in the aspect of a noble enthusiasm fostered in the secret soul, amid obstructions and depressions, and at length bursting forth with an overwhelming force to accomplish its appointed end: the impediments which long hid it are now become testimonies of its power: the very ignorance, and meanness, and error, which still in part adhere to it, increase our sympathy without diminishing our admiration; it seems the triumph, hardly contested and not wholly carried, but still the triumph of mind over fate—of human volition over material necessity.

All this Schiller felt, and has presented with even more than his usual skill. The secret mechanism of Joanna's mind is concealed from us in a dim religious obscurity; but its active movements are distinct; we behold the lofty heroism of her feelings; she affects us to the very heart. The quiet, devout, innocence of her early years, when she lived silent, shrouded in herself, meek and kindly, not communing with others, makes us love her; the celestial splendour which illuminates her after-life adds reverence to our love. Her words and actions combine an overpowering force with a calm unpretending dignity: we seem to understand how they must have carried in their favour the universal conviction. Joanna is the most noble being in tragedy. We figure her with her slender lovely form, her mild but spirit-speaking countenance; "beautiful and terrible," bearing the banner of the Virgin before the hosts of her country; travelling in the strength of a rapt soul; irresistible by faith; "the lowly herdsmaid," greater in the grandeur of her simple spirit than the kings and queens of this world. Yet her breast is not entirely insensible to human feeling, nor her faith never liable to waver. When that inexorable vengeance, which had shut her ear against the voice of mercy to the enemies of France, is suspended at the sight of Lionel, and her heart experiences the first touch of mortal affection, a baleful cloud overspreads the serene of her mind; it seems as if Heaven had forsaken her, or from the beginning permitted demons or earthly dreams to deceive her. The agony of her spirit, involved in endless and horrid labyrinths of doubt, is powerfully pourtrayed. She has crowned the king at Rheims; and all is joy, and pomp, and jubilee, and almost adoration of Joanna: but Joanna's thoughts are not of joy. The sight of her poor but kind and true-hearted sisters in the crowd, moves her to the soul. Amid the tumult and magnificence of this royal pageant she sinks into a reverie; her small native dale of Arc, between its quiet hills, rises on her mind's-eye, with its straw-roofed huts and its clear green sward; where the sun is even then shining so brightly, and the sky is so blue, and all is so calm, and safe, and motherly. She sighs for the peace of that sequestered home; then shudders to think that she shall never see it more. Accused of witchcraft by her own ascetic melancholic father, she utters no word of denial to the charge; for her heart is dark, it is tarnished by earthly love, she dare not raise her thoughts to heaven. Parted from her sisters; cast out with horror by the people she had lately saved from despair; she wanders forth, desolate, forlorn, not knowing whither. Yet she does not sink under this sore trial: as she suffers from without, and is forsaken

of men, her mind grows clear and strong, her confidence returns. She is now more firmly fixed in our admiration than before; tenderness is united to our other feelings; and her faith has been proved by sharp vicissitude. Her countrymen recognize their error; Joanna closes her career by a glorious death; we take farewell of her in a solemn mood of heroic pity.

Joanna is the animating principle of this tragedy; the scenes employed in developing her character and feelings constitute its great charm. Yet there are other personages in it, that leave a distinct and pleasing impression of themselves in our memory. Agnes Sorel, the soft, languishing, generous mistress of the Dauphin, relieves and heightens by comparison the sterner beauty of the Maid. Dunois, the Bastard of Orleans, the lover of Joanna, is a blunt, frank, sagacious soldier, and well described. And Talbot, the grey veteran, delineates his dark, unbelieving, indomitable soul, by a few slight but expressive touches: he sternly passes down, as he thinks, to the land of utter nothingness, contemptuous even of the fate that destroys him, and—

On the soil of France in death reposes,
As a hero on the shield he would not quit.

The introduction of supernatural agency in this play, and the final aberration from the truth of history, have been considerably censured by the German critics: Schlegel, we recollect, calls Joanna's end a "rosy death." In this dramaturgic discussion, the mere reader need take no great interest. To require our belief in apparitions and miracles, things which we cannot here believe, no doubt for a moment disturbs our submission to the poet's illusions: but the miracles in this story are rare and transient, and of small account in the general result: they give our reason little trouble, and perhaps contribute to exalt the heroine in our imaginations. It is still the mere human grandeur of Joanna's spirit that we love and reverence; the lofty devotedness with which she is transported, the generous benevolence, the irresistible determination. The heavenly mandate is but the means of unfolding these qualities, and furnishing them with a proper passport to the minds of her age. To have produced, without the aid of fictions like these, a Joanna so beautified and exalted, would undoubtedly have yielded greater satisfaction: but it may be questioned whether the difficulty would not have increased in a still higher ratio. The sentiments, the characters, are not only accurate, but exquisitely beautiful; the incidents, excepting the very last, are possible, or even probable: what remains is but a very slender evil.

After all objections have been urged, and this among others has certainly a little weight, the *Maid of Orleans* will remain one of the very finest of modern dramas. Perhaps, among all Schiller's plays, it is the one which evinces most of that quality denominated *genius* in the strictest meaning of the word. *Wallenstein* embodies more thought, more knowledge, more conception; but it is only in parts illuminated by that ethereal brightness which shines over every part of this. The spirit of the romantic ages is here imaged forth; but the whole is exalted, embellished, ennobled. It is what the critics call idealized. The heart must be cold, the imagination dull, which the *Jungfrau von Orleans* will not move.

In Germany this case did not occur: the reception of the work was beyond example flattering. The leading idea suited the German mind; the execution of it inflamed the hearts and imaginations of the people; they felt proud of their great poet, and delighted to enthusiasm with his poetry. At the first exhibition of the play in Leipzig, Schiller being in the theatre, though not among the audience, this feeling was manifested in a rather singular manner. When the curtain dropped at the end of the first act, there arose on all sides a shout of "*Es lebe Friedrich Schiller!*" accompanied by the sound of trumpets and other military music: at the conclusion of the piece, the whole assembly left their places, went out, and crowded round the door through which Schiller was expected to come; and no sooner did the poet appear, than his admiring spectators, uncovering their heads, made a lane for him, and as he passed along, many, we are told, held up their

children, and exclaimed, "*That is he!*"*

This must have been a proud moment for Schiller; but also an agitating, painful one; and perhaps on the whole, the latter feeling, for the time, prevailed. Such noisy, formal, and tumultuous plaudits were little to his taste: the triumph they confer, though plentiful, is coarse; and Schiller's modest nature made him shun the public gaze, not seek it. He loved men, and did not affect to despise their approbation; but neither did this form his leading motive. To him, art like virtue was its own reward; he delighted in his tasks for the sake of the fascinating feelings which they yielded him in their performance. Poetry was the chosen gift of his mind, which his pleasure lay in cultivating: in other things he wished not that his habits or enjoyments should be different from those of other men.

(In consequence of the length of this Memoir, we are unable to fulfil the promise, which was made last month, of concluding it in the present number. The remainder will be given in our next.)

* Doering (s. 176.)—Who adds as follows: "Another testimony of approval, very different in its nature, he received at the first production of the play in Weimar. Knowing and valuing as he did the public of that city, it could not but surprise him greatly, when a certain young Doctor S—— called out to him, "*Bravo, Schiller!*" from the gallery, in a very loud tone of voice. Offended at such impertinence, the poet hissed strongly; in which the audience joined him. He likewise expressed in words his displeasure at this conduct; and the youthful sprig of medicine was, by direction of the court, farther punished for his indiscreet applause, by some admonition from the police."

ON A PICTURE.

A THOUGHT seems lying on her pouting lip—
Whether it be that Love hath 'lighted there,
And left his image; or that Dreams, long dead,
Revisit her worn brain, and bring to day
Dark shadows, such as the strong Dawn calls forth
From the eastern mountains, like the ghosts of night—
I know not.—Oh! look well on her sad cheek,
Whereon the once red rose hath wither'd quite;—
And on her brow, like mellowing marble pale;
And in her eye, where passionate pain still lives,
And Sorrow, disinherited of tears! B.

SONNET.

THE RETURN OF TIME.

HAVE ye not mark'd the hurrying moments rise,
Like hasty heralds from the silent dead,
Scarce telling that their fellows hence have fled,
Ere each fleet messenger retires and dies?
Ev'n thus each hour, month, year, the place supplies
Of others, unto Death's dominions sped,
Where Ages with Eternity are wed,
To live and multiply anew! Time flies
With Death—flies onward and returns again—
Bearing Life, Youth, and Beauty, to the tomb!
And this shall last until the hour of doom:
When, agitated like the billowy main,
The world shall heave forth, from her gorged abyss,
The dead, to grasp eternal woe or bliss.

—— L.

STANZAS TO ———

1.

The days are few that thou hast told,
  The griefs are slight that thou canst know,
And time yet pauses to unfold
  The catalogue of human woe:
For sorrow is not childhood's dow'r,
Nor oft disturbs youth's summer hour,
But shows the torn and faded page,
That tells of vanish'd joys—to age:
To age—reality of life—
That cannot brook the feverish strife,
Which but a transient gloom imparts
To young and hope-deluded hearts.

2.

But if the course of after years
  Should bear one grief—one pang to thee,
'Twould be my pride with true-love tears
  To blot it from thy memory;—
To seek thee in thy pale distress,
And whisper hopes of happiness;
And tell thee that the clouds which fly
Across the calm and azure sky,
And leave it still serenely fair,
Are emblems of thy bosom's care;
And that, if joys soon fade from view,
Our miseries, love, are fleeting too.

3.

But well I know, though grief appear
  To veil the light of joy awhile,
And though at times a rising tear
  May dim the lustre of thy smile—
They shall not cloud nor quench the flame
That virtue kindles; and thy name
Shall pass along the stream of time,
Without a shade of vice or crime.
And thou wilt show that hearts may bear
Fate's keenest pangs—and not despair:
And that the guileless soul within
May know of sorrow without sin.

4.

And when thine eyes have lost the light
  That youth and beauty lend them now;—
And when the cypress gloom of night
  Hangs lowering o'er that sunny brow—
Thou wilt not fall as others fall,
Whom bonds of guilt have held in thrall;—
Thou wilt not die as others die,
Who deem all love but slavery:—
But thou wilt vanish like a ray
That shines upon the desert way—
A beam from heav'n that gilds the main,
And glances back to heaven again.

K.

THE POWER OF BEAUTY.

A SYRIAN TALE.

Not far from the banks of the Orontes, and aloof from any other habitation, stood a Syrian cottage, where dwelt a peasant, his wife, and only son. It was the daily employment of the latter to lead the few sheep of his father to the hills, where the wild and sweet notes of his Syrian pipe often cheered the traveller on his way: the caravans travelling from Damascus to Bagdad sometimes passed by, and purchased of his father's flock; and nothing could exceed the joy of Semid when he heard the camel bell, and the mournful chaunt of the Arab driver, and saw the long train of the caravan winding up the mountain path. He would then listen with delight to the tales of these travellers of the desert, and longed to accompany them on their way; but when he returned to the cottage at night, when the fire was kindled on the rude floor, the unleavened cake baked in the embers, and the milk, fruit, and honey from the hills, formed their repast; when he heard his parents say, in words of affection, that he was their only support and joy, he reproached himself for having ever cherished the thought of leaving them. But one night there arose a violent storm; the Orontes overflowed its banks, the blast came wild and furious from the desert beyond, and moaned through the lonely group of fig-trees around the cottage with a sound as of destruction. Amidst the darkness and the beating of the rain was heard a voice of distress that seemed to implore admission and shelter. Semid arose, and on opening the door, a venerable man entered, whose green turban and toil-worn features proclaimed him to be a Hadgi, or pilgrim from Mecca; his beard descended nearly to his girdle, and overcome by fatigue and the violence of the storm, he threw himself on the coarse carpet which was spread for him, and hung over the blazing fire; and when he had drunk of the coffee presented him, his faded looks brightened with joy, and at last he broke silence, and gave the blessing of a Hadgi, and adored the goodness of Allah. The storm was hushed, the moon-light came through the lattice window of the cottage: the pilgrim knelt, and folding his hands on his breast—he prayed, fixing his eyes on earth, with intense devotion; he thrice pressed his forehead on the ground, and then stood, with his face to Mecca, and invoked the prophet.

Semid gazed on the stranger—he could be no wandering dervise; his aspect and manner were far superior to the poverty of his dress, and on the hem of his garment was embroidered that passage from the Koran, fit only for the good.—The next and several following days the Hadgi was still a welcome guest; he had been a long and restless traveller, and when Semid was seated by his side in the rude portico of the cottage, as the sun was setting on the Orontes, and the wild mountains around, and he had given the chibouque into his hands, he drank in with insatiable delight every tale of wandering and peril on the wave and the wilderness which the other related. At last the day of his departure came, and Semid wept bitterly as he clasped the hand of the stranger, who, during his short stay, had become deeply attached to him, and who now turned to the father and mother, and raised his right hand to neaven, and attested his words by the name of Allah. "I am alone," he said, "in the world; the shaft of death has stricken from my side relative and friend; as I have beheld the Euphrates rush on its solitary course through the wild, that once flowed through the glory and light of the bowers of Eden. Yet suffer your son to cheer and brighten my way, and I will be to him both parent and counsellor; he shall partake of my wealth, and when three years have passed over our heads, he shall return to bless your declining years." It was long before the parents of Semid would consent to this proposal, but at last the prospect of their son's advancement, and of his return, endowed with knowledge and wealth, wrung a reluctant assent.—The sun's rays had not penetrated through the grove of fig-trees that

shadowed his home, when the youth and his companion directed their course across the plain, and on the third day entered the thick forests which terminated it, sleeping at night beneath the trees around the fire they had kindled. The toil of the way was lightened by the converse of the moslemin, which was full of instruction and delight, yet mingled with much that was strange and wild, of genii, the power of evil and good spirits, and the marvellous events he had met with in his varied path. But he knew not that that path was so soon to be closed. One night, overcome by fatigue, and the excessive heat of the way, they had sunk to sleep in the wood, without taking the precaution of kindling a fire.—In the middle of the night Semid was awakened by a piercing shriek, and hastening to his companion, found he had been bitten by a serpent, whose wound was mortal; already the poison began to circulate through his veins, his limbs trembled, his face was flushed with crimson, and his eyes had a fatal lustre. He clasped the hand of the youth convulsively in his own, and pressed it to his heart. "O my son," he said, "Allah has called me at the midnight hour, and the angel of death has put his cup to my lips ere I thought it was prepared; and thou art left solitary like a bride widowed on her marriage morn:—thy friend and guide torn from thee, what will be thy fate?—and the wealth that would have been thine will now be scattered amongst strangers." He paused, and seemed lost in thought: the young Syrian supported his dying head on his knees, and his tears fell fast on the face that was soon to be shrouded from him for ever. Suddenly the old man drew forth from his bosom a memorial of his affection, that was indeed indelible, and fixing his look intensely on his friend, "Semid," he said, "I have hesitated whether to consign to you this ring, and darkness is on my spirit as to the result. Place this ring on your finger, and it will invest you with surpassing beauty of feature and form, which, if rightly used, will conduct you to honour and happiness; but if abused to the purposes of vicious indulgence, will make sorrow and remorse your portion through life." He fainted, but reviving once more, "Turn my face to Mecca," he cried, "to the tomb of my prophet;" and striving to fix his eyes on the east, "I come, O loved of Allah—the dark realms of Eblis shall not be my home, nor El Arat have any terrors for me: thrice have these feet compassed the Caaba, where rest thy ashes; thrice to arrive there have they trod the burning desert, where thy promises were sweeter to me than the fountain or the shadow—receive me to thy Paradise!"—He sank back, and died. All night the Syrian boy mourned loudly over the body of his benefactor; and the next day watched over it till sun-set, when with difficulty he dug a rude grave and interred it.—Early on the second morning he pursued his way through the forest, and the sun was hot on the plain beyond, ere he advanced from its gloomy recesses.—He had placed the ring, of a green colour and without ornament, on his finger, and already amidst his grief for the loss of his friend, his heart swelled with vanity at the many advantages it had given him.—Oppressed with the heat he drew near to where a fountain gushed forth beneath a few palm-trees on the plain, and formed a limpid pool; he stooped to drink, but started back at beholding the change a few hours had made. The sun-burnt features of the shepherd boy had given place to a countenance of dazzling fairness and beauty; the dark ringlets clustered on the pure forehead over still darker eyes, whose look was irresistible; his step became haughty as he pursued his way, and saw each passenger fix on him a gaze of admiration, and he glanced with disdain on his coarse peasant's dress.

The sun was setting on the splendid mosques and gilt minarets of the city of Damascus, now full in view, when a numerous train of horsemen drew near; it was Hussein, the son of the Pacha, returning from the course. Struck at the sight of one so meanly clad, yet so extremely beautiful, he stopped and demanded whence he came and whither he was journeying; on Semid replying he was friendless and a stranger, he bade him follow in his train, and added that on the morrow he should become one of his own guards. The next day, in his military habit, and rich arms, and

mounted on a fine Arab courser, he rode by the Prince's side. Each day now saw some improvement in the shepherd of the Orontes; possessing by nature a quick imagination, and an enterprising spirit, he made a rapid progress in the accomplishments of the court of Damascus.—Speedily promoted by Hussein, whose favourite he had become, and admired by all for the exquisite personal advantages he possessed; he joined with those of his own rank in every amusement and pleasure the city afforded. Sometimes they passed the hours in the superb coffee-houses, where the fountain spouted forth a lofty column of water, and the coolness and incessant murmur were delightful amidst the sultry heats—or on one of the light pleasure-houses built on piles in the midst of the rivers which rushed through the city, they sat at night on soft cushions, and coffee, sherbet, and other luxuries were served; and while the moon-light, mingled with the glare of lamps, fell on the scene, they listened to the music and gazed on the voluptuous dance of the Almeh girls.—Amidst scenes like these the memory of his father and mother, the lonely cottage on the river's bank, his few sheep, and his mountain solitudes, grew more and more faint; all love for simplicity and innocence of life and heart was lost irretrievably, and the senses were prepared to yield to the first seduction. The favorite mistress of Hussein, a beautiful Circassian, had one morning, while walking beneath the sycamore-trees by the river's side, seen Semid playing at the jerrid with the prince, and his uncommon loveliness of countenance and noble figure had inspired her with a violent passion. One day, as he sat beneath the portico of a coffee-house, one of those women approached him whose employment it is to sell nosegays of flowers to the Turkish ladies; she drew one from her basket, and put it into his hand; the various flowers were so arranged as to convey a message of love from that lady, the fame of whose charms filled the whole city. Deeply flattered as the heart of Semid was at this discovery, and filled with intense curiosity to behold such perfections, he still hesitated; gratitude to his benefactor Hussein; the memory of the lessons of piety so often received from his parents; the dying words of the pilgrim of Mecca; all conspired to deter him. But, to be the object of the love of such a woman, and solicited to behold her!—the thought was irresistible. Night came, and the last call to prayer of the Muezzin from the minaret had ceased, when, disguised, he climbed the lofty wall that encircled the harem of the prince, and, gliding through the garden, was admitted by one of the eunuchs, who conducted him through several apartments into the one that was the abode of the favourite. The moon-light came faintly through the windows of richly stained glass, and showed indistinctly the gold characters from the Koran inscribed beneath—the exquisite perfumes which filled the air, and the lulling murmur of the fountain gushing on the rich marble, stole on the senses with seductive power—the upper part, or divan, of the Serai was covered with the costly silks, carpets, and brocades of Persia and Damascus, with numerous sofas, cushions, and superb mirrors—and at the end of all, where the small cluster of silver lamps threw their light on an ottoman of crimson velvet and gold, reclined the young and haughty Circassian. She wore a blue Cashmere turban, clasped on her high and fair forehead by a wreath of diamonds, and beneath fell the raven ringlets of her hair, which were just suffered to rest on the right shoulder—the vest that confined the bosom, as if to contrast with its exquisite whiteness, was of black, and this was circled by a golden girdle—her right arm, the tunic thrown back, lay moveless like a wreath of snow on the dark ottoman, and on the left arm languidly rested her beautiful cheek, whose natural paleness was now flushed—and the drooping eye-lash tinged with surmeh, could not shroud the glance that flashed irresistibly from beneath, while the full and crimson lips, unlike the Grecian outline, were just parted by an unconscious smile at sight of the beloved form that stood before her. Dazzled at the sight of such excessive beauty, Semid stood motionless, unable to advance, or withdraw his eyes from the Circassian, who rose from her reclining posture, and waved her hand for him to be seated on the ottoman beside

her. Scarcely had he obeyed her, and recovering from his confusion, begun to declare the passion he felt, when the loud sound of voices and steps rapidly approaching the Serai was heard. Semid started up, and paralysed by his feelings, gazed alternately at the lady, and at the door, through which he every moment expected the guards to burst with the sentence of death. In the agony of her fear, she clasped his hand so convulsively in hers, as, on his sudden starting from her side, to draw unconsciously the green ring from his finger.

At that moment she uttered a loud cry, and fixed her dark eyes on him, but their expression was—no longer love; in place of the beautiful and matchless Semid, stood before her a venerable man, in appearance like an Imaun; his beard hung down to his girdle, his thin grey locks were scattered over his wrinkled front, and his look was sad and imploring. Just at this instant, Hussein and his attendants burst into the apartment, and searched in vain with bitter imprecations for the traitor Semid; the stranger, whose appearance bespoke him either a Hakim, or physician, or a teacher of religion, was suffered to depart unmolested. He rushed wildly into the streets of the city—they were silent and deserted, for every inhabitant had retired to rest; but there was no rest for the soul of Semid, no calm for the hopeless sorrow and devouring despair which now agitated it; he had cast from him for ever the only gift that would have raised him in the career of life, and when he gazed on his withered form, felt his limbs tremble, and the chill blast wave his white locks, he lifted his staff towards heaven, and cursed the hour when the stranger's steps came to the cottage of his father; and the still more fatal seduction of beauty which now left shame and wretchedness his only portion. He paced incessantly the empty streets, which returned no sound save his own step, till the day dawned, and the numerous population began to appear, and the coffee-houses to fill, when he hurried into the retreats of the gardens. Worn out with fatigue and anguish, he fell fast asleep beneath the trees, but that sleep was worse than waking; the Circassian knelt before him, her beautiful tresses sweeping the ground, and raised her look to his with love and tenderness unutterable,—he clasped her to his bosom, when . she suddenly broke from his arms, scorn and indignation flashed from her eyes, and the sounds that rang in his ears as he awoke were her curse and laugh of mockery and contempt. It was mid-day, and many had sought shelter from the sultry heat beneath the orange and citron trees around; sherbet and coffee were supplied by some of the sellers who had arranged their small shops on the spot. Semid gazed wildly on the various groups, for among them he discovered some of his dearest intimates; he would have rushed towards them, to share in their gay converse, to hear from their lips, perhaps, some words of consolation; but his robe was pulled by some children, who gazing up at the venerable and striking features of him they took for an Imaun, besought his blessing. "Blessing from me!" cried Semid; the thought was to his soul more bitter than the Erak tree to the famished traveller "O Allah, who hast quenched the light of my path suddenly, and crushed me by thy doom: had I sunk slowly from youth to decrepitude, the rich pleasures of the world would have passed gently from my grasp: but yesterday, strength and glorious beauty were in this frame, and now it bends into the tomb; the friends of my soul pass me in their pride, and know me not. Who now shall love the wretched Semid?" He bent his steps towards the city and sought an obscure lodging; he shunned the crowded streets and sweet promenades by the river side, and retired to a cottage in the gardens near the city, that was shrouded by the mass of cypress and fruit trees amidst which it stood. Here, as solitude became more familiar to him, he began to regard the utter desolation of his condition with less anguish of spirit: at evening, he sometimes frequented the places, where the Imauns, the Muftis, and the learned of the city, associated; among these venerable men, his appearance ensured him respect; in their conversations on the deep things of religion, of nature, and of destiny, his mind became expanded and animated; he devoted his daily solitude

to the study of the Koran, of medicine, and other sciences, with such success, that he became in time famous throughout the city; and the learned Imaun was admired, and listened to by all:—while others hung on the words that fell from his lips, while the aged were silent, and the gay and thoughtless composed before him, new sources of consolations opened to his spirit, new motives attached him to life. Even then, as he passed by the splendid palaces in which his presence was once courted, and heard the sounds of joy within, and, bitterer than all, than even the despairing doom of the halls of Eblis, when woman's haughty step and look of resistless beauty, that sought him with allurement and delight, were now turned from the decayed Imaun with pity and aversion; he felt misery, that wisdom was unavailing to cure. To fly from these scenes he resolved to quit Damascus for ever; and at sunrise he issued out of the northern gate that conducts to Haleb. All the day he pursued his journey, and at night always found a kind welcome in the Syrian cottages. On the fifth evening the sky shewed a fiery and unusual splendour; and night quickly came down on the scene; ushering in one of those furious tempests which arise so suddenly in the east: the rain fell in torrents, and the deep darkness was only broken by the lightning that flashed on the mountain path of Semid; he paused and listened, but there was no sound, save the loud voice of the blast as it rushed through the rocky passes, and the river foaming over its course beneath; overcome by fatigue, he despaired of reaching any place of shelter, when he suddenly perceived the light of some cottages on the declivity above. He entered one of them with the salutation "Salam Alicum," peace be to you, seldom coldly listened to; the cottagers spread for the venerable wanderer their best mat on the floor, in the midst of which the fire burned bright and cheerfully, and instantly prepared a simple repast, followed by coffee and the chibouque; the neighbours entered to sit with the stranger in token of respect and honour; the young peasants danced to the guitar and pipe, and many a mountain song was sung. Pleased at this scene of gaiety and joy, and by the kindness and veneration paid him, the spirits of the wanderer were elevated, and he forgot his sorrows for awhile, gazed on the group before him with a delighted eye, and began to converse with so much eloquence and wisdom that the auditors listened with hushed and eager attention: he talked of the vicissitudes with which Allah visits our path of life, of death, and the scenes of beauty and everlasting bloom reserved for the faithful: when he suddenly paused—the children of the family had clasped his knees, and were gazing on his features—the sound of the torrent dashing over its rocky path had caught his ear—and that group—that hour—all brought back the vivid, the bitter memory of what had been. He clasped his hands, and uttered a cry of anguish—"On such a night," he exclaimed, "came the stranger to my native home, as the Orontes rushed by in its fury; amidst the voice of the storm he prayed for shelter, and his words of melody lured me away. O my father and my mother! whose looks are bent over the desert for the steps of your son; never can you behold him again: were he to approach your door, you would thrust him away as an impostor; and his withered form would be bent in anguish over the scenes of his childhood:" and "mock not my misery with their presence," he said, as he thrust the children from him with a trembling hand. "Let me roam again through the storm and darkness, but see not their eyes bent on mine, hear not their voice calling on me, whose withering heart can never know a father's love—my childless, dark, and desolate path! O! for a mother's tears falling on this hopeless bosom —but it may not be." He bent his head to the earth, and the tears streamed fast down his withered cheek: the villagers gazed with wonder at the stranger's emotion, but it grew late, and they dropped off one after the other to their homes. After a night of disturbed repose, Semid bade an early adieu to these friendly people, and pursued his journey; the day was beautiful, and descending the region of mountains, he entered on a rich and extensive plain, and at last drew near one of those Khans, built in lonely situations for the accommodation of

travellers; it was divided into two stories, the lower for the camels and horses, the upper for the lodging of the merchants; and a fountain rose in the middle of the area below. Here, natives of various nations had already arrived; the Armenian and Persian, the Jew and the Tartar, mingled together in the apartments, which offered no luxuries save the bare walls and floor: each spread his mat, or rich carpet, according to his wealth; lighted his fire, and the coffee being prepared, took his long pipe, and entered into animated conversation, or sat silent, lost in musing. Semid found no want of invitations to partake of their cheer; for long and lonely journeys such as these create benevolent and kindly feelings to each other. The light had not long faded on the plain, ere each traveller, fatigued, stretched himself on his mat to seek repose, and soon after dawn of the ensuing day they had pursued their various and distant routes.

The Imaun took his staff, and again bent his steps towards Haleb; a small river ran through the plain; the tents of some wandering Bedouins were pitched on its banks; their flocks were feeding beside them; and a solitary Arab was seen here and there roaming over the plain, on which his spear, his white turban and cloak, gleamed in the fierce sun-light. As Semid brooded over his sad destiny—he could not help acknowledging the justice of Allah; since, had he not yielded to guilty temptation, and fled in the face of the dying counsel of his benefactor, the wanderer from Mecca, he had remained still happy, loved, and caressed. He gazed with joy afar off on the minarets of Haleb, as the termination of his journey, and night fell ere he entered it. The streets were silent, and he roamed through the populous city to seek a place of refreshment and rest; but as he passed by the door of a splendid palace, he heard sounds from within of distress and agony; he stopped to listen; they became louder and more hopeless, when the door suddenly opened, and many persons rushed wildly out, as if in hurried search of some one. At sight of Semid, they instantly addressed him, and drew him forward into the palace, conjuring him to quicken his steps, and exert all his skill, for that she who lay expiring was the beloved of their prince, and adored by all who approached her.

They quickly entered the superb saloon from whence issued those cries of distress; the richly painted ceiling of that chamber of luxury was supported by a double row of white marble pillars, to each of which was suspended a silver lamp; vases of orange and trees of perfume, with fountains that gushed through mouths of amber, spread coolness and odours around. But the gaze of all was fixed on a low ottoman, on which reclined helplessly a woman of exquisite beauty, her delicate limbs writhing in agony. On one white arm fell the loose tresses of her raven hair, while the other was laid on the bosom of her young and devoted husband, the Pacha of Haleb. The ravages of the poison, administered by a rival lady, were already visible on her forehead, and wan and beautiful lips; her eyes, commanding even in death, were fixed on the group around, with a look as if she mourned deeply to be thus torn from all she loved, but still scorned her rival's arts; her golden girdle was burst by the convulsive pangs that heaved her bosom—the angel of death had seized her for his own. Every eye was turned on the venerable stranger, who had been mistaken by the attendants for a physician, and who saw instantly that all aid was vain; he took her hand in his to feel the pulse, when his finger pressed, and his glance at the same instant caught the green ring that had been the source of all his misfortunes. The Circassian suddenly raised her eyes on the venerable form before her, knew instantly her once-loved but ruined Semid, and with her last look fixed full on him, she gave a deep sigh, and expired.

When the cries and wailings which filled the saloon had subsided, and all had withdrawn save one or two favourite attendants, Semid bent in anguish over the murdered form of that young and ill-fated lady, and his tears fell fast on those features which even in death were irresistibly lovely; he then drew the ring from her finger and placed it on his own, and covering his face with his cloak, rushed from the apartment. The moon-light was cast vividly over the silent

streets and dwellings of Haleb, and on the sands of the desert that encircled them without. What a charm had that stillness and solitude for the heart of Semid then; in the fulness of its delight he fixed his eagle eye on the blue and cloudless sky, and on the dreary wastes around; his feelings were indescribable. As his firm and haughty step passed rapidly along, his dark hair fell in profusion on his neck, and the folds of his garment displayed the contour of his graceful limbs. "Again," he exclaimed, "youth, and beauty, and power are mine; men will gaze on me with envy, and woman's eye shall be no more turned from this form with pity and aversion; and the world is to me once more a field of pleasure, triumph, and love." At that moment the Muezzin's voice was heard from the summit of the white minaret calling to prayers, and the wanderer fell on his knees, and poured out his heartfelt thanks to Allah, who had caused the clouds of sorrow to pass from his path, and made its desolation as the gardens of the blest.

He resolved immediately to quit the city, and enjoy the pleasure of travelling through new and distant scenes, and having purchased horses, and hired a servant, he departed, and directed his course towards Bagdad.

On the evening of the second day he overtook a small caravan of merchants travelling the same route, with their camels loaded with the costly silks and stuffs of Syria. Their progress, as of all the eastern caravans, was slow, and as night drew on, they halted in some spot which possessed a shade and a fountain of water. The tents were then pitched, the fires lighted, and the camels turned loose in the desert; the evening meal was prepar d in the open air by the domestics, who had spread the rich carpets on the earth, and the merchants having quickly and sparingly partaken of the repast, formed a circle, sipped their coffee, and conversed at intervals; while the Arab camel-drivers seated round their fire, ate their coarse repast, and told their tales with infinite animation. The following day, as they pursued their journey, Semid fell into conversation with one of the merchants, an elderly man, of a mild and impressive aspect, who listened with delight and wonder to the discourse of the stranger, which few could hear unmoved, as to his youth and exquisite beauty were now added the wisdom and experience he had acquired as an Imaun. As they drew near the termination of their journey, the merchant of Bagdad grew more and more attached to Semid, and earnestly pressed him, as he had no home of his own, to reside under his roof, partake of the toils and cares of his business, and be to him as a son. They soon beheld the Tigris flowing in its pride beneath the walls of Bagdad, and entered the gardens of palm-trees on its banks. Passing through several narrow and unpaved streets, the merchant and his friend stopped at the low door of a mean-looking habitation. Being admitted, a scene of luxury appeared within. The court or area was adorned by a noble fountain, over which hung the orange and lemon trees; recesses in the walls, covered with cushions and carpets, invited to repose; and the interior apartments were splendidly furnished; but when the merchant of Bagdad, after the travellers had bathed and perfumed themselves, bade a slave call his child, his Houlema, to welcome her father and his friend, Semid saw only the form, heard only the voice, of the girl of Bagdad. It was evening, and the cool apartment, with its trellised and projecting windows, hung over the waters beneath; the moon, that lit up the waves and their shores, cast her light through the open lattice-work at which sat Houlema, who had taken her guitar, and as she sang verses expressive of the joys of home, and its dear affections, after long and cruel separations, like the cool wave of the Tigris amidst the burning sands that surround it, her voice was inexpressibly sweet. Her form was of the middle size, and her complexion excessively fair; her eyes were hazel, her hair dark, and her bust lovelier than was ever formed by a Grecian sculptor; the small and delicate foot was no way concealed by the rich sandal that held it, and the white and rounded arm was exposed nearly to the shoulder; in her whole air, in every look and word, there was a spirit, a vivacity, as if the soul itself were infused in it.

As Semid gazed and listened to her voice, he felt a charm come over his spirit, far different to that which the superior beauty of the Circassian had inspired.

His venerable patron now began to initiate him in the details of commerce, sent him sometimes with a caravan of merchandise to Bussora, and other parts of the Persian gulf, and assigned him a portion of his gains. Semid saw his increasing fortune with indifference, in every journey always anticipating the hour of return; he gazed with rapture from afar on the blue wave of the Tigris that circled round the dwelling of his beloved Houlema. The father, who from the first had destined his only child for his favourite, to whom he felt as to an only son, saw their growing passion with pleasure. Often when the lovers were seated in the cool kiosque that overlooked the wide plain beyond the city, Semid told of the various scenes and reverses he had passed through, while his fine eyes and matchless features beamed with affection; Houlema thought she never had beheld so fascinating a being, or listened to a voice of such soul-touching melody. Till then new to love, she yielded resistlessly to her passion; she then took her guitar, and sang of the bliss of kindred spirits, devoted to each other's love, till blasted by inconstancy and coldness, like the angels Haruth and Maruth, who lived glorious in the realms of Allah, ere, tempted to wander to the scenes of earth, they fell. "She loves me for myself alone," thought Semid, "and not for my beauty, unlike the youthful Circassian, whose impetuous and sudden affection wrought my ruin: bred up in retirement, and untainted by dissipation, in her tenderness I shall find a resting-place at last." So thought the wanderer, who with all his sorrows and experience knew not yet the inconstancy of woman, when assailed through her vanity or beauty.

Semid had been absent for some weeks on a journey to Basra, and one evening Houlema was solacing herself with music in the apartment in which she had so often sat with him, and anticipating his return, when the chief officer of the Pacha of Bagdad returning home on the opposite shore of the Tigris, heard those sweet sounds wafted across in the stillness of the night, and listened with rapture. The next day he told his prince that he had heard melody, such as none but the Houris who attend the blest could have made, and that the woman who possessed such a voice must be inexpressibly beautiful.

The Prince's curiosity was awakened, he directed inquiries to be made, and was soon acquainted that it was the daughter of the old merchant, whose melody was only inferior to her loveliness. Resolved to gratify his passionate desire of seeing her, he put on the disguise of a merchant, who sold precious stones and ornaments, and being admitted with some difficulty, by displaying some splendid jewels to the sight of Houlema, was enraptured with her beauty. On the following day he sent for the father, and demanded his daughter in marriage; the old man, undazzled by the prospect of grandeur for his child, and faithful to his promise to Semid, gave a submissive but decided refusal. Although enraged at having his hopes crossed by a subject, yet confiding in his own attractions and rank, he came, magnificently attired and attended, to the merchant's house, and requesting an interview with Houlema in her father's presence, he declared his passion, and offered her his heart and throne, declaring he would part with his harem, and cease to love any other woman for her sake. Houlema shrank from the splendid offer; her lover, beautiful and devoted, rushed to her thoughts; she felt how dear he was to her: again she looked on the imploring Prince; he was very handsome, his dignity gave him additional attractions; and, when he swore, by the Prophet and the Caaba, that she should be the sole companion of his life and love, the admired and adored of his court, the words were inexpressibly sweet to her. Seduced by such tenderness and devotion, and the glowing pictures her lover drew of her future glory as the Princess of Bagdad, she consented at last to become his bride.

Semid, full of anticipations of love and happiness, returned to Bagdad, and hastened to the home of his friend, who met him with a counte-

nance of sorrow and confusion, and acquainted him with the infidelity of Houlema, and deplored her ingratitude.—Overwhelmed with anguish, he would have sought his intended bride in the harem of the Pacha, had not the father restrained him, and calmed his cruel agitation; then raising his eyes, streaming with tears to Heaven, he called on Allah to witness the treachery of his mistress, and abjured for ever the destructive beauty of woman, which first in the Circassian had plunged him in exquisite misery; and now, in the perfidious Houlema, had driven him forth again a wanderer on the earth. Saying this, he rushed out of the apartment, and, mounting his horse, left Bagdad for ever behind him. For several days he pursued his way, heedless of its direction: whether his head sank on the desert-bed or on the mountain-rock, whether the sun shone on his parched breast, or the fountain cooled his burning lips, his misery was all within. One night as he passed over a sandy tract, he saw not very far before him a traveller attacked by a small party of Bedouins. Hastening up, his own and his servants' aid decided the day, and the Arabs took to flight.

The Turk, who was wounded, was most grateful for this timely aid, and implored his deliverer to accompany him to his home; and, as all situations were at this moment alike, he consented willingly. Day after day the travellers proceeded over melancholy wastes of sand, on which rested the burning rays of the sun, till at last a dark spot was visible in the horizon, and as they drew near, exquisitely grateful was the deep verdure of various trees, and the shade of the palm and cypress trees which stood waveless in the silent desert, like the ruins of an eastern temple.

In this deep and beautiful retreat, encircled by a high wall, lived the generous Turk with his only sister; left orphans at an early age, they had become inseparably attached to each other. Every effort was used by them to make Semid's residence agreeable; and, soothed by the attentions, and interested by the accomplishments, of the young Kaloula, his dejection and anguish by degrees abated. In order to interest his deliverer, Achmed invited a party of his friends to an entertainment, and his Arab servants traversed the waste in various directions to the fertile tracts on its borders. In that oriental banquet every luxury appeared, whether allowed or forbidden by the Koran, the various wines of Syria, the rich fruits and conserves of Damascus, the delicacies of Sheraz.

As night drew on, and the conversation became more animated, it was proposed, after the oriental custom, that each guest should tell a tale, or relate some remarkable event of his life; one told his dangerous pilgrimage to Mecca, another a tale of the Afrit or the Goule, till it came to Semid's turn, who, put off his guard by the gaiety and interest of the scene, began most imprudently to relate the great incident of his life, the gift of the ring. As he proceeded, some of the guests became thoughtful, others looked incredulous, but Kaloula never took her glance from the ring on which it was intensely fixed, and during the rest of the evening her manner was abstracted, and her mind wandering far from the present scene. Afterwards when seated by her side in the garden at sun-set, Semid observed that her vivacity was gone: at times her tone and look were hurried and wild, and then sad and despairing. In her society he had felt a new and vivid interest; ungifted with the matchless beauty of the Circassian, or the sweetness of temper, and charm of song and melody, of Houlema, there was in her that high energy of mind, and richness of imagination which inevitably attract in woman; and Semid, when listening to her fascinating conversation, thought the charms of beauty outdone. Accustomed all her life to the solitude of her brother's home, Kaloula's haughty spirit was nursed amidst scenes savage and inspiring. It had been her delight to guide her courser into the deep retreats of the desert, and no where is nature so sublime as there; and when seated at her lattice window or in the garden beneath, she had beheld the slow caravan wind its way amidst the burning sands, in which thousands of various nations and aspects were mingled; and again, when the bands of Bedouins had rushed on their prey, she had heard the

fierce shouts of the battle in the desert, and seen the spectacle of pain and death. At times she loved to gaze on the wild and desolate scenery around, when the moon had given it a sad brightness, and its silence was broken only by the rapid flight of the Bedouin's courser, or the cry of the hyena. At times the lonely traveller, or the caravan merchant, when the mid-day heats were fiercest, would approach with longing eye that lovely group of trees, and implore to drink of its fountains, as the richest boon of Heaven; from them she heard tales of other lands and descriptions of scenes which she longed to visit.

Won by the personal attractions, and eloquent converse, of the stranger, she loved him; still that passion struggled with ambition and pride. Often Semid observed, as her look fell on the ring on his finger, her colour changed, and she uttered a deep sigh. "Were that ring but mine," murmured the haughty girl, "what a scene of triumph and delight would it open to me. The princes of the east would vie for the possession of Kaloula's charms, to which the beauty of all women would then yield. Her glory, who defended the city whose ruins are in the desert, the Queen of Palmyra, would not surpass mine. My path would no longer be in this far solitude, but be high, commanding, and immortal."

The conflict of thought was too severe; her noble form became emaciated, the lustre fled from her dark eye, and its look of tenderness turned on her lover was often changed for one of horror. It was past the hour of noon on one of those days when, to breathe the open air is almost to inhale the blast of death, the very fountains seemed to gush languidly, and the leaves to wither on the trees; and Semid, overcome with the heat, had thrown himself almost fainting on a sofa, when Kaloula approached and earnestly pressed him to drink of some cool sherbet prepared by her own hands. There was something in her voice and manner, in the burning hue of her cheek, that infused a sudden suspicion into his mind. He took the vase of sherbet from her trembling hand, and turning aside his face pretended to drink, but poured the contents into his vest. He then languidly reclined, and appeared to fall into a deep sleep; an hour passed away, and a soft step approached the door; it faltered and seemed to retire; but soon was heard more hurriedly advancing, and at last entered the apartment. It was Kaloula; she went to the window, and gazed on the burning sand and sky, and then turned her pale face, that was bathed in tears, to Semid, who lay motionless, and appeared to breathe no longer. She then drew near the ottoman and bent in silent anguish for awhile over him, when with a sudden effort she stretched forth her hand and clasped the ring to take it from his finger. Semid sprang from the couch, and looked on Kaloula with an indescribable expression, who, clasping her hands violently, uttered a loud cry, and sank insensible on the floor. He bent in agony over her. "Again," he exclaimed, "have I leaned as my last hope on woman's love, and it has pierced my soul. O! prophet of my faith, I discern now thy wisdom, at which I have murmured, in severing woman from our path in the world of bliss; since cruelty and ambition can be cherished amidst feelings of kindness and love. Never will I yield again to her charms, or be swayed by her artful wiles."

He hastened from the dwelling, and all night long in deep anguish of soul pursued his way.—On the evening of the 10th day he stood on the declivity of a range of mountains, on whose snows lay the last beams of the sun; and a noble plain was spread at their feet, in the midst of which stood the ruins of a superb temple. Semid drew near, as the night was falling around, and took up his abode in one of the ruined apartments; and when day broke he was struck with admiration and wonder at a sight so new to him. A corridor of pillars, with capitals of exquisite beauty, encircled the temple, which, though roofless, and its many niches despoiled of their statues, looked in its naked grandeur as if time might have no power over it. Here Semid thought he had found a habitation and solitude where woman's step would never intrude, and he could indulge his sorrows unmolested. Several days had passed, and the fruits that grew on

the plain composed his meals, when one evening, whilst the air was cool, he perceived a girl habited in a simple Syrian dress, approaching the ruin. She started with surprise at seeing a stranger; but recovering herself, asked what induced him to remain in so lonely a spot, and why he had never visited her father, who was the Imaun of the village behind the mountain, and would be happy to show him hospitality. Semid promised to come to the village, and the next day, crossing the mountain, he was received by the priest of the prophet with the greatest kindness. After a simple repast, Melahie took her guitar, and sang some native Syrian melodies with great sweetness. Delighted with his visit, the traveller's solitude seemed less welcome on his return. A few days passed, ere Melahie came again, and sitting on a part of the ruins beside Semid, she told him their history as far as she knew, and listened to his tales of other lands, and of his travels, with intense interest. Her form was slender, and, unlike the women of the east, her hair was light, and her eyes blue; but they had a look of irresistible sweetness and innocence, and her delicate features reflected every feeling of her soul. He frequently visited her father's cottage, and her steps still oftener sought the lonely ruin. Seated by Semid's side, and fixed on his seducing discourse, she was happy; and he could not see the intense interest he inspired, while her tears fell fast at the picture of his sorrows, or her eyes kindled with delight when he told how his sad destiny was changed, without feeling his own heart deeply moved. He saw that she loved him, and soon felt that this entire confidence, this sweet deference and surrender of feeling, in a young and devoted woman, is far more dangerous than any studied allurement.

Still he imagined she loved him only for his beauty, or because she saw in him superior accomplishments to all around her. One evening as the Syrian was seated in silence beside him, and gazing on the rich scenery, Semid suddenly addressed her: "Melahie, it is in vain to disguise our mutual affection: but you repose your peace on me only to be deceived; let me warn you that he who has appeared to you thus beautiful and interesting only deludes you. You see before you a magician of power, and of malice equal to his power, but not to injure you. Turn your eyes on your lover now." He suddenly drew the ring from his finger; the girl shrieked, and starting from her seat covered her face with her hands, for before her stood no longer the captivating stranger, but an elderly, pale, and sorrow-stricken man; yet his look was haughty and full of fire, and waving his hand impressively, "fly from me now," he said, "you see me in my true colours; your beautiful lover is no more." Melahie turned on him for a moment a look of fixed sadness, and then silently departed. Many weeks passed, and still she came not to his lonely abode; but one morning as he stood sadly musing amidst the monuments of former glory, he saw her slowly walking towards him; but her beauty was faded by sorrow, and her delicate form wasted, and when she beheld the venerable figure of her once-adored lover, an expression of exquisite anguish passed over her features. Still she drank in every word that fell from his lips, though the music of that voice had ceased, and the tone was cold and faltering; when he bade her fly from his solitude, and shun the evil destiny that surrounded him, and the treacherous allurements that might yet ensnare her, she burst into tears, unable to vanquish her love, yet shrinking from the painful change she witnessed.

The last evening they were thus to meet she found him reclined at the foot of a pillar; his countenance was paler, his eye more hollow than when she saw him last, and his whole air that of a man to whom earthly things are soon to be no more. "You are come, Melahie," he said, fixing his eyes with a mournful expression on her, "in time to bid me farewell for ever. You cannot grieve much for one whom it is impossible you could love. Semid, young and beautiful, engaged your affection, but oppressed with years, and sinking beneath his sorrows, the stranger will rest unremembered in his grave."

"Never! Oh! never," replied the beautiful Syrian, "can Melahie forget

the stranger she once loved. Dark and mysterious as your path may seem, mine shall be united with it to the last. I loved you not for your beauty, Semid, it was for the charms of your discourse, the riches of your mind, and, above all, the new world of thought and imagination which you opened to me; when I left you, those scenes and glowing pictures haunted me still; in my dreams they came to me, and with all, your image was for ever blended. Radiant with beauty it came, and now thus fallen, it is still the same Semid who speaks to me, it is his spirit that casts its spell around mine, and death cannot break it."

"It is vain," said Semid; "the hour is near that will close these eyes for ever. Azrael comes to summon me; already I hear the rushing of his wings. Look where the last light of day is resting on the mountain snows; it will soon disappear; but when it rests on this pillar, and encircles this weary head, you will see your Semid expire." "Leave me not thus," exclaimed Malahie weeping bitterly; "but soon shall I cease to be alone, I feel my heart is breaking, it has struggled for rest without you, but it may not be."

She ceased; for the sun leaving the darkening plain below, threw over the temple a golden hue, and rested on the pillar on which Semid was reclining. His look was sadly fixed on the crimsoning sky, his frame trembled, and as the red light was fading the young Syrian clasped her arm round his neck, and gazing on him as if for the last time: "O! Semid," she murmured, "my first, my only love; together we will quit this world of sorrow, and Melahie will not be parted in death, or in eternity." At these words he suddenly rose and drew the ring again on his finger, the lustre came to Melahie's eye, and the colour rushed to her cheek, for she gazed once more on the blooming and devoted Semid, who, clasped her to his breast, "It is mine at last," he exclaimed; "the blessing I implored of Allah, but never hoped to find—a woman who truly loved me; we will go to the banks of the Orontes to my father's cottage, and live amidst the scenes of my childhood. O Prophet of my faith! who amidst thy sufferings didst find in Cadija a true and imperishable love:—when I sought beauty alone, my hope perished, and thy mercy left me. Thou hast taught me by bitter sorrows that the value of a faithful and tender heart is above that of the richest charms of form and feature—of wealth or splendor—thy blessing shall rest upon our path for ever."

BALLAD.

1.

"Away! away to Normandy!
  Up, up, my son, and ride!
And bring with thee, from that famed countree,
  A ladye for thy bride.
The maidens there are gay and fair
  As the blossoms on the tree:
Away! away! ere break of day
  To merry Normandy.

2.

Array thyself in thy best attire,
  And with words of honey speak;
And thou'lt call the smile to many an eye,
  And the blood to many a cheek:
Be kind to the meanest thou may'st meet,
  And to the lofty—free:
Not in vain thou'lt ride, for a ladye-bride
  Shall be thine in Normandy.

3.

Seek out the noblest dame of all,
And whisper in her ear,
That thou lov'st her more than ever before
Lov'd knight and cavalier.
Say she is fairer than summer rose,
(As thy father said to me,)
And thou'lt bring at thy side a wealthy bride
From merry Normandy."

4.

"No! mother, no! I cannot part
With the maiden of my home:
A bride more kind I shall never find,
Though the whole world through I roam.
No! mother, no! I cannot leave
My own beloved countree;
Though 'tis bleak and wild, I still am its child,
And want not Normandy.

5.

But I will don my best attire,
And seek my lovely girl,
Whose eyes are bright as the clear starlight,
And whose teeth are white as pearl.
And thou wilt own that the rose just blown
Is not more fair than she;
And that she may claim as pure a name
As the best of Normandy.

6.

In the day of age she'll cherish thee
With all a daughter's care,
And walk with thee, and talk with thee,
And bind thy silvery hair.
She will bring to thee Spring's earliest flowers,
And fruits from the choicest tree;
And thou wilt forget, and ne'er regret,
The maids of Normandy.

7.

She will guide thee when thy limbs are weak,
And thy sight begins to fail;
Or breathe a song, and when nights are long
Beguile them with a tale.
And when thou'rt gone to the sleep of death,
(Oh! distant may that be!)
She will wet thy bier with many a tear,
Though not of Normandy."

8.

"My son, put on thy best attire,
And seek thy lovely girl,
Whose eyes are bright as the clear star-light,
And whose teeth are white as pearl.
And may she prove a source of love
When I have pass'd from thee,
And ever claim as pure a name
As the best of Normandy."

ON THE COOKERY OF THE FRENCH.

Of Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders.—*Othello.*

To the Editor of the London Magazine.

Sir,—I am an alderman and button-maker in the city, and I have a taste for sea-coal fires, porter, roast-beef, and the London Magazine. My son Bob, and my daughter Fanny, on the contrary, used to dislike all these good things—the last excepted: and prevailed with me to go and spend a month or two in Paris in the spring of this year. I knew that my son loved me as well as French cookery—and my daughter nearly as well as a French gown: so I unfortunately and affectionately complied with their desire—and have repented it ever since. However, my journey has not been altogether thrown away, as it has reconverted Bob to beef, and as it gives me an opportunity of relating the wonders of French cookery—a matter which in all your articles upon the French you have unaccountably neglected. The subject strikes me as highly important in all points of view: and it is a favourite theory of mine that the manners and tastes of a nation may be known from their cookery even better than from the bumps on their heads. The French Revolution was no doubt brought about by the national fondness for necks of mutton and men *a l'ecarlate*: and the national hatred to the English is still visible in their attempts to poison them with their dishes:—a consummation not at all to my taste, even with the prospect of being buried in *Pere la Chaise*. As for me, I am a plain man, alderman and button maker, and should prefer being interred in *Aldermanbury*.

It has long been the reproach of the French, and you are among those who have echoed it, that they are not a *poetical* people. But at least their *cooks* are. Must not a cook, Mr. Editor, be inflamed with the double fires of the kitchen and poetry, when he conceives the idea of fountains of love, starry aniseed, capons' wings in the sun, and eggs blushing like Aurora—followed (alas! what a terrible declension!) by eggs *a la Tripe*? I consider their beef in scarlet, their sauce in half mourning, and their white virgin beans, as examples of the same warm and culinary fancy.*

Their ingenuity is sometimes shown in the *invention* of new dishes, as well as in the epithets they attach to them —another poetical symptom. Not to say any thing of the vulgar plates of frogs, nettles, and thistles, what genius there is in the conception of a dish of breeches in the royal fashion, with velvet sauce—tendons of veal in a peacock's tail and a shoulder of mutton in a balloon or a bagpipe! Sometimes their names are so fanciful as to be totally incomprehensible, especially if you look for them in a dictionary: such as a palace of beef in Cracovia strawberries of veal—the amorous smiles of a calf—a fleet with tomata sauce—and eggs in a looking glass.†

But there are many of their dishes which are monstrous; and in my mind not only prove the French capability of eating poisons, but their strong tendency to cannibalism. Great and little asps—fowls done like lizards—hares like serpents—and pigeons like toads or basilisks—are all favourite dishes: as are also a hash of huntsmen, a stew of good Christians, a mouthful of ladies, thin Spanish women, and four beggars on a plate. One of their most famous sauces is *sauce Robert*, which I remember to have read of in Fairy Tales as the sauce with which the Ogres used to eat children. My daughter found one dish on the *carte* which alarmed us all—*Eglefin a la Hollandaise:* and after trying a long time, she remembered it was something like the name

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* Puits d'amour.—Anis etoilé.—Ailes de poularde au Soleil.—Œufs à l'Aurore.—Bœuf à l'écarlate.—Sauce en petit deuil.—Haricots Vierges.

† Culotte a la Royale, sauce veloute.—Tendons de veau en queue de paon.—Epaule de mouton en ballon, en musette.—Palais de bœuf en Cracovie.—Fraises de veau.—Ris de veau en amourette.—Flotte, sauce Tomate.—Œufs au miroir.

of somebody of whom she had taken lessons of memory. I suppose they had taken the poor devil from his name to be a Dutchman, and had accordingly drest him *à la Hollandaise.* *

They like liver of veal done to choke you, and pullets like ivory—so called, I suppose, from their toughness and hardness. Other dishes are, on the contrary, quite shadowy and unsubstantial: such as an embrace of a hare on the spit—partridge's shoe-soles—a dart and a leap of salmon—the breath of a rose—a whole jonquil—or biscuits that would have done honour to the Barmecide's feast.†

The French have a way of serving up their dishes which is as extraordinary as the rest. What should *we* think of whitings in turbans—smelts in dice boxes—a skate buckled to capers – gooseberries in their shifts, and potatoes in their shirts? Should we not think any Englishman very filthy whose cook should send up cutlets in hair-papers—truffles in ashes—and squirted seed-cakes?—and whose dinner-bell should announce to us what they call a ding-dong in a daub? ‡

The military dispositions of the French are discoverable even in their cookery. They have large and small bullets—carbonadoes innumerable—syrup of grenades—and quails in laurels: and I have often heard dishes called for, which sounded to my ear very like "ramrods for strangling," and "bayonets for the gendarmes." §

But I may easily have been mistaken in *French* words, when I can't understand what they call English ones—some of which seem to have undergone as complete a change by crossing the Channel, as most of our countrywomen. Who could recognize, for example, in *wouelche rabette, hochepot, panequet, misies pwis, plomboudine*, or *mache potetesse*, the primal and delightful sounds of Welsh rabbit, hotch-potch, pancake, mince-pies, plumb-pudding, and mashed potatoes? But the French seem fond of far-fetched dishes: they get their thistles from Spain, and their cabbages from Brussels, and their artichokes from Barbary in Turkish turbans.||

The French boast that their language is the clearest in the world. I should like to know what they mean by a skate fried raw, or big little peaches? ** I can easily comprehend *mouton à la Gasconne*, however: and an *epigramme d'agneau* is as insipid as a French epigram always is.

As I have got a corner of my paper still blank, my son Bob begs me to let him spoil it with a few verses which he says are *German* to French Cookery: I therefore hasten to conclude my epistle with the expression of my best wishes, and the assurance that I am, with great esteem and respect, Sir, your very obedient humble servant,

TIMOTHY WALKINSHAW,
Button-maker and Alderman.

Aldermanbury.

LE CUISINIER FRANÇAIS *versus* DR. KITCHINER.

I.

It has often been printed in books,
And I'm going to say it once more,
That the French are a nation of cooks,—
Though I never believed it before.

* Grand et petit Aspic.—Poulet en lézard.—Lièvre en serpent.—Pigeon à la Crapaudine, en basilic.—Salmi de chasseurs.—Compote de bons Chretiens.—Bouchée de Dames.—Espagnoles maigres.—Quatre mendians.

† Veau à l'etouffade.—Poulets à l' ivoire.—Accolade de lièvre à la broche.—Semelles de Perdrix.—Une darde et un sauté de Saumon.—Souffle de rose.—Une jonquille entiere.—Biscuits manqués.

‡ Merlans en turban.—Eperlans en Cornets.—Raie bouclée aux câpres.—Groseilles et pommes de terre en chemise.—Cotelettes en papillotes.—Truffes à la cendre.—Massepains seringués.—Dindon en daube.

§ Gros et petits boulets.—Carbonades de mouton, &c.—Sirop de grenades.—Cailles aux lauriers. In the last two names our worthy Correspondent probably alludes to Ramereaux à l'étouffade, and Beignets à la gendarme.

|| Cardons d'Espagne.—Choux de Bruxelles.—Artichauts de Barbarie en bonnet de Turc.

** Raie frite à cru.—Pêches grosses-mignonnes.

But now I can make it quite clear—
  For who but the devil's own legion
Would stew down *a virgin*, as here,
  And broil out *a good Christian's* religion ?*

2.

They say that John Bull o'er his beef
  And his beer is a terrible glutton :
Does he eat *toads* and *asps*, or the *leaf*
  Or the *roots* of an oak with his mutton ?
Do *serpents* or *basilisks* crawl
  From his kitchen to lie on his table ?
Or *lizards* or *cats* does he call
  By all the lost nicknames of Babel ?†

3.

We like our *Beef-eaters* in scarlet,
  Not our *beef*—nor the *sauce in half-mourning* :
We don't eat a *Fanny* or *Charlotte*,
  Nor *a mouthful of ladies* each morning—
(This it shocks all my senses to utter,
  Yet with Holy Writ truths you may rank it:)
And they eat a *Ray fried in black butter*,
  And can make a meal on a *fowl blanket*. ‡

4.

If we don't like our *beef in balloons*,
  Or *a shoulder of lamb in a bagpipe ;*
Sweet *wolves' teeth*, or *twin macaroons*,
  Or *truffles which they with a rag wipe* ·
If we don't look for *eggs of Aurora*,
  Nor *sheeps' tails prepared in the sun ;*
And prefer a boil'd cod far before a
  Tough *skate which is only half done* :§

5.

If we don't want our *veal done to choke us*,
  Nor *ivory fowls* on our dish :
If *gendarmes* in all shapes should provoke us,
  And we like Harvey's sauce with our fish :
If mutton and airs *à la Gasconne*
  Don't agree with the stomachs at all
Of Englishmen—O need I ask one ?—
  Let us cut Monsieur Véry's, and Gaul.|| Σ.

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* Bob calls cooks "the devil's own legion," from the well-known fact of their being sent from even a hotter place than they occupy upon earth. He alludes in the last part of the verse to the kind of bean called vierge, which the French stew, and to the bon Chrétien grillé.

† Pigeons à la crapaudine.—Aspic de veau.—Feuilletage.—Tendons de mouton aux racines.—Lièvre en serpent.—Pigeon en basilic.—Poulet en lézard.—Civet de lièvre.

‡ Bœuf à l'écarlate.—Sauce en petit deuil.—Fanchonnettes.—Charlotte de pommes.—Bouchée de Dames, *a kind of cake*.—Raie au beurre noir.—Blanquette de volaille.

§ Bœuf en ballon.—Epaule d'agneau en musette — Dents de loup, *a sort of biscuit*.—Macarons jumeaux.—Truffes à la Serviette.—Œufs à l'Aurore.—Queues de mouton au Soleil.—Raie frite à cru.

|| Veau à l'etouffade.—Poulets à l'ivoire.—Noix de veau à la gendarme.—Mouton à la Gasconne.

JOURNAL OF AN EXCURSION TO THE FIVE ISLANDS AND SHOAL HAVEN, ON THE COAST OF NEW SOUTH WALES.

Saturday, Oct. 18th, 1823.—Rode from the neighbourhood of Liverpool, through the district of Airds (in which are the small church and court-room of Campbell Town) to Appin, to breakfast; and thence to Illawarra, or the Five Islands, to dinner, a distance of sixty miles south of Port Jackson. The range of the Blue Mountains, which divides the east coast from the western interior of New South Wales, terminating with the cliffs of the Five Island coast and Shoal Haven, the road from Appin presents the same rocky, sterile country, as the Blue Mountain pass, and the same flora, with the additions of the doryanthes excelsa, or gigantic lily, and the crinum australe: on the Five Island beach is also found *granite*, as at Cox's River. Passed the source of the Nepean River, forming a small cataract, under which the stream hides itself in a picturesque glen; and indeed it afterwards finds a subterraneous passage through the sandy rocks to the Cow Pastures. The descent from this range of mountains to the sea-shore is very precipitous, grand, and even tropically luxuriant in point of vegetation. Here may be seen, for the first time in this colony, the cabbage palm (corypha australis) towering above all the trees of the forest, to the height sometimes of a hundred feet, with its bunches of leaves only at the top, flabelliform, peltate, round, and fan-like. These trees once also characterized the neighbourhood of Port Jackson; but they have long been exhausted, the spungy trunks having been used for splitting into hut-logs, and the large leaves for thatch; for thus simply were even the officers of the first fleet, the Romuluses of the colony, lodged. The absence of these trees has taken away much from the tropical character of Sydney, which can only be restored by the garden-cultivation of them, together with the banana and the New Zealand bamboo, for the climate is not hot enough for the cocoa-nut. The jungle sides of this Illawarra Mountain were also enriched with the arborescent fern (alsophila australis), the trunk of which, not growing so tall as the palm, lifted none of the beauty of its large feathery leaves out of the reach of our sight.

At the foot of this range of mountains is scattered the red cedar tree, of which the colonists make their furniture, and with which they fit up the insides of their houses. It is a genus of cedrelea, allied to flindersia. The procuring of this timber occupies many sawyers and boatmen from Port Jackson. The cedar planks, as they are formed by sawyers at the pit, are carried on men's backs up to the mountain summit, whence carts (approaching by a narrow road cut through the forest on the ridge) convey the planks to all parts of the colony, or they are carted to the shores of Illawarra, and navigated to Port Jackson in large open boats. The government have not (by reason of their ample supply from Hunter's River and Port Macquarie) secured any portion of these cedar grounds to themselves, simply compelling each person to take out a permit from the Colonial Secretary's office, which must specify the number of feet of timber required, and without which protection, the horse and cart, or boat, and the cedar, are liable to seizure by any constable. In a new run in the wild forest, the sawyers have to perform the preparatory labour of clearing their path, and a fall for the trees, which would otherwise be prevented from reaching the ground by amazingly strong vines (scandent or volubilous plants). They then pit the stem, cut into short cylinders of from 8 to 12 feet in length, and saw them into planks of one or two inches thick. For these they receive of the cartmen 22*s.* for every hundred feet, from which sum is to be deducted 6*s.* per hundred, paid to the carrier from the pit to the cart, leaving 16*s.* to be divided between the pair of sawyers. The cartmen, after carrying an average load of 300 feet in the plank upwards of 60 miles to Paramatta, over a road, in part

very rocky and difficult, obtain 45s. or 50s. per hundred feet, from builders, carpenters, &c. It is to be regretted, that so few of the timbers that grow on this mountain are known. Excepting the red cedar, the wild apple (achras australis), the plum (cargillia australis), the sassafras (cryptocarga glaucescens), the rosewood, so called from its scent not colour (a genus of meleaceæ?), and the turpentine tree (tristania albicans); the wood-cutters had no names for the many trees of gigantic growth which cover this mountain.

Illawarra is a fine district of good grazing, and some excellent arable, land close to the sea-shore; insomuch that, though distant and difficult from Sydney by land, it was settled in Governor Macquarie's time, when he refused to let anybody go on the other side of the Nepean As a marine situation, it is very beautiful. The Five Islands show like one large and two small ones, and look picturesque seaward, while the back ground presents a line of hills, among which the Hat Hill of Capt. Cook and Mount Molle are conspicuous.

Sunday, 19th October.—Rested, or only walked over the miles of Illawarra farm, the property of David Allan, Esq. late Commissary General of the Colony, who had the merit of setting the example of settling the Five Island district. The creek ravines still presented a tropical luxuriance of vegetation—palms, ferns, and vines, or parasitical trees, the last festooning and twining their branches in all directions, and greatly relieving the tall leafless monotony of the gum-trees. Epidendra also built their nests among them, the asplenium nidus, the acrostichum alcicorne, and the dendrobium æmulum. There is also a large-leaved tree, the slightest touch of which brings away hairs like cowhage: it is an undescribed species of urtica.

Monday, 20th October.—Rode to Shoal Haven, thirty-six miles still further to the south, six or seven of which were through a mass of vegetation, requiring pioneers to penetrate it. The vines or lianas wreathed the trees, like the boa constrictor, and festooned the way, as if they were placed for one of Astley's equestrians to leap from the horse over them, or hung dangling like the ropes in a belfry. The valley reminded me of Humboldt's descriptions of South American vegetation. The ground was unequal to boot, so that travelling through the jungle was extremely difficult and fatiguing. Here we first saw the seaforthia elegans, a palm equal in size to the cabbage-tree, with pinnate, ferny, or cocoa-nut leaves, from whose broad membranous leaf-stalks, or the spathæ of the flowers, the natives make their water-buckets, simply by tying up each end, like their bark canoes; in the same manner the dairy farmers make milk pails and cream pans; and of the leaves they make hats and thatch—the cedar, both white and red; and another smaller fern-leaved palm-tree, yet undescribed, of great beauty, its trunk more ligneous, and its leaves more palmy, than the common arborescent fern. Our way through the dark dingle crossed the same fresh-water creek fifteen times. The crinum here re-appeared, together with a large arum.

In the first part of our journey, this day, we crossed the shallow entrance from the sea of Illawarra Lake, a large opening a little to the south of the Tom Thumb's lagoon of Captain Flinders. The lake was illustrated by natives in their canoes, looking very characteristic and beautiful, now that the progress of English civilization has disarmed this part of the coast of those savage dangers, with which it threatened Captain Flinders and Mr. Bass, when they were here in the Tom Thumb open boat. The view was so picturesque—the lake, the hills, and the Indians, "the spirit of them all,"—as to deserve a painter. Our route admitted of two or three long gallops along the sands, which afforded great reliefs to the tedium of the forest paths and the fatigue of the jungle. Although we set out almost at sun-rise, yet it was nearly sun-set before we arrived at Shoal Haven, where Mr. Alexander Berry has taken his grant of land, on either side of the Shoal Haven river. This is the gentleman who first learnt at New Zealand the fate of the ship Boyd, which was cut off by the savages in the year 1809, and who brought away the very few sur-

vivors of that massacre.* He has, since his final settling in this colony, explored the geology of this coast, with great ardour, from Port Stephens to Jervis's Bay, and read before the Philosophical Society of the colony an excellent paper upon the subject.

Thursday, 21st October.—Ascended with Mr. Berry the mountain called by the natives Coolingatta, under which he is building his house. From this considerable, but well-grassed, eminence, we saw, as in a map, the sea, the river, and the coast, from Cape George, which is the south head of Jervis's Bay, to Black Head or Point Bass of Captain Flinders, a fine point of grazing land (some of it naturally clear), which we had passed in our way the day before, including Bowen Island off the Bay, Crook Haven (the Shoal Haven of the charts) and Shoal Haven River. The mist prevented us from seeing the Pigeon House Hill of Captain Cook, still further to the southward. The entrance of Shoal Haven River from the sea is dangerous even for boats, and that of Crook Haven, three miles to the southward, or the real Shoal Haven of Flinders, is not very safe. One of the arms of Shoal Haven is separated from Shoal Haven River by an isthmus not a hundred and fifty yards broad, and across this Mr. Berry has cut a canal, being the first canal in Australia. "The land at the back of Shoal Haven (says he), and south of the river, is low and swampy, so as in some places to be incapable of producing trees. There is, however, a more elevated border along the immediate bank of the river;" and this he has cultivated. He has been up the river more than twenty miles, when he was stopped by a long rapid. At this place the river was about a hundred and fifty yards wide, and was flowing perhaps double that distance over small water-worn stones, which it hardly covered. The tide flows thus far, which may be considered the termination of the inland navigation. So much for Shoal Haven River. Although I am afraid that these grants of land will hardly ever repay Messieurs Berry and Wollstonecraft for their out-lay upon them, yet whoever extends the settling of New South Wales further than any body has gone before him, is a benefactor to the colony. I am afraid, in this case, that Man has taken possession before Nature has done her work. Immense swamps and lagoons have only been just left by the sea, and the forest land is yet indifferent for grazing; but, though the cedar grounds end before Shoal Haven, the sea is open for any exportable produce that can be raised on patches of alluvial soil, on the alternate projecting points of the river; and Mr. Berry need not be alarmed lest any occupation of the immediate back country should shut in his cattle-run.

Returned to Illawarra this day, though very rainy and stormy. Overtook some natives, the women (as is usual among all savages) carrying the children and baggage, and the men nothing but a spear and a fire-brand. The men led our horses through the difficulties, while we dismounted, and both men and women kept up with our horses a whole stage, upon the promise of sharing our luncheon at the end of it.

Wednesday, 22d October.—Rested this morning, and in the evening went to see the natives fish by torch-light. They make torches of bundles of bark, beaten and tied up, and with the light of these, scare the bream into motion that lie among the rocky shallows, when they either spear them with the fiz-gig, or drag them from under their hiding-places with the hand, bite their heads, and throw them high and dry on the shore. The sight is very novel and picturesque—the torch being flashed in one hand and the spear poised in the other—though there were but few natives here at this time, the majority being absent feasting upon a whale which chance had thrown upon the coast. The Indians, however, by no means attribute this to chance, but to the kind providence of the spirits of their fathers, whom they believe to be transformed into porpoises (dolphins) after death, like Bacchus's pirates in Homer, and who, in that shape, drive the whales on shore. With this view, the natives obsecrate the porpoises by songs, when they see them rolling. I found also that the abo-

* Constable's Edinburgh Magazine, vol. ii p. 403.

rigines of New Holland were strictly divided into two classes, the hunters and the fishers; and that they did not dare to encroach upon each other's mode of gaining a livelihood. Red Point of Captain Cook was the scene of our torch-fishing. Much of the rock was flat, and veined in squares, as if it had been paved, seemingly the effect of iron and fusion. Captain Flinders says, the cause of its being named Red Point escaped his and Mr. Bass's notice, but it was plain to us that the iron gave it a reddish appearance.

Thursday, 23*d October*.—Returned to the neighbourhood of Liverpool this day, though very showery. The ascent of the Illawarra Mountain was very steep and difficult, the worse for the rain that had fallen. We were obliged to climb dismounted. The hill appeared to me worse than the pass up Mount York on the Bathurst road; but the route that avoids it is not preferred.

So much for the county of Camden, which contains the celebrated Cow Pastures of New South Wales, and is full of excellent grazing land, at the back of the mountain ridge, and well watered, which Governor Macquarie's good agricultural districts of Appin and Airds are certainly not. The country at the back of that is called by Mr. Berry, "the verdant, well-watered, and very desirable pastoral district of Argyleshire."

B. F

FEMALE GENIUS.

The slayer is slain,
And the slain slain again.

Mr. Editor.—I disagree, in one respect or other, with all your Correspondents, on the subject of Female Genius. It has never been rated so high as the author of "False Distinctions" appears to think. His assertion is a libel on the judgment of the world. Mrs. Hannah More may, if she pleases, hold that "women have more imagination than men;" so likewise a *Monboddite* may hold, that men have (naturally) more tail than monkies;—but one dogma is just as far as the other from expressing the sense of the public. The above very respectable lady's opinion of her own sex, is little more than individual: it exercises no influence whatever on the general mind, beyond the short radius of her own coterie. No such "Distinction," as that women have more imagination than men, has ever obtained in the world, at least with those of the many-headed multitude whose opinions are worth a refutation, or who could appreciate a refutation were it given. In this instance, therefore, I cannot but think that your Contributor X.Y.Z. has only raised a shadow for the simple and amusive purpose of laying it. The Distinction, which *has* been made, and which is not "False," but unquestionably true, is,—that women have a readier sense of what may be called the *prettily fanciful*, than men. Thus you will see a forest of ivory, with amber and ebony foliage, bent over the pit of a theatre, when Cupid in silver wings and red slippers, or a Goddess in white muslin short petticoats, descends upon the stage; whilst the very same objects are damned with the faint praise of "Very pretty, indeed," by the beau, hung upon the end of his nose by the man of genius, and plainly anathematized, piously consecrated to Hades, by the critic. Again, if we listen to female judgments passed on literary works, we shall find the sex always select and rapturously commend the little, light, pretty, and fanciful passages, overlooking the magnificent, solid, sublime, and daringly imaginative. Look at their own works: does their imagination soar, or does it merely sport? Will you liken them to eagles or to butterflies? What would a lady take, to talk in the vein of

Pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim horsed
Upon the *sightless couriers of the air*.—

Or rather when she attempts this style, do we not immediately set her down as a woman of *masculine* ge-

nius? * For the female sex, I think, it will scarcely be denied, that Parnassus needs no pinnacles; Pegasus, too, ambles like a palfrey when he feels the side-saddle, and the soft burthen in it. When the feminine imagination does take wing, do you find it careering with the storm, and scaling the empyrean? or do you find it glittering over the meadows of Terra Firma, within an inch of the surface, to which it is bound as well by its will as its weakness? And why? Why because of that ready and satisfiable sense of beauty which I have remarked in the sex, who are pleased with what *we* almost despise. *Our* inordinate and ever-craving appetite for the super-excellent, makes us spurn the earth and all its pleasures; but the impulse carries us to heaven. Finally, list to their conversation; it is, generally speaking, far more engaging than that of men; but it is nevertheless wholly made up of *prettinesses*,—delicate turns of thought and expression, without anything either of strength or sublimity; their auditors always smile, but never stare. This proceeds from the same, I will not say, less fastidious, but *readier* (a word which will suit any theory) sense of the beautiful, which distinguishes women in general; their conversation is the exponent of their taste, and that taste acknowledges beauty there where the taste of one half our sex is too dull to perceive it, of the other too critical to allow it.

Whatever the fair sex are willing to claim on the above score, I am equally willing to grant: but that any one who has either reading, practical experience, or judgment, should maintain that women, generally speaking, have more imagination than men (i. e. higher in quality and greater in quantity) seems to me next door to maintaining that modest astronomical paradox, that the moon is made of green cheese. I cannot but think that the flagrant absurdity of the assertion (if indeed he ever did hear it made) was the reason of our "impeccable logician" X. Y. Z. treating it so very illogically; it would be superfluous to bowl down a sublunary nine-pin with one of the spheres. His arguments, I do allow with Surrey, are as easily overturned as a castle of cards; but I contend that they are not to be held as arguments, but as *illustrations*. X. Y. Z. is in all likelihood as peccable, even in logic, as a Pope in theology; one race of his pen, however, through half a dozen lines would, I am convinced, have demolished this false distinction (as he calls it) had he chosen to attack it *secundum artem*. To ask—"Where is *Mrs.* Shakspeare?" is, I acknowledge, as conclusive in that sense as to ask—Where is *Mr.* Venus de Medicis? in another. The former query no more proves that women are comparatively inferior as to nobility of mind, than the latter that men are comparatively inferior as to beauty of person;—though perhaps the assertion in both cases is about equally incontrovertible. In the same way, to inquire for a female Rape of the Lock, or *Vert-Vert*, and let judgment go by default, is, like almost all other arguments drawn from particular instances (as our impeccable must well know) as illegitimate a mode of ratiocination as natural logic delights to sport withal. A female Hudibras or Dunciad, also, or a good female Play, being not to be found *in rerum naturâ*, is no more an argument against the intellectuality of the sex, than the non-existence of a male treatise on Needlework or Clear-starching is against the mechanical ingenuity of ours. But very possibly, this popular and loose kind of logic is more than sufficient to confirm most people, who are convinced already by their own experience and reflection. X. Y. Z. would not conjure up a storm to blow a gossamer; the False Distinction which he so generously put into the public mouth, scarcely merits, and therefore probably did not obtain, from him, a serious refutation.

As X. Y. Z. is right in his position but wrong in his arguments, so

* The world's opinion in one word! This epithet of "masculine" is applied to Joanna Baillie, and generally to all women of a vigorous imagination; thus proving that the public have never made the False Distinction now for the first time so injuriously ascribed to them.

your correspondent Surrey appears to be right (for the most part) in his arguments but wrong in his position,—at least if he maintains any approximate ratio to exist between the imagination of women and that of men. He seems, either from a philosophic conviction, or a principle of literary knight-errantry which glints from under his chivalrous appellative, to attempt dividing the crown of imagination pretty equally between the two sexes. Triumphant as he came out of the lists where X. Y. Z. fought, like Troglodyte of old, with a bulrush, Success here completely turns her back upon him. I have perhaps a higher opinion of women's intellects than most of my sex; but I hold their merits of mind to consist rather in delicacy of thought and warmth of feeling, than in power of imagination or depth of judgment. Will Surrey permit me to ask him what he means by quoting Sappho's *Εἰς ἑταίραν* to prove her power of imagination? It proves not this at all, but her intensity of *feeling*. There is not an idea which can properly be designated as the "True Sublime" in the whole extract given by Longinus; but no one ever denied intense feeling to that sex, especially in love-matters. I may be asked,—Is not intense feeling the source of the sublime? Not always: there are many outlets by which intense feeling gushes from the heart, one of which is undoubtedly the sublime; but feeling never takes this direction unless when prompted by a totally different agent—towering genius. Milton's Lamentation for the loss of his sight is sublime, because it is not only full of feeling, but full of lofty inspiration accompanying that feeling; the Lament of Arviragus over Imogen in Cymbeline, is *not* sublime, because, though full of feeling, the genius which pervades it is less aspiring than pathetic. Besides, though we granted that Sappho was imaginative to the highest, to a Shaksperian degree, what would that prove? This, videlicet, and no more: that one Sappho of Lesbos was a supreme poet. But how does this concern the general question, the comparative powers of imagination in the two sexes? Let us even credit the female account of genius since the world began with *six* Sapphos, one for every thousand years,—into which half-dozen items we may suppose all the female genius extant on paper to be compressed: what is this compared to the quantity of genius which our sex has to produce? For, cry out upon it as we will,—by quantity and quality conjointly, and by neither of them separately, must the question be determined. Those who reprobate such a criterion, by this only give honest testimony that they do not understand the question about which they are so fervently disputing. The question is, not whether any one or two women has or have exhibited as much as we can set off against it, but whether the female *sex* possesses imaginative power comparable to that of our own (i. e. comparably great in quantity, and comparably high in quality). Indeed, Surrey and his companions in arms are in this dilemma: if they make the question particular and quote Sappho, we annihilate them at once by producing Shakspeare (which in this case would be legitimate argument); if they make the question general, then it must be decided (allowing for difference of education, opportunity, &c.) by the *number* and *quality* of imaginative works proceeding respectively from the two sexes,—and here I think there can be no second opinion. It is possible however that Surrey's chivalry or philosophy may not have carried him altogether so far as I have stated; strictly speaking he does not assert that women have more than, or as much imagination as men; but if I have given him credit for too much gallantry or too little philosophy, he has only himself to blame who did not speak out and categorically. What are we to think of his placing *Mrs. Centlivre* in opposition to Congreve? Is it premature to dub him Right Worshipful, and set him down as a Defender of "distressed damosels," where he speaks of *blue* Novelists in the same paragraph with Virgil? when, in order to make Fielding, Smollet, and Richardson quake on their pedestals, and to frighten a wrong-headed world, which bows down to these idols, into another worship, he proclaims the book of

new light with a solemnity proportionate to the occasion, thus—"I lay my hand upon the SIMPLE STORY."*

I said the question of comparative sexile genius "must" be decided by the above method, if decided at all by actual productions. But it would, I think, be very difficult to make the requisite allowance for want of education, opportunity, &c. in the female sex; and it would be unfair to decide without it. The question I think must be determined on very different principles; the following I submit as much safer: and were I not conscious of a latent peccability in myself, had I not a lurking suspicion of my own fallibility, would boldly affirm them to be the only ones to which Truth herself, were she to plead her sex's cause, could appeal.

1st. From woman's form, I think we may argue to her destination, and from her destination to her faculties.† Now her form is delicate and weak, her destination is therefore domestic and peaceful; domesticity and peace require not vigour, spirit, energy, audacity, in one word, *power* of mind, and who will disjoin supreme imagination from this or these? Such qualities would incite and lead to *action*, which only becomes the strenuous form of man. Had woman a great imagination, she would be in the same unphilosophical predicament as a dove with the heart and ambition of a roc. 2d. Whoever examines either the writings or conversation of women will find that, except in some few outstanding instances, they shun those particular subjects where Imagination κατ' ἐξοχὴν might most powerfully be exerted; viz. scenes of terror, like that of the murder in De Montfort, or the Dream in Sardanapalus; representations of the play of the deadly passions, such as anger, hatred, revenge, jealousy, or despair, as exemplified by Zanga, Othello, Satan, and others; delineations of gloomy, fierce, indomitable characters, *v. g.* Moloch, Bethlem Gabor, Burley, Hatteraick, or Coriolanus. Women, from a natural delicacy and gentleness of mind, regard such themes with something beyond mere horror; they dislike, deprecate, and avoid all approach to them. But these are the very themes upon which Imagination most audaciously displays itself, and to which it will always resort for room to breathe itself out. I believe it will scarcely be contended that any person, who enjoys the faculty of Imagination, *always* prefers exerting it in a less degree when it might be exerted in a greater; the pleasure derived from the exertion of this faculty is always in proportion to the intensity of that exertion. Hence it follows that if women possessed the gift of supreme imagination, they would admire and cultivate those subjects of thought and discourse which afford scope for the exertion of the imagination in its supreme degree. But they do not admire or cultivate those subjects, *ergo* they do not possess this gift of supreme imagination.

To the minor power of imagination, usually denominated Fancy, women I acknowledge have a somewhat better claim. But even in this respect, experience of the manner in which their minds show themselves will prove them inferior to men; and the experience of the world pronounces this inferiority, notwithstanding what X. Y. Z. has asserted. It may also, I think, be concluded, from their inferior ability to distinguish between what is, and what is not, purely and intellectually fanciful. Thus they like Ariel's wings as well as his songs; the description of the Sylphs and Gnomes in the Rape of the Lock is less attractive to them than that of Annot Lyle in the Legend of Montrose. A scene well painted affords them as much pleasure as one well acted. That Fancy which displays itself in clothing objects with eye-taking ornaments is more highly estimated by them, than that which endows its creations with attributes less palpable to feeling and to sight. Or if they choose to deny this statement, it is at least certain, as I before said, that

* It is worthy of remark that this which is given as an answer to the question—What work of *imagination*, owing its birth to a woman, can be adduced? is even by Surrey's own account of it rather the product of intense feeling than of fine imagination.

† This argument proceeds on an assumption which I am persuaded there will be few found to disallow, namely, that God's creatures are suited to their different situations in this life. I have nothing to do with Atheists.

they receive gratification from many things which we regard with (to use the tenderest phrase) indifference. But what we love we like to practise; and hence it is that in matters of Fancy we find women lean quite as fondly to visual description as to spiritual creation. It is indeed somewhat curious, that amongst all the works cited by their champions as proofs of their genius, *not one* is what might be called *par excellence* a work of fancy,—such for instance as the Rape of the Lock, or the Queen's Wake.

Notwithstanding all that has been or may be said on both sides of this question, the world, I am afraid, will continue still to hold its ancient opinion,—that in powers of imagination and judgment, women are inferior to men, in power of fancy scarcely their equal. To this venerable and well-concocted opinion, I cannot help subscribing myself an unworthy assentient. Had I entered the literary list as a professed defender of the sex, I should have chosen very different ground from that which has been now so imprudently selected,—and I hope with very different success. Conceding to the adverse sex the faculties of judgment and imagination, I would have boldly challenged them on the score of *feeling* and *delicacy of thought*. It is on this ground that I am convinced the palm of superiority may be claimed, disputed, and *won*. Individuals of the lordly sex, such as Byron and the universal Shakspeare, might perhaps be found equal, nay superior, in these respects, to Sappho, or any other poetess; but, taking the sexes generally, there is as great a balance of intellectual feeling and delicacy in the one as of judgment and imagination in the other. Ay, a much greater. How few men are there to be met with who enjoy the faculties of judgment or imagination; how much fewer still who possess both! How few women do we meet with who are not endued with the utmost warmth of feeling, the most exquisite delicacy (if nothing else) of mind; how many in whom both are united! In their best works are not the same qualities perceptible? Is not every bare *word* full of sensibility and feeling? is not every thought, image, and expression, delicate and refined? Here is the intellectual "Distinction" between the sexes; whether it has ever before been observed or insisted on, I do not know: to me it is as plain as their physical difference. But when instead of these elegant and proportionate attributes, the sex, either in *propriâ personâ*, or by its male mouthpieces (falsely called, defenders) put in a claim to supreme judgment and imagination, the substance is sacrificed for the shadow, and respect is inevitably replaced by ridicule or contemptuous silence.

JULIUS.

SONNET.

On seeing an Austrian soldier smoking his *meerschaum*-pipe amid the ruins of Murano, a half-ruined island near Venice.

'Tis strange how often in a pensive mood,
  When least we deem the mind would entertain
  Thoughts ill-assorted with its present pain,
Some laughter-moving image will intrude.
Smoking his meerschaum-pipe of many a stain,
  I saw, with brutish mien and posture rude,
  An Austrian 'mid Murano's solitude:
Yet though I saw in him that island's bane—
Italy's plague—no curse escaped from me.
  Marking the signs of sickness, death, and dearth,
I only smiled to think how fitly he
  And his rank pipe were match'd. (Poor food for mirth!)
This, as its name imports, the scum of sea,
  That, as his actions show, the scum of earth.

R. S. M.

GOETHE.*

Good English reader,—you that are proud—

> to speak the tongue
> Which Shakspeare spake.—the faith and morals hold
> Which Milton held,—

To you it is that we would here speak: true it is that, a spurious admiration even of Milton is not impossible; a spurious admiration of Shakspeare common: that is, an admiration which creates for its own infirm sympathies fantastic objects which neither have any existence in the works of either poet, nor could have in consistency with their real titles to our veneration. But if depraved sensibilities have sometimes flourished even in that atmosphere, yet naturally it is favourable only to sanity of understanding and to elevation of taste. Never were these qualities more energetically demanded than in the case which we now bring before our readers: a case not merely of infatuation, but of infatuation degrading to literature, beyond anything which is on record in the history of human levity. Not the baseness of Egyptian superstition, not Titania under enchantment, not Caliban in drunkenness, ever shaped to themselves an idol more weak or hollow than modern Germany has set up for its worship in the person of Goethe. The gods of Germany are too generally false gods; but among false gods some are more false than others: here and there is one who tends upwards, and shows some aspirations at least towards the divine ideal: but others gravitate to earth and the pollutions of earth with the instincts and necessities of appetite that betray the *brutal* nature. These also are "divine" and "celestial" to their admirers. Be it so: let A be the "divine" incubus, and B the "celestial" succubus, so long as it is not forgotten that A is an incubus, and B a succubus. In what chamber of the German pantheon, however, we are to look for the shrine of Goethe, and how long any shrine at all will survive the fleeting fashions of his age, and the personal intrigues of his contemporaries, we are not very anxious to *say;* and the rather, because we hope that a few extracts from his works—under the guidance of a few plain comments pointing out their relations, connexion, and tendency—will enable any reader of good sense to say *that* for himself. Throughout this paper we wish it to be observed that we utter no dogmatisms — no *machtsprüche* (as the Germans emphatically style them) or autocratic judgments: these are the *brutum fulmen* of German reviewers (we hope of no other reviewers), and have now lost their power to impress fear upon the most trivial of authors or respect upon the shallowest of readers. Our purpose is not so much to pronounce judgment, as to put the reader in possession of such grounds of judgment as may enable him to pronounce it for himself. And the ultimate point we aim at—is not to quarrel with the particular book, which has been the accidental occasion of bringing Goethe before us; a bad book more or less is of no great importance; our mark is Goethe himself: and not even Goethe on his own account, and separate from his coterie of admirers,—but Goethe proposed as a model, as a fit subject for admiration, sympathy, and philosophic homage; in the language of the present translator, as "the first of European minds"—"the richest, most gifted of living minds." For the last seven years, or so, a feeble but persevering effort has been made by the *proneurs* of Goethe in this country to raise what the newspapers call a "sensation" in his behalf: as yet however without effect. On the one hand the reader was staggered by the enormity of the *machtsprüche* (the despotic or almighty puffs, as we might in this case translate the word) which were brought over from Germany; and, though some might be disgusted, more perhaps were awed by these attempts to bully them into admiration. On the other hand, the mere dulness of the works which were translated and analyzed as Goethe's triumphantly repelled the

* Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship. A Novel. From the German of Goethe. In Three Volumes. Edinburgh: 1824.

contagion before it could spread: the superstition had withered before it could strike root. Simply to be vicious was not enough for any body of readers. The ethics of buccaneers were good: but not alone; let us have the enthusiasm of buccaneers. Buccaneering principles, buccaneering casuistry, if you please: but then also buccaneering passions. Cattle in abundance there were ready for the Circean wand, or the cup of Comus: but the wand was not there, and the cup was empty: Slaves for the spell by thousands; but where was the spell? And hence it has happened that, though repeated attempts have been made to raise a huzza! for Mr. Goethe, all have expired in such faint, timid, and straggling cries, as sometimes the palled London ear catches from a company of little boys and which draw tears of passionate laughter from the cynic: there being no sadder sound in nature, nor more ludicrous, than the sound of distraction counterfeiting the gaiety and cordiality of popular sympathy; nor any more mortifying exposure of impotent human vanity than inability to club as much perishable breath as will defray the expense of a shout, as much enthusiasm as will yield a substratum for a huzza!

Such has hitherto been the condition of Goethe's influence upon the mind of this country: a languishing plant it was from the first; and, with every help from the occasional galvanism of tyrannic puffs, upon the whole it has been drooping. At this particular moment, we are disposed to think that it is—if not *agonizant* —yet in what is medically termed the *crisis;* that state, we mean, from which if it does not immediately revive it must at once demise. The major part of the readers of Goethe are, and long have been, dying to be set at ease from the secret torments of stifled laughter: the solemnity of the *machtsprüche*—the fulminations from critical boards—the ban and anathema proclaimed if any wretch should presume to laugh—have as yet quelled all faces into terrific gravity. But, once begun, the laughter will be catching and irresistible amongst those who know any thing of the works. And at this particular moment we think that the struggle between terror on the one hand (terror of being thought to want taste and sensibility) and the acute sense of the ludicrous on the other will receive an impulse in the latter direction from the appearance in English of Wilhelm Meister. We do not, in saying this, rely upon any defects in the translation: we look to the native powers of the original work. No other of Goethe's works is likely to be more revolting to English good sense: the whole *prestige* of his name must now totter. A blow or two from a few vigorous understandings, well planted and adequately published to the world, combined with the overpowering abominations of the work itself, will set in movement this yet torpid body of public feeling—determine the current of popular opinion (so far as any *popular* opinion can be possible) on the question of Mr. Goethe—and for ever dissolve the puny fabric of baby-houses which we are now audaciously summoned to plant "fast by the oracles of God"—as fit neighbours to the divine temples of Milton and of Shakspeare. In these last words, the reader may possibly suspect that we are going beyond the letter of our warrant for the sake of rhetorically exaggerating the flagrancy of the insult. We are not: we are far below it. "The Trinity of men of genius" is a well-known phrase in the mouth of German critics for the last 20 years. Of whom is this trinity composed? No matter: it is enough to mention that Goethe *is* included, and that Milton is *not*. Nay, the translator of *Wilhelm Meister* cites this sentiment (and we are sorry to say, without disapprobation) in a still more shocking form: "Goethe," says he, "is by many of his countrymen ranked at the side of Homer and Shakspeare, as one of the *only* three men of genius that have ever lived." Not the greatest, observe, but the *only* three men of genius! We doubt* the existence of any such sentiment

* We doubt it, because the term "*genius*" being now used both in England and in Germany by all reflecting writers with a reference to its etymon, it is not possible that any man should fail to see that *genius* is of necessity a *continuous* thing admitting of infinite degrees. *Genius* is but another expression for the *genial nature* which exists in

even in the most frantic effusions of German extravagance: and certainly the German literary public as a body are not to be charged with such enormities or folly. Yet, if this judgment have indeed been uttered, it would well deserve to be put on record, as an example of the atrocities which can be tolerated when once all reverence for great names is resolutely shaken off. Æschylus, and Euripides,—nay he who, led by the Spirit of God, "presumed into the Heaven of Heavens," even Milton himself,—are to yield their places, and to whom? To an old impure novelist, to the author of "The Sorrows of Werther," (risum teneatis?) to the babbling historian of Punch's puppet-show, tumblers, rope-dancers, and strolling-players (see Wilhelm Meister). Yield their places, did we say? Æschylus, Euripides, and Milton are to have no places at all in a consistory where this old vagabond is to be the third part of the world, one of the triumvirate of eternity. What —— ——, but pshaw! Scorn and indignation seal up our mouths. That we have condescended at all to notice such sentiments, the reader must ascribe to our earnest desire that we may be accompanied by his sympathy in the progress of our inquiry into Mr. Goethe's pretensions. We wish him to understand that we engage in any such task, not from anger that a particular German has for a few years stepped out of his natural place and station; but because his name has been used as a handle for insulting the greatest of men; because he has looked on and tolerated such outrages in his admirers; because his works are rank with all impurity; and because upon this precedent, if it is once admitted to any authority in this country, we have much evil to anticipate of the same sort and tendency.

Before we begin, let us give notice—that, as we have declined all benefit of dogmatisms in our own behalf, we must also resolutely insist on disowning their validity when urged against us. We shall pay no sort of attention to the blank unsupported opinion of any author whatsoever, let his weight be what it may with the reader. No man must expect that we shall be awed by sounding compliments addressed to Goethe from whatsoever quarter. Compliments the most extravagant cost little to a man in good humour, when returning compliments to himself. "Illustrious"—is soon said: "Incomparable" is but one syllable more: and in general that impotence of mind and want of self-command, which urges men into the language of brutal malignity, is readiest to run into the licence of doating panegyric—such as the author himself is ashamed of in a week after he has written it. Nameless Germans we have already seen annihilating by a dogmatic *fiat* all the greatness of this world to make room for Mr. Goethe: and it has cost the anonymous translator of Wilhelm Meister but a dash of his pen to confer upon the same gentleman a patent of precedency throughout Europe more unlimited (if it were but valid) than any king in christendom could confer by his heralds even within his own dominions. The easy thoughtlessness with which the title to create such distinctions is assumed recalls the reader to the sense of their hollowness; and reminds him that, if one author may with a despotic *fiat* create, another may come and with as good a right may revoke: in which case, both are thrown back upon the grounds and principles of their judgment, which might as well have been alleged at first. Of any judgment, supported by an appeal to principles,—let it come from what quarter it will, we say—"Valeat quantum valere potest." Arguments of any kind are not what we shun; to these we are happy to allow their whole *intrinsic* value: but let us have no tyrannic dogmatisms,* which depend for their brief currency only

some degree in every man *quà* man. To love, to hope, to enjoy, are all affections of the genial nature: and the term *genius* expresses that nature only in its more intense degrees, and as a habit not as an act.—*Talents* may be easily conceived to exist in man discontinuously, and *per saltum*, but not genius. The expression "only three men of genius" therefore is an absurdity *in adjecto*: the comprehensiveness of one term (by its very definition) destroys the limitation in the other.

* To take the sting out of those dogmatisms which are at present afloat, we must

upon considerations of person and accident *extrinsic* to the opinion itself.

All these preliminaries settled, we shall now begin.—And first, before we speak of the book itself (which is our thesis), a word or two on the Translation. This part of our task we would most gladly have declined from the unaffected spirit of courtesy in which we retreat from the office of sitting in judgment upon any contemporary author of our own country, except when we can conscientiously say that we have found nothing of importance to blame: even to offer our praise *ex cathedrâ* is not pleasant to us. Nevertheless, for the credit of any thing which we shall allege against Goethe, it is necessary to declare our opinion very frankly that this translation does not do justice to the original work—which, however worthless in other respects, is not objectionable in the way in which the translation is so. For the "style" of Goethe, in the true meaning of that word, we profess no respect: but, according to the common use of the expression as implying no more than a proper choice of words, and a proper arrangement of them (pure diction in a collocation agreeable to the idiom of the language), we know of nothing to object to it. Living in a court, and familiar with most of his distinguished contemporaries in Germany since the French revolution, Goethe of necessity speaks and therefore writes his own language as it is commonly written and spoken in the best circles, by which circles we mean, in a question of this nature, the upper circles. He is no great master, nor was ever reputed a master, of the idiomatic wealth of his own language; but he does not offend by provincialisms, vulgarisms, or barbarisms of any sort: with all which the translation is overrun.

First, for *provincialisms*:—these are in this case chiefly (perhaps altogether) *Scotticisms*. Saying this, we must call upon the reader to distinguish two kinds of Scotticisms. A certain class of Scotch words and phrases, which belong to the poetic vocabulary of the nation, have deservedly become classical; as much so as the peculiar words and peculiar forms of the Greek dialects; and for the same reason; viz. *not* because they have been consecrated by the use of men of genius (for that was but the effect): but because they express shades and modifications of

apprise the reader that the most celebrated of the *proneurs* of Goethe have not professed even to read the language in which he has written. Madame de Staël, for instance, was neither mistress of the German—nor was ever understood upon any German question to speak but as she was prompted by her German friends. Moreover her own opinions, however valuable on some subjects, were of no value on any question of this nature.—A late noble author, again, did not express any opinion of Goethe *before* Goethe had in some measure obliged him to a flattering one by the homage he had paid him in the sight of all Germany—and the appeal which he had thus made we will not say (harshly and merely) to his vanity, but also to more amiable and kindly feelings. On this account it is doing no dishonour to the noble Lord—to say that his opinion of Goethe cannot even be received as his sincere opinion. Independently of which, we believe that his sincerest opinions have no great weight in matters of criticism even with those who are otherwise his greatest admirers. Without wishing to take part in any *general* discussion on the noble author's pretensions,—it is pretty evident that a rash and inconsiderate speaker, of no self-control, and who seldom uttered an opinion except as he was swayed by momentary passions, could not be relied on—if he had been otherwise endowed with any power of judgment. That he was so endowed, however, there is no reason to believe; and much reason against it. Blindness to the greatness of Milton is but a bad preparation for judicious criticism; and even in Germany a sneer at Shakspeare, whether sincere or an anti-national affectation, must have a fatal effect on a compliment to Goethe. On this occasion it may as well be added that the way in which the noble lord wrote the name of Goethe, was a sufficient evidence that he had no acquaintance with the language of Goethe. It was not an error of mis-spelling merely, or one which might have arisen at the press, but an error impossible to the youngest student in German—as it must have been forestalled by the first examination of the German alphabet. This remark, which we made at the time, we have since seen urged against another writer in the first or second Number of a new Review: and justly urged: for in so short a compass there can be no more unanswerable argument against any pretensions to acquaintance with the German. Acquaintance with the German is no indispensable accomplishment for an English nobleman; but quite indispensable for a critic upon the general merits of Goethe.

meaning, and sometimes more than that—absolutely new combinations of thought and feeling, to which the common language offers no satisfactory equivalent. Indeed every language has its peculiar combinations of ideas to which every other language not only offers no equivalent, but which it is a mistake to suppose that any other can ever reach for purposes of effect by any periphrasis. - But Scotticisms of this class are not to be confounded with the mere Scotch provincialisms, such as are banished from good company in Scotland itself. These are entitled to no more indulgence than cockneyisms, or the provincialisms of Lincolnshire and Somersetshire. For instance the Scotticism of "open *up*" is perfectly insufferable. We have lived a little, for these last ten years, in the Scotch capital; and *there* at least we never heard such an expression in any well-bred society. Yet in the work before us hardly a page but is infested with this strange phrase, which many a Scotch gentleman will stare at as much as the English* of every class. No man in these volumes opens a book; he opens it "*up*:" no man opens a door; he opens it "up:" no man opens a letter; he opens it "up." The Scotticism of "in *place* of" for "*instead* of," —and the Scotticism of "inquire *at* a man" instead of "inquire *of* him," are of that class which we *have* sometimes heard from Scotch people of education; the more's the pity: for both disfigure good composition and polished conversation more than a Scotchman will believe; the latter being generally unintelligible out of Scotland; and the former, which is intelligible enough, sounding to an English ear about upon a level in point of elegance with the English phrase "*in* course" for "*of* course," which is confined to the lowest order of cockneys.—However, Scotch provincialisms, though grievous blots in regular composition, are too little familiar to have the effect of vulgarisms upon southern ears: they are in general simply uncouth or unintelligible; amongst which latter class by the way we must ask the translator, in the name of Hermes Trismegistus, to expound for us all the meaning of "*backing* a letter:" to "break *up* a letter," we presume, is simply what in England we call opening a letter or breaking the seal; but "*backing* a letter" has baffled the penetration of all expositors whom we have consulted: some have supposed it, in the plain English sense, to mean *betting on the side of a letter*. But this is impossible: two letters cannot be brought up "to the scratch:" such a match was never heard of even in Lombard-street, and not to be reconciled with the context. Is it possible that this mysterious expression is no more than a Scotch vulgarism for writing the address or direction on a letter? From these however, which are but semi-vulgarisms to an English ear, because but doubtfully intelligible,—we pass to such as are downright, full, and absolute vulgarisms. At p. 233, vol. i. we find the word "wage," for "wages,"—a vulgarism which is not used in England even by respectable servants, and by no class above that rank: "*wage*" is not an English word:—at p. 143, vol. i. we find "licking his lips," which is English, but plebeian English from the sewers and kennels: again "discussing oysters" which is English of that sort called slang; and neoteric slang besides; not universal slang, not classical:—this for dramatic purposes is sometimes serviceable; but ought surely not to be used by the author speaking gravely in his own person. Elsewhere we find "doxies" for girls, which is not only a low-comedy word, but far more degrading to the women so designated than Goethe could have designed. Of all plebeianisms however, which to this hour we ever met with in a book, the

* A few English writers, not exactly understanding the common-place employment of this phrase in Scotland, have adopted it under a mistaken notion that it was used for particular and expressive purposes; and have regulated their own use of it accordingly. Thus Mr. Coleridge has sometimes talked of "opening up prospects;" keeping his eye upon the optical effect where a vista is laid open at the extremity farthest from the eye, in which case by the general laws of perspective in proportion as it opens it seems to *ascend*. But no such nice regards are considered in the Scotch provincial use, as is sufficiently evident from the instance alleged above.

most shocking is the word *thrash* as used in the following passage, vol. ii. p. 111: "His father was convinced, that the minds of children could be kept awake and stedfast by no other means than blows: hence, in the studying of any part, he used to *thrash* him at stated periods." In whatever way men will allow themselves to talk amongst men, and where intimate acquaintance relaxes the restraints of decorum, every gentleman abjures any coarse language which he may have learned at school or elsewhere under two circumstances --in the presence of strangers--and in the presence of women; or whenever, in short, he is recalled to any scrupulous anxiety about his own honour and reputation for gentlemanly feeling. Now an author, with some special exceptions, is to be presumed always in the presence of both; and ought to allow himself no expressions but such as he would judge consistent with his own self-respect in a miscellaneous company of good breeding and of both sexes. This granted, we put it to the translator's candour—whether the word "thrash" (except in its literal and grave meaning) be endurable in "dress" composition? For our own parts, we never heard a gentleman of polished habits utter the word—except under the circumstances pointed out above, where people allow themselves a sort of "undress" manners. Besides, the word is not even used accurately: "to thrash" is never applied to the act of beating without provocation, but to a retaliatory beating: and the brutal father, who should adopt the treatment of an unoffending child which Goethe here describes, would not call a beating, inflicted under the devilish maxim supposed, "a thrashing." * These instances are sufficient to illustrate the coarseness of diction which disfigures the English translation, and which must have arisen from want of sufficient intercourse with society. One winter's residence in the metropolis either of England or Scotland,—or the revisal of a judicious friend, would enable the translator to weed his book of these deformities, which must be peculiarly offensive in two quarters which naturally he must wish to conciliate; first to his readers, secondly to Mr. Goethe—who, besides that he is Mr. *Von* Goethe, and naturally therefore anxious to appear before foreigners in a dress suitable to his pretensions as a man of quality, happens to be unusually jealous on this point; and would be more shocked, than perhaps a "philosopher" ought to be, if he were told that his Wilhelm Meister spoke an English any ways underbred or below the tone of what is technically understood in England by the phrase "good company" or company "*comme il faut*."—Thirdly, under the head of barbarisms, we shall slightly notice such expressions as disturb the harmony of the style—whether exotic phrases, hostile to pure English; or mere lawless innovations, which violate idiomatic English; or archaisms, which violate simple English. Of exotic phrases, the very opposite to that of provincialisms, these are instances: "Philina—tripped *signing* down stairs:" "signing" in English means "subscribing her name"— and was never used for "beckoning" or "making signs," which is what the translator here means. "His excellence," which is obstinately used for "his Excellency," is a gallicism; and is alone a proof of insufficient intercourse with the world; otherwise the translator must have been aware that no such title of address is or ever was in use. "The child laid *the* right hand on her breast, *the* left on her brow." This form of expression is most offensively exotic: probably it was here adopted to evade the clash of the word *her* four times repeated: but in this situation '*her*' is not less

* This indeed for another and deeper reason, than merely because the word "thrash" in its proper use always implies a contest and a retaliation,—viz. for a reason which latently and unconsciously governs the use and the growth of figurative language in more cases than this: and that is, that the parental relation is too grave and awful to admit of any action from the fancy. Law presents us with another case of the same sanctity, and the same consequent rejection of all fanciful or figurative language. What would be thought of a penal statute which should direct the magistrate to "bleed the prisoner's purse," or to "dust his jacket." or "curry his hide." The solemnity of the relation under which a child stands to his parents, or a citizen to the state, quells all action of the fancy.

indispensable in English, than it is offensive in most continental languages. "*The* breast is inflamed to me" would be as shocking to an English ear, as "*my* breast" would be to some foreign ones. "'What fellow is that in the corner?' said the Count, looking at a *subject* who had not yet been presented to him:" this use of the word *subject* is a gallicism. As mere licentious coinages or violations of the English idiom without reference to any foreign idiom or (we presume) to any domestic provincialisms, we notice such expressions as "*youthhood*" vol. ii. p. 101, "giving a man leave," vol. i. p. 160 (apparently for dismissing him); &c. But here it is so difficult to distinguish the cases where the writer has, and has not any countenance from provincial peculiarities, —that we shall pass on to complain of his archaisms or revivals of obsolete English phrases, which however may also be provincialisms; many old English expressions being still current in the remote provinces, which have long been dismissed from our literature. Be that as it may, these are the peculiarities which are least licentious; for the phrases are in themselves often beautiful. Yet they break the simplicity of a prose style. Thus for example the word "unrest" is a beautiful and a Shakspperian word; and is very advantageously restored to the language of poetry: but in prose it has the air of affectation. "He wanted to be *at one* with me," vol. ii. p. 279,—was never common, and is now quite obsolete, and mysterious to most people. Again, the word *want* used in the antique sense exposes the writer to be thoroughly misunderstood. "I cannot want them,' said Charles I, speaking of some alleged prerogatives of his crown; and his meaning was that he could not do without them, that they were indispensable to him. But in modern English he, who says "I cannot want them," gives his hearer to understand that no possible occasion can arise to make them of any use to him. This archaic use of the word "want" survives however, we believe, as the current use in some parts of Scotland. But enough of the defects of the English Wilhelm Meister, which we have noticed upon a scale of minuteness proportioned (as the reader must already be aware) not to our own sense of the value of the original work, but to the pretensions made on its behalf by former critics, and more extravagantly than ever by the present translator. On two other considerations we have also been more diffuse than would otherwise have been reasonable: first, because a work like Wilhelm Meister, which is totally without interest as a novel—that is, in the construction of its plot, having, in fact, no plot at all—is thrown more imperiously upon the necessity of relying, in part, upon the graces of its style: this, which in any case is a most weighty attraction, is here (by the confession of the translator) almost the sole one to all who may fail to discover what he himself describes (Pref. xii.) as "its more recondite and *dubious* qualities." This writer, who professes so much admiration of the work, is obliged to acknowledge (Pref. x.) that "to the friends of the sublime, for those who cannot do without heroic sentiments, there is nothing here that can be of any service." True, there is not: being confessedly then not designed for the "friends of the sublime," we presume that it is chiefly calculated for the use of those who patronize "the profound," as Martinus Scriblerus happily denominates the Bathos, or Anti-sublime. Now all we "friends of the sublime" are clearly left without any thing for our gratification, unless we have some elegance of diction. The other party have their "profound" in great abundance: but we poor souls, that "cannot do" upon that diet, have nothing. Seriously, however, this translator and others offer Wilhelm Meister as a great philosophic romance, and Goethe as a great classic —nay as a transcendant classic, who is to put out the lights of all others, but two. Agreeably, therefore, to *these* representations which promise so much, we have a right to demand the most exquisite burnish of style, that all things may be in harmony, and the casket suited to the jewels. Agreeably to *our* representations on the other hand, which promise so little, we are still better entitled to this gratification: since, if we do not get *that*, we are well assured that we shall get nothing at all. This is one

consideration upon which we have been so diffuse on the quality of the style: the other is this—we foresee that, before Goethe is finally dismissed to that oblivion which inevitably awaits all fantastic fopperies that have no foundation in nature and good sense, a considerable quantity of discussion must be gone through. The startling audacity of his admirers which has gone on from extravagance to extravagance, cannot but have produced some little impression, and may possibly, for a short time, sustain that impression: and the way in which this will naturally be dissipated, we suppose will be chiefly by successive translations of his works, and by a course of critical wrangling, in which, as in other cases, good sense will finally prevail. Meantime, before that result is achieved, and in proportion as it is likely to be achieved, the fury of his admirers will grow keener and keener: and amongst others we may come in for our share of the Seven Vials, (query Phials?) of wrath, which they will empty upon us poor Anti-Goths. And amongst other kind things which they will say of us, this will be one, or would have been one however but for what has now passed—viz. that we had presumed to judge of Goethe's own Wilhelm Meister by the English translation. We have thought it right, therefore, to show that we were aware of the defects of that translation, and we presume that the translator will himself be of opinion that he is in some degree indebted to us, as we have not passed his work under any vague and general review, but have distinctly pointed out the faults we complain of; and these are all of a nature to be removed.

Having however confined our critique to its merits in point of elegance, without any consideration of its relation to the original,—a question will naturally be put to us on its pretensions to fidelity as a translation. We shall acknowledge therefore that writing at this moment in a situation where we could not easily borrow a German Wilhelm Meister, we have not thought it worth while to pause for the purpose of any minute comparison: especially as in an author such as Goethe, with so little of colloquial idiom or of anything which can embarrass the rawest novice, gross mistranslation is not much to be apprehended. Some errors or oversights however we have observed which have surprised us: such for instance as a passage in which some woman upon some occasion or other is said to have "hopped" into the garden. The German word is probably *hüpfte*, which is not hopped. *Bounded* would better express the sense: the word hüpfen is often applied to the fawn-like motions of a graceful child, whereas, the English 'hop' always expresses a most undignified motion.—At p. 151, vol. i. occurs the following passage: "I have laughed a quarter of an hour for my own hand: I will laugh for ever when I think of the looks they had." Now, as the expression "*for my own hand*" has in this situation no meaning at all (no other person but the speaker having witnessed the object of her laughter), we feel some curiosity to know what is the expression in the original. Is it possible that it can be *vor der hand*—an idiomatic expression for *at present*, *off-hand*, &c.? The most remarkable mistranslation however is one which occurs in "The Confessions of a Fair Saint." *Braut* is here perseveringly translated Bride. Now the German *Braut* differs in a most memorable point from the English *bride*. For in England a woman does not become a bride till the precise moment when in Germany she ceases to be one. A young woman in Germany passes through a triple metamorphosis: first she is wooed, and rules her lover as elsewhere with maiden sovereignty: next, she is betrothed to him; that is, she solemnly agrees to be his wife, with the knowledge and participation in this contract of her legal guardians; and now it is that she is called his bride; with which name, the connexion assumes a greater solemnity and tenderness—and invests the lover with something like *fraternal* rights. Finally, the marriage is solemnized: after which she ceases to be his bride, and is called his wife. In one circumstance the English and the German bride agree, viz. that each (to express it in a coarse way) is taken out of the market, the pretensions of all other suitors being excluded whilst the connexion lasts; with this im-

portant difference however, that in England the connexion is indissoluble, in Germany not so. A sentence in a German tale, now lying on our table, illustrates this:—"Miss —— had tried the pleasant state of bride three times at the least; but unfortunately had never proceeded to graduate as *wife*, having in some unaccountable way always relapsed into a mere expectant spinster." (Lustige Erzählungen, von F. Laun, Berlin, 1803.) When nothing then is indicated by the word *braut* but the exclusion of other suitors, it would be pedantic to refuse translating it *bride*: in the present case however, this error must be peculiarly puzzling to English readers, because they soon find that the lady never *does* complete her engagements, but remains unmarried, and therefore cannot in any English sense be intelligibly styled a bride. Not to insist however invidiously on errors of this nature, we shall conclude our notice of the English Wilhelm Meister with two remarks apparently inconsistent but yet in fact both true: first, that the translation too generally, by the awkward and German air of its style, reminds us painfully that it *is* a translation; and, in respect to fidelity therefore, will probably on close comparison appear to have aimed at too servile a fidelity. Secondly that, strange as it may appear, the verses which are scattered through the volumes—and which should naturally be the most difficult part of the task—have all the ease of original compositions; and appear to us executed with very considerable delicacy and elegance. Of a writer, who has shown his power to do well when it was so difficult to do well, we have the more right to complain that he has *not* done well in a case where it was comparatively easy.

But now for Goethe.

(*To be concluded in our next Number.*)

THE DRAMA.

THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

Married and Single.

A NEW small comedy made for summer use by Mr. Poole, one of the cleverest and luckiest of our comic dramatists, has been produced with great success at this warm little theatre:—and if good acting, and light easy writing can have any influence on the playgoers of this metropolis—the benches will not be untenanted when Mr. Poole's petite comedy is performed. It is not quite so pleasant to see a play acted at the New Haymarket, as it was at the old plain panneled house: you are not so mixed up with the actors. In the present building the boxes are as small and upright as the car of a balloon; and the audience appears to be constantly preparing for an ascent. If Married and Single had been played at the Old Haymarket, it would doubtless have been as well followed, and as much talked of, as *Teazing Made Easy*, in which poor Tokeley split the sides of the town; but jokes and merry characters become dulled and deadened by being exercised on a formal stage.

It is pretty clear that Mr. Poole has been requested to take measure of Mr. Farren; and as it is also pretty clear that a suit of only one particular shape will fit this performer, it requires a nice caution so to vary the fringes and decorations, as to give the dress the appearance of novelty. Mr. Farren's peculiar forte is the Old Beau,—the Gallant Sadboy,—the Lord Ogleby, not boiled quite so hard!—Brummell in Love!—a mixture of Tom Shuffleton and Lord Chesterfield. One of the newspapers has told a little anecdote about a Red Lion, with reference to Mr. Farren, which is not inapplicable. Mr. Farren, let him play what he will, must introduce the character to Lord Ogleby. The wisest thing, therefore that an author can do is to float with the tide of the actor's talent,—and this in the present instance Mr. Poole has done with a great deal of ability. Beau Shatterley is an old man, who, like Langan, will not confess himself beaten, though his own constitution and all his friends tell him that he is. He fights up against old age with all his might, encountering it with dress, wine, and gallantry, as fiercely as though he were a lad from Eton, with enough of loose money to buy him a loose life. He wears jockey boots—a knowing hat—a docked coat—a stable-yard waistcoat. He keeps late hours for the head-ache—

keeps a saucy valet for his nephew—keeps a lady for his purse—and boasts of continual vices in order to put himself off as a rakehelly young fellow. But he is Old Beau Shatterley after all—his shrunken legs sneak in his boots—his back bends beneath a broad cut coat, and his face looks a lie to his impudent Gad-dammee of a hat. The character, as sketched by the author, is thus well fitted-up by Mr. Farren; and though very many of the situations are extravagant, and the colouring of this particular character is a little overwrought, still there is so much of whim and smartness, that we are carried, laughter and all, rapidly through the three acts, and are not allowed breath or time to cavil as critics.

The piece itself, which we rather think is a very free translation, appears to have been written with haste, and got up in a moment of necessity (a moment of no great scarcity at a theatre), with as much speed as possible. To this unwise rapidity is to be attributed several half-formed jokes, vapid puns, and unnatural situations. The characters all seem to have wanted a quiet reconsideration, to give them that finish which at present they are deficient in.

The plot is extremely simple. Beau Shatterley is old, rich, and racketty. His nephew is young, in debt, and a lover. The difficulties of the nephew are visited upon the uncle, who gets into a lawyer's hands, and thence into a bailiff's hands, by being a little too forward. This is out of the frying-pan into the fire. A married couple, Mr. and Mrs. Bickerton, wage tender war through out the comedy,—and a varlet of a valet fills up the interstices with plotting for his young master, and feeding the absurd gallantries of the Old Beau. An Irish Captain is lugged in by the shoulders, always the broadest handle for taking hold of, in order to deliver a challenge from himself to a man who has not offended him—as Sir Lucius O'Trigger has done before him: and Ferret, a nice little sharp-nosed lawyer, who looks well able to find flaws or make them, hunts the old buck, Shatterley, through every hole and corner. Perhaps the best scenes are where he and Old Shatterley are concerned

Farren, as we have said, played with great cleverness. Poor old Pope, as Bickerton, shook his Henry the Sixth hands, as he shook them 30 years ago, and quite as well; Cooper is a little hard, but exercise on the boards of a small theatre will take the starch out of his manner more than he or the public can imagine. Mr. W. West, as Ferret, was a Ferret itself,—a lawyer!—a common lawyer. He is a famous little fellow indeed, and worthy to have a gold cup presented to him by a deputation from the Attorneys of the Insolvent Court. Mrs. Glover played with remarkable spirit in Mrs. Bickerton. The other ladies were all very well, if any inquiry is made after them.

THE ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

The Monkey Island—A New Pantomime.

This theatre opened during the early part of the month, with a company which ought to make the Haymarket shake in its shoes. Braham, Mathews, Miss Kelly, the Grimaldis, and several others, in themselves sufficient to draw crowded houses from all others. Mr. Arnold seems resolved on trying his strength with his rivals; and if he do not carry off, for a season, the affections of that jilt, the public, we know nothing of her gew-gaw affections.

A new pantomime from the pen of the unwearied Mr. Peake, (a pantomime from a pen seems odd enough, but so it is,) was produced, and has amused for its time. But a pantomime wants room, and Farley, and Old Grimaldi, and Grieve, and a thousand other inestimables; old tricks, new tricks, earth, space, bright scenery, and distance:—at Covent-Garden all these excellencies are to be met with—but at the English Opera House, the essence only of a pantomime is to be got at. We tremble lest Mr. Barnes should totter up against us, and put his pig-tail in our eye; and there is always good reason to apprehend the arrival of Joe Grimaldi flap into one's lap. The opening scenes with the monkies as inhabitants, chancellors, judges, and such things, were really very laughable—and many of the tricks were quick and abstruse. But still, if we may be pardoned, we like a winter pantomime. It is hot work to Grimaldi except in a hard frost.

Der Freyschutz; or, The Seventh Bullet.

This piece which, on account of its magic, and its magic music, has been completely turning all the half-turned heads of Germany, has at length met with an English manager bold enough to hazard the dangerous expense and risk of producing it in England, and a company brave and potent enough to do its mysteries and its music ample justice. The original drama, which is, to judge by the English copy, but loosely and injudiciously put together, is founded on one of the traditional tales of Germany, which has long been listened to in that country, and valued for its decided horror. This tale has been admirably translated by a very able writer of the present day, and may be read by those who love to *thrill* with horror, in a work called 'Popular Tales and Romances of the Northern Nations.' It will be seen that the plot of the drama, which is pretty closely adhered to we understand on the English stage, varies materially from the story;—indeed no audience would endure to have a lover shoot his mistress to serve the devil, as is the case in the tale. How great are the Germans at Satanic writing! The devil is their Apollo!

The piece has been produced by Mr. Arnold with no limit to care or expense;—in truth we did not, and could not believe it possible, until we saw with our own eyes, that a small summer theatre could afford us such a scene of devilry and witchery as the one now effected nightly. The diminutive stage, like Kean in one of his happiest nights, seems to expand with the spirit of the scene, until there appears no limit to its space and wonders. The scenery itself is not, we believe, new—but it is peopled with goblins and creeping things, numerous enough, we should suppose, to fill the great desart! The principal scene is where the huntsman Caspar casts the magic balls for his rifle,—balls which go unerringly to the mark,—and as the charming goes on, the birds and evil things swarm thicker and faster, until at the seventh bullet the stage is one mass of fire and wing and reptile! Perhaps a slight sketch of the story may not be uninteresting:—

Kuno, an old hunt[illegible] lives in the forest with his wife and daughter, on a farm which he holds as a tried marksman. He resolves that his daughter Agnes shall marry a good shot, as the farm will only be kept in the family by such a prudent match. The girl is attached to Rodolph, a forest youth, who is all the father can desire;—she is beloved, however, by a huntsman named Caspar, who has made a compact with an evil spirit, and uses magic balls. Rodolph, at the opening of the drama, is under the malignant influence of a charm, which frustrates all his sports, and turns aside every bullet he fires. The trial day is at hand, on which occasion his skill as a shot, is to be proved,—and on his success depends his union with Agnes. Caspar, who is jealous of his fortune with the girl, hints that he might secure her if he would have recourse to the magic balls,—and the hope of securing his love leads him to promise a meeting with Caspar at the glen at night. Rodolph frames an excuse to his love as the hour approaches, and in spite of my [illegible] warnings keeps his fatal promise. Caspar, in the mean time, whose days are numbered, offers to Zamiel, the evil spirit, a fresh victim if he may be spared a three years longer existence. The bargain is made; in a magic circle the seven bullets are cast, by the owl's shriek and to unearthly light!—

> Six shall go true!
> And the seventh askew!
> Six shall achieve,
> And the seventh deceive!

The trial day comes, and the six sure bullets have been expended; the seventh, which the spirit is to direct, Caspar trusts will kill the bride, Agnes; but the spirit directs it on Caspar himself—and the desolator is laid desolate! The piece concludes with the wedding of the young hunter and his Agnes!

Such is briefly the plot of the Drama; of course the German story has not half so happy a conclusion. The Bride is killed by the bullet, the last of sixty and three, and the Hunter goes mad in the forest. The Spirit is managed with great effect in the piece, and his appearance amidst the clashing branches at the casting of the seventh bullet is awful. It is almost worthy of that fin[illegible]

gloomy description of the flight of Zamiel, in the original story, after he has secured his victim, which we cannot resist giving in the translator's own words.

"The black horseman turned away his horse, and said with a gloomy solemnity—'Thou *dost* know me! The very hair of thy head, which stands on end, confesses for thee that thou dost! I am He whom at this moment thou namest in thy heart with horror!'—So saying, he vanished, followed by the dreary sound of withered leaves, and the echo of blasted boughs falling from the trees beneath which he had stood!"

All persons concerned in the bringing forward of this wondrous drama appear to have been inspired with an anxiety to do their parts to the utmost. The little bog-toads crawl about, as if they themselves were terrified at the scene. All the principal characters are well filled. Braham, as Rodolph, not only sang better than ever on the first night, but acted with a feeling which we never before detected in him. But the effect of the music was upon him, and he was, in truth, under the influence of a charm. He performed and gave a *Grand Scena*, which seemed to roll around the air like thunder. Mr. H. Phillips was poor after such a singer; but one or two songs he gave with more energy than usual. Bartley played Old Kimo with a good heart; and Mr. Bennet as Caspar, imitated Macready, and beat the original hollow. Mr. T. P. Cooke was Zamiel. He is by far the best bad spirit that ever stalked the earth—he is so good, that we only wish he may be able to give up the part when he pleases. Miss Noel is a quiet feeling singer, but her voice and manner are both occasionally too flat. Miss Povey sang with great spirit, and as an actress she is decidedly making way.

It remains but to speak of the music, which, of its kind, is really beyond all ordinary praise or conception. Some of the critics have said it is not so sweet or so good as Mozart's:—Pshaw! it was never intended to be sweet! it is appalling, terrific, sublime! It giveth not "Airs from Heaven," but, "Blasts from Hell." From the Overture to the very last note, the composer, Weber, seems to have called upon Zamiel, and to have offered up to him notes which would go into his very soul! There is a depth, a wildness, which frights the mind while it charms the ear; and we will confidently say that no music, not even Mozart's, was ever heard with such breathless attention and earnestness as this extraordinary production of Weber. It is a great work!

DAVIS'S AMPHITHEATRE.

The Battle of Waterloo is being fought over and over again here with as much fury as the *genuine* one!—There is a Duke of Wellington, in *Wellingtons*, quite a match for the true man, and fit to run in a curricle with his Grace!—And there is a General Hill—and a Marquis of Anglesea and other men of might, true fac similes of those valorous soldiers! —Then there is Napoleon Bonaparte, curiously exact—broad shouldered—well limbed—sallow—serious—plain in the hair—and with an indisputable featherless cocked hat. The only odd thing was the hearing him speak! We have seen so many silent likenesses, that the effect of a speaking Napoleon made us start.

The gunpowder does its best, and the horses are alive and dead just as the chance of war directs. It is really worth going to the house if only to exercise the drum of the ear!

But there is a rider in the ring, worth going miles to see—a Mons. Ducrow, the king of horsemanship, one whose genius clearly that way tends. He is the first true horseman that ever gave a meaning to the display of fine riding. He shows the attitudes of the ancient statues;—represents a peasant going to the fields to reap—getting weary—remembering an appointment with his mistress—and hastening to see her, until he seems breathless with his flight!—All this you see distinctly, although he is standing on a horse at full speed, the whole time. The savage horse which he catches in the ring, and then rides, at first awkwardly and at last skilfully, without saddle or bridle, is a fine picture. We advise all those who like to see a genius, be his line what it may, to hasten to Ducrow. He looks like a handsome enthusiast, when he is well on the horse.

VAUXHALL.

We went to these celebrated gardens on the night of the late storm, and stood under the orchestra and an umbrella, seeing the lights gradually put out. It was a very *refreshing* sight.

ON CLENCHES.

To the Editor of the London Magazine.

Mr Editor.—I observe that the Reviewer of Peele's Jests, in the last London, is somewhat puzzled by the epithet *clenches*, applied to them by Ant. a Wood, and hazards a conjecture, that it means "shifts or stratagems." In this, however, he is mistaken—it was formerly a common expression for a quibble, or play upon words, though about its etymon I am quite as much in the dark as the Reviewer himself. I do not just now recollect the occurrence of the term in any of our earliest dramatists, and rather think it was introduced about the commencement of the seventeenth century;—in many of our dictionaries it still retains a place. The latest instance of its use I can hit upon is in a paper called "A New Session of Poets for the Year 1730," printed in the Gent. Magazine for 1731.—

Some brought in whole volumes of clenches and puns,
And one by mistake brought a parcel of duns.

The inclosed extract from Langbaine's 'Account of the Dramatic Poets," 1691, p. 149, you will find very "germain to the matter."

Give me leave to say a word or two in defence of Mr Jonson's way of wit, which Mr Dryden calls Clenches.

There have been few great poets which have not proposed some eminent author for their pattern:—examples of this would be needless and endless. Mr Jonson proposed Plautus for his model, and not only borrowed from him, but imitated his way of wit in English. There are none who have read him, but are acquainted with his way of playing with words. I will give one example for all, which the reader may find in the very entrance of his works,—I mean the prologue to Amphitruo.

Justam rem et facilem oratum a vobis volo,
Nam juste ab justis justus sum Orator datus.
Nam injusta ab justis impetrare non decet,
Justa autem ab injustis petere insipientia est.

Nor might this be the sole reason for Mr Jonson's imitation, for possibly 'twas his compliance with his age that induced him to this way of writing, it being then, as Mr Dryden observes in the postscript to his "Conquest of Granada," the mode of wit, the vice of the age, and not Ben Jonson's. And besides Mr Dryden's taxing Sir Philip Sidney for playing with his words, I may add that I find it practised by several dramatic poets who were Mr Jonson's contemporaries; and notwithstanding the advantage which this age claims over the last, we find Mr Dryden himself, as well as Mr Jonson, not only given to Clenches, but sometimes a Carwitchet, a Quarter-quibble, or a bare Pun serves his turn.

I shall conclude my remarks on this weighty affair with a 'modern instance,' consisting of a whole string of clenches.

SONNET ON A YOUTH WHO DIED OF EXCESSIVE FRUIT-[illegible]

Currants have check'd the current of my blood,
And berries brought me to be buried here;
Pears have par'd off my body's hardihood,
And plums and plumbers spare not one so spare.
Fain would I feign my fall; so fair a fare
Lessens not fate, yet 'tis a lesson good;
Gilt will not long hide guilt; such thin-wash'd ware
Wears quickly, and its rude touch soon is rued.
Grave on my grave some sentence grave and terse,
That lies not as it lies upon my clay,
But, in a gentle strain of unstrain'd verse,
Prays all to pray for poor patty's prey;
Rehearses I was fruitful to my hearse,
Tells that my days are told, and soon I'm toll'd away!

N.

REPORT OF MUSIC.

There was a time, and that not half a century back, when, if music could not be said to be wholly unknown in the provinces, there was nothing approaching to a demonstration of the full powers of the art to be found beyond the walls of the metropolis; nor indeed there until Joah Bates, an amateur be it remembered, assembled that prodigious company of minstrels in Westminster Abbey to commemorate worthily the greatest of their fraternity. The design was magnificent, and it was not less splendidly executed, and the result has been to diffuse throughout a nation a knowledge of what music is able to effect. From that time endeavours have been made, and successfully made, to imitate, with more or less approximation to perfection according to circumstances, the excellence then attained, and to spread by the same means a general understanding and a general feeling of the beauties of the art; nay more, such efforts have been combined with the purposes of benevolence, and made to give and receive support from the strengthening aid of charity. For while assistance has been sought from music and directed towards great public institutions, minds insensible to music have been awakened to beneficence, and thus assistance has been drawn from new sources and reciprocally exerted.

Such is the brief history of the rise and progress of those great county festivals which are now becoming so universal, and, we may add, so useful in spreading the love of art, in aiding public charities, and in promoting a circulation of the stagnant wealth of the country. The power of example is like the power of numbers; or, more like the rising of an inundation, there is a point in the progression where the force is accumulated to a degree that becomes irresistible. Thus the example of Birmingham at last wrought upon other places to emulate the greatness of their exhibition, and Liverpool and York have kindled the same spirit almost throughout the whole country. In our last report we enumerated seven festivals which are concluded upon for the next three months and we may now add another which is to be held at Welchpool. We alluded also to those at Bath and Cambridge, contracted for by the grand *undertaker* Madame Catalani, who may be said to have performed her own funeral in this capacity, and paid the last obsequies to her departed honours as a conductress. The Bath festival was not however so defective as the Cambridge. At Bath there was a band, and there were choruses, and there were parts, and there was a more than nominal conductor. Nothing was wanting but Madame herself, who was so grievously indisposed as to be under the necessity of apologizing instead of singing at three of the performances. Monsieur Vallebreque asserts, it is said, that he lost by this engagement, *i. e.* probably he esteems that a loss which he intended to have gained. At Cambridge he came off better in point of profit, and worse in point of reputation. The demerits of this concert deserve a little detail as a memento to Corporate Bodies who lend the interests of the institutions they befriend as a lure to the public. The performances were founded in the desire to assist Addenbrooke's Hospital, to which Madame Catalani had engaged to give a fifth of the entire receipts (at Bath she gave we understand, a tenth), she reserving to herself *four*-fifths for her risk and exertions. Now it is obvious that this bargain must have been provident or improvident on the part of the gentlemen of Cambridge, according to the stipulations they made for a *competent* band, and according to the receipts; for if the one was small and the other large, it must be clear that the benefit would be great to Madame Catalani, and comparatively little to the hospital. Madame, however, was limited by no stipulations, and her execution of this treaty upon the basis of honour is a singular proof of a faithful and generous interpretation. The singers advertised were Mesdames Catalani, Colbran, Rossini, and Pasta; Miss Stephens and Miss George; Messrs. Rossini, Sapio, Placci, Kellner, and Phillips. It is generally understood at such meetings that the singers announced

are to be heard at all the performances unless it is expressly stated to the contrary. In this instance Rossini and his wife appeared only on the first two evening concerts. Madame Pasta on the last day only, and Miss George and Mr. Phillips not at all. The sacred performances were made up almost entirely of recitatives and airs, and there was not a single chorus. At the evening concerts Rossini sang "*Se fiato in Corpo*" with Catalani, and "*Con Patienza*;" but he seemed to seek distinction rather for comic humour than fine singing, of which there were few or no traces, though he has unquestionably great comic powers, so great indeed that the sensitive Catalani could not withstand their effect, but laughed when she ought to have sung. Her planet was indeed in eclipse, being completely obscured by Miss Stephens and Madame Pasta, except in *Rule Britannia* and *God save the King*, where she touched the hearts of all her hearers by her vast energy, her prodigious volume of voice, and her fine countenance and acting. Pasta and Stephens were however beyond dispute the favourites. The former by her *Il Sacrifizio d'Abraam* at the church, which was certainly supremely excellent in expression, and by her *Di tanti palpiti* and *Che faro* at the Senate House. Both triumphed by the natural majesty of a style as simple as it is now-a-days rare. Mr. Sapio was much applauded in his songs. Of Mr. Kellner there is nothing to be said. He was looked upon as one of the undertaker's men, and the audience only wished he had been *a mute*.

As a whole, this grand festival, considered in relation to others, was most disgraceful. The instrumental band consisted of no more than twenty-eight performers; and, as we said before, there was no chorus, an indispensable requisite to relieve the sameness of recitative and air, and to the production of those sublime and imposing effects which indeed are the very first attributes of a meeting of this nature; for single airs and duets may be heard at every concert in town or country. The marks of want of arrangement were visible throughout; there was a scarcity of parts, and no printed books arrived from London for the last two concerts. The pieces were performed in no regular succession; but as the pressure of the moment required. Madame Catalani transposed her songs at pleasure to the entire destruction of the composer's intention; and the management was altogether reproachful.

The receipts are estimated at about 2,500*l*., exclusive of donations, which were awarded by the Committee of Management to be the indivisible property of the Hospital, in spite of a claim which M. de Vallebreque is reported to have set up to share (in the proportion of four-fifths to himself) these benevolences. Madame Catalani will therefore be cut down to from 300 to 400*l*. as her recompense for her services—the expences being between 1,600*l*. and 1,700*l*., and the Hospital drawing 500*l*. for its fifth, besides the whole of the donations. We happen to know Madame has refused four hundred and fifty guineas for merely singing at a provincial meeting for a Charity—insisting upon a share.—Bath and Cambridge will, we hope, have instructed her better; but in this, as in most other cases, repentance will probably come too late. Her course is nearly run in England, and we unfeignedly regret that so bright a meridian should have been followed by so dark a setting of so great a light.

By a transition far more natural and just than that by which Madame Catalani finds herself the Conductress of Provincial Music Meetings, her name brings us back to the Italian Opera, where Zingarelli's *Romeo e Giulietta* has been produced for the benefit of Madame Pasta. When we first understood the piece was in preparation, we mentioned Madame Pasta as about to appear in *Giulietta*, forgetting for the moment in our haste, that *Romeo* was written for a contralto, in the probability that she would personate the principal female. We take this opportunity of correcting our inadvertency.

The libralto is a complete specimen of the modern Italian metamorphosis of one of the plays of our immortal Bard — Ancient Rome, under the dominion of the Pope, is not more unlike to its original greatness.

The piece opens with a nuptial

feast at the palace of the Capelli, or the Capulets, where *Romeo* with his friend *Gilberto* appears. A mutual fascination seizes upon the lover and *Giulietta,* which the chorus, who are employed like that of the Greek tragedy, to be the observers and commentators upon all that passes, interpret very sagely, as well as faithfully, into "Imania freme duolse e geme." At this moment *Everardo Capelli* (Capulet himself) appears with *Tebaldo* (Tibault), who is betrothed, and about to be united, to *Giulietta.* In the very crisis of the husband's and the father's delights, *Romeo* is discovered,—all is suspicion and jealousy, and the festival is suddenly broken off. The scenes next in succession, are interviews between the father and his friends—the lovers and their confidants. *Romeo,* at length, enters the gardens, and soon after is found in a retired part, *Tebaldo* lying dead, slain by him. The agitations attending this discovery are the subject of the finale of the first act.—The second opens with an interview between *Romeo* and *Giulietta,* who swear eternal affection and constancy and separate. *Gilberto,* in the next scene, prepares the expedient of the sleeping draught, which *Giulietta* swallows. Her father comes to urge her marriage with *Tebaldo,* and during his menaces she falls into the torpidity which *Capelli* mistakes for death. The scene at the tomb closes the piece much as in the original, except that the chorus conducts *Romeo* to the spot—who dies, and *Giulietta* faints upon the body.

Such are the materials of this opera, in which there is not a single trait of the sentiments or the language of Shakspeare. It may be truly said to be made up of exclamations. But of such stuff is an opera constructed, and the passionate parts are sufficiently expressive to lead the composer to some very fine musical illustrations.

The piece was produced for Madame Pasta's honour, and her triumphs, both as an actress and a singer, were certainly very complete. It is impossible to imagine more beautiful and more perfect expression. Her performance indicates sensibility and a taste thoroughly formed—in a word, all the attributes of high intellect, as well as of the most industriously cultivated powers of a true artist. She shone unrivalled in the delivery of the *recitativo parlante,* rendering every word effective. In the last scene, the greater part of which she supports alone, the conjoined effects of her singing and acting were almost too much to bear. The recitative "*Tranquillo io sono,*" just before the adjuration of Giulietta's spirit, was as exquisite as can be imagined. In the duet, "*Ahimè gia vengo meno,*" the gradual failing of the vital powers were depicted with an agonizing fidelity. Madame Pasta had gained a reputation in this character abroad, which had spread her fame throughout the world, and truly her merit has not been exaggerated. She has well earned the praises bestowed upon her. On the first night Madame Biagioli was the heroine, and she sustained the part creditably enough, taking into account the feebleness of her natural powers. In the later representations Madame Ronzi di Begnis played *Giulietta,* and with much success. Amongst the most striking portions were the duets, "*Qual Oggetto,*" and "*Dunque mio bene,*" the last of which was given with exquisite expressiveness, with far greater purity than the audiences of the King's Theatre have been accustomed to since the reign of Rossini began.

Nor must Signor Garcia be passed over in silence. In his character there was little to set off a singer, but of that little he made a great deal indeed. His first air was one of rapturous delight, and although subsequent parts of the opera allowed us a full acquaintance with his pathetic powers, yet without detracting from his ability in this the grander walk of the drama, we may be allowed to remark, that in airs which admit of almost unlimited expatiation he is most at home. His singing always reminds us of the soaring of the lark. His soul is in every note—he seems let loose from earth, and the more boundless his flight, the more full of ecstasy is his song, for herein lies the grand difference between Garcia and every other florid singer it has fallen to our lot to hear. He makes every passage expressive, by the ardour and the ease and the feeling with which he "wantons in the wiles of sound." His last aria, "*Misero che faro,*" gave

proofs never to be forgotten of the deep sensibility with which he enters into passages of pathos. The words "*Misero*," and "*mia figlia*," were uttered with a tone and emphasis that touched the very soul.

NEW MUSIC.

The Publications this month are comparatively few.

Mr. Kalkbrenner's Fantasia and Variations on the celebrated Jäger Chor from Weber's Opera, Der Freischütz, must be studied in order to be appreciated. It has not melody enough to render it generally pleasing, but its scientific construction will make it interesting to the student. It appears to us to be a work of labour and science rather than of genius and imagination.

Impromptus, or Brilliant Variations on a Cotillon, by Galenberg, is evidently the production of a fine piano-forte player. The practice of such a lesson will go far to confer the execution it is intended to display

La Speranza is a very elegant composition, by Mr. Abel, combining expression and mechanical excellence.

Mr Ries's Variations on a March in Tancredi and a Rondo on Bishop's air, "When in Disgrace," are in his best style.

Mr. Duruset has published a set of Solfeggios, selected from the exercises of Crescentini, Paer, and Pelegrini, intended for the improvement of those who are already acquainted with the principles of the art. They appear more calculated to confer execution than the portamento della voce, and we should not recommend their adoption until the voice has acquired the steadiness and quality of voicing which the practice of the scale alone confers. Their style is perhaps more modern and more strictly allied to that now in fashion, than any Solfeggi extant

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IMPORTANT INTELLIGENCE FROM NEW SOUTH WALES.

DISCOVERY OF BRISBANE RIVER.

The following interesting particulars have been communicated to us by a gentleman just arrived from New South Wales.

Mr. Oxley has at last discovered a river of considerable magnitude, with an embouchure to the sea; Mr. Cunningham, the botanical collector for Kew Gardens, has explored a pass through a fine country, from Bathurst to Liverpool Plains; and Mr. Bell, jun. has effected a way from Richmond to Bathurst, which will avoid the difficulties of crossing the Blue Mountains. But the greatest and most unexpected discovery of all is, that of the river which Mr. Oxley has called the Brisbane, and which discharges its waters into Moreton Bay, 400 miles to the northward of the settlement at Port Jackson. This valuable discovery was made only in December last, in the course of a survey of Moreton Bay, with a view to form a convict penal establishment there, in pursuance of the recommendation of the commissioner of inquiry, Mr. Bigge. The river flows through a rich country, and is navigable for 20 miles for vessels of considerable burthen, if not drawing more than 16 feet of water. From this distance the water is perfectly fresh. Mr. Oxley proceeded 30 miles further up the river without finding any diminution, in either the breadth or depth of it, except that in one place, to the extent of 30 yards, a ridge of detached rocks stretches across, having not more than 12 feet at high water; and he obtained from a hill a view of its apparent course for 30 or 40 miles further. As far as Mr. Oxley went, the tide rose four feet six inches. It was impossible to pursue the investigation then from sickness, heat of weather, and shortness of provisions; but he was to renew his survey early in the autumn. The country was level all round, from south to north-west, in the apparent south-west course of the river; from which circumstance, and the slowness of the current, and the depth of the water, Mr. Oxley was led to conclude that the river will be found navigable for vessels of burthen to a much greater distance, probably not less than 50 miles. There was no appearance of its being flooded; and from the nature of the country and other circumstances, he does not think that the sources of the river will be found in a mountainous region, but rather that it flows from some lake, which will prove to be

the receptacle of those interior streams to the south-west, crossed by him during his land expedition of discovery in 1818, namely, Parry's Rivulet, Bowen River, Field's River, and Peel's River. A paper has been read before the Agricultural Society, showing that it is not probable that it can be the outlet of that inland lake, in which the river Macquarie was found to terminate, since the whole course of that river for 300 miles is north-west, and it would require an immediate regular diversion to the north-east for nearly 400 miles to reach Moreton Bay; and then the height of its head above the level of the sea would allow the whole river only a fall of about two feet per mile, whereas Mr. Oxley's measurements make the Macquarie fall in one place 437 feet in little more than 50 miles, and in another 750 in about 50 miles; and Sir Thomas Brisbane's measurements make a fall in the river of 1140 feet in only 30 miles. But this last is impossible, where there are no cataracts, and must be attributed to some error in using the barometer.

Whatever may be its origin, it is the largest fresh water river hitherto discovered in New South Wales, and promises to be of the utmost importance to the colony, as it affords water communication with the sea, to a vast extent of country, a great portion of which appeared to Mr. Oxley capable of raising the richest productions of the tropics.

July 26.

SKETCH OF FOREIGN LITERATURE.

FRANCE.

The Drama.—Passing over the trifles that have been brought forward at the minor theatres, we have to mention two regular pieces. Bothwell, a Drama in five acts, (in prose) by Adolphus Empis, has been performed at the Theatre Français. The evident object of the author is to clear the memory of Queen Mary from the imputation of having been an accomplice in the assassination of her husband King Henry. This piece succeeded, as the phrase is, on the first representation, because every thing had been arranged to save it; but the critics have treated it with no little asperity, on account of the multiplicity of conspiracies, treasons, and assassinations, and its notorious deviations from history. The author seems to have felt the justice of some of the criticisms, at least, made on his piece, for he has withdrawn it for the present; and it is hoped he will be able to remove some of the most objectionable parts, which tend to obscure the merit of many fine scenes. Cleopatra, a tragedy in five acts, by M. Soumet, has been represented at the Odeon. This composition, though only now brought forward, is, however, the very first production of the author of Clytemnestra and Saul, who was not deterred from choosing this subject for a tragedy, notwithstanding the fate of the numerous pieces on the same subject which have been produced on the French stage, of which none is remembered except that of Marmontel; and even this is not only severely censured by La Harpe, but this celebrated critic adds, "To fancy that such a subject can be raised to the dignity of tragedy, the author must have lost his senses, like the hero whom he has chosen." Though M. Soumet, in the ardour of youth was not deterred by this anathema, he probably had some misgivings, which induced him to keep his play back for many years. He has hoped, it may be supposed, that the alterations which his maturer judgment suggested, by raising the feebleness of the characters in striking situations, and hiding the faults of the plan by a profusion of admirable verses, might render it worthy of appearing before the public. M. Soumet, like Marmontel, has greatly embarrassed himself by the introduction of Octavia, whom, contrary to known history, he brings to Egypt, where he causes her to fall by the hand of

Cleopatra, on whom he thus throws additional odium, and of course adds to the difficulty of exciting any interest for her in the mind of the audience. Nay, M. Soumet has even introduced Marcellus, the son of Octavia by her first husband (though he makes him the son of Antony), who is left to bewail the loss of his mother; thus committing another and most offensive violation of history, in spite of Virgil, whose affecting verses on the premature death of that young prince are so well known that we ought almost to ask pardon of our readers for only alluding to them. Notwithstanding all that may be objected to M. Soumet's performance, its faults are outweighed by splendid beauties: it certainly does not belong to Voltaire's *genre ennuyeux*. The two Salems, a fairy opera in one act produced at the Royal Academy of Music, is but the old story of the two Amphytrions in a new dress. The little merit of this piece, the music of which too is very poor, certainly could not entitle it to be performed at the Opera, much as it has declined from its ancient splendour.

History, Memoirs, and Biography. As it may be in general presumed that in the market of literature, as in every other, those whose business it is to furnish the supply will take care to consult the taste of their customers, we are surely authorised in considering the great number of historical publications which are continually issuing from the French press, as a proof that a love of serious reading must be very general among our neighbours; for though the superficial and the gay may take up a volume of Memoirs in the hope of meeting with amusing or scandalous anecdote, such motives cannot be supposed in those who read historical works of the nature and extent of those to which we have alluded. We have already had several opportunities of noticing, in their progress, the several collections which are now publishing simultaneously at Paris; but we think it not beside the purpose to recal them altogether to the attention of our readers. These collections are five in number. The first, directed by the care of M. Guizot, embraces the first eight centuries of the French monarchy, from Clovis to St. Louis. The first eight volumes of this collection are published, faithfully translated from the barbarous Latin into French, which is suitable to the simplicity of the times of which they treat, and enriched with valuable explanatory notes. This collection, which will form 30 volumes, is followed by that of M. Petitot, which includes the Memoirs from the 13th century to the middle of the 18th. Many of these are inedited. These two collections are completed by Mr. Buchon's edition of the Chronicles of Froissart, Monstrelet, the great Chronicles of the Abbey of St. Denis, and the Memoirs of Duplessis Mornay, making in all 60 volumes. The 4th and 5th volumes of Froissart are now published. We have already spoken of the valuable additions made to this new edition. These three collections include the whole of the original history of ancient France. The fourth collection, consisting of Memoirs relative to the French Revolution, of which we have repeatedly spoken, proceeds with rapidity, and will undoubtedly furnish the future historian with most valuable materials. We cannot refrain, however, from observing that we think the publication of some of these Memoirs might have been spared. The latest that have appeared are those of Thibaudeau, who, having held important political situations under all the governments, had opportunities of observation under the Convention, the Directory, the Consulate, and the Empire, which are calculated to render his Memoirs very interesting. Two volumes are published. The Memoirs of Condorcet, extracted from his correspondence and that of his friends, particularly of Suard and Morellet, are advertised, in 2 vols. 8vo.* The celebrated Madame de Genlis has advertised the Memoirs of

* These Memoirs are disavowed by the family of M. de Condorcet, who declare that he left no Memoirs. It may be, that the papers are authentic, but the title seems to be a bait to catch the public.

her own Life in 6 volumes, 12mo. The piquant Memoirs of Madame du Hausset relative to Madame de Pompadour are *going* to be published. A private edition of only 25 copies was printed by Mr. Crawford, to whose family they belong. The new historical Memoirs on the Fate of the Duke of Enghien, 1 vol. 8vo. contain many highly interesting papers never before published. The 5th collection, Historical Memoirs of the English Revolution, appears regularly. The 8th livraison contains the 4th and last volume of the Memoirs of Lord Clarendon, and the Journal of Lord Clarendon his eldest son. The 9th livraison gives the first and second volumes of Burnet's History of his Own Times. M. Lacretelle has published the 9th and 10th volumes of his History of France in the eighteenth century. A work which has excited the highest expectations is the History of the Dukes of Burgundy of the House of Valois, 1364—1477, by M. de Barante. This history is in truth the history of Europe during the fifteenth century, and might have been so called without any great impropriety. It would be difficult to find in history four successive sovereigns more remarkable than these four Dukes of Burgundy. The first, Philip the Hardy, began to establish the Burgundian power, and governed France above 20 years. The second, John *Sans-peur*, to retain that power over the kingdom which his father had possessed, committed one of the most remarkable crimes recorded in modern history. He thus formed the most sanguinary factions, and kindled a civil war, the most cruel perhaps that ever stained the soil of France. Falling a victim to a similar crime, his death delivered up France to the English. Philip the Good, his successor, was the arbiter between France and England. His long and prosperous reign was distinguished by the pomp and majesty with which the Sovereign Power began to invest itself, and by the loss of the liberties of Flanders, till that time the richest and freest country in Europe. Lastly, the reign of Charles the Bold presents his constant struggle with Louis XI., and the triumph of ability over violence. This important work will form 10 volumes. The 1st and 2d, containing the History of the First Duke, 1364—1404, is just published, and is spoken of by all the French critics in terms of unqualified approbation. M. de Barante is so advantageously known by his View of Literature in the eighteenth century, and still more so by the Memoirs of Madame de la Rochejacquelin which he drew up, that any new production of his elegant pen naturally claims attention. M. de Pouqueville's interesting work, the Regeneration of Greece, has reached the 2d edition. A work called Mexico in 1823, in 2 vols. 8vo. is advertised for speedy publication. The first part of the *Tableaux Historiques de l'Asie* from the Monarchy of Cyrus to the present Time, by M. I. Klaproth, is now before the public. The whole will be completed in 6 parts, forming 1 vol. 4to. with 25 maps. The New Historical Dictionary is now completed in 30 vols. 8vo.—Of the New Biography of our Contemporaries, by Messrs. Arnault, Jay, and Jouy, vols. 14 and 15 are just published. They include Monod to Pankouke. They contain many very excellent articles; the reader must of course make allowance for a leaning towards some of the distinguished characters of the French Revolution of the same party as the authors.

Two more volumes, the 37th and 38th, of the Universal Biography, Ancient and Modern, are also published; they contain the articles from Raleigh to Rosario. The new edition of Bayle's Dictionary, in 16 vols. 8vo. is completed.

Fine Arts.—History of the Life and Works of Raphael, by M. Quatremere de Quincey, 8vo. It is needless to say, that a work on such a subject, from the pen of so distinguished a writer, and so accomplished a judge of every thing relative to the Fine Arts, deserves the attention of all artists, and of the enlightened public.

Novels.—A new novel by M. Picard, "The Gil Blas of the Revolution," which will make 4 volumes, has just been bought by M. Baudoin, bookseller, for 10,000 francs. M. Salvandy, author of Alonzo, or Spain, has produced "Islaor, or the Christian Bard." The subject is taken from the History of the Lower Em-

pire; it gives a true and faithful sketch of the reign of the Emperor Julian, and the Invasion of the Barbarians. Albert and Lucile, or the Castle of Monteüil, 3 vols. 12mo. by the author of the Family of Montelle, and of Maurice and his Children, by Mademoiselle Dupetival, is well spoken of. This lady's name is now made known for the first time. M. Joüy has given to the public another volume of his Hermit in the Country: it describes the manners and customs of Normandy.

GERMANY.

Mr. Horn has published the third and last volume of the Poetry and Eloquence of the Germans from Luther to our times. Frederick V. Elector Palatine and King of Bohemia, by M. Lipowsky, keeper of the Archives at Munich, is a valuable addition to the History of the Thirty Years' War. M. Wiebeking is now on a tour in France, the Netherlands, and England, collecting materials for the third volume of his History of Civil Architecture. The first two volumes contain descriptions of 2200 edifices, and the views, sections, &c. of 489 edifices, ancient and modern, on 83 plates of the largest Atlas size.

RUSSIA.

Commodore Krusenstern has undertaken to publish annually two volumes of Memoirs of the Russian Navy. The Voyage of Malespina is in the press: it is remarkable that it should first appear in the Russian language. A Journey to China, by M. Timbrowski, is publishing: the first volume contains the journey to Pekin; the second will be occupied with a description of that city.

DENMARK.

M. Ingemann has just published a Danish Epic Poem, "Waldemar the Great, and his Followers."

VIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

There is but little foreign intelligence since our last, though certainly strong indications that the present dearth will not be of very long continuance. In France all distant wars are totally forgotten in the *bellum internecinum*, which the dismissal of Chateaubriand has caused amongst the ministerial coteries. Villele, firm in the King's confidence, and in the servile adhesion of the Chamber of Deputies, seems quite quiescent under the daily attacks of the journals and the occasional defection of the House of Peers. He has had several majorities against him in that assembly, and his exiled colleague keeps up a continual fire of pasquinade and denunciation. For this, no doubt, Chateaubriand is eminently qualified—the French Canning—he is a perfect master of squib, and jest, and epigram, and all the light artillery of literary opposition; and he has so managed as to leave Villele without a single gun to answer him—scarcely one journal supports the minister—a strange fact in the history of any press, but more particularly in that of the Parisian. It is not, we hope, any esprit de corps which makes us think Villele mistaken in this policy; a pun in France is worth perhaps at this moment just as much as it was in the days of Sterne, and the French are not now for many reasons peculiarly lynx-eyed towards a politician's inconsistencies; let Chateaubriand only write well, and wittily, and he may revile as he pleases, when out of livery, every opinion which he advocated when in it—neither Talleyrand nor Marmont will blame him, and thousands of imitators in every department downwards will support him in the opinion, that principles, like fashions, ought to have their leader, and depend upon the ascendancy of the season. A momentary depression of the rentes has added the jobbers to the journals. In short, there is some reason to suspect that the minister's triumph rests chiefly on the very infirm foundation of his master's life—a very rotten tenure.

The intelligence from Portugal is characteristic enough of the wretched state to which priestcraft and tyranny have conspired to reduce that un-

fortunate people. The King, like Ferdinand, has published an amnesty, though it is difficult to say for what; an amnesty really appears to have become now in those countries a kind of customary state paper, first rendered necessary by the governments, and then, though somewhat more tardily, promulgated by them. A proclamation has also issued announcing the intention of the King to convoke the ancient Cortes, an assembly described as being a representation of the clergy, the nobility, and the people. Another official paper attributes the late conspiracy to the influence of improper companions over the mind of the Prince, Don Miguel—no doubt he will learn better constitutional notions at the Court of the Thuilleries, with the additional advantage of learning French at the same time. A much more serious question however has arisen, so far as England is concerned, than either the son's manners or the father's amnesties. It seems, Don John, finding the attempt at governing his ferocious domestic factions by his own means utterly hopeless, has applied to this country for a military force. After much deliberation, England is said to have promised the aid of some companies of British marines and a Hanoverian brigade. No doubt, had we denied the request, some other court would have been found complaisant enough to have entertained it. To be sure, the *cause* in Portugal—the keeping in check a turbulent servile faction—would have been something different from that which France at present maintains in Spain; but still her troops might then garrison all the strong holds in the entire Peninsula, and until morals and policy form a more holy alliance than they hitherto have done, we fear some statesmen will be found scurvy enough to prefer the possession of a fortress to the maintenance of a principle. It is not, however, our province to do more than merely announce the fact; yet, to say the truth, we must borrow a leaf out of the French ultra code in order to justify our anticipated interference—the cause we aid may be different, but the principle of foreign interference is the same, and if *we* to-day at the mere request of the king of Portugal yield to his desires of interference against the serviles, we cannot see how *upon principle* we can object to-morrow to the interference of Russia on the claim of any other king against the liberals. The party we aid may be different, but the principle upon which we afford it is the same. No doubt this difference in the cause may furnish matter for a very fine and flashy declamation in parliament; but all the sophistry on earth will never dispose of *the precedent*. A curious proof of the state of society in Lisbon is to be found in the fact, that the Queen, notwithstanding her disgrace, gave a grand assembly after Don Miguel's exile, to which she invited three hundred of the most staunch of her own and her son's partizans! The King, who latterly seems to have acquired a sort of factitious firmness, banished the greater proportion of the company from Lisbon next day.

The intelligence received from South America is of a very mixed character, and in our mind preponderating rather against their final emancipation. Bolivar, in his new capacity as dictator of Peru, has advanced into that country with an auxiliary Colombian force. In consequence of this the executive government of Colombia has for the present devolved upon the Vice-president Santandor, who has addressed the Congress in a message of some interest and importance. This document is an imitation of those published on similar occasions by the Executive of the United States, and presents a very favourable picture so far as the individual state to which it refers is concerned. It gives a very satisfactory account of the triumph of the liberal party over their domestic opponents, not concealing the fact, however, that Ferdinand is determined on hostility, so far as his power goes. A clear exposition is made of the relations of Colombia with the United States, and their recognition and assurances of support are dwelt on with gratitude and dignity. The presence of a Commissioner from the English government is next referred to, and cited as a proof that the current of popular feeling is in favour of their independence. The internal regulations of the country—its cultivation—education—army—post-office establish-

ment—revenue system, &c. &c. are adverted to, at some length, and certainly the entire paper evinces that the rulers of Colombia are as indefatigable as could be wished in encouraging and aiding the spirit of the people. The most important, and by far the most desirable object alluded to, however, is a projected confederacy of Colombia, Chili, Peru, Mexico, and Buenos Ayres, in support of their mutual independence; on the anticipation of this, the message dwells with some confidence. Unfortunately, however, our subsequent accounts do not seem by any means to justify such sanguine expectations on the part of the Colombian Vice-president. On the contrary, Bolivar and his patriotic contingent have become the objects of serious jealousy in Peru, and this has risen to such a height that even their late President Torre Tagles has gone over to the royalist party. The fortress of Callao had been betrayed into the hands of the Spaniards, and Lima was again in their possession. Bolivar published a proclamation deploring these events, conciliating as well as he could the domestic faction whose jealousy had been excited, and declaring his determination to resign his power on the defeat of their mutual enemies. There can be no doubt that he will do all that talent, intrepidity, and zeal can perform; and just as little that he will not be tempted to convert the credulity of those who trust him into any instrument of "low ambition." His whole life stands directly opposed to any such suspicion. Upon the whole, the patriotic cause has much to contend with in Peru—it is considered the most royal and Spanish of all the provinces, and seems at present alive, not so much to its oppressions as to those little selfish and envious feelings which would resist even its deliverance at the hands of a stranger. Bolivar, however, is not of a temperament to be easily discouraged, and unaided as he seems by the people to whose rescue he comes, he has with him a Colombian force which is considered more than adequate to the occasion. We must not omit to add, that as far as their journals can be credited (in a free country no mean authorities), there seems to be a strong feeling in Colombia itself against the policy of the auxiliary expedition. Some dispatches have arrived from Mr. Harvey, the Commissioner deputed from our government to Mexico, in order to ascertain the political situation and sentiments of that country. Those dispatches have not been officially published, but rumours of their contents have got abroad which we hope may be found correct. It is said that there is not now, and has not for some time been, a single Spanish soldier in that province, and that such measures have been taken as are likely to ensure the public tranquillity. The designs of Iturbide seem to have been fully anticipated—the moment intelligence arrived of his departure from Italy his pension was stopped, and General Bravo was nominated supreme director, in order to counteract the intrigues which this man's treacherous ambition had fomented. In the same ship which brought Mr. Harvey's dispatches, Don Jose Mariano Michelena, the new confidential agent to this country came a passenger.

There is no news from Spain of any interest—none certainly of any novelty. Ferdinand every now and then retires to his country palace to meditate, no doubt, on the blessings he bestows upon his people, and the glorious figure his reign will cut in history. He is generally accompanied in these excursions by the most intolerant of his ministers, and his return to Madrid is marked by the promulgation of some fresh decree more odious than its predecessor.

The Pope, who, since his election, has remained in a very infirm state of health, appears at last to have become at least convalescent; and as a proof of his returning energy, has issued what he calls an encyclic epistle, which must prove highly refreshing to the soul of every true believer. He indignantly dwells upon the diffusion of liberal theological opinions, denounces their authors, and benevolently calls upon the Almighty to crush them. The Bible Societies and the distributors of the sacred text without note or comment are also piously anathematized—indeed the holy fervour of this Christian epistle most clearly proves that the Almighty would not be called in to annihilate

the enemies of Peter's pence if the Pope's earthly arm was strong enough to do so; fortunately, however, as a temporal power he is become contemptible, and we hope the day is not far distant when the diffusion of literature and Christianity will equally enfeeble the blasphemy of his excommunications. It is a singular fact, that at the very period of this epistle's publication, a military order appeared from the Horse Guards disapproving of the Bible distribution as now carried on throughout the army! No doubt the Royal Commander-in-Chief was to a certain degree right; there is a great deal of juggle and hypocrisy going forward upon this subject; but still the strange coincidence of these publications, coupled with the Duke of York's known anti-papal prejudices, caused a considerable sensation, and originated not a little merriment. The consequence has been a modification of the order.

The last intelligence from India informs us of the commencement of a war in that country. Our accounts say that the King of Ava, who governs what is called the Birman empire, had lately manifested a very hostile disposition, and in one instance had even destroyed a post of British Seapoys. The consequence of this has been a declaration of war on our part, and a trifling action is stated to have already taken place. Such is all the information which we have been able to collect upon this subject, and all we are likely to collect, unless the publication of more should suit the good will and pleasure of the India censors. Our readers need not be informed, particularly since the deportation of Messrs. Buckingham and Arnot, of the severe superintendance which is exercised over the Indian Press, and of course with what caution all its representations, where the government is concerned, ought to be received. All the questions of war and peace in that distant possession have been weighed, we strongly suspect, rather in the scales of policy than those of justice, and on the present occasion we have but little chance of perusing, in any Bengal Gazette, the counter statement of the King of Ava. Let us hope we have principle to support us—it certainly behoves us to have force at all events, as the population of the Birman empire is estimated at seventeen millions.

We are very sorry to have to announce an event which partakes somewhat both of a foreign and domestic character; the death of the King and Queen of the Sandwich Islands. These strangers, with a considerable suite, had lately arrived in London for the purpose, it was said, of some personal disclosure from his Sandwich Majesty to our King—this disclosure unfortunately never took place, as the interview was protracted until this fatal illness rendered it impossible, and the royal visitor refused to make the communication even to Mr. Canning, who personally entertained their Majesties, and paid them an attention which did him credit. The complaint with which they and all their attendants were seized was the measles, unknown, it seems, in their islands. The Queen was the first victim, and in a few days after she was followed by the King, whose anxiety and depression at her death, say the physicians, aggravated all the symptoms of his disease. It is remarkable with what firmness they both died, being, it appears, perfectly conscious of their fate, and declaring their perfect resignation. When the Queen died, the King asked of his attendants whether they had seen her entombed; and on being informed they had, he said he was happy, and hoped that he should soon be with her, directing, in such event, that their bodies should be conveyed, as soon as possible, to his dominions. His Majesty, as did also the Queen, lay in state for a day or two after their death—the bodies were carefully embalmed, and deposited in leaden coffins in the vaults of St. Martin's church. The decoration of the rooms in which the bodies lay is represented as very imposing—it was performed after the manner of their country. The floor was strewed with rose leaves, and the war cloaks hung around the coffin; on the lid of the King's coffin was placed his magnificent sabre, which was entirely of gold, and beautifully ornamented. Intelligence of this event was immediately dispatched to the Prime Minister of the Sandwich Isles, who, it seems, was jocularly called by the

King, Mr. Pitt. It is supposed that the vessel will take five months in her voyage. The rest of the suite, together with the remains of their Majesties, are to follow as soon as possible. This event has caused a very melancholy sensation, not only among the royal attendants, but throughout the whole metropolis. Even independent of the correct deportment exhibited by these people, the first of their race who visited us, their decease in a strange land, under such circumstances, is calculated to excite a very sorrowful interest. They had all the care and attention which medical skill and private kindness could administer to them. They had, it seems, before their arrival, been converted to Christianity; and the Sandwich Islands have reason to lament the loss of many improvements which the sagacity of their King, who was very observant, would no doubt have introduced amongst his subjects.

The accounts from the West Indies describe the islands as in a state of great danger and confusion. The black population are extremely restless, and the whites proportionably irritable and vindictive. The Demerara papers are filled with discontent at the pardon extended to Mr. Smith, the missionary, but find some consolation in his Majesty's proclamation, that no emancipation of the slaves is in the royal contemplation. On the arrival of this document, two slaves were selected from every gang to hear the gracious declaration read, and convey its philanthropic intelligence to their fellows. We stated some time since the plan proposed by Mr. Canning, in parliament, for the gradual amelioration of these countries. The plan, however, seems to have given very little satisfaction in the places where it was intended to operate, and in Trinidad the white inhabitants have drawn up and voted a strong memorial against it.—Some important change seems to be in progress with respect to the black republic of Hayti; but its object does not at present fully develope itself. In St. Domingo the fear of a French invasion predominates, but with little apparent reason. Haytian envoys are represented as having arrived in Paris; and it is asserted that France is about to recognise the independence of the republic, in consideration of her receiving in return certain commercial advantages: a rumour much more probable than that of an invasion.

A curious piece of intelligence has come by accident to our knowledge within the last week. Many of our readers are not perhaps aware that the original will of Napoleon is in the hands of a proctor, in Doctor's Commons; deposited there, as we have been given to understand, by Count Montholon, one of the executors and a principal legatee. This document, bequeathing immense property, has been the subject of considerable litigation in the French Courts, and there have been even some crowned opponents on the subject. The actual instrument itself, however, has never yet come before the public; the various discussions having arisen merely upon extracts. Indeed the will itself is of such a nature that it cannot fail to prove extremely disagreeable to more governments than the French. It is written with great art, though with great asperity, and is throughout highly characteristic of its author. It is a remarkable fact, that in its very first sentence Napoleon calls the Government of England an *oligarchy*. His phrases, seldom flung out at chance, are seldom without a very appropriate meaning; the same sentence also sets the question between Mr. O'Meara and Sir Hudson Lowe completely at rest, but in whose favour it is not for us to offer an opinion. The bequests are, some of them, likely to excite recollections in the French army by no means palatable to the present reigning family; and indeed we should say that the entire document is likely, if now promulgated, to prove very injurious to their interest. The strange fact however is, that Count Montholon dispatched a special courier to the proctor, last week, directing him *instantly to prove the will*,—a step which must ensure its extensive publication. Montholon is living in Paris, under the very eye of the French Government; a Government so timid with respect to publications, that some very harmless English journals are prohibited by them. We have, however, no hesitation in saying that this document, if it comes under the eye of the army,

will prove more dangerous than the whole British Press taken together. A caveat has been entered for the present, which, however, cannot be sustained, though it may delay the grant of the probate, and of course the publication for a short time.

Parliament has been prorogued after a session of very little interest, by a speech which contained, if possible, still less. There was very little business for the two or three nights immediately preceding the prorogation. Sir James Macintosh, on presenting a petition from some merchants at Manchester praying for the speedy recognition of South American independence, took occasion to allude in terms of strong panegyric to Lord Cochrane, and those late exploits which must increase the general regret that a name so honourable to the British nation was not still enrolled in the British Navy. Indeed, we believe, that there is now but one opinion as to the severity exercised towards this most gallant officer. We are glad to observe, by a motion of Mr. Herries, that it is in contemplation immediately to concentrate and simplify the Excise and Custom laws. This is an amendment much wanted. These laws, which now run into two or three hundred enactments, are to be comprised in four or five separate bills. Our whole civil and criminal code requires a similar concentration. At present few eyes can read, few memories retain, and few understandings comprehend it. Some discussion took place upon the conduct of the Surrey Magistrates, and the atrocious treatment to which Mr. O Callaghan had been subjected in the Surrey prison. This case has excited a great sensation throughout the country. Mr. O'Callaghan's imprisonment has expired, and on his leaving the prison he was loudly and repeatedly cheered by the populace. The following is the account given of the prorogation of parliament.

The Lord Chancellor took his seat on the woolsack at one o'clock, at which time the body of the House was completely filled with elegantly dressed ladies. At half past two o'clock, His Majesty, accompanied by the great officers of state, entered the House, and seated himself on the throne, crowned. In a few minutes the Speaker appeared at the bar, accompanied by about fifty members. Mr. Canning was the only cabinet minister present; he wore the Windsor uniform. The Speaker then addressed the King in a speech containing an outline of the labours of the session. He presented a Bill of Supply and other bills, which received the royal assent; after which His Majesty delivered the following speech:—

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"I cannot close this Session of Parliament without returning to you my warmest acknowledgments for the diligence and assiduity with which you have applied yourselves to the several objects, of public interest that have been submitted to your consideration. I deeply regret the painful necessity under which you have found yourselves, of renewing for a further period, measures of extraordinary precaution in Ireland. I entirely approve of the inquiries which you have thought proper to institute as to the nature and extent of the evils unhappily existing in the disturbed districts of that country, and I have no doubt that you will see the expediency of pursuing your inquiries in another session. I continue to receive from all Foreign Powers the strongest assurances of their friendly disposition towards this country, and you may rely on my endeavours being invariably directed to the maintenance of a general peace and to the protection of the interests and extension of the commerce of my subjects.

"Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

"I thank you for the supplies which you have provided for the service of the present year, and especially for the grants which you have so liberally made in furtherance of the interests of religion, and in support of the splendour of the Crown. I am fully sensible of the advantages which may be expected to arise from the relief you have afforded to some of the most important branches of the national industry.

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"I have the greatest satisfaction in repeating to you my congratulations upon the general and increasing prosperity of the country. I am persuaded that you will carry with you into your respective counties the same spirit of harmony which has distinguished your deliberations during the present session; and that you will cultivate among all classes of my subjects those feelings of content and attachment to the Constitution, upon the continuance and diffusion of which, under Providence, mainly depends, not only individual happiness, but the high station which this kingdom holds among the nations of the world."

The Lord Chancellor then said,

"My Lords and Gentlemen,—It is his Majesty's royal will and pleasure, that this Parliament be prorogued to Tuesday the 24th day of August next, to be then here

holden; and this Parliament is accordingly prorogued to Tuesday the 24th day of August next."

The Commons then retired, and his Majesty departed.

Our readers will perceive by this, that the King prorogued parliament in person. He was well received by the people, but looked pale and walked infirmly. On passing through the painted chamber he leaned upon the arm of Lord Gwydyr.

A new commissioner has been appointed under the new Insolvent Act, and three out of the four commissioners are to make three circuits every year. Each of these circuits is calculated at 800 miles, so that each commissioner must travel yearly 2400 miles! Can these gentlemen be said to belong to a *sedentary* profession?

Within the last month, a very unusual number of crim.con. cases have been tried, and some of them of a very aggravated nature. We are informed that there are now forty-four new churches and chapels building around the metropolis.

Having in a former number alluded to a publication grossly impugning Doctor Warburton's madhouse, it is only due to that gentleman to say, that he brought an action against the libeller (one Benbow), who did not even attempt a defence; 500*l.* damages were given: Benbow, it seems, is a prisoner in the King's Bench for debt.

A most extraordinary case was tried last sessions at the Old Bailey. A young gentleman of the name of Robinson was accused of no less than six different robberies, and positively sworn to by a variety of persons. He was acquitted on five and convicted on one indictment, which appeared to us much the slightest of all. The question turned entirely on his identity, and the jury who tried the last four cases seemed to have no doubt that the prosecutors were mistaken as to his person, and that these crimes were committed by some one who strongly resembled him. He received from a crowd of witnesses who knew him from his birth an excellent character, and the two judges joined in recommending a pardon in the case on which he was convicted. This was, perhaps, the most curious question of identity ever tried.

The remains of Lord Byron have been deposited in the family vault at Hucknell, in Nottinghamshire. Every respect was paid to the procession in the different towns through which it passed.

A grand plan for erecting a quay and colonnade, along the north bank of the Thames, has been laid before a public meeting by Colonel Trench, its projector, and very favourably received. The negociation for the loan of 150,000*l.* for the removal of Fleet Market is closed. Sir C. Flower has taken it.

There is no news from Ireland except the usual average of murders and conflagrations. Accounts from Galway state, that the peasantry are starving, and the merchants busy in exporting great quantities of provisions. What a perfect specimen of the whole system by which that country is regulated!

July 25.

AGRICULTURE.

Since our last report great alteration has taken place in the crops in general. The wheat now promises almost in every county throughout the kingdom to be extremely productive, and if the weather proves propitious and harvesting, the crop will be at least an average one. Throughout all the reports from the different counties, we do not perceive a single one which speaks doubtfully of the wheat. The barleys are not however so good, but the crop will be very fair, considering the cold in the early part of the season. The young clovers are growing very strong and fast among the barley, which generally causes the harvest to be later. It is expected that it will begin about the first and second week of August, and will be pretty general before the twentieth. The hay crop was extremely heavy, and has been got up in a better state than has been known for many years. The season continues most favourable for turnips, which are doing admirably, and at present but very few failures are heard of. In some parts of the eastern district the sowing will be late in consequence of the delay in the hay-harvest.

Mr. Sutton's method for the destruction of the turnip-fly has excited some attention among the agriculturists, who are divided in their opinions of its efficacy. The pamphlet has occasioned many speculations on the subject, and has given rise to the promulgation of several other methods for the destruction of this insect, which are considered more applicable to any season.—Mr. Paul, of Starston, Norfolk, who has endeavoured so successfully to eradicate this

pest, has, among many other gentlemen, published his opinions upon Mr. Sutton's pamphlet, which, as it respects this insect, is totally at variance with Mr. Sutton's.—Mr. Paul states, that having reared this insect, and observed it closely through its principal states of existence, he is led to doubt the probability of so immediate a growth into life and vigorous action as Mr. Sutton's progress implies, and the rather because the fly always begins its ravages on one side of a field, never in the middle, and pursues its course in a well-defined line from the part whence it sets out, marking its course by the destruction it makes. Mr. Paul states finally, that he shall endeavour to ascertain the habits of the insect; but from the above observations he is led to suppose that it does not deposit its eggs over the face of the field, but in some retired spot, as hedge-rows, &c.—Mr. Sutton states, that the insect is incapable of flying from one field to the other. This point is contradicted by several agriculturists, who expressly state that they have not only seen them fly, but have observed them in gardens, to which they could not have obtained access without flying.—Sulphur mixed with sea-sand at the rate of three bushels of sand and three pounds of sulphur per acre, has been recommended.—Unslacked lime, pulverised, and spread over the plants when the fly is upon them, to be sown either night or day, the former the most preferable, is also mentioned as a remedy.—This however has not been a season very favourable to Mr. Sutton's plan, which cannot therefore be said to have had a fair experiment.

Thetford wool fair was held on the 17th of this month. Much business was transacted. The prices were as under:—for Mr. Coke's wool, three-fifths hogget, 56*s.*; the Duke of Norfolk's half hogget and half ewe, and fat sheep, 52*s.* Mr. Reeve of Wighton offered his two-thirds hogget wool at 63*s.*, but it was not accepted. Several other bargains were made at 56*s.* hogget, and 32*s.* ewe wool.

The accounts from the hop plantations are much more promising. The plants are recovering from their weakness upon the dry soils, but upon the stiff lands their appearance is not so promising. The crop will be thin. The duty has been stated as high as 135,000*l.* There is but little business doing.

The average arrivals have been—wheat 5999 quarters; barley 748 quarters; oats 19,004 quarters; common flour 7439 sacks; fine flour 691 barrels.

The average prices are, for wheat 61*s.*3*d.*; barley 33*s.*9*d.*; oats 27*s.* 6*d.*; Rye 40*s.*5*d.*; beans 38*s.* 9*d.*; peas 39*s.* 6*d.*

In Smithfield both beef and mutton are heavy sale in consequence of the heat. The former sells at 3*s.* 8*d.* to 4*s.* 4*d.*, and the latter fetches from 3*s.*6*d.* to 4*s.* 4*d.* per stone.

COMMERCE.

July 20, 1824.

In furtherance of the system of commercial regulation adopted by the present Ministers, in our relations with foreign powers, treaties on the principle of reciprocity have been concluded with Prussia, Hanover, and Hamburg. The formal recognition of the new American States has not yet taken place. The appointment of consuls appears to have given great satisfaction at Buenos Ayres, and the appointment of so eminent a diplomatic character as Mr. Morier to the mission to Mexico appears to authorise the inference, that our Government entertains a favourable opinion of the prospects of that State, especially as Mr. Morier has sailed accompanied by his whole family and domestic establishment, which shows that he does not contemplate a merely transitory visit.

Cotton.—Till last week the business in the cotton market was inconsiderable, but without any alteration in the prices. Last week there were several public sales of cotton, consisting of 666 bales, all in bond, viz.—163 Bourbons, good to fine 10*d.* to 10¾*d.* per lb. fair 9½*d.* to 9¾*d.* middling and ordinary 8½*d.* to 9¼*d.* which sold on a par with the last Company's sale prices; 286 Boweds and Alabama, good fair 8¾*d.* fair 8⅜*d.* and middling 8*d.*; 88 good fair Orleans 10⅛*d.* and 65 good fair Berbice 10¼*d.* to 10⅜*d.* per lb.; the latter were taken in, and only a part of the American cottons could find buyers, at a reduction of ⅛*d.* per lb. The demand by private contract has been principally for Brazil cottons; and about 600 bales Pernams have been taken for export, and 300 for home consumption, on lower terms, viz. 10¾*d.* to 10⅞*d.* per lb. in bond; beside which there have been 550 bales of other descriptions sold, viz. 200 Bengals, 5¼*d.* to 6*d.*; 100 Surats, 5⅝*d.* to 7¼*d.*; and 250 Madras, 6⅛*d.* to 6⅝*d.* At Liverpool, the sales in four weeks were 38,350 bags, the arrivals 61,666 bags.

Sugar.—Though the arrivals have been very extensive, and the show of new Muscovades considerable, but little business has been done; the buyers, anticipating lower prices, have held back; but the sellers have not shown a disposition to consent to any reduction. The market this morning was plentifully supplied with new sugars, and, as the trade and refiners have purchased lately very small parcels for immediate use, in the anticipation of these arrivals, it was fully expected they would come forward and purchase extensively, as the prices are so very low; contrary to general expectation, however, there has been little business done, though the buyers were at market at an early hour this morning. There is no alteration in the prices. The public sale of Barbadoes sugar this forenoon,

162 casks, went off freely at full prices, 57*s.* to 66*s.* 6*d.*; the fine sold a shade higher than the late currency. The refined market last week was exceedingly heavy, and lower prices were submitted to for every description of goods, except low lumps, which were scarce and in demand; patent goods were particularly heavy; crushed was sold at prices 1*s.* to 2*s.* lower.—Molasses 25*s.* The supplies of low lumps are still inconsiderable, but there is not so much demand this forenoon; the market is without variation as to the prices.—Molasses 25*s.* to 25*s.* 6*d.* In foreign sugars the only purchases lately reported are middling white Brazils at 32*s.* to 33*s.*

Coffee.—The market, which was rather heavy at the close of last month, has since considerably improved. The prices of the middling and finer descriptions have advanced. The ordinary and foreign, without so great an increase in price, have experienced a very great augmentation in the demand. The market this forenoon has assumed a decided appearance of an improvement; there were three public sales brought forward, the whole went off with uncommon briskness, at a general advance of 1*s* to 2*s.* per cwt. particularly ordinary British plantation and foreign coffee; good ordinary Jamaica sold 60*s.* to 61*s.*; fine ordinary 63*s.* to 65*s.*; St. Domingo fair quality 60*s.* to 61*s.*; La Guayra fine ordinary 61*s.* to 61*s.* 6*d.* good ordinary 58*s.* to 59*s.*; fine middling Jamaica at 97*s.* to 101*s* in considerable parcels.

Indigo.—The East India sale of 2772 chests commenced heavily, but ended with great spirit. Prices varied from last sale, to an advance of 4*d.* to 6*d.* per lb. and in some instances to 9*d.* 1000 chests were withdrawn by the proprietors. The Company's 729 chests sold freely, being taxed considerably under their value.—But little alteration since the sale.

Tea.—We have only to remark a great demand for Pekoes, which have advanced 2*d.* per lb. since last sale.

Oils.—There are no accounts received respecting the fisheries. Greenland, to arrive, continues nominally at 21*l.* 10*s.*—The market is heavy.

Spices.—There is a good demand for cinnamon, pimento, and pepper. No alteration in other spices.

Hemp, Flax, and Tallow.—The demand for tallow continues very limited, and yellow candle tallow may be stated very heavy at 34*s.* 3*d.* for parcels here; for arrival the prices are a shade lower; August and September shipments 36*s.* to 35*s.* 9*d.* free on board 29*s.*—In Flax or Hemp there is little variation; the latter for July and August shipments offers at 35*l.* 10*s.*

Rum, Brandy, and Hollands.—The old landed rums, having lately been pressed on the market at very low prices, induces the exporters to pay much attention to rum for shipments; many rather extensive parcels continue to be selected, and the export weekly continues extensive; from the quantity, however, offering there has been no improvement in the prices; low Leewards on board 1*s.* 4*d.* and in some instances extensive parcels could be purchased a shade lower; no alteration can be stated in the general currency.—The accounts of the appearance of the vines in France continue unfavourable; but, from the great change in the weather here and the heat, it is expected the next advices will be more flattering. The market in the mean time remains heavy, but the prices are supported; free on board to arrive 2*s.* 7*d.*—In Geneva there is no alteration.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The following works are in the press:—

Richmond and its Vicinity, with a Glance at Twickenham, Strawberry-hill and Hampton-court. By the Rev. Dr. Evans, of Islington.

The Marquis de Salvo's Works upon the late Revolutions in Europe.

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Sketches of the History, Manners, and Customs of the North American Indians. By James Buchanan, Esq. 8vo. 10s 6d.

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

The Rev Henry Law, son of the Bishop of Bath and Wells, to the Archdeaconry of Richmond, in the diocese of Chester and to the Rectory of West Camell, in the diocese of Bath and Wells —The Dean and Chapter of Christ Church, Canterbury, have appointed the Rev George Henry Marriot Vicar of Lynsted, in that county and Rector of Hisleigh, in the county of Essex, a Minor Canon of that Cathedral, void by the death of the Rev J Ford —The Rev Henry Taylor of Kensington, and late of Lincoln College, Oxford, to the Rectory of Stoke near Grantham Lincolnshire —The Rev Albert Jones BA of St John's College Oxford, appointed, by the Dean and Chapter of Hereford, second Master of the Cathedral School, in the place of the Rev William Cooke, MA of New College resigned —The Rev R Moore, BA to the Rectory of Cley next the Sea, Norfolk —The Rev H Stebbing, BA to the Perpetual Curacy of Ilketshall, St Laurence, Norfolk —The Rev Thomas Rogers MA late Fellow of Sidney Sussex College Cambridge, elected Head Master of the Free Grammar School, at Wakefield —[illegible] has been pleased to nominate the Rev Christopher Lipscomb DD to the Bishopric of Jamaica and the Rev William Hart Coleridge DD to the Bishopric of Barbadoes and the Leeward Islands —The Bishop of Ossory [illegible] the Rev Richard [illegible] to the Union of [illegible] in his Lordship's gift, vacant by the death of the Rev Alex Hamilton —The Rev Owen Marden of Lunley [illegible] Chester, to the Rectory of Ingelsthorpe Lincolnshire vacant by the death of the Rev Jonathan Rudd —Rev R [illegible] of St John's College Cambridge to the Perpetual Curacy of West Butterwick, Lincolnshire —Rev Francis Metcalf, MA Rector of Kelhull Cambridgeshire to the Vicarage of [illegible] in the East Riding of Yorkshire, vacant by the resignation of the Rev John Strickland —Rev William Logie to the Church and Parish of Kirkwall and St Olaus in the Presbytery of Kirkwall and county of Orkney, void by the death of the Rev Mr Yule —The Rev S Browne Minor Canon Rochester, presented by the Dean and Chapter to the Rectory of Kingsdown, in Kent vacant by the death of the late Dr Strahan —The Rev W Wilson DD Fellow of Queen's College to the Rectory of Oakley Hants and also to the Vicarage of St Cross in Southampton —The Rev H Dorne, Vicar of Cranborne Dorset, and Rector of Foscombe Wilts to be Domestic Chaplain to the Dowager Marchioness of Salisbury —The Bishop of Chester has appointed the Rev James Blomfield [illegible] Emmanuel College, Cambridge, one of his Domestic Chaplains —The Bishop of Ely has appointed his eldest son, the Rev John Henry Sparke Prebendary of Ely, Rector of Cottenham, &c Chancellor of Ely, vice the late Dr Compton —The Hon and Rev Mr King to the Rectory of Chesterford Essex, vacant by the promotion of Dr Blomfield to the See of Chester —The Rev Leonard Jenyns, to the Perpetual Cure of West Dereham, Norfolk —The Rev James Holmes, MA Rector of Colesborne, to the Perpetual Curacy of Compton Abdale Gloucestershire —The Rev Mr Cole Vicar of Taunton St. James vice the Rev T Townsend deceased

OXFORD June 26 —The number of Gentlemen to whom testimoniums for Degrees were granted, but who were not admitted into either of the Classes amounted to 138

Doctor in Divinity —The Rev James Ingram, President of Trinity College

CAMBRIDGE —Sir W Browne's Gold Medals have been adjudged as follows —

The Greek Ode to Benjamin Hall Kennedy, St John's College Subject —

——— Ω παιδες Ελληνων ιτε

Ελευθερουτε πατριδ', ελευθερουτε δε

Παιδας, γυναικας—νυν υπερ παντων αγων

Latin Ode

Subject —Aleppo Urbs Syriæ terræ motu funditus eversa —To Benjamin Hall Kennedy, St. John's College

Epigrams

Subject —Scribimus indocti doctique—— To Winthrop Mackworth Praed Trinity College

The Porson Prize for the best translation of a passage from Shakspeare into Greek verse was adjudged to Benjamin Hall Kennedy of St John's College Subject, Merchant of Venice, Act IV, Scene 1, beginning with "Portia—Of a strange nature is the suit you follow"—And ending with "Shylock—The penalty and forfeit of my bond"

WINCHESTER COLLEGE July 15 — The Prizes were distributed as follows —

Gold Medals

Wordsworth —"The vast and unlimited Regions of Learning should be frequently contemplated"—*English Essay*

Fisher — "Delphis [illegible] saut"— *Latin Verse*

Silver Medals

Grant — "E primâ Ciceronis in Catilinam oratione"

Stackpoole — "From Demosthenes on the Crown"

BIRTHS

June 19— The lady of the Rev Dr Russell, of the Charter house a son

— Lately the lady of Swynfen Jervis, Esq of Swynnerton Park, a son

28 The lady of Sir Frederick Baker a daughter

July 7 —In Russell square, the lady of Isaac Walker, Esq a daughter

11 In Upper Grosvenor street, the lady of G R Dawson Esq MP a son

— At Clifton, the lady of Andrew Doran, Esq of the island of Madeira a son

14 In York street, Portman square, the lady of Thos Mitchell Smith Esq a son

13 In Queen square, the lady of A H Lynch, Esq a daughter

15 At Hackney, the lady of John Bowring, Esq a son

21 At South Villa, Regent's Park, the lady of W. H Cooper, Esq a son

16 At Snaresbrook, Essex the lady of Geo Blair Hall, Esq. a son

MARRIAGES.

June 22 —The Hon Hugh Francis Manners Tollemache fourth son of Lord Huntingtower, to Matilda fifth daughter of Joseph Hume Esq of Montpellier house, Notting hill, Kensington

22 Joseph Dixon, Esq of Hatton Garden, to Louisa youngest daughter of Robert Patten, Esq of the same place

23 By Special License, at Orby Hunter's, Esq Grosvenor place, George Wombwell, Esq eldest son of Sir George Wombwell, Bart to Georgiana, youngest daughter of Orby Hunter,

Esq. of Crowland Abbey, Lincolnshire. The ceremony was performed by the Hon. and Very Rev. Gerard Wellesley, Dean of St. Paul's; and the bride was given away by His Royal Highness the Duke of York.

— At Torre, Devonshire, George Spiller, Esq. to Caroline Alicia Elizabeth Drummond Woodgate, niece to Lord Kilconrsie.

24. At St. James's Church, Hugh Mallett, Esq. of Ash House, Devonshire, to Caroline, eldest daughter of the Hon. John Coventry, of Burgate-house, Hants.

26. At Camberwell, John Thomson, Esq. of West-square, to Isabella, only daughter of Dr Glennie, of Dulwich Grove.

— At Bath, Capt. James Bradley, RN. second son of the late Andrew Hawes Bradley, Esq. of Gore Court, Kent, to Caroline, eldest daughter of the late Admiral Western, of Tattingstone Place, Suffolk.

28. At St. George's Hanover-square, by the Right Hon. and Rev. Lord Brandon, Samuel Whitbread, Esq. MP. to Julia, daughter of Major-General, the Hon. Henry Brand.

29. At Hildersham, Cambridgeshire, Septimus Burton, Esq. of York Terrace, Regent's Park, to Charlotte, youngest daughter of J. C Middleton, Esq. of Hildersham Hall.

— At St. James's Church, Mr James Taylor, of Bakewell, to June, daughter of the late Mr. Joseph Hunt, of Piccadilly.

July 1.—At Mary-le-bone Church, Geo. J. Butler, Esq. to Frances Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the late Samuel Gambier, Esq.

3. At Cambridge, the Rev. Henry George Keene, Fellow of Sidney Sussex College, and Assistant Oriental Professor of the East India College, to Anne, third daughter of the late Charles Apthorpe Wheelwright, Esq. of Highbury.

— At Mary-le-bone Church, the Rev. W. Hicks, AM. Rector of Whittington and Coberley, Gloucestershire, to Amelia Maria, widow of the late George Elwes, Esq. of Marsham Park, Bucks.

9. By Special Licence, in Portland Place, the Right Hon. Lord Garvagh, to Rosabella Charlotte, eldest daughter of Henry Bonham, Esq MP. for Sandwich.

13. By the Hon and Right Rev. the Bishop of Lincoln, the Right Hon. Lord De Dunstanville, to Harriett, daughter of Sir Wm. Lemon, Bart. MP. for Cornwall.

— At St. James's, Clerkenwell, James Taylor, Esq of Furnival's Inn, to Mary, youngest daughter of the late Jesse Ainsworth, Esq. of Wicken Hall, Lancashire.

— By Special Licence, by the Dean of Carlisle, the Hon. and Rev. Henry Edward John Howard, youngest son of the Earl of Carlisle, to Henrietta Elizabeth, daughter of J. Wright, Esq. of Mapperley, Notts.

— At Biddenden, Kent, by the Hon. and Rev. Dr. Stewart, the Right Hon. Lord George Henry Spencer Churchill, third son of the Duke of Marlborough, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the Rev. Dr. Nares, Rector of Biddenden, and niece to the Duke of Marlborough.

14. At Kneesworth House, Royston, Henry Smith, Esq. son of Samuel Smith, Esq. MP. of Woodhall Park, Herts, to Lady Lucy Leslie Melville, sister of the Earl of Leven and Melville.

19 At Ashstead, Surrey, Robert Campbell Scarlett, Esq., eldest son of James Scarlett, Esq. M.P., to Sarah, youngest daughter of the late George Smith, Esq., Chief Justice of the Mauritius.

20. At St. Margaret's, Westminster, Capt. Fane, R N., (brother to John Fane, Esq. M.P. for Oxfordshire, and nephew to the Earl of Macclesfield), to Miss Flint, youngest sister of Sir C. Flint.

DEATHS.

June 17.—At Glaston, Rutlandshire, in his 56th year, the Hon. George Watson, uncle to Lord Sondes.

18. Charlotte, relict of the late Rev. Joseph Fawcett, many years lecturer at the Old Jewry chapel.

19. At Seymour Place, Little Chelsea, Donna Maria Theresa del Riego y Riego, widow of General Don Rafael del Riego y Riego. Her remains were interred with great solemnity on the 26th, at the Catholic chapel, Moorfields.

21. At his house, Park-lane, after a lingering illness, James Peter Auriol, Esq.

— The Hon. Gerard Turnour, RN. aged 59, son of Edward Garth Turnour, late Earl of Winterton, by Anne his first Countess, daughter of Thomas, late Lord Archer.

24. At an advanced age, Mr. Wilson Lowry. This eminent artist effected very considerable improvements in engraving; and more than one of our modern encyclopædias, and similar works, are greatly indebted to him for the many beautiful plates of architectural subjects, mechanics, &c. with which he enriched them. Besides his professional ability Mr. Lowry was well versed in many branches of science, particularly that of mineralogy.

30. At Winchester, the Rev. Thomas Rennell, BD. Vicar of Kensington, and Prebendary of South Grantham, Lincolnshire.

July 1.—At Walworth, in his 38th year, Tyrell Herbert Henderson, Esq. of the Auditor's Office, East India House.

— In Duke-street, St. James's, in his 63d year, Major-General Lachlan Macquarie, who had served his country 47 years. On the 11th his remains were removed for interment in the Isle of Mull, on which occasion a number of the carriages of the nobility attended them to the wharf where they were embarked.

— At Aberystwith, William Bensall, MD. aged 43.

3. In Berkeley-square, in her 82d year, the Dowager Countess of Albemarle.

— At Devizes, after a few hour's illness, John Gale, Esq.

4. In Cavendish square, the Right Hon the Countess of Brownlow.

7. At Leamington, after a few days' illness, Lieut. Joseph Deane Bourke, 7th Royal Fusiliers, son of the Hon and Very Rev. the Dean of Ossory.

— In Bedford square, in his 81st year, Sir George Wood, Knight, late one of the Barons of the Court of Exchequer. His remains were interred on the 14th, in the Temple Church, of which society he was a member The Baron was a sound lawyer, and distinguished for his patience and attention in his judicial capacity.

8. At Osborne's Hotel, in the Adelphi, aged 22, Tamehamelu, consort of Tamehameha, King of the Sandwich Islands. The latter also died on the 14th, of the same disorder the measles). Their remains have been deposited in a vault in St. Martin's Church, until they can be conveyed home. The King is succeeded by his brother, a child of about eight years of age

9. Clara, wife of Charles Gilchrist, Esq. of Sunbury.

10. At Glanrheidol, Cardiganshire, George Bonsell, Esq. FRS. and FSA Chairman of the Quarter Sessions for that county.

13. In Baker-street, Portman square, Sir James Fitzgerald, who destroyed himself by means of a pistol The unfortunate gentleman, who was between 60 and 70 years of age, lingered some time after the fatal act. He was allied to the noble house of Leinster.

14. At Cheltenham, Octavia, wife of Marmaduke Constable, Esq.

15 At Eaton, Salop, the Dowager Lady Tyrwhitt Jones.

17. Aged 4 years, Lady Frances Boyle, youngest daughter of the Earl of Shannon.

ABROAD.

At Florence, on the 18th of June, Ferdinand III. Grand Duke of Tuscany, and brother to the Emperor of Austria, aged 55. He is succeeded by his son, Leopold II. His Highness was one of the greatest book collectors in Europe.

At sea, on his return from Madeira, Thomas Martineau, Esq. late Assistant Surgeon at the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital.

At Naples, in his 24th year, John, youngest son of William Sturch, Esq. of York Terrace, Regent's Park.

At Pau, the capital of the Basses Pyrenées, Major Stuart Maxwell, of the Royal Artillery. This officer served in several campaigns of the Peninsular war, and commanded a brigade at the battle of Vittoria. He was author of a poem entitled the "Battle of the Bridge"

THE

LONDON MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1824

CONTENTS

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR TAYLOR AND HESSEY.

THE LION'S HEAD.

MR. LION,

> Quem non ille ducem potuit terrere tumultus?
> Fata sed in præceps solitus committere Cæsar,
> Fortunamque suam per summa pericula gaudens
> Exercere, venit.

Let me have just one "push and parry" with the Consuls Julius and Cæsar, if you love me. Julius asks, "what does he mean by quoting Sappho's εις εταιραν to prove her power of imagination?" and he adds, "it proves not this at all; but her intensity of feeling." Again he says, that "The Simple Story is, even by Surrey's own account of it, rather the product of intense feeling than of fine imagination." He says also, "intense feeling is not *always* a source of the sublime;" and that "feeling never takes this direction, unless when prompted by a totally different agent—towering genius." Now here he admits that intense feeling is *sometimes* the source of sublimity; the admission being included in the phrase *not always*: it *may* be so then in the instance of Sappho's ode: if he affirm that this is not an instance of feeling "prompted by towering genius," he merely begs the question. It is still *sublime*.

Will Julius permit me to answer his question by asking him one in turn? "How can things or characters be *represented*, brought into bold relief, or, as we say, *created*, by intense feeling only, apart from the imaginative power or shaping faculty?" As I think they cannot, I hold myself free to consider Sappho's pathological rhapsody as sublime, and The Simple Story as a work of imagination. Not, of course, in the vulgar or popular sense affixed to the word; of something of *diablerie* or *fairyism*. Not having the fear of Pope before my eyes, I must own it to be my opinion, that men and women, and not sylphs, are the subjects which task a writer's imagination. He thinks the epithet *masculine*, applied in common parlance to such productions of women as partake of extraordinary energy, concedes the point in dispute. I think just the contrary. Namely, that it proves that for which alone I contended: that there have been and are such productions: works of masculine genius and power by female pens.

With regard to the sublimity of Sappho's fragment, the proposition belongs to Longinus, and to Longinus I refer him. *Παντα μεν τοιαυτα γινεται περι τους ερωντας· η ληψις δ', ὡς εφην, των ακρων, και ἡ εις ταυτο συναιρεσις απειργασατο* ΤΗΝ ΕΞΟΧΗΝ.* SURREY.

* These symptoms severally occur in persons under the influence of love: it is, as I have before said, the seizure of the most prominent and the condensation of them, that has STRUCK OUT THE SUBLIME.

Mr. Lion,—An Horatian sop for your kingly maw. Bob Short, *Impransus.*

Persicos odi.—i. 38.

Boy! your Persian courses like me not:
  Away with the linden-tied coronet:
Spare the search for that only spot
  Where the late rose of summer lingers yet.

Prank not, prithee, the myrtle bough
  Busily sorting flower with flower;
Base myrtle, boy! shall not shame our brow,
  As thou fill'st and I quaff in the vine-tree bower.

We have much pleasure in finding room for the following Sonnet, which ought to have been inserted some time ago.

SONNET.

The cold rude blast of winter hath past by,
  And earth will wake again in loveliness;
  She will be young again—again will bless
The sight, when glowing in the summer sky:
Winter again will scathe her, and the eye
  Of man may mark her desolate distress—
  But let him weep himself, whose hope is less,
And for his own past seasons breathe the sigh.
  Earth will arise in light when he is sleeping!
When worms are feasting in his midnight tomb,
  Her vines will blush, her harvests will be reaping.
For him, one season only is his doom;
  One youth—one spring—but one—one summer's glow;
  One fatal winter—two he ne'er shall know. J. Bounden.

We cannot give Tantalus a favourable answer to his question, and shall therefore be silent on that score, and spare at once his poetry and his feelings.

The answer which was given last month to N. G. S. must, we are sorry to say, suffice likewise for the present.

There is so much that is really clever in Q.'s communication, that we give it up with regret, but we really cannot find room for so long a paper, on such a subject.

We are under the necessity of refusing R. L. D.—Sonnets to Ingratitude and Miss ——,—M.'s Sonnet,—Δ. Σ.—Hero and Leander.

THE

London Magazine.

SEPTEMBER, 1824.

BLAKESMOOR IN H——SHIRE.

I do not know a pleasure more affecting than to range at will over the deserted apartments of some fine old family mansion. The traces of extinct grandeur admit of a better passion than envy; and contemplations on the great and good, whom we fancy in succession to have been its inhabitants, weave for us illusions, incompatible with the bustle of modern occupancy, and vanities of foolish present aristocracy. The same difference of feeling, I think, attends us between entering an empty and a crowded church. In the latter it is chance but some present human frailty—an act of inattention on the part of some of the auditory—or a trait of affectation, or worse, vain-glory, on that of the preacher—puts us by our best thoughts, disharmonising the place and the occasion. But wouldst thou know the beauty of holiness?—go alone on some week-day, borrowing the keys of good Master Sexton, traverse the cool aisles of some country church—think of the piety that has kneeled there—the congregations, old and young, that have found consolation there—the meek pastor—the docile parishioner—with no disturbing emotions, no cross conflicting comparisons—drink in the tranquillity of the place, till thou thyself become as fixed and motionless as the marble effigies that kneel and weep around thee.

Journeying northward lately, I could not resist going some few miles out of my road, to look upon the remains of an old great house with which I had been impressed in this way in infancy. I was apprized that the owner of it had lately pulled it down; still I had a vague notion that it could not all have perished, that so much solidity with magnificence could not have been crushed all at once into the mere dust and rubbish which I found it.

The work of ruin had proceeded with a swift hand indeed, and the demolition of a few weeks had reduced it to—an antiquity.

I was astonished at the indistinction of every thing. Where had stood the great gates? What bounded the court-yard? Whereabout did the out-houses commence? a few bricks only lay as representatives of that which was so stately and so spacious.

Death does not shrink up his human victim at this rate. The burnt ashes of a man weigh more in their proportion.

Had I seen these brick-and-mortar knaves at their process of destruction, at the plucking of every pannel I should have felt the varlets at my heart. I should have cried out to

them to spare a plank at least out of the cheerful store-room, in whose hot window-seat I used to sit, and read Cowley, with the grass-plat before, and the hum and flappings of that one solitary wasp that ever haunted it, about me—it is in mine ears now, as oft as summer returns—or a pannel of the yellow room.

Why, every plank and pannel of that house for me had magic in it. The tapestried bed-rooms—tapestry so much better than painting—not adorning merely, but peopling the wainscots—at which childhood ever and anon would steal a look, shifting its coverlid (replaced as quickly) to exercise its tender courage in a momentary eye-encounter with those stern bright visages, staring reciprocally—all Ovid on the walls, in colours vivider than his descriptions. Actæon in mid sprout, with the unappeasable prudery of Diana; and the still more provoking, and almost culinary coolness of Dan Phœbus, eel-fashion, deliberately divesting of Marsyas.

Then, that haunted room — in which old Mrs. Battle died—whereinto I have crept, but always in the day-time, with a passion of fear; and a sneaking curiosity, terror-tainted, to hold communication with the past.—*How shall they build it up again?*

It was an old deserted place, yet not so long deserted but that traces of the splendour of past inmates were everywhere apparent. Its furniture was still standing—even to the tarnished gilt leather battledores, and crumbling feathers of shuttlecocks, in the nursery, which told that children had once played there. But I was a lonely child, and had the range at will of every apartment, knew every nook and corner, wondered and worshipped everywhere.

The solitude of childhood is not so much the mother of thought, as it is the feeder of love, and silence, and admiration. So strange a passion for the place possessed me in those years, that, though there lay—I shame to say how few roods distant from the mansion—half hid by trees, what I judged some romantic lake — such was the spell which bound me to the house, and such my carefulness not to pass its strict and proper precincts, that the idle waters lay unexplored for me; and not till late in life, curiosity prevailing over elder devotion, I found, to my astonishment, a pretty brawling brook had been the Lacus Incognitus of my infancy. Variegated views, extensive prospects — and those at no great distance from the house--I was told of such--what were they to me, being out the boundaries of my Eden?—So far from a wish to roam, I would have drawn, methought, still closer the fences of my chosen prison; and have been hemmed in by a yet securer cincture of those excluding garden walls. I could have exclaimed with that garden-loving poet—

Bind me, ye woodbines, in your twines;
Curl me about, ye gadding vines;
And oh so close your circles lace,
That I may never leave this place:
But, lest your fetters prove too weak,
Ere I your silken bondage break,
Do you, O brambles, chain me too,
And, courteous briars, nail me through.*

I was here as in a lonely temple. Snug firesides—the low-built roof—parlours ten feet by ten—frugal boards, and all the homeliness of home—these were the condition of my birth—the wholesome soil which I was planted in. Yet, without impeachment to their tenderest lessons, I am not sorry to have had glances of something beyond; and to have taken if but a peep, in childhood, at the contrasting accidents of a great fortune.

To have the feeling of gentility, it is not necessary to have been born gentle. The pride of ancestry may be had on cheaper terms than to be obliged to an importunate race of ancestors; and the coat-less antiquary, in his unemblazoned cell, revolving the long line of a Mowbray's or De Clifford's pedigree—at those sounding names may warm himself into as gay a vanity as those who do inherit them. The claims of birth are ideal merely: and what herald shall go about to strip me of an idea? Is it trenchant to their swords? can it be hacked off as a spur can? or torn away like a tarnished garter?

* Marvell, on Appleton House, to the Lord Fairfax.

What, else, were the families of the great to us? what pleasure should we take in their tedious genealogies, or their capitulatory brass monuments? What to us the uninterrupted current of their bloods, if our own did not answer within us to a cognate and correspondent elevation?

Or wherefore, else, O tattered and diminished 'Scutcheon—that hung upon the time-worn walls of thy princely stairs, BLAKESMOOR!—have I in childhood so oft stood poring upon thy mystic characters—thy emblematic supporters, with their prophetic "Resurgam"—till, every dreg of peasantry purging off, I received into myself Very Gentility?—Thou wert first in my morning eyes; and, of nights, hast detained my steps from bedward, till it was but a step from gazing at thee to dreaming on thee.

This is the only true gentry by adoption; the veritable change of blood, and not, as empirics have fabled, by transfusion.

Who it was by dying that had earned the splendid trophy, I know not, I inquired not; but its fading rags, and colours cobweb-stained, told, that its subject was of two centuries back.

And what if my ancestor at that date was some Damœtas—feeding flocks, not his own, upon the hills of Lincoln—did I in less earnest vindicate to myself the family trappings of this once proud Ægon?—repaying by a backward triumph the insults he might possibly have heaped in his life-time upon my poor pastoral progenitor.

If it were presumption so to speculate, the present owners of the mansion had least reason to complain. They had long forsaken the old house of their fathers for a newer trifle; and I was left to appropriate to myself what images I could pick up, to raise my fancy, or to soothe my vanity.

I was the true descendant of those old W——s; and not the present family of that name, who had fled the old waste places.

Mine was that gallery of good old family portraits, which as I have traversed, giving them in fancy my own family name, one—and then another—would seem to smile, reaching forward from the canvas, to recognise the new relationship; while the rest looked grave, as it seemed, at the vacancy in their dwelling, and thoughts of fled posterity.

That Beauty with the cool blue pastoral drapery, and a lamb—that hung next the great bay window—with the bright yellow H——shire hair, and eye of watchet hue—so like my Alice!—I am persuaded, she was a true Elia—Mildred Elia, I take it.

From her, and from my passion for her—for I first learned love from a picture—Bridget took the hint of those pretty whimsical lines, which thou mayst see, if haply thou hast never seen them, Reader, in the margin.* But my Mildred grew not old, like the imaginary Helen.

Mine too, BLAKESMOOR, was thy noble Marble Hall, with its mosaic pavements, and its Twelve Cæsars—stately busts in marble—ranged round: of whose countenances, young

---

* "High-born Helen, round your dwelling,
These twenty years I've paced in vain:
Haughty beauty, thy lover's duty
Hath been to glory in his pain.

High-born Helen, proudly telling
Stories of thy cold disdain;
I starve, I die, now you comply,
And I no longer can complain.

These twenty years I've lived on tears,
Dwelling for ever on a frown;
On sighs I've fed, your scorn my bread;
I perish now you kind are grown.

Can I, who loved my beloved
But for the scorn 'was in her eye,'
Can I be moved for my beloved,
When she returns me sigh for sigh?

reader of faces as I was, the frowning beauty of Nero, I remember, had most of my wonder, but the mild Galba had my love. There they stood in the coldness of death, yet freshness of immortality.

Mine too thy lofty Justice Hall, with its one chair of authority, high-backed, and wickered, once the terror of luckless poacher, or self-forgetful maiden——so common since, that bats have roosted in it.

Mine too—whose else?—thy costly fruit garden, with its sun-baked southern wall; the ampler pleasure-garden, rising backwards from the house, in triple terraces, with flower-pots now of palest lead, save that a speck here and there, saved from the elements, bespake their pristine state to have been gilt and glittering; the verdant quarters backwarder still; and, stretching still beyond, in old formality, thy firry wilderness, the haunt of squirrel, and the day-long murmuring woodpigeon—with that antique image in the centre, God or Goddess I wist not; but child of Athens or old Rome paid never a sincerer worship to Pan or to Sylvanus in their native groves, than I to that fragmental mystery.

Was it for this, that I kissed my childish hands too fervently in your idol worship, walks and windings of BLAKESMOOR! for this, or what sin of mine, has the plough passed over your pleasant places? I sometimes think that as men, when they die, do not die all, so of their extinguished habitations there may be a hope—a germ to be revivified.

ELIA.

In stately pride, by my bed-side,
High-born Helen's portrait hung;
Deaf to my praise, my mournful lays
Are nightly to the portrait sung.

To that I weep, nor ever sleep,
Complaining all night long to her.—
Helen, grown old, no longer cold,
Said,—"you to all men I prefer."

SONG.

And must I surrender thee, love?
Must I never view again
The bright eyes that shone on me, love,
And the smile that banish'd pain?
Must I breathe in a world of sorrow,
Where my griefs may alone have scope
Where delight shall know no morrow,
And the future yield no hope?

Must I never feel that cheek, love,
In fondness press'd to mine?
Must I never hear thee speak, love,
Nor catch one sigh of thine?
Must I find the sweet thoughts I've cherish'd,
In a moment sink away;
All wither'd, and sear'd, and perish'd,
Like the pale leaves from the spray?

Oh! if I must part with thee, love,
And thy path for ever shun,
All the term of my life will be, love,
Like the day without a sun.
For thy smiles could a desert gladden,
And make the dark waste seem green;
But my gloom for thy loss would sadden
The brightest—the loveliest scene.

SOUTH AMERICA.

CAPTAIN BASIL HALL'S JOURNAL, WRITTEN ON THE COASTS OF CHILI, PERU, AND MEXICO, IN 1820, 1821, 1822.*

Good feeling and good sense are the two qualities which chiefly distinguish these volumes. There is little of philosophical research or profound thinking to be met with in them,—neither philosophy nor profundity being, if the truth must be told, the business of a Captain in the royal navy. We are not to expect a Cooke or a Dampier in every officer who thinks fit to write a journal of his voyage to this place or t'other; at least if we do, we shall be marvellously in danger of a disappointment. Indeed the appetite of the public for exotic information, of publishers for profit, and of authors for present fame (and a dividend), is now so respectively greedy, that were the publication delayed till it were really worthy to gain all these advantages, it would just come in time to lose them: some other less scrupulous person would forestal it in the literary market, and the old adage of "a bird in the hand, &c." would be illustrated to the mortification of no one more than of the conscientious procrastinator, who would by this means sacrifice to the hope of glory far more substantial blessings—his time and his dividend. Hence it is that Voyages, and Travels, and Journals, now-a-days, are so poor in merit, and so populous in number; they are bought up at such a rate and at such a profit that it is no wonder they are, few of them, worth buying. Did we, our plural self, venture a voyage to Dog Island (that *Ultima Thule* of sea faring citizens) we should infallibly publish a quarto on the hydrography of the place, interspersed with lithographic sketches of its scenery, and accompanied by a list of the minerals, plants, &c. that enrich, and a description of the men and strange animals that inhabit it.

In the present fluctuating state of South America it is perhaps less to be regretted that those who visit that country are not to any degree infected with the spirit of philosophy, so necessary to a traveller of the first class. Facts, current facts, are what we look for; these succeed each other with such rapidity, and, from being of the highest import whilst doing, become so totally insignificant when done, that he is the most satisfactory journalist who thinks of nothing but telling as quickly and faithfully as possible all he has seen in his peregrination. For this purpose, it is probable that of all travellers the best calculated to give sudden and sure information are the officers of our navy: they are in general men of experience, observation, and some science; they touch at many places in a short time; their amphibious character renders them less suspicious to the South Americans, who consider them as having but little interest in land-affairs, and as having no time, however willing they may be, to interfere in their native politics; their rank also is a general introduction to society every where; and, what is perhaps of more importance than all, they have the reputation of a class to keep up, and are therefore, generally speaking, men of honour and veracity, entitled to the confidence of strangers, and to credit from their countrymen for the accounts which they bring. In the above point of view, Captain Hall's Journal must be esteemed a publication of some value, though its actual materials are scattered with a good deal of economy over two octavo volumes. He appears himself to be, as we have said, a man of sense, and a slave to no bigotry or prejudice. This is exactly the man we want, and the man whom it is most difficult, in the existing state of parties, to find. The observations of such a person on the state of the lately revolutionized colonies of America are therefore of double importance, when the different politics of different travellers are so likely to seduce them, however inten-

* Extracts from a Journal, written on the Coasts of Chili, Peru, and Mexico, in the years 1820, 1821, 1822, by Captain Basil Hall, Royal Navy, Author of a Voyage to Loo Choo In two volumes Second Edition, Edinburgh: Constable and Co.

tionally (or, as schoolmen have it, ethically) honest, into misrepresentation and logical falsehood. Though to some degree of course a satellite of government, he is never at pains to conceal his love of rational liberty, and to hail its second dawn in the western hemisphere with exultation. We are glad to have such respectable authority as Captain Hall's for the sentiments of the South Americans themselves upon the question of the Revolution, over which the conflicting testimonies of liberal and legitimate missionaries have thrown such a veil of doubt and confusion. In speaking of the state of public feeling among the Chilians, our author says:

Of civil liberty, I am not sure that the Chilians have, as yet, equally clear and correct notions; but nothing is more decided than their determination not to submit again to any foreign yoke; and I should conceive, from all I have been able to learn, that, under any circumstances, the Spanish party in Chili would be found small and contemptible. Every day deepens these valuable sentiments, and will render the reconquest of the country more and more remote from possibility. The present free trade, above all, maintains and augments these feelings; for there is not a single arrival at the port which fails to bring some new article of use, or of luxury, or which does not serve, by lowering the former prices, to place within reach of the inferior ranks many things known before only to the wealthy; to extend the range of comforts and enjoyments; and to open new sources of industry.

Amongst a people circumstanced as the South Americans have been, debarred for ages from the advantages of commerce, this change is of the last importance; and it is pleasing to reflect, that, while our merchants are consulting their own interests, and advancing the prosperity of their country, they are, at the same time, by stimulating at once and gratifying the wants of a great people, adding incalculably to the amount of human happiness. By thus creating higher tastes, and new wants, they produce fresh motives to exertion, and give more animating hopes to whole nations, which, without such powerful and immediate excitements, might, for aught we know, have long remained in their ancient state of listlessness and ignorance. Every man in the country, rich or poor, not only practically feels the truth of this, but knows distinctly whence the advantage is derived; and it is idle, therefore, to suppose that blessings which come home so directly to all men's feelings, and which so manifestly influence their fortunes and happiness, can be easily taken from them.

There are, no doubt, many defects in the administration of affairs in Chili: occasional bad faith, and occasional oppression; and sometimes very inconvenient disturbances, and partial political changes; but these are of no moment in so vast a question. The barrier which has so long dammed up the tide of human rights, and free action, has been at length removed; and the stream is assuredly not to be stopped by any thing from without: and what is internal, that might produce mischief, is rapidly improving as men advance in intelligence, and acquire a deeper interest in good order. An invasion, indeed, might cause much misery and confusion, and tend, for a time, to keep back the moral and political improvement of the country; but the re-action would be inevitable, and, ere long, the outraged country would spring forwards to life and liberty, with tenfold vigour.

By means of foreign intercourse, and by the experience and knowledge of themselves, acquired by acting, for the first time, as freemen, they will come to know their own strength: by learning also to respect themselves, which they could hardly have done before, they will be ready to respect a government formed of themselves; and, instead of despising and hating their rulers, and seeking to counteract their measures, will join heartily in supporting them when right, or in exerting a salutary influence over them when wrong. At all events, even now, all parties would unite upon the least show of an attack; and so the result will prove, should any thing so wild and unjust be attempted.

(Vol. i. p 182—185.)

This is not only a clear and manly statement of the public feeling in Chili, but it is evidently impartial; one that we can rely on, if we look only for curious information; one from which we can draw safe inferences, if we are more deeply engaged in the affairs of that continent than mere readers, either as merchants, statesmen, or politicians. With the first two of these classes we should expect Captain Hall's Journal to have an influence which may be productive of the most momentous results: the merchant has now some authority to suppose that the establishment of a consignee in Chili, or the shipping of goods there, would not be a rash speculation; he will therefore either begin to speculate, or speculate yet more boldly than he has hitherto done; and will thus forward, at one and the same time, his

own interest, that of his country, that of the country where his speculation is laid, and finally, what may well give a spur to his philanthropy, that of the world in general. It is needless to particularise the effects which a well-authenticated knowledge of Chilian enthusiasm in the cause of Independence, and of the firm establishment of Constitutional liberty amongst that people, will necessarily produce in the minds of our statesmen, and eventually in their conduct.

Peru, it seems, was the strong hold of Spanish despotism; yet even here the principles of civil liberty had taken such deep and wide root, that the natives only wanted the countenance of San Martin's army to raise the flag of Independence in 1821. Our author visited this kingdom about the time of the Chilian expedition under the abovenamed general; and gives a lively description of the state of the country at that time. The following passages, if any thing were wanting to decide the question between Spanish colonial slavery, and emancipation, would be found, we think, conclusive:—

The contrast between the two countries, Chili and Peru, as it met our eyes, was most striking; and if due justice could be done to the description of each, a pleasing inference would be drawn by every Englishman in favour of the popular side of the question.

The contrast between a country in a state of war, and one in a state of peace, was, perhaps, never more strikingly displayed than upon this occasion: but, besides the interest arising out of such contrast, as applicable to the states of peace and war; the view was curious and instructive, as displaying the rapid effect produced by a change in the government of one of the two countries. As long as both were similarly administered, Peru had an infinite advantage over Chili in wealth and importance; but as soon as Chili became independent, she at once assumed the superiority.

We left Valparaiso harbour filled with shipping; its custom-house wharfs piled high with goods, too numerous and bulky for the old warehouses; the road between the port and the capital was always crowded with convoys of mules, loaded with every kind of foreign manufacture; while numerous ships were busy taking in cargoes of the wines, corn, and other articles, the growth of the country; and large sums of treasure were daily embarked for Europe, in return for goods already distributed over the interior. A spirit of intelligence and inquiry animated the whole society; schools were multiplied in every town; libraries established, and every encouragement given to literature and the arts: and as travelling was free, passports were unnecessary. In the manners, and even in the step of every man, might be traced the air of conscious freedom and independence. In dress also a total change had very recently taken place, and from the same causes. The former uncouth, and almost savage costume of the ladies, and the slovenly cloaks invariably worn by the men, had given way to the fashions of Europe: and, although these may be deemed circumstances almost too minute to mention, they are not unimportant when connected with feelings of national pride, heretofore unknown. It is by these, and a multitude of other small changes, that the people are constantly reminded of their past compared with their present situation; and it is of essential use to their cause, that they should take delight in assimilating themselves, even in trifles, with other independent nations of the world.

No such changes, and no such sentiments, were to be found as yet in Peru. In the harbour of Callao, the shipping were crowded into a corner, encircled by gun-boats, close under the fort, and with a strong boom drawn round them. The custom-house was empty, and the door locked; no bales of goods rose in pyramids on the quays; no loaded mules covered the road from Callao to Lima; nor during the whole ascent was an individual to be seen, except, perhaps, a solitary express galloping towards the fortress.

(Vol. i. p. 86—89.)

We arrived on the 9th, and sailed on the 17th of December 1821. In the interval of four months, which had elapsed since we left Peru, the most remarkable change had taken place in the aspect of affairs. The flag of Spain had been struck on the Castle of Callao; and in its place was displayed the standard of Independence; the harbour, which we had left blockaded by an enemy, was now open and free to all the world; and, instead of containing merely a few dismantled ships of war, and half a dozen empty merchant vessels, was crowded with ships unloading rich cargoes; while the bay, to the distance of a mile from the harbour, was covered with others waiting for room to land their merchandise. On shore all was bustle and activity. (Vol. ii. p. 63, 64.)

The change above described as produced in the space of a few months, from no trade to a flourishing one, annihilates, we conceive, at once, all claims of Old Spain to her

former right of mis-government; and indicates pretty plainly, moreover, that such claims will always be successfully resisted, now that the inhabitants are made practically aware of the loss in comfort and happiness they should sustain, if they ever again submitted to the ancient despotism.

In Mexico, the Revolution was perhaps more bloodless than in any other department of the colonies; to the unanimity and sincerity of the inhabitants on the subject of their Independence, our author bears decided testimony,—decided, but not dogmatic, in as much as he quotes the arguments on which his testimony is founded:

It has sometimes been thought in other countries, that many of the South Americans were indifferent to the independence of their country, and that a great European force, by encouraging and protecting the expression of contrary opinions, might, ere long, succeed in re-establishing the ancient authority. This, I am thoroughly convinced, is a mistake, and he who should reason by analogy from the fate of Spain to that of South America, if exposed to the same trial, would confound two things essentially dissimilar: if he were to suppose that the cry of "Viva la Independencia" in the one, and "Viva la Constitucion" in the other, were indicative of an equal degree of sincerity and of right apprehension of the subject, he would be essentially in error; for there is this important distinction: the greater number of those who called out for the constitution knew very imperfectly what they were asking for; whereas, every individual in the new states, however ignorant of the true nature and extent of civil liberty, or however indifferent about other political matters, is strongly possessed of the same clear, consistent, and steady conception of what independence means; and well knows its important practical consequences. It is because these sentiments are universal, and receive every hour more and more strength and confirmation, that I venture to speak so decidedly of the utter impossibility of again reducing to political and moral thraldom so vast a population; every member of which is at length fully awakened to a sense of his own interest and honour.

In all companies, the conversation turned on political topics; and it was very curious to observe, amidst much prejudice and error in reasoning, and much exaggeration and misstatement of facts, how justly every one felt on the occasion, and with what delight they exercised the new privilege of speaking out; a privilege, it may be remarked, which is at once cause and effect: since we know, that in former times, when no freedom of speech was permitted, the faculty of thinking to any purpose was equally repressed; a truth which, though a mere common-place, it is not, on that account, the less interesting to see confirmed in practice. At this time every one not only took a pride in saying what his opinions were, but seized every opportunity that occurred, or could be devised, to manifest his political sincerity. The borders of the ladies' shawls were wrought into patriotic mottos; the tops of the newspapers and play-bills bore similar inscriptions; patriotic words were set to all the old national airs; and I saw a child one day munching a piece of gilt gingerbread, stamped with the word Independencia! I am well aware that all this fuss and talk proves not much; and that nothing is more prostituted than this sort of verbal enthusiasm, which evaporates at the first show of opposition; and certainly, taken singly, it would be of little moment in a political point of view, however amusing it might be to witness on a great scale: but it is no bad accompaniment to successful action, and helps to keep alive that new-born spirit of independence, when other, and more important causes are ready to give practical effect to the sentiment.

Patriotic exertions are always thought more highly of when viewed from a distance, than when examined closely. But, even in the eyes of those who are present, the interest which a show of patriotism excites is often at first of a very lively character. This dazzling effect, however, speedily goes off: the real characters and motives of the actors become so well known to us, that the fictitious representation of pure disinterested public spirit no longer pleases; and at last we see nothing in this revolutionary drama that is acted to the life, but the cruelty and the sorrow.

(Vol. ii. p. 245—248.)

There is an anecdote related at page 188 of this volume, which, with those matter-of-fact men of sense, who consider one practical proof of more weight than a whole system of theory, will appear at once determinative of the doubt whether the Americans are really aware of the benefits arising from their late emancipation, and whether they would resolutely maintain their liberties inviolate against all the attempts of their late oppressors:

While we were admiring the scenery, our people had established themselves in a hut, and were preparing supper, under the direction of a peasant, a tall copper-coloured semi-barbarous native of the forest; but

who, notwithstanding his uncivilized appearance, turned out to be a very shrewd fellow, and gave us sufficiently pertinent answers to most of our queries. The young Spaniard of our party, a royalist by birth, and half a patriot in sentiment, asked him what harm the King had done, that the Mexicans should have thrown him off? "Why," answered he, "as for the King, his only fault, at least that I know about, was his living too far off: if a king really be good for a country, it appears to me that he ought to live in that country, not two thousand leagues away from it." On asking him what his opinion was of the free trade people were talking so much about? "My opinion of the free trade," said the mountaineer, "rests on this,—formerly I paid nine dollars for the piece of cloth of which this shirt is made, I now pay two--that forms my opinion of the free trade." The Spaniard was fairly baffled. (Vol. ii. p. 188, 189.)

At page 47 also there is a Table given, which shews the relative prices of Copper, the staple commodity of Chili, and of several articles used in the mines, during the years preceding and following the era of liberty in that kingdom. We beg leave to quote a few items:

Copper, per quintal of 100	Dollars	Dollars.
Spanish lbs.	6½ to 7	12 to 13
Steel, ...do.	50	16
Iron, ...do.	25	8
Jerked Beef, do.	10	7 to 7½
Wheat, per fanega of 150 lbs	5	2½
Beans, ...do.	6	5
Fine Cloth, ...per yard	23	12
Coarse do ......do.	5	3
	Reals.	Real's.
Printed Cotton Goods, do.	18 to 24	2½ to 3
Velvets, ...do.	26	2

From this Table it appears, that three important commercial advantages have been obtained by the Revolution: 1, the enlargement of the market caused by opening a trade with the whole world,—this is evinced by the price of copper being doubled in the second column which represents the *new* prices;—2, the increased value of that staple commodity;—3, the diminished cost of its production, owing to the fall in the price of every article used in the mines. If with such a document before him, any one can be found bare-faced enough to uphold the cause of Spain and her ancient despotism, her brutal ignorance, her infatuated policy, and her cruel administration, which deprived a whole people of such advantages,—if any one can be found who professes himself unable to see the absolute necessity of a revolution under such circumstances, we give him up as we should a man who denied the sun shone, whilst its brightness and heat struck him blind and foolish.

We have now done with the political part of our review, which, as it was of major importance, deserved primary notice. We are anxious to disseminate as widely as possible amongst the different classes of our countrymen, (all of whom are mediately or immediately interested in the matter,) information as to the state of the Independent South American States upon which they can rely, and by which they can regulate their future conduct, mercantile, mechanical, or otherwise. This we trust we have done; and for the power of doing this as satisfactorily as the limits of our work permits, we have to acknowledge ourselves greatly indebted to Captain Hall. It is not a little gratifying to us, that we are able to communicate information so favourable to the hopes of every enlightened and benevolent man, on the subject of American liberty; and that this information should be drawn, not only from a man of impartiality, sense, and intelligence, but from one whom we may look upon as an accredited agent of our government. This seems to evince pretty manifestly what the feeling of government must be upon the question which now agitates so many cabinets, as (with all respect for our author's candour and honesty) Captain Hall would scarcely, we suppose, have given publicity to such generous sentiments, and such convincing documents, were he not certain they would meet with approbation in the influential quarters above him. In taking leave of this part of the subject, we cannot but express our regret that Captain Hall did not extend his voyage and remarks to Buenos Ayres, Brazil, and Colombia. We are much in want of such honest information as he could afford us on the state of these three kingdoms, especially the latter.

In another less important respect, that is, as a Book of Wonders, our author's Journal will be considered perhaps more than moderately deficient. He travelled by sea alongside and half the whole length of the Andes, those standing miracles of

Nature, yet was so unfortunate as to see nothing worth bringing home to fill up the mouths of his gaping readers, but a few bits of quartz and feldspar. Yes; he does describe one remarkable phenomenon concerning them,—a phenomenon pregnant with physical results, of a nature, however, apparently unconnected with our sublunary sphere, being indeed wholly relative to the matter of the Moon.

> On the 20th of May we sailed from Valparaiso, and proceeded along the coast to Lima. During the greater part of this voyage the land was in sight, and we had many opportunities of seeing not only the Andes, but other interesting features of the country. The sky was sometimes covered by a low dark unbroken cloud, overshadowing the sea, and resting on the top of the high cliffs which guard the coast; so that the Andes, and, indeed, the whole country, except the immediate shore, were then screened from our view. But at some places this lofty range of cliffs was intersected by deep gullies, called quebradas, connected with extensive vallies stretching far into the interior. At these openings we were admitted to a view of regions, which, being beyond the limits of the cloud, and therefore exposed to the full blaze of the sun, formed a brilliant contrast to the darkness and gloom in which we were involved. As we sailed past, and looked through these mysterious breaks, it seemed as if the eye penetrated into another world; and had the darkness around us been more complete, the light beyond would have been equally resplendent with that of the full moon, to which every one was disposed to compare this most curious and surprising appearance.
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> As the sun's rays were not, in this case, reflected from a bright snowy surface, but from a dark coloured sand, we are furnished, by analogy, with an answer to the difficulties sometimes started, with respect to the probable dark nature of the soil composing the moon's surface.
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> (Vol. i. p. 186, 187.)

There were two or three other scientific observations of some importance made by Captain Hall, who appears laudably anxious to promote the interests of knowledge on every occasion. From data furnished by him, the orbit of a comet which was visible at Valparaiso, in 1821, has been computed by Dr. Brinkley, of Dublin University, and the results, together with the original observations, published in the Philosophical Transactions for 1822. Experiments were also made with Kater's pendulum, an instrument for determining the figure of the earth. At the Galapagos Islands, under the line, the observations gave $\frac{1}{285}$ for the ellipticity, and at San Blas in California $\frac{1}{313.1}$.

Our author's account of the climate of Peru is directly at variance with that of Ulloa and Anson, which have hitherto regulated the belief of foreigners; the heat, instead of being temperate, is, if we adjust our faith by Captain Hall's Journal, intolerable, and instead of the "fierce beams of the sun being intercepted by a canopy of gray clouds" (as Robertson directs us to imagine), the glare of that luminary our author asserts to be unmitigated by any such celestial machinery, and to be, in fact, oppressive to the very last degree. The country itself, it would appear, is a desert—sandy, sterile, and unwatered by any considerable rivers.

Earthquakes have been often described, and with such necessary similarity, that we will not fatigue our readers with that which destroyed the town of Copiapó in Chili, 1819. Some local customs which our author describes in a pleasant and familiar vein, will perhaps be more generally interesting. Jealousy it seems is not altogether a male monopoly amongst the Spanish colonists:

> A Chilian gentleman of my acquaintance lived close to the bull-ring, and parties used frequently to be made up at his house to go to the Chinganas, the name given to the scenes described above. After chatting together for some time one evening, the gentlemen of the party went off to the bull-ring, while the ladies excused themselves for not accompanying us. But within a quarter of an hour afterwards, while we were lounging about in one of the most noisy of the Ramadas, it was intimated to me privately, by a gentleman in the secret, that three of the ladies we had left were actually in our company; but so completely metamorphosed, that, even when pointed out, they were with difficulty recognised. Thus made party to the joke, I found they came as spies upon the proceedings of the master of the house, the husband of one of these tapadas, as they called themselves. There had been a feud, it seemed, between these ladies and some others of their acquaintance, and the object of this escapo, or frolic, was to watch how the gentleman would deport himself towards their foes. They had, accordingly, the satisfaction, or the mortification, to detect him in treacher-

ous flirtation with the enemy; and then allowing themselves to be discovered, to the confusion of the unsuspecting parties, they immediately disappeared. The next day we learnt that the ladies had returned in about ten minutes, differently disguised, and had amused themselves in watching the motions of such of us as had been formerly admitted to their confidence, and who were still chuckling over the success of the first exploit. I attempted, next evening, to pass a similar jest upon them, and disguised myself with great care; but their practised eyes were not to be deceived, and they saw through it all at the first glance. (Vol. i. p. 16—18.)

The celebrated Paraguay tea, called *Mattee*, is prepared and drunk in the following primitive manner:

Before infusion, the Yerba, as it is called, has a yellow colour, and appears partly ground, and partly chopped; the flavour resembles that of fine tea, to which, indeed, many people prefer it. The mattee is made in an oval-shaped metal pot, about twice as large as an egg, placed nearly full of water, on the hot embers of the brazier, which stands in the middle of the parlour; when the water begins to boil, a lump of sugar burnt on the outside is added. The pot is next removed to a filagree silver stand, on which it is handed to the guest, who draws the mattee into his mouth through a silver pipe seven or eight inches in length; furnished, at the lower extremity, with a bulb pierced with small holes. The natives drink it almost boiling hot, and it costs a stranger many a tear before he can imitate them in this practice. There is one custom in these mattee drinkings, to which, though not easily reconcileable to our habits, a stranger must not venture to object. However numerous the company be, or however often the mattee pot be replenished, the tube is never changed; and to decline taking mattee, because the tube had been previously used, would be thought the height of rudeness. A gentleman of my acquaintance, becoming very fond of this beverage, bought a tube for himself, and carried it constantly in his pocket; but this gave so much offence that he was eventually obliged to relinquish its use. (Vol. i. p. 21, 22.)

We question much whether the American herb will ever supplant the Chinese, with our tea-drinkers, but the mode of serving it, as above described, will in all probability never be generally adopted in our fashionable circles; to "kiss the *tube* and pass it to the rest," would be tolerable, and then indeed delightful, when the person osculating happened to be one of the sweet-mouthed sex after a careful toilette.

A pretty custom prevalent in all Spanish countries is that of presenting a rose to every stranger who enters the family-door. As our author says, the favor itself is nothing, and it is essential to the civility that it should be nothing; the merit lies in the simple expression of good-will, which, while it really obliges, is of a nature to impose no obligation.

According to an old saying, the capital of Peru is "the heaven of women, the purgatory of men, and the hell of jackasses:" we take it that this particular heaven, enjoyed by the female sex, is no very distant resemblance of Mahomet's paradise, and that the ladies perform the part of clandestine Houries,—at least if we may judge from a few such suspicious relations as follow, with respect to the dress and manners of the fair Limenians:

In the cool part of the day, for about an hour and a half before sunset, the ladies walk abroad, dressed in a manner probably unique, and certainly highly characteristic of the spot. This dress consists of two parts, one called the saya, the other the manto. The first is a petticoat, made to fit so tightly, that, being at the same time quite elastic, the form of the limbs is rendered distinctly visible. The manto, or cloak, is also a petticoat, but, instead of hanging about the heels, as all honest petticoats ought to do, it is drawn over the head, breast, and face; and is kept so close by the hands, which it also conceals, that no part of the body, except one eye, and sometimes only a small portion of one eye, is perceptible. A rich coloured handkerchief, or a silk band and tassel, are frequently tied round the waist, and hang nearly to the ground in front. A rosary, also, made of beads of ebony, with a small gold cross, is often fastened to the girdle, a little on one side; though in general it is suspended from the neck.

The effect of the whole is exceedingly striking; but whether its gracefulness—for, with the fine figure of the Lima women, and their very beautiful style of walking, this dress is eminently graceful—be sufficient to compensate for its undeniable indelicacy to an European eye, will depend much upon the stranger's taste, and his habits of judging of what he sees in foreign countries. Some travellers insist upon forcing every thing into comparison with what they have left at home, and condemn or approve, according as this unreasonable standard is receded from or adhered to. To us, who took all things as we found them, the saya

and manto, as the dress is called, afforded much amusement, and, sometimes, not a little vexation. It happened, occasionally, that we were spoken to in the streets by ladies, who appeared to know us well, but whom we could not discover, till some apparently trivial remark in company, long afterwards, betrayed the tapadas, as they call themselves. Ladies of the first rank indulge in this amusement, and will wear the meanest saya, or stoop to any contrivance, to effect a thorough disguise. I myself knew two young ladies, who completely deceived their brother and me, although we were aware of their fondness for such pranks, and I had even some suspicions of them at the very time. Their superior dexterity, however, was more than a match for his discernment, or my suspicions; and so completely did they deceive our eyes, and mislead our thoughts, that we could scarcely believe our senses, when they, at length, chose to discover themselves.
(Vol. i. p. 106—108.)

What deeds of darkness may be perpetrated, under the friendly disdisguise of the Saya and Manto, in the latitude of Lima, it is not for us to say, though a vivid imagination may possibly conjecture them.

The Swinging Ladies of Guayaquil is a sketch which perhaps our fair and indolent readers may love to contemplate; we will merely premise that these interesting oscillators are the most beautiful people in South America, fair and clear in complexion, with blue eyes, and light hair,—in fact, but for their propensity to *swinging* and obstreperous speaking, even the race of *grandmothers* there (our sensitive traveller informs us) are perfectly adorable.

I had a letter of introduction to a gentleman who received me in the easy style of the country; at once undertook to put us in the way of procuring fresh provisions and other supplies; carried me to the governor's to pay the usual visit of ceremony, and afterwards offered to introduce my officers and myself to some families of his acquaintance. We were somewhat surprised, on entering the first house, to observe the ladies in immense hammocks made of a net work of strong grass, dyed of various colours, and suspended from the roof, which was twenty feet high. Some of them were sitting, others reclining in their hammocks; with their feet, or, at least, one foot left hanging out, and so nearly touching the floor, that when they pleased, they could reach it with the toe, and by a gentle push give motion to the hammock. This family consisted of no less than three generations: the grandmother lying at full length in a hammock suspended across one corner of the room; the mother seated in another, swinging from side to side; and three young ladies, her daughters, lounging in one hammock attached to hooks along the length of the room. The whole party were swinging away at such a furious rate, that at first we were confounded and made giddy by the variety of motions in different directions. We succeeded, however, in making good our passage to a sofa at the farther side of the room, though not without apprehension of being knocked over by the way. The ladies, seeing us embarrassed, ceased their vibrations until the introductions had taken place, and then touching the floor with their feet, swung off again without any interruption to the conversation. (Vol. ii. p. 105, 106)

Throwing the *Lasso* is an accomplishment of a very extraordinary kind, in which the peasantry of the continent are peculiarly skilful; we beg leave to conclude our article with a description of it in our author's clear and expressive words:

On our way homeward our host entertained us, by making his people show us the South American method of catching cattle. The instrument used is called in English a lasso, from the Spanish lazo, which signifies slip-knot or noose, and the operation of using it is called lassoing. It consists of a rope made of strips of untanned hide, varying in length from fifteen to twenty yards, and is about as thick as the little finger. It has a noose or running-knot at one end, the other extremity being fastened by an eye and button to a ring in a strong hide-belt or surcingle, bound tightly round the horse. The coil is grasped by the horseman's left hand, while the noose, which is held in the right, trails along the ground, except when in use, and then it is whirled round the head with considerable velocity, during which, by a peculiar turn of the wrist, it is made to assume a circular form; so that, when delivered from the hand, the noose preserves itself open till it falls over the object at which it has been aimed.

The unerring precision with which the lasso is thrown is perfectly astonishing, and to one who sees it for the first time, has a very magical appearance. Even when standing still it is by no means an easy thing to throw the lasso; but the difficulty is vastly increased when it comes to be used on horseback and at a gallop, and when, in addition, the rider has to pass over uneven ground, and to leap hedges and ditches in his course; yet such is the dexterity of the guassos, or countrymen, that they are not only sure of catching the animal they are in chace of, but can fix, or, as they term it, place their lasso on

any particular part they please: over the horns, round the neck, or the body; or they can include all four legs, or two, or any one of the four; and the whole with such ease and certainty, that it is necessary to witness the feat to have a just conception of the skill displayed; which, like that of the savage Indian in the use of his bow and arrow, can only be gained by the practice of many years. It is, in fact, the earliest amusement of these people; and I have often seen little boys just beginning to run about, actively employed in lassoing cats, and entangling the legs of every dog that was unfortunate enough to pass within reach: in due season they become very expert in their attacks on poultry; and afterwards in catching wild birds: so that, by the time they are mounted on horseback, which is always at an early age, they begin to acquire that matchless skill, from which no animal, of less speed than a horse, has the slightest chance of escaping.

Let us suppose that a wild bull is to be caught, and that two mounted horsemen, guassos, as they are called, undertake to kill him. As soon as they discover him, they remove the coil of the lasso from behind them, and grasping it in the left hand, prepare the noose in the right, and dash off at full gallop, each swinging his lasso round his head. The first who comes within reach aims at the bull's horns, and when he sees, which he does in an instant, that the lasso will take effect, he stops his horse, and turns it half round, the bull continuing his course, till the whole cord has run out from the guasso's hand. The horse, meanwhile, knowing, by experience, what is going to happen, leans over, as much as he can, in the opposite direction from the bull, and stands in trembling expectation of the violent tug which is given by the bull when brought up by the lasso. So great, indeed, is the jerk which takes place at this moment, that were the horse not to lean over, he would certainly be overturned; but standing, as he does, with his feet planted firmly on the ground, he offers sufficient resistance to stop the bull as instantaneously as if it had been shot, though at full speed. In some cases, this check is so abrupt and violent, that the animal is not only dashed to the ground, but rolls along at the full stretch of the lasso; while the horse, drawn sideways, ploughs up the earth with his feet for several yards. This, which takes so long to describe, is the work of a few seconds; during which, the other horseman gallops past; and before the bull has time to recover from the shock, places the noose over his horns, and continues advancing till it also is at full stretch. The bull, stupified by the fall, sometimes lies motionless on the ground; but the horsemen soon rouse him up, by tugging him to and fro. When on his legs, with a horseman on each side, he is like a ship moored with two cables; and however unwilling he may be to accompany the guassos, or however great his struggles, he is irresistibly dragged along by them in whatever direction they please.

If the intention be to kill the animal for the sake of the hide and tallow alone, as is often the case, one of the guassos dismounts, and running in, cuts the bull's hamstrings with a long knife, which he always wears in his girdle; and, instantly afterwards, despatches him, by a dexterous cut across the back of the neck. The most surprising thing is, the manner in which the horse, after being left by his rider, manages to preserve the lasso always tight: this would be less difficult if the bull were to remain steady, but it sometimes happens, that he makes violent struggles to disentangle himself from the lassos, rushing backwards and forwards in a furious manner. The horse, however, with wonderful sagacity, alters his place, and prances about, as if conscious of what he is doing, so as to resist every movement of the bull, and never allowing the lasso to be relaxed for a moment.

When a wild horse is to be taken, the lasso is always placed round the two hind legs, and, as the guasso rides a little on one side, the jerk pulls the entangled horse's feet laterally, so as to throw him on his side, without endangering his knees or his face. Before the horse can recover the shock, the rider dismounts, and snatching his poncho or cloak from his shoulders, wraps it round the prostrate animal's head; he then forces into his mouth one of the powerful bits of the country, straps a saddle on his back, and, bestriding him, removes the poncho; upon which, the astonished horse springs on his legs, and endeavours, by a thousand vain efforts, to disencumber himself of his new master, who sits quite composedly on his back; and, by a discipline which never fails, reduces the horse to such complete obedience, that he is soon trained to lend his speed and strength in the capture of his wild companions.

During the recent wars in this country, the lasso was used as a weapon of great power in the hands of the guassos, who make bold and useful troops, and never fail to dismount cavalry, or to throw down the horses of those who come within their reach. There is a well-authenticated story of a party of eight or ten of these men, who had never seen a piece of artillery, till one was fired at them in the streets of Buenos Ayres: they galloped fearlessly up to it, placed their lassos over the cannon, and, by their united strength, fairly overturned it. Another anecdote is related of

them, which, though possible enough, does not rest on such good authority. A number of armed boats were sent to effect a landing at a certain point on the coast, guarded solely by these horsemen. The party in the boats, caring little for an enemy unprovided with fire-arms, rowed confidently along the shore. The guassos, meanwhile, were watching their opportunity, and the moment the boats came sufficiently near, dashed into the water, and, throwing their lassos round the necks of the officers, fairly dragged every one of them out of their boats."

(Vol. i. p. 146—153.)

THE LAWYER.

'Tis my vocation, Hal.—*Shakspeare.*

Ὡς αιει τον ὁμοῖον αγει Θεος ὡς τον ὁμοῖον.—*Hom. Od.* 17.

To the Editor.

Sir,—As every man has either a favourite pursuit or a necessary occupation, and most men have both, it seems to me most rational that we should endeavour, if we cannot actually blend them, to make them at least as subservient to each other as possible; and it generally happens that there is such a natural propensity to this endeavour, that we see in every thing a man does some characteristic of his common habits and his usual studies. Sterne would, perhaps, say that a man may be caught mounting his *hobby* at the very time when he least suspects that he is doing so; and thus it is that we observe amongst men of every profession a certain air and manner by which they are most plainly distinguished. Every man, for instance, knows a tailor from a soldier by his walk, though the one may not be dressed in his regimentals, nor the other be seen carrying a suit of clothes wrapped up in a silk handkerchief under his left arm,* with a pattern-book peeping out of his right-hand pocket; both of which are as common to a tailor in the street of London as a musket and cartouche-box are to a soldier on parade. Even in literature we are not free from these professional marks, which, as it is vulgarly said, "*smell of the shop;*" for habit necessarily gives a certain turn to the thought and language of all men, and one may generally distinguish the peculiar course of a man's life, not only from the inadvertent sallies of conversation, but from the measured march of his studied composition. I have carried this opinion so far, that I am persuaded that the authors of Tom Jones and Roderic Random, both fellows of infinite humour and various knowledge of the world as well as of books, may easily be detected in their respective works, the one for a lawyer, the other for a physician; and neither of them are more humorous than when they are ridiculing the quackeries of their respective professions. This, as I have already said, is both natural and useful, as by this means every one is kept chiefly within his usual province; and I have introduced myself to you by these few general observations, because, as I am fond of literature and criticism, and may occasionally trouble you with such remarks as occur to me in the course of my reading, I wish "*by anticipation to prevent your discovery,*" and announce to you what sort of entertainment you are likely to receive, by telling you at once that I am a lawyer, who having been early a votary of the Muses, am now, from necessity and ambition, seriously devoted to the labours of that arduous profession, not without some occasional relaxation during the intervals between Circuit and Term in the

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* Some of this goose-roasting, cabbage-pilfering tribe, have, with most unparalleled effrontery, presumed to quit the use of the silk handkerchief, for a blue bag, commonly called a *law-bag.* They fancy, perhaps, that there is some similarity between the contents of the lawyer's bag and the tailor's; but I must tell them that they are mistaken, and that to have a bag of briefs, and to *carry a suit,* are not by any means the same thing.

bowers of Parnassus. At these periods of indulgence perhaps an Essay may not be unacceptable to you.

MASSINGER'S FATAL DOWRY,
AND
ROWE'S FAIR PENITENT.

The opening of these dramas, the latter of which it is well known was surreptitiously stolen from the former, exhibits a very interesting incident founded upon a vulgar error. In the one we are presented with a very animated scene, in which the noble-minded Charalois, through his advocate Charmi, petitions the provincial tribunal of Burgundy for the restoration of his father's dead body, which had been arrested and detained for debt by his rapacious creditors. Not being able to satisfy their debts, or appease their anger, he at length offers himself up to prison, a living captive, to release his father's corpse; and submits to be buried in a dungeon, to procure his parent a grave. It is this noble action which recommends him to the father of Calista, and Beaumelle, who relieves him from prison, takes him to his house and makes him his son-in-law.

The following is the language of Massinger.

Charmi. To say the late dead Marshal,
The father of this young Lord here, my client,
Hath done his country great and faithful service
Might task me of impertinence, to repeat
What your grave Lordships cannot but remember.
He, in his life, became indebted to
These thrifty men, (I will not wrong their credits
By giving them the attributes they now merit)
And failing by the fortune of the wars
Of means to free himself from his engagements,
He was arrested, and for want of bail
Imprison'd at their suit; and, not long after,
With loss of liberty, ended his life.
And, tho' it be a maxim in our laws,
All suits die with the person, these men's malice
In death finds matter for their hate to work on,
Denying him the decent rites of burial,
Which the sworn enemies of the Christian faith
Grant freely to their slaves. May it therefore please
Your Lordships so to fashion your decree,
That what their cruelty doth forbid, your pity
May give allowance to.
Naval (Senior, a Judge.) How long have you, Sir,
Practis'd in court?
Char. Some twenty years, my Lord.
Nav. sen. By your gross ignorance, it should appear
Not twenty days.
Char. I hope I have given no cause
In this, my Lord.
Nav. sen. How dare you move the court
To the dispensing with an act confirm'd
By Parliament, to the terror of all bankrupts?
Go home, and with more care peruse the statutes,
Or the next motion, savouring of this boldness,
May force you, Sir, to leap against your will
Over the place you plead at.
Char. I foresaw this.

In a note to this passage, Mr. Gifford, in the last edition adds, "Herodotus tells us, that Asychis, the grandson of Cheops, to facilitate the borrowing of money, allowed the Egyptians to pledge the dead bodies of their parents, which, until redeemed by payment of the sums advanced, could not be deposited in the sepulchres of their fathers. In imitation of this monarch, modern states have sanctioned the arrest of a person's dead body till his debts be paid; but what was in Asychis a wise institution, is in his followers a gratuitous act of absurd and savage barbarity."

Both Massinger and his commentator seem to me to have fallen into a vulgar error. The one is very excusable, because if either the law of England or of Burgundy was so understood by a great part of the audience, or it were a mere fiction of his own, the author might well derive from it the incident which he has formed. This is within the true licence of poetry. But with respect to the commentator, I am free to confess that Mr. Gifford is much more at home when he is explaining classical allusions than when he ventures upon the more dangerous ground of the laws of arrest, or those of Alsatia. He makes a good figure among the ruins of the capital of Rome, and describes them well; but he is quite out of his way, when he gets into the Fleet, or the King's Bench, or one of the Halls. His quotation from Herodotus is correct,

but not quite applicable, and the consequences which he deduces from it are by no means natural. The law which he fancies to be so general in Europe I believe never existed. None of the nations of Europe are so savage as to make the dead body of a debtor a pledge to his creditors. All of them do not admit of arrest in the first instance for debt, but only in execution, and if by law the dead man were to be kept in prison till his son paid his debts, it is obvious that every gaol must be also a cemetery, and there must be cells expressly for the dead as well as the living, like those of some monks, I believe the order of La Trappe, in Italy. But in the King's Bench prison there is nothing so common as to hear of a *wooden-habeas*, as a nickname for a coffin, by which the prisoner is finally released from all confinement in this world, having satisfied all creditors as to every claim upon his person, by paying the great debt of nature. Before Mr. Gifford had cast this general slander upon the legislatures of Europe, I wish he had taken the trouble to examine into the authorities upon which his law is founded. I can find none. That a prejudice commonly exists of this kind, even at the present moment, is well known, and it is one of the objects of this essay to destroy that prejudice. It was probably believed by Massinger, who, like Shakspeare and all our early poets, looked no further than their own country for the manners of the place where the scene was to be laid; and an instance of it now exists, remarkable for its notoriety and absurdity. At Westminster Abbey, the guide who shows the curiosities of the place, exhibits in a small chapel, or cell, near to Henry VIIth's brazen tomb, a couple of old coffins covered with red velvet, which he *gravely* tells you contain the bodies of two ambassadors, whose remains were arrested for debt and not suffered to be buried. He also informs you that it is for this reason they are not placed in a vault or tomb. I know not which to admire most, the folly of the inventor of this fable, or the credulity of the blockheads who do not immediately perceive its absurdity. For, in the first place, by the law of nations, the persons of ambassadors are sacred and inviolable, dead or living; the statute of Queen Anne upon this subject, was enacted merely to appease Peter the Great, and is generally understood to be only declaratory of the common law. And in the next, it is hard to say that these gentlemen were denied Christian burial, when their coffins are placed carefully in that sacred temple (by the guide's construction converted into a gaol) in which are deposited, in similar coffins, the ashes of a long race of kings and heroes.

Massinger wrote in the time of Lord Coke, and it is plain that the law in his day could not have been as it is here represented; but in order to relieve my readers from all doubts upon the subject, and that they may all retire to rest without any idle apprehensions that their precious reliques when dead may be violated by the hands of rude bailiffs, to the terror of their wives and children, I shall here extract from a modern book of reports the words of the late Chief Justice Ellenborough on the subject in which he held that even a promise to pay a debt extorted from a person, through fear of a dead body being arrested, was illegal, being without consideration and void —which it could not be, if the threatened arrest were legal.

Now, as to the case of *Quick* v. *Copplestone*, in that case the promise was made through fear of being arrested, and it is so stated in the declaration; and Hyde, C. J. held, "that a forbearance to sue one who fears to be sued, is a good consideration;" and he cited a case in the Common Pleas, when he sat there, where a woman, who feared that the dead body of her son would be arrested for debt, promised in consideration of forbearance, to pay, and it was adjudged against her, though she was neither executrix nor administratrix. But the other Judges doubted of this; and I think it would be bad even after verdict, for it appears vitious upon the face of it. Such a means of extorting a promise is not to be endured. It is impossible to look upon that as a good promise, which is made in consideration that a person will forbear to do a violent and *unlawful* act; that he will forbear to do a violent injury to the feelings of all the relations of the deceased. *See Jacobus I. Smith's Rep.* 195.—*Jones* v. *Ashburnham, B. R. Hilary Term,* 1804.—*See also East's Reports, II.* 44. *Geo. III. S. C.*

With respect to the similarity of

the law of Asychis, the grandson of Cheops, in imitation of which, according to Mr. Gifford, the supposed law of Europe has been introduced, I confess I am but a novice in the Antiquities of Egypt compared with that gentleman; but I should submit to him, that the imitation is very remote and improbable, and the copy at best very unlike the original. Like all copies, if it ever existed, it would be a copy without the spirit of its prototype. It was customary in Egypt to embalm the bodies of the deceased, or to make mummies of them; and it is probable he who possessed the most of these precious remains was most honoured for his high birth. The mummy was then a moveable piece of goods, a valuable testimonial of nobility like the statues of the Roman patricians; and to pledge these, was to give a man an actual security for the money, which was advanced expressly upon that pledge, and apportioned to the natural value of it. But this was a stipulated pledge by the son, not an ordinary execution on the body of the father; and, however odious it may now appear in the spendthrift heir, was more reasonable than the pledge which the law is supposed to give of the dead body of the debtor, which must necessarily impose upon the creditor, who was to keep it unburied, the task of reviving, not the dead body, but the long lost art of embalming, which is nearly as hopeless an experiment.

A DREAM OF ORPHEUS.

I HAD a dream of Orpheus. The veil'd bed
Open'd as 'twere a cloud, and light was shed,
Bathing the midnight darkness in mild gold:
The walls receded: space its depth unroll'd
Far vanishing in distance: gleams of day
Broke o'er brown forests: torrents toss'd their spray
Like smoke; and mountains heaved on heaven, where caves,
That darken'd inward, sent the knell of waves
In deaf and hollow clang on the far air:
A sunless cataract stream was prison'd there,
Plunging and writhing on its stony rack
Where old volcanic flames had burn'd their track,
And shagg'd the hollow'd sides with azure spires,—
The tinge of those old thunder-volleying fires
That gasp'd themselves away, and left the surge
To dash with tyrannous foam the hissing verge.
My visual sense was soul; and like a beam
It pierced the cavern's mouth, and saw the stream
In its ungovernable plunges, dark
As ebony, yet with a lightning spark
Upon its chafing waters; o'er their bed
Droop'd yellow crystals: the bow'd rocks were clung
With weeds that iced in shattery stone-work hung:
The toad, the bat, gleam'd cold, to marble grown,
And stiffening salamanders froze in stone:
The hardening surges, showering chilly spray,
Changed earth to iron as they wound their way;
I saw them tumbling o'er their shelvy ledge
Where night unfathom'd lay beyond the edge;
Till fancy totter'd, and I dared not trace
The deeper mysteries of that solemn place:
But, in my bodiless swift presence, turn'd
Where dazzling day without the mountain burn'd,
On snowy ridges toppling from on high,
And azure-billowing hills, that lowlier lie,

Woods and emerging plains that seem'd almost
Endless, rock, sand, and herbage, till a coast
Opposed its marble barrier, and the surge
Of the blue ocean lean'd against the verge.
High on the buoyant air there seem'd to spring
The fowls of heaven that rush on broader wing;
The vulture cross'd the azure with his shade,
And eagles from the cliffs the sun survey'd
With fix'd irradiate eye: and from those hills
I saw the lion stooping toward the rills
That boil'd in clefts of rocks, and tigers slow
Stole from the brake, or crouching gazed below
On some aerial antelope, anon
Starting, as 'twere a leaf, scarce seen, and gone.

Thus ruminating, on my ear there came
A sound, a thrill, which was no more the same:
The wild bird's cry, the forest's mutter'd roar,
The dash of rock-pent streams, the sea-wave hoar
Were blended still; but clearer than them all
An echo smote me with its swell and fall
Liquid, but not of waters; for it hung
In tremors, like the nightingale's sweet tongue,
And yet with more of sound and varied art
Melted itself into the brain and heart:
That my chain'd spirit struggled to get free
And lose itself in that wild harmony;
And, with a thought, my airy presence stood
Before a mountain grotto; where a wood
Shook with green aspens, and did high o'er-reach
The rock's tall summit with gigantic beech,
And oak and cedar. Nymphs with vine-leaves crown'd
Sate group'd upon the moss; their hair unbound,
And like those grape-tipp'd tendrils crisply twined,
Waved down their falling backs and kiss'd the wind.
The panther's mottled velvet half conceal'd
Their dazzling rounded forms, and part reveal'd.
Stags with their antlers peep'd; and the streak'd pard
Couch'd harmless; for before them lean'd a bard
Against the lichen'd rock; within his grasp
A seven-string'd shell: a coil'd and trampled asp
Beneath his foot, the fang still dripping gore:
This was the sound I heard; it breathed no more -
Still the throng'd air was dark with feather'd sails
Of hovering birds; and many nightingales
Lay panting on the grass beneath the trees;
As they had rung their descant on the breeze
In rivalry, and with their vain intent
Exhausted, flutter'd voiceless, breathless, spent.
But on my ravish'd sense arose a strain
From all those fair-shaped strangers, that again
The air shrill'd musical, and 'twere to die
If I should lose that love-breathed symphony.

SONG OF THE BACCHANTS.

Alas, Eurydice!—and where was he,
Within whose arm thy head had folded been?
When through the boundless wood's untrodden scene
Thou didst roam forth in thy simplicity?
Within his cavern-fane he sate
Unconscious of thy perilous flight;
His God on whom he fix'd his dazzled sight,
Could not his boasted God reveal thy fate?

Had she with us adored that better shrine,
Blest to the blooming Godhead of the vine,
And toss'd her wreathed locks and held
The spear that had her ravisher repell'd,
Thou wouldst not, priest deluded! prophet vain!
Now wake the mountains with thy dirge-like strain.

Alas, Eurydice! she trod,
Relying on her solar God,
The unfrequented shade;
The shepherd Aristæus came
With eyes that shot unholy flame,
And started from the glade:
From his extended arms she flew,
And back her glance abhorrent threw,
Her shrieks no timely succour drew,
For Bacchus was her scorn:
And pines their thronging branches spread
Above the fugitive's lorn head,
As if to shroud her, while she fled
From him who gilds the morn:
Hot the pursuit and swift the flight,
And keen the pantings of affright.

Alas, Eurydice!—thy God indeed
Saved thee from one more terrible than death,
But wherefore did he see thee bleed,
And to a gnawing reptile yield thy breath?
Was it that he we serve, the God,
Who walks on dragons, in his fury trod,
And part assented to thy Godhead's prayer,
And part dispersed in air?
Did not his wand arouse the snake,
That slumber'd in that rustling brake,
To wound thy snowy foot and tame
Thy husband's soul to tremble at his name?

Alas, Eurydice!—thy spouse we love,
And loved thee for his sake and for thine own:
These hands have well avenged thee, for the grove,
Where lurk'd the shepherd, we have overthrown:
Bow'd are the oaks within whose murmuring cell
His bees, his life, were wont to dwell:
Rifled and trampled are the bowers
That breathed the luxury of trailing flowers.
The God, who calls thy Orpheus, did relent
And us his votaries thy avengers sent:
The shepherd saw our blazing eyes,
He heard the shouts, the raving cries;
He saw the ivy-shrouded javelin glare
As brandish'd in the whirling air;
The woods in shiver'd fragments fell,
He fled, and Echo mock'd his frantic yell.

Alas! Eurydice!—lift up thy head
Oh, youth! in error wise! oh, beauteous priest!
And dry the tears thine eyes for ever shed;
She is from mortal pain released:
But others live who love as well;
Again awake thy vocal shell,
But hail the God, whom thou must serve and fear;
Turn from thy lifeless widowhood;
Chuse midst the Dryads of the wood;
Chuse not departed joy, but find it here!

There was a pause; a silence fearful, deep,
As though the wilderness were hush'd in sleep;
The youth had grasp'd with agonizing hands
His robe of snowy fleece, while propp'd he stands
Against the granite rock: his frame is shook
With ague thrills; a fire is in his look;
And his wild locks seem curling from his head,
And his cheeks flush with hectic stains of red;
His hand is on his harp; and hark!—the clash—
Shrill, loud, and sudden as the thunder flash!

ORPHEUS.

I fix my eyes upon thee, mighty sun!
That hearst what these have witness'd, and beholdst
The mockery of their pity! Thou art HE!—
The God whom they blaspheme is their own God,
Whom they in base and mortal shape would seek
Amidst their tangled haunts; when they might stand
Upon the mountain which thy glory gilds,
And see thee in thy naked majesty,
God of the vine they worship. Hear me now!
Celestial Bacchus! radiant Hercules!
That run'st thy race of strength around the stars;
Thou Jove, thou Juno of the azure air!
Thou Neptune! brother of thyself, that rulest
The tempest-toiling element of sea;
Thou! who art both the sign and source of all;
The world of earth and waters and deep skies;
Hear me!—I ask a token that these wild
And impious revellers, who crush the grape
In the delirium of infuriate sense,
And while their lips blush nectar grudge thee praise,
Who rend thee from thyself and part thee forth
In thousand rivals of thy name throughout
Air, sea, and land,—I ask from thee a sign,
That they may turn from phantoms, and discern,
Through these thy names and powers, thyself alone!
Sole energy!—great spirit!—universe!
At thy blest bidding I forsook the wild
Of snowy Thrace, and from her mountains brought
Into the haunts of savage men the lore
Ineffable, the mystery of THE ONE:
Temperance and justice and connubial love.
Be this thy token!—give me to possess
The bride again in life, whose ravisher
May read his warning in the mangled asp
That writhes beneath my foot. Eurydice!—
Give me to repossess Eurydice!
Bride of my youth! my blooming prophetess!
Upon whose tongue thy mysteries dwelt in music;
Whose eyes gave back the image of thyself;
Who was the priestess of thy shrine; and sate,
Pupil at once and teacher of the good
And beautiful!—restore Eurydice!
She is among the shadows of the land
Where dwell the dead, but thou art also there!
There is no cavern of the rounded globe
Where thy pervading glory pierceth not:
And the gold ripens and the ruby burns
In rocks, that never saw the eye of heaven,
But own thy fostering warmth within their veins.
Thy light is in the grave: the thought that breathed

In human forms survives the smouldering pyre,
And feels thy vital spark, and clothes itself
In a bright shadow of its mortal nature:
And I should know her, my Eurydice,
And thou couldst re-illume her scarce-cold limbs
With their extinguish'd fire, and plant again
That rose upon her cheek whose purple tinge
Was thine. I will conjure thee where thou sittst
In the recesses of the cavern'd earth,
With hymnic rhapsodies, which thou hast loved,
When on the Thracian rock I lay supine,
And felt thy ardours beaming on my breast.
Expect me—for I come—behold! I seek thee!

There was a crash of branches, for the beech
That tower'd above the cliff to his strong reach
Bent; his elastic limbs he upward swung
And on the topmost bough suspended hung,
Rock'd giddily and fearfully in air;
His weight the reeling branch could scarcely bear
As with nerved grasp the trunk embraced he held
And to and fro tumultuously impell'd
The toppling tree; till when it bending swept
The verdure-tufted crag, at once he leapt
Sheer from the branch, and felt beneath his feet
Heights, which no footstep but the deer's had beat:
And bounding where the eagle builds, from sight
He faded upwards into dizzy light.
Then javelins shook and clash'd: a long shrill yell
Was sent through every woodland, cave, and dell.
The hawk flew screaming from his rock: and o'er
The forest growl'd remote a mutter'd mingled roar.

My sprite was with the bard: I follow'd him
To other mountains, where the sight grew dim
If backward turn'd below: one arm the lyre
Clasp'd close: the sun had touch'd a pine with fire;
He snatch'd a branchy torch: I heard the wave
Dash loud and long and shrill: a yawning cave
Received him, and I enter'd: the cleft sides
Foam'd with the rush and roar of cataract tides:
The vaults shot light from crystals, and the walls,
That flash'd with gleams of darkling waterfalls,
Show'd the green tints volcanic fires had left
When flames and waters hiss'd within the cleft.
It was the cavern my far-gifted sight
Had partly fathom'd: now a deeper night
Hung o'er my sliding path, by fits illumed
With glancing meteor flashes; as entomb'd
I stood within th' eternal mountains: deep
And deeper the descending chasm's ridged steep
Open'd, and wide and wider that immense
And endless cavern, to my sleeping sense,
Struck its far vistas in the pillar'd stone,
By the bard's waving pine-torch gleaming shown
With all their spars of diamond, veins of gold:
Gates of red brass upon their hinges roll'd
Deafening the cataract's thunder: the pine's light,
Now flashing keener flame, disclosed to sight
The space beyond: the river rush'd between
Those clanging valves: a rocky ledge was seen

Banking its broadening current, till it wound
In twined meanders writhing round and round:
Hollow the dreary murmur rose, and more
And more in distance a confused stern roar
Of thronging echoes floated near and near;
Vague, undefined, and fraught with doubt and fear.
Then did that dauntless poet loose the fold
Of his girt robe that round his ancles roll'd,
And bared his sinewy arm, and struck the shell
Whose tinkling echoes rose and rose and fell:
That all that uproar ceased; and half-seen wings
Of night-birds stirr'd the air and brush'd the strings:
And on the river's breast a darksome boat
Row'd by a giant arm was seen to float;
And he was ferried in deep silence o'er,
Till I stood with him on a stranger shore:
And still the harp-strings rang, and shapes of men
Shadowy, enormous, came thick-flocking then;
With huge incredible forms of beast-like mould,
That moved with claws or wings, or snake-like roll'd,
Or all at once; and, high above us flung,
One on a moveless wheel grim-gazing hung
His bulk, of stature like a cowering cloud:
Sighs, murmur'd voices, whispers low or loud,
With rustling tramplings, throng'd us; and a blast
Of laughter, like a trumpet, clang'd and past.

I felt secure as some invisible sprite,
Impassive to the grasp of hostile might,
And onward pass'd, as I the shadow were
Of him who forced his fearless passage there.

At length the rock receded over-head;
A sky of amethyst o'er arching spread
Its concave, studded with strange stars, and bright
With comets wheeling in concentric light;
And, strait before, a palace rear'd on high
Its gold-leaved doors and walls of porphyry;
And I beheld him, while the valves flew wide,
Across the threshold plant his venturous stride,
And pace with harp in hand the jasper floor;
Till touching a soft stop, he paused before
A veiling arras, that with purpling glow
Checker'd in shifting lights the stone below.
He raised it with his arm, and the strong ray
Of starry lamps flash'd out a midnight day;
And supernatural statures caught the eye
Like shadows flung against a mountain sky:
Embodied attributes, strange virtues, powers
Of vengeance, such as range the guilty towers
Where crime has left its stain; and some there were
Who wreath'd the serpent round their female hair.
The sweet string trembled: all, incontinent,
Gazed gestureless and mute: the prophet bent
His forehead; since, above that dream-like crowd,
Steps of pyramidal sweep sustain'd a cloud,
Through whose ensanguined and transparent light
What seem'd a pillar'd throne half met the sight,
Where sate a human shape of doubtful guise,
Tenebrous splendour, and colossal size;
Dazzling, yet dimly seen: the charming rhyme
Melted from Orpheus' lips: he dared to climb

The slope pyramidal of steps that grew
Beneath his toiling feet, till to my view
He stood diminished; the last stair he trod,
Fainting, and touch'd the foot-stool of the God.

He saw a monarch in his pomp of place
Propt on a staff of gold: he saw the face
Of Jove-Apollo in his subterrene
Presence: of two-sex'd aspect: a dark queen
Sate gazing pensive on him, Pluto's spouse:
Arch'd on her forehead met her raven brows;
And languishingly look'd her fawn-like eyes,
Through long-fringed eyelids dipt in hyacinth dyes:
Her tower-tress'd hair was diadem'd: anon
The apparition of that shape was gone;
And through the fire-red vapour, mantling round
The chair of burnish'd adamant, there frown'd
A giant king, whose spiky crown was set
O'er locks that dropp'd in rings of clustering jet:
Thus, in their violet robes enwrapt, the pair
Sate twain, or one; with crisp'd or flowing hair,
Or stern, or melancholy—mild: each came
And went alone; each different, yet the same:
A masculine Proserpina was he;
And Pluto soften'd to a matron she:
Nor e'er at once were those grand phantoms seen,
A lonely king, a solitary queen:
One only lean'd upon that staff of gold,
And whom you late beheld you still behold:
Her sandal'd feet still press the agate stair,
And his those raven brows, that tower-wreath'd hair
The lineaments, by involution strange
Of form and sex, pass'd with alternate change
And re-appear'd: and still a disk of rays
Haloed each brow; a faint and flickering blaze:
And in that sign the ravish'd prophet knew
His priesthood pure, his inspirations true.
He look'd upon the self-dividing one,
The female Jove of hell, the subterranean sun:
And as he twitch'd the chords with ivory rod,
Lifted his plaintive chant and hail'd the Goddess-God.

SONG OF ORPHEUS.

Proem.

Hail! in whom the heavens eternal centre still as in their home;
Earth with all its hills and forests, ocean with its whirls of foam:
Mother of the moon: great father of the dews and founts of fire,
Rivers issue from thy bosom; lightnings own thee for their sire:
Hell admits thee to its caverns; death obeys thee; life attends;
At thy footstool, sun infernal! thus thy priest, thy prophet bends:
Hear Hyperion! hear Serapis! Pan-Osiris, Venus, hear!
Hear me, by thy name Adonis! Isis, lean thy charmed ear!

The flame that warm'd my stripling heart
Exhales itself in sighs;
Thy light, all-glorious as thou art!
Oh sun! fatigues mine eyes.

Pair'd on the poplar's silvery bough
The turtles sit, and moan
Complaints of love; but tuneless now
To me who sit alone

The yielding grass betrays the seat
  She fill'd beneath the tree;
I now must shun that bower'd retreat,
  For she is lost to me.

The chord that I melodious strung
  False trembles to my quill;
Mute is that dear companion's tongue
  That join'd its sweeter trill.

The mountain echoes solemn roll
  A dirge-like hollow sound;
They commune with my bleeding soul
  That feels the adder's wound.

The breezy planes, that clasp their leaf
  My burning temples o'er,
Respond, in whispers to my grief,
  She will return no more.

The moonlight shadows cross my cave,
  I see her lingering stand,
And with mock'd arms despairing rave,
  As she eludes my hand.

And when the gleam of morning skies
  The vales and rocks unfolds,
What can delight these tearful eyes,
  If she no more beholds?

Grant the prayer of thine adorer,
  God of light, and life, and love!
To my vacant arms restore her,
  Gladden the deserted grove!
Let the ring-dove's voice again
Charm me with its murmur'd strain.

Let the bank again receive her
  Where she lean'd upon my breast,
Why of life in youth bereave her,
  Hades! thine unbidden guest?
Why pronounce the doom I bear,
Sleepless torment, stern despair?

Ammon! if ere I hymn'd thy many names as one,
The self-created soul! Supreme, self-center'd sun!
If mine the mortal hand that dared unveil thy face,
And show thee where thou stood'st, all nature for thy base;
Through earth's and ocean's depths thy glistening arrows hurl'd,
Minerva of the heavens and Vulcan of the world!
Infuse thy holy warmth, thy vital spirit shed
Within the frigid veins of her, the fleeted dead;
Grant me to clasp the lost, and give mine eyes to see
Eurydice in life, the found Eurydice!

PROSERPINE.

The door of death
  To all is nigh;
She had mortal breath,
  And thou must die.

She had human birth,
  And was snatch'd away,
Lest the toys of earth
  Should thy spirit sway

With a charm I bind thee;
Avert thy head;
One flits behind thee
Who join'd the dead.

When the upper skies
Have mix'd with her breath,
Then turn thine eyes,
For she lives from death.

But beware lest haste
The spell dissever;
Or unembraced
She is dead for ever.

And in a thought I found me at the mouth
Of that enormous cavern; the sweet south
Whisper'd of primrose odours, and the flow
Of sunshine bathed the mountains with its glow.
The roarings of that subterraneous wave
Were faintlier heard; when from within the cave
A harp rang out: a youth with hurried tread
Sprang into day, and, gasping, turn'd his head.
The very heart within me seem'd to break
At the shrill sadness of that following shriek.
A figure like a mist veil'd snowy-white
Stretch'd its beseeching arms and sank from sight,
And where that mist-like form pale-hovering stay'd
A moment's space, was blindest, blackest shade.
Then came a distant earthquake sound, whose thrill
Was felt as from within that tremulous hill;
Gloom fell upon the rocks, and winds howl'd by
With lightning glimpses from a scowling sky.
I saw the pontiff youth unmoving stand;
Then, starting, in his harp-strings twine his hand
With passionate tears and reave them from the shell:
Long forest echoes rang their answering knell
To his redoubling shrieks: the serpent cast
Her venom on him as he bounding pass'd
Beneath the gnarl'd o'erbranching oaks; the glare
Of panthers met him from their briary lair.
Paths that betray'd the Bacchant's agile pace
Now led him onward to their holiest place:
With loathing yet determined glance he sees
The human Bacchus' image, girt with trees;
Whence hung the vine's ripe clusters; and beneath
Lay women, ivy-crown'd, that seem'd to breathe
The breath of deepest slumber, as opprest
With dance and wine that stained their ivory breast
And left its crimson on their ruddier lip:
And some in dreams appear'd again to sip
The rapture-stirring juice, and leaping hurl
The leafy javelin in its breezy whirl.
A fawn's gore-spotted hide beside them lay,
Remnant and symbol of their festive prey;
When snatch'd from mouth to mouth, from hand to hand,
Its living flesh had fed their howling ravening band.
He stood amidst them, and with wildering shout
Startled the sleepers: that inebriate rout
Up-bounded from the earth; their javelins shook,
And measured him amazed with lengthening look
Doubtful and half-assured: but he, austere,
In desperate anguish smiling scorn of fear,

Dragg'd the stain'd idol from its base, and trod
In the delved mould the mortal-visaged God:
And then a yell broke forth, that babes at rest
Had died to hear it on the lulling breast.

DITHYRAMBIC.

Hail to him! hail to the God of the vine!
Death to the spoiler that tramples his shrine!
Death to the wretch who despises our charms,
Looks dew'd with pity and supplicant arms.
Death to the monster who loves but the dead!
Twine all your hands in the locks of his head.
Red as the wine let the blood of his heart
Spout on the barb of each ivy-wreathed dart.
Wide let his limbs through the forest be strewn,
And the river re-murmur the sob of his groan.
Hail to him!—hail to the God of the vine!
Death to the spoiler that tramples his shrine!

And on the pontiff youth their arms they flung;
And round and round with fierce embracements clung,
Their writhing hands were twisted in his locks;
Headless he sank: but woods and glades and rocks
Told back the voice of his last agony—
"Eurydice! ah, poor Eurydice!"
The last, the only sounds his tongue had shaped
Still quiver'd on the lip, when life escaped;
The stream that his disparted visage roll'd
Along its ruddy tides the echo told,
And all the wild roar died along the steep:
And those, who wreak'd the vengeance, paused to weep.
A troubled, gloomy, sad, repentant air,
The mien of jealous, erring, fond despair—
Forgiveness melting in the gall of hate,
And wrath to love relenting when too late—
Such thoughts were painted in each face: and all
Moved silent back to a maim'd funeral:
Gathering the scatter'd limbs beneath a mound
Of heapy earth, and strewing roses round.

The forest closed upon their toil, and night
Press'd heavy on my intercepted sight;
An interval, as if in death I lay,
And motion, sense, and thought had past away.
Till snatch'd afar, as in a trance, I sank
In torrent-eaten caverns, drear and dank,
Where meteors darting their phosphoric ray
Gleam'd through sparr'd vaults to light my downward way,
And consciously I pass'd that brassy door,
And felt my footsteps on the jasper floor.
The walls then melted like a mist away,
The spangled heavens dissolved in purple day:
And there were lawns of greenness, and far gleams
Of golden fruitage and of amber streams:
And childhood groupes and many an arm-link'd pair.
And one of roseate cheek and sunny hair,
With starr'd and azured vestments, lean'd her head
O'er a wan youth, who waked as from the dead,
Drew life and love like sunlight at his eyes,
And held his breath in speechless ecstasies,—
Then dove-like murmur'd, while delight grew pain,
"Eurydice! thou then art mine again!"

Olen.

NARRATIVE OF A VOYAGE FROM NEW SOUTH WALES.

I EMBARKED for England on the 4th of February, 1824, and sailed from the heads of Port Jackson with a south-east wind, which continued more or less foul till the evening of the 12th, when it came round to the north-west.

On the two following days we saw flying-fish, though our latitude on the last of them was 37° 22', which is a higher southern parallel than this tropical animal was perhaps ever seen in before. We had the wind now from the southward, and next from the westward, as it prevails in these latitudes at this season, and as we wished it to be for the purpose of making an eastern passage home round Cape Horn. But the wind being right aft, with a heavy sea, caused a great rolling of the ship.

On the 18th Capt. Cook's Strait between the two islands of New Zealand was in sight, and we passed Cape Farewell in the course of the day, and were at night off the Brothers. It was calm in the night, and the strait being so narrow that we could see the land on both sides, the sea was smooth and the ship steady in the day. The land we saw consisted of barren hills or sand. We observed no signs of inhabitancy. These are not the fertile parts of New Zealand. The mountains were even topt with sand, which we at first took for snow.

The next day Entry Island was in sight, and we passed through the strait; and on the following day, we left New Zealand out of sight. Having cleared the land, the sea ran high, and the ship's rolling became heavy again.

On the 21st we crossed the longitude of 180°, and entered the western hemisphere, as it may strictly be called, though the maps do not divide till 20° more; but having lived more than seven years in the eastern hemisphere, one is anxious to forestal a change.

On the 25th albatrosses were numerous, and on the 26th stormy peterels. On the 28th we saw eight of the former swimming, which they seldom do, and on the 29th the latter were in great variety.

From this time to the 17th March the weather was generally wet and windy, and the vessel being very deeply laden and uneasy, shipped the salt water almost constantly; so that we were imprisoned in our cabins, which were necessarily darkened. This was the worst of doubling Cape Horn; for on the 28th March, the day on which we actually passed the longitude of it, and left the Pacific for the Atlantic ocean, the weather was fine, and the ship steady; and the next day the sea was calm and the sky beautiful, with Staten Island in sight twelve leagues to the north, looking even green. So was it fine weather for the three following days, but on the last of these the wind came foul.

On the day we doubled Cape Horn, we met a ship about five miles off: the thermometer at this time stood at 44°, being the lowest fall on the voyage.

On the 25th came heavy rain with a squally night, and the sea being against the wind caused a great rolling and pitching of the ship. So the deck was generally wet and our cabin dark again till the 1th day of April, when the dead lights were removed for good, and the worst of our passage was over.

This week we made two Thursdays—in order to accommodate our reckoning to that of this hemisphere, having gained a revolution of the earth, by going back to the sun round the world—two first days of April; so that this being leap-year, I shall have lived 367 days in one year, a thing which few people can understand, and still fewer say. If the Emperor Titus had been up to this, he might have indemnified himself for his celebrated loss.

On the 5th day of April, the thermometer stood at 75°, being a change of 30° in a fortnight.

On the 12th we were so fortunate as to meet his Majesty's ship Tamar, Captain Bremer, bound from England to New South Wales: this was the only vessel we visited during the whole passage, we being bound from New South Wales to England, and a man of war not having sailed

from England to New South Wales for twenty years before. An old acquaintance of mine, an officer of the ship, boarded us, and gave us a few newspapers of January and February last, which we should not have seen in New South Wales for three months more. Here be fruits! first profits of the voyage home!

The Tamar was bound to New South Wales on secret service; but on my arrival in England, I found the secret very well known to be the intended establishment of a commercial factory at Port Essington, a discovery of Capt. King's of His Majesty's surveying service, on the north coast of Australia. The treaty with Holland having shut us out of all the islands of the Indian Archipelago, into which British goods are not admitted by the Dutch without payment of a very high duty, our government have, by assisting in the formation of this factory, anticipated any foreign occupancy of this part of the Australian coast, from whence the Malays, who visit it every year from Macassar to fish for trepang for the China market, may be supplied with our manufactured goods. It is hoped that the Malays will soon induce Chinese emigrants to settle at Port Essington, and keep up this trade in British goods. The port lies very handy, not only for the Moluccas, but for the Caroline and Philippine Islands, and even for China.

On the same day on which we met the Tamar, we crossed the tropic of Capricorn; and I saw the Great Bear again for the first time for more than seven years:—

——— The northern team,
And great Orion's more refulgent beam,
To which around the axle of the sky
The Bear revolving points his golden eye,
Who shines exalted on th' ethereal plain,
Nor bathes his blazing forehead in the main.

On the 15th we met a brig ten miles off, and on the 17th another standing to the south-west. These were proofs of our drawing towards the coast of Brazil; and on the 20th the land was in sight, the city of St. Salvador in the Brazilian province of Bahia, latitude 12° 59′, longitude 38° 28′, according to one reckoning; 38° 21′, according to another. Two ships were in sight, also standing for the harbour of Bahia; and in the afternoon we came to anchor there.

We found Bahia in the possession of the Brazilians, and the Portuguese either expelled or hiding themselves. The Brazilians are not such finely made men as the negroes of this province, who are celebrated for the beauty of their figures; but the South Americans, notwithstanding the diminutiveness of their forms, will be a great people,—

A little body with a mighty heart.

The very children in the streets are singing *Liberty*.

The imperial flag was hoisted on the fort, and flying on the ships of war. I wish they had chosen a prettier mixture of colours. They are light green and yellow, with an unmeaning coat of arms.

I went on shore this evening, and called, as is the etiquette, upon the British consul, who lives at Vittoria, in the upper or new town, on Cape St. Antonio, on which is another fort. This is almost entirely an English settlement, and delightfully situated, with lanes, at least clean, if not trim, and gardens, or rather shrubberies, to each house, down to the sea. The mango, and other tropical trees, struck me with their rich leafiness, after the barrenness and dryness of Australian foliage. I found the white cedar, the melia azedarach, or common bead-tree of India, growing here, as well as at New South Wales; and I particularly admired the splendour of that species of acacia, called poinciana pulcherrima, or the Barbadoes flower-fence.

The lower town of Bahia, in which the English merchants have only compting-houses, is very close and disgusting, rather from filth and the manners of the Portuguese, than from the mode of building; for narrow streets ensure shade, and declivity of ground commands the sea-breeze everywhere by its nature, and would command cleanliness with a very little art. There are many British merchants and shop-keepers settled here, corresponding principally with Liverpool. They are, as they are all over the world, the wealthiest and most respectable people in the place, and in favour with all parties, royalists, imperialists, and republicans.

The next afternoon, I went on

shore till my ship should sail, to enjoy the hospitality of my countrymen at Vittoria; for I had no other claim to it than that of common country, but that was enough. Mrs. Graham, in her late Voyage to Brazil, repays the hospitality of the English at Bahia, by saying that "society is at a low, very low scale here among the English," and that "the ladies are quite of the second rate even of colonial gentility." Now, though there are about twenty English merchants here, there are but six married English ladies, and one single one; and when Mrs. Graham was here, there was, in exchange for one of these, the Consul's daughter, whom this genteel authoress has the indelicacy to name at full length. It does not appear that Mrs. Graham meant to include Miss P——— in her criticism, but the number of six is too small to scatter censure harmless among; and one of those six must have been Miss P———'s married sister, whom Mrs. Graham also mentions. I can only say that I had the good fortune to be either more grateful or less fastidious. But I should have thought that a very small share of gratitude, and a very considerable one of fastidiousness, might still have left the guest of Mrs. J—— entirely satisfied of her unaffected good-breeding, and of the perfect politeness of such of her few countrywomen as I had the pleasure of meeting under her roof.

At our Consul's house, I saw an Indian of Botocudo (in the interior of the country) who had been to Vienna to see the world, and was staying at the Consulate, on his way back to his own nation. He had a large, round, cake-shaped piece of wood, inserted in a long slit in his under lip, something like the natives of the Baie des Françoises on the west coast of North America, figured in the Atlas to La Pérouse's Voyage; and a similar piece in a slit in each ear. I have since learnt that there was a Botocudo with his wife and child exhibited in London in the year 1822.

The weather favoured our little *relache;* and our ship completed her watering on the 23d of April. I had therefore no time to visit the interior of the country, to which indeed there are no roads; but I perambulated the city of Bahia with great diligence, both in caderas, and on horseback. The streets are too steep for carriages, although the hill on which the town is built, is not 600 feet high (as the books say), but a little more than 200, *teste* Captain Sabine. The caderas, or curtained chairs, which are used as much by gentlemen as by ladies, are carried obliquely, with only one pole from the top of the chair on the shoulder of each of two negroes, so that each may see his way before him, and the sitter enjoy the thorough breeze and see before him too, if he chooses to open the curtains.

As it was the season of the carnival, and this city was once the ecclesiastical metropolis of Brazil, we expected to witness the masquerading holydays of the Roman Catholic Religion. But the revolution had left priests at a heavy discount. We found the saint-cupboards in the streets shut up; and the carnival was forbidden by the governor, for fear of political riot.

On Sunday the 25th, I visited the public garden in the fort of St. Peter, presenting a fine terrace to the sea. I found the garden neglected, probably in consequence of the late siege of Bahia by the Brazilians. The remains of an earthwork, thrown up by their troops, are in the neighbouring square. I copied the following inscription from an obelisk in the garden, commemorative of the Prince Regent of Portugal's first landing here, on the emigration of the Royal Family from the mother country. I wonder the Brazilians have not pulled it down.

Joanni
Priore Reg. P. F. P. P.
huc primum appulso
xi. cal. Februar.
A. D. MDCCCVIII.
Bahiæ Senatus
Monumentum
posuit.
MDCCCXV.

In the afternoon, I re-embarked, refreshed with oranges and limes, (though they kept not long) and pleased with Bahia, although I did not find it so musical and romantic as Rio de Janeiro. To be sure, the Portuguese were either away or shut up; and the lascivious guitar was silenced by the trumpet of freedom.

There is a large opera-house here, and there was to be a performance that night; but our countrymen did not speak highly of Brazilian taste, or of the ripeness of the revolutionists for elegant amusements.

The climate of Bahia is not oppressive to a visitor; but it must be tiresome to a resident to have the thermometer all the year round from 75° to 85°. Winter rains induce the lower degree, and the higher is always relieved by a sea-breeze.

The oranges of Bahia are particularly fine. When the king of Portugal lived at Rio de Janeiro he would eat no other. They are seedless in the main core. The seeds are in a little perfect sub-orange at the top of the other, which gives the fruit somewhat of a pear-shape, with the seed-chamber divisions indicated in the rind of this little top-orange. The ant is the great enemy of this fruit-tree. Its armies will strip an orange-tree in a night—

Shake down its mellow hangings, nay its leaves,
And leave it bare to weather.

I saw some of these little animals walking away with large bits of leaves. No remedy of girthing the trunk with any thing, however poisonous or offensive, has yet been discovered. They surmount all difficulties. Fire at night is the only thing that drives them away for a time.

The only manufactory at Bahia is of red pottery. The various water-vessels are peculiarly adapted to this warm climate, from the porousness of the clay of which they are made; and the excellent water that is poured from them, after they have been placed in the sea or land breeze, drinks deliciously cool.

We sailed from Bahia in the afternoon of the 26th of April with a south-east wind and showery weather; and so the wind and weather continued, and prevented us from clearing the land till the 3d day of May. In addition to this foulness of wind, we now found a foul ship; for the vessel having been some days stagnant in harbour, an infernal sulphuric stench came from the hold, and from the bilge-water, which, attracting the lead from the salt-water-stained cabin paint, rendered the between decks, which were always wet and dirty, perfectly uninhabitable. Was it the hides of the cargo that generated this horrible smell, and produced this sulphuretted hydrogen, which, combining with the oxygen of the paint, formed sulphate of lead? The wind being no longer aft, this odour was blown into the stern cabins for the rest of the voyage, and rendered the ship more disagreeable in the trade-winds, than in rounding Cape Horn. Scouring was useless: the black-lead was soon afterwards reproduced; and without going so far as to feel a stain (as Burke says) like a wound, it is not to be conceived by the ladies and gentlemen of England, who live at home in ease, how distressing is the constant sense of uncleanness on board of ship. I am told that this stench and these stains are the consequences of many cargoes, particularly of sugar; and yet masters of ships (from pure indifference to every thing but navigation) take no measures to prevent them, either by the use of unpainted cabin-linings, or by ventilating the holds. He that cannot eat and drink any thing, drest in any way, at any time, out of any thing, touched by any thing, mixed with any thing,—and this under the sight of any dirt, the smell of any stench, the sound of any discord, and the feeling of any motion, should not go to sea. I write this while I am at sea, because the touch of shore is apt to put to flight the memory of all these miseries, however keen at the time; and I am determined to have my revenge of shipboard; and to tell landsmen what truth will utter and what sailors will not. I said I would write a pamphlet against the sea. I am in a mood to chide the tempest, to rebuke the waves, like King Canute. If my outward ship was heavy and uneasy, my homeward was heavy, uneasy, wet and filthy.

On the day after we left Bahia, the French merchant-ship, which sailed with us, and the Dutch one, which left the harbour the day before, were close in sight; and on the next day a brig was near us, supposed to be an English merchant vessel that sailed from Bahia on Sunday. On the following morning, the French ship was close in sight

again; and on the next day, a vessel was still visible.

On the 5th of May, we saw a Portuguese Man-of-war, not a ship, but a species of zoophyta of the medusa kind; and in the evening we passed the high pyramidical peak of the island of Fernando Norhonha, distant six or seven leagues, to the eastward, rising like a spire.

On the 8th we crossed the line in the longitude of 32° 30′, and were becalmed for only two days, with rain for only one, after which we got the north-east trade-wind till the 2d of June, when we were in the latitude of 35° 55′, and in the Florida Gulf Stream. On the 13th of May the wind was light with heavy rain all day; and on the next evening, which was showery, we saw a lunar rainbow, a phenomenon which I have witnessed only once before, and which many people die of old age without seeing.

On the 22d, being in latitude 20° 7′, the sun was vertical at noon, yet the thermometer was only 75°. This is a wonderful sight, and yet thousands, who visit the tropics, notice it not. Shine, but no sun, till you look over head; and, what is more awful, like the goblin in the Lay of the Last Minstrel,

> Your form no darkling shadow throws
> Upon the vessel's deck.

A vertical sun is as much a miracle to an extra-tropical inhabitant, as snow and ice to an inter-tropical one.

On the next day, at evening, we met a brig; and much sea-weed was seen all day, supposed to have drifted from the Gulf Stream. It seemed to be all of one sort, namely the fucus natans.

On the 24th of May, we crossed the tropic of Cancer; and on that and the three following days the sea-weed was very abundant. When gathered, small crabs and shrimps came up among it.

On the 30th of May, the wind being light and the weather fair, we saw half a dozen dolphins, with their ultramarine blue bodies, and their orange-green tails; but they would not bite a bait. We also passed a brig.

Eight weeks have now elapsed, during which we have had the thermometer standing from 75° to 83°, both night and day. From this time the heat fell to a common English summer temperature.

On the next day, which was rainy and cloudy, instead of dolphins, stormy peterels were very numerous under the stern of the ship; and on the following day came a strong breeze and a high sea, producing heavy rolling. We passed a schooner, showing English colours. The day after, the sea was still high and the wind fresh at north-west, with heavy rain in the evening, which latter continued the next day. With the exception of one day we had now a fair wind, till we entered the English Channel. On the 4th of June we passed a brig, which afterwards overtook and spoke us; namely, the Nocton Packet from the island of St. Thomas to England. On the next day, the wind was stronger and the ship more uneasy and wet than ever: we were out of the Gulf Stream, and on the following morning we passed the islands of Flores and Corvo, the two north-westernmost of the Azores, or Western Islands. Flores looked verdant; but Corvo is little better than a lofty rock: both however are inhabited.

We were now drawing near home and the converging of outward and homeward bound vessels. On the 9th day of June we passed a ship, and on the next day met a large one; on the 13th we met a brig, and saw two or three other small vessels in the chops of the Channel. The next day, a vessel was in sight, and the sea was green, the ship being in soundings. We were out of blue water. The following morning several vessels were in sight: in the afternoon we saw the land, Start Point, in Old England; and late at night, we discerned the Portland Lights. On the next day, we were off Portland and St. Alban's Heads; but the wind was foul; a mortifying circumstance with home in sight. An Isle of Wight pilot came on board; and we had that island in sight all day. The next morning the weather was wet, and the land out of sight. At noon of the 17th of June we tacked towards England, and made St. Catherine's on the Isle of Wight at three o'clock p. m.; when the wind con-

tinuing obstinately foul, I went on shore in the pilot-boat and landed at Portsmouth at the same hour the next morning. The sea was smooth and the sail pleasant. We came round the Needles, and up the Solent or West Channel of the Isle of Wight, and as we kept close in shore all the way, the transition from a sea voyage to my land journey up to London was broken by thus coasting along this beautiful island. And so ends this tedious journal of a voyage of 131 days at sea!

The boundless ocean! If it be meant to give the effect of a view of "sea without shore," it is quite a mistake to describe it, as the boundless ocean. It appears to be completely bounded; and that too at the very short distance of three or four miles, all around. The *melancholy* main is in my mind the happiest epithet that poetry has ever applied to the sea.

Where all above is sky, and ocean all around,

sounds very sublime till you get on board of ship; and then reality gives you a small circle of a dozen tiers of waves all around, capped with a low dome of sky, about the size of St. Paul's Cathedral; for it is a very just observation of Dr. Reid, that "when the visible horizon is terminated by very distant objects, the celestial vault seems to be enlarged in all its dimensions."* It must therefore follow that when the horizon is bounded by a circle of waves three miles off, the zenith shuts down over our heads into a smaller segment of a sphere than that of an apparent hemisphere. But enough of the sea.

B. F.

* Reid's Inquiry into the Human Mind, ch. vi. § 22.

ELEGY.

A SHADOW on my spirit fell,
When my hush'd footstep from thee pass'd,
And sad to me thy mild farewell,
To me, who fear'd it was thy last;
And when I saw thee next, a veil
Was drawn upon thy features pale.

They strew'd thee in thy narrow bed
With roses from thy own loved bowers:
In melting anguish Memory fled
Back to thy valued rural hours:
And saw thee gentle gliding round,
Where all to thee was Eden ground.

The God, whose presence met thee there,
Was with thee in thy slow decays;
He answered to her dying prayer,
Whose life had been a hymn of praise:
Thy God was nigh—thy Shepherd-God,
With comfort of his staff and rod.

I lay thee where the loved are laid:
Rest—till their change and thine shall come;
Still voices whisper through the shade;
A light is glimmering round the tomb;
The temple rends! the sleep is ended—
The dead are gone, the pure ascended!

THE PORTRAIT PAINTER.

Sono Pittore!—*Sal. Rosa.*

I SHALL not begin *par le commencement*, for I have an antipathy to straight lines. It has always been my custom to open a book in the middle, that I may have the pleasure of torturing my brains to find out what the probable beginning may have been: the words, "In a rich and beautiful valley, situated in the province of ———;" "The elegant De Mowbray received a fashionable education at ———;" put me into an agony of impatience. I prefer such openings as, "And so you are really not going to-day;" but then is sure to follow, "said the lady so and so," and the story goes on as quietly as if it had any other beginning. Indeed any thing matter of fact makes me insufferably nervous, and I had rather receive any kind of answer than a direct one; for which reason an Irishman is my delight.

This peculiarity may account for my declining to inform the reader who I am, what is my age, sex, or what circumstances gave rise to my present pursuit. We are apt to suppose the feelings of others similar to our own; and as I have acknowledged my preference for darkness rather than light, I choose to conclude, that all to whom I introduce myself are of my way of thinking. I therefore intend to give them leave to stumble to their heart's content without affording them assistance—a kindness I should prize extremely in my own person.

I am a portrait-painter, so much I condescend to mention—whether I paint in allegory, or in very truth, whether I am actually a spoiler or adorner of ivory or canvas, or with a visionary pencil trace unsubstantial forms, I shall not satisfy the public.

Whether I am a portly citizen, with such a face as smiles from the walls of Somerset-House, or a shadowy grey gentleman, such as startles us to look on in the pages of Peter Schlemihl; whether I am—

A clerk foredoom'd his father's soul to cross,

or a "learned pundit," I shall not satisfy the public.

Whether I have "wandered o'er the earth," and describe scenes that I have really witnessed; or have never quitted the noise and bustle of a smoky city, and describe from hearsay, I shall not satisfy the public.

Why should I? Who satisfies the public now-a-days? Who puts his name to a novel or a poem? Even though every one knows who is the author, does not every one love still to fancy himself wandering in a labyrinth of doubt, and exclaim, "oh! let me be deceived!" Long live the known Unknowns, great and little! Long live doubt and perplexity!—Where is mystery may be impartiality.

When ye doubt, the truth not knowing,
Believing the best, good may be growing;
In judging the best no harm at the least,
In judging the worst no good at the best.

Heywood.

The first person who placed himself under my care, with the fond hope of being rendered immortal by my art, was an old gentleman of goodly presence, with a red round face totally innocent of expression, small grey eyes, and broad bald forehead. His family, under whose hands he seemed to suffer a patient martyrdom, insisted on my being left entirely alone with him, for fear of the attention of either being diverted from the destined point. We took our stations and a dead silence ensued.

When all was prepared I looked up and beheld the poor man screwed into an upright position, his elbows resting on the arms of his chair, his hands meeting, and his thumbs twirling in the most exact time, his mouth pursed up, his eyes half closed, and his whole body motionless, saving the before-mentioned rotatory members: appalled at such an appearance, I endeavoured by conversation on various subjects to draw him from his perpendicular; but he had received his lesson, and he knew the consequences of disobedience: he

sometimes, indeed, relaxed from his direct line, and now and then his feature distended into a smile—in such a sort! I began to despair,—I invoked the shade of Sir Joshua,—I apostrophized the genius of Sir Thomas,—I trusted to the next sitting, when the novelty of the operation having worn off, he might be induced to forget his predicament. The next sitting he went to sleep! I should have been reduced to wretchedness but for the animation caused by his waking apologies: a dead white wall glimmered opposite, he fixed his eyes in its direction, and soon his gaze emulated its brilliancy and meaning. At last I entreated the company of his family: his wife came, and under her auspices the business was completed. She began, in order to entertain us, a history of the letting of her first and second floors and *fore* parlour,—of the washing of her window-curtains,—of the hatred she bore to all lodgers of French or other foreign growth,—of the spoiling of her best rug by the French lady's saucepans being placed thereon.—"For them folks," said she, "cooks their vittals upstairs, and puts down their pots and pans all over the room. Nasty creturs! but they don't know no better, it's the way all over France. I soon got them out, and then comes an old *Hingy* gentleman; he plagues my life out; but his money is sure, and so we bears his whims."

The specimens I gleaned of the character of this India gentleman amused me. He is accustomed to remain in London a short time every year, and this house is his residence during that period. He reads the newspaper, and now and then an Asiatic Journal, but no other printed thing ever encumbers his table. His whole employment is listening to what passes in the house, his door being always ajar that he may catch the slightest sound: no sooner is any bell rung than *his* peals louder, and he darts forward to intercept the servant, that he may be first attended, that he may know why the bell was rung, that his orders may supersede any others: the questions, "Who knocked at the door? Who came in? Who dines at home? What are they doing below? How do they spend the evening?" following thick and fast. He dines always at home, fearing, if he accepts any invitation, that he shall be obliged to return it; he keeps no servant, to save expense; he eats all day long, and yet pretends every half hour to be fainting for want of nourishment, and dying for lack of attendance; he starts at the least noise, and ringing violently, desires that some one may be sent to stay with him.

His nephew called to take leave of him as he was going to college, and he offered him a shilling, and was offended at its being declined. He sits for hours gazing at some gold coins and ill-set jewels which he possesses, and after carefully replacing them in security, yawns, sighs, and sleeps through the day. This man has a large fortune, is a bachelor, lives unloving and unloved, mercenary, capricious, selfish, and ridiculous.

My patient friend's picture being completed, I proceeded next to the portrait of his daughter, a young lady of some beauty, of which she was fully conscious. She has filled several situations as governess, and her qualifications for such an undertaking raised in my mind reflections on the extraordinary unfitness of the greatest part of the numerous race of teachers for the important charge consigned to them.

Having seated herself at her "Arp," that I might judge of the effect, she condescended to warble, in a loud voice, the following strain, the *words* and air of which, though not new, she told me she particularly admired, and indeed poetry in general she "was partial to." Of her power of giving proper expression to the music, from thoroughly understanding the words, she gave me this specimen.

SONG.—(*Rosina*).

See the rosy moon happeering
  Pants with gold the verdure lawn,
Bees on banks their time disporting,
  Sup on sweets and ale of morn!

Then she obliged us with "Dy Piasir," and "Tooky Assendy," and "Portray chermong;" the accompaniment far less intolerable, it must be acknowledged, than what it accompanied.

Her costume gave me infinite trouble, in consequence of her mother's indecision, as to whether she should be represented in her own character at her Arp, with her last ball dress of pink satin, with blue and yellow roses—"all the fashion now, I assure you, a mixture of colours;" or in some *fancy* character, such as Mary Magdalen, or Juliet, or Eloisa with her beads, or *Elvina*, in "Shakspeare's play of the Distracted Daughter;" 'twas settled at length, and she lives in canvas, and looks pink, with her loved Arp, in a large gilt frame, beside her peaceful and much-enduring papa.

My next sitter was the wife of an Honourable, whose whole family by turns I was so much honoured as to be allowed to represent.—I shall proceed to give a sketch of them.

P. P.

SCHILLER'S LIFE AND WRITINGS.

(PART III concluded.)

FROM HIS SETTLEMENT AT JENA TO HIS DEATH (1790—1805).

At Weimar his present way of life was like his former one at Jena: his business was to study and compose: his recreations were in the circle of his family, where he could abandon himself to affections, grave or trifling, and in frank and cheerful intercourse with a few friends. Of the latter he had lately formed a social club, the meetings of which afforded him a regular and innocent amusement. He still loved solitary walks: in the park at Weimar he might frequently be seen wandering among the groves and remote avenues, with a note-book in his hand; now loitering slowly along; now standing still; now moving rapidly on: if any one appeared in sight, he would dart into another alley, that his dream might not be broken. "A favourite resort," we are told, "was the thickly-overshadowed rocky path which leads to the *Römische Haus*, a pleasure-house of the Duke's, built under the direction of Goethe. There he would often sit in the gloom of the crags, overgrown with cypresses and boxwood, shady hedges before him, not far from the murmur of a little brook, which there gushes in a smooth slaty channel, and where some verses of Goethe are cut upon a brown plate of stone, and fixed in the rock." He still continued to study in the night: the morning was spent with his children and their mother, or in pastimes such as we have noticed; in the afternoon he revised what had been last composed, wrote letters or visited his friends. His evenings were very often passed in the theatre; it was the only public place of amusement which he ever visited; nor was it for the purpose of amusement which he visited this: it was his observatory where he watched the effect of scenes and situations, devised new schemes of art, or corrected old ones. To the players he was kind, friendly: on nights, when any of his pieces had been acted successfully or for the first time, he used to invite the leaders of the company to a supper in the Stadthaus, where the time was spent in mirthful diversions, one of which was often a recitation, by Genast, of the Capuchin's sermon in *Wallenstein's Camp*. Except on such rare occasions, he returned home directly from the theatre to light his midnight lamp, and commence the most earnest of his labours.

The assiduity with which he struggled for improvement in dramatic composition had now produced its natural result: the requisitions of his taste no longer hindered the operation of his genius; art had at length become a second nature. A new proof at once of his fertility and of his solicitude for farther improvement appeared in 1803. The *Braut von Messina* was an experiment; an attempt to exhibit a modern subject and modern sentiments in an antique garb. The principle on which the interest of this play rests is the fatalism of the ancients; the plot is of

extreme simplicity; a chorus also is introduced, an elaborate discussion of the nature and uses of that accompaniment being prefixed by way of preface. The experiment was not successful: with a multitude of individual beauties this *Bride of Messina* is found to be ineffectual as a whole: it does not move us; the great object of every tragedy is not attained. The chorus, which Schiller, swerving from the Greek models, has divided into two contending parts, and made to enter and depart with the principals to whom they are attached, has in his hands become the medium of conveying many beautiful effusions of poetry; but it retards the progress of the plot; it dissipates and diffuses our sympathies; the interest we should take in the fate and prospects of Manuel and Cæsar, is expended on the fate and prospects of man. For beautiful and touching delineations of life; for pensive and pathetic reflections, sentiments, and images, conveyed in language simple, but nervous and emphatic, this tragedy stands high in the rank of modern compositions. There is in it a breath of young tenderness and ardour mingled impressively with the feelings of gray-haired experience, whose recollections are darkened with melancholy, whose very hopes are chequered and solemn. The implacable Destiny which consigns the brothers to mutual enmity and mutual destruction, for the guilt of a past generation, involving a mother and a sister in their ruin, spreads a sombre hue over all the poem: we are not unmoved by the characters of the hostile brothers, and we pity the hapless and amiable Beatrice, the victim of their feud. Still there is too little action in the play; the incidents are too abundantly diluted with reflection; the interest pauses, flags, and fails to produce its full effect. For its specimens of lyrical poetry, tender, affecting, sometimes exquisitely beautiful, the *Bride of Messina* will long deserve a careful perusal; but as exemplifying a new form of the drama, it has found no imitators, and is likely to find none.

The slight degree of failure or miscalculation, which occurred in the present instance, was next year abundantly redeemed. *Wilhelm Tell*, sent out in 1804, is one of Schiller's very finest dramas; it exhibits some of the highest triumphs which his genius combined with his art ever realized. The first descent of Freedom to our modern world, the first unfurling of her standard on that rocky fortress, the pinnacle of Europe, is here celebrated in the style which it deserved. There is no false tinsel decoration about *Tell*, no sickly refinement, no declamatory sentimentality. All is downright, simple, and agreeable to nature; yet all is adorned and purified and rendered beautiful without losing its resemblance. An air of freshness and wholesomeness breathes over it; we are among honest, inoffensive, yet fearless peasants, untainted by the vices, undazzled by the theories of more complex and perverted conditions of society. The opening of the first scene sets us down among the Alps. It is "a high rocky shore of the Luzern Lake, opposite to Schwytz. The lake makes a little bight in the land, a hut stands at a short distance from the bank, the fisher-boy is rowing himself about in his boat. Beyond the lake on the other side, we see the green meadows, the hamlets and farms of Schwytz lying in the clear sunshine. On our left are observed the peaks of the Hacken, surrounded with clouds; to the right and far in the distance appear the glaciers. We hear the *rance des vaches*, and the tinkling of cattle-bells." This first impression never leaves us; we are in a scene where all is grand and lovely; but it is the loveliness and grandeur of unpretending, unadulterated nature. These Switzers are not Arcadian shepherds, or speculative patriots; there is not one crook or beechen bowl among them, and they never mention the social contract or the rights of man. They are honest people driven by oppression to assert their privileges; and they go to work like men in earnest, bent on the despatch of business, not on the display of sentiment. They are not philosophers or tribunes; but frank, stalwart landmen: even in the field of Rutli, they do not forget their common feelings; the party that arrive first indulge in a harmless ebullition

of cantonal vanity: "*We* are first here," they say, "we Unterwaldeners." They have not charters or written laws to which they can appeal; but they have the traditionary rights of their fathers, and bold hearts, and strong arms to make them good. The rules by which they steer are not deduced from remote premises by a fine process of thought; they are the accumulated result of experience, transmitted from peasant sire to peasant son. There is something singularly pleasing in this exhibition of genuine humanity; of wisdom embodied in old adages and practical maxims of prudence; of magnanimity displayed in the quiet unpretending discharge of the humblest everyday duties. Truth is superior to fiction: we feel at home among these brave, good people; their fortune interests us more than that of all the brawling, vapid, sentimental heroes in creation. Yet to make them interest us was the very highest problem of art; it was to copy lowly nature, to give us a copy of it embellished and refined by the agency of genius, yet preserving the likeness in every lineament. The highest quality of art is to conceal itself: these peasants of Schiller's are what every one imagines he could imitate successfully; yet in the hands of any but a true and strong-minded poet, they dwindle into repulsive coarseness or mawkish insipidity. Among our own writers, who have tried such subjects, we remember none that has succeeded equally with Schiller. One potent but ill-fated genius has, in far different circumstances and with far other means, shown that he could have equalled him: the *Cotter's Saturday Night* of Burns is, in its own humble way, as quietly beautiful, as *simplex munditiis*, as the scenes of *Tell*. No other has even approached them; though some gifted persons have attempted it. Mr. Wordsworth is no ordinary man; nor are his pedlars, and leech-gatherers, and dalesmen without their attractions and their moral; but they sink into whining drivellers beside *Rosselmann the Priest, Ulric the Smith, Hans of the Wall*, and the other sturdy confederates of Rutli.

The skill with which the events are concatenated in this play corresponds to the truth of its delineation of character. The incidents of the Swiss Revolution, as detailed in Tschudi or Müller, are here faithfully preserved even to their minutest branches. The beauty of Schiller's descriptions all can relish; their fidelity is what surprizes every reader in Switzerland. Schiller never saw the scene of his play; but his diligence and quickness and intensity of conception supplied this defect. Mountain and mountaineer, conspiracy and action, are all brought before us in their true forms, all glowing in the mild sun-shine of the poet's fancy. The tyranny of Gessler, and the misery to which it had reduced the land; the exasperation, yet patient courage of the people; their characters, and those of their leaders, Furst, Stauffacher, and Melchthal; their exertions and ultimate success, described as they are here, keep up a constant interest in the piece. It abounds in action as much as the *Bride of Messina* is defective in that point.

But the finest delineation is undoubtedly the character of Wilhelm Tell, the hero of the Swiss Revolt, and of the present drama. In Tell are combined all the attributes of a great man, without the help of education or of great occasions to develope them. His knowledge has been gathered chiefly from his own experience, and this is bounded by his native mountains: he has had no lessons or examples of splendid virtue, no wish or opportunity to earn renown: he has grown up to manhood a simple yeoman of the Alps, among simple yeomen; and has never aimed at being more. Yet we trace in him a deep, reflective, earnest spirit, thirsting for activity, yet bound in by the wholesome dictates of prudence; a heart benevolent, generous, unconscious alike of boasting or of fear. It is this salubrious air of rustic, unpretending honesty that forms the great beauty in Tell's character: all is native, all is genuine; he does not declaim; he dislikes to talk of noble conduct; he exhibits it. He speaks little of his freedom, because he has always enjoyed it, and feels that he can always defend it. His reasons for destroying Gessler are not drawn from jurisconsults

and writers on morality, but from the everlasting instincts of nature: the Austrian Vogt must die; because if not, the wife and children of Tell will be destroyed by him. The scene, where this peaceful but indomitable archer sits waiting for Gessler in the hollow way among the rocks of Küssnacht, presents him in a striking light. Former scenes had shown us Tell under many amiable and attractive aspects; we knew that he was tender as well as brave, that he loved to haunt the mountain tops, and inhale in silent dreams the influence of their wild and magnificent beauty: we had seen him the most manly and warm-hearted of fathers and husbands; intrepid, modest, and decisive in the midst of peril, and venturing his life to bring help to the oppressed. But here his mind is exalted into stern solemnity; its principles of action come before us with greater clearness in this its fiery contest. The name of murder strikes a damp across his frank and fearless spirit; while the recollection of his children and their mother proclaims emphatically that there is no remedy. Gessler must perish: Tell swore it darkly in his secret soul, when the monster forced him to aim at the head of his boy; and he will keep his oath. His thoughts wander to and fro, but his volition is unalterable; the free and peaceful mountaineer is to become a shedder of blood: woe to them that have made him so! Travellers come along the pass: the unconcern of their every-day existence is strongly contrasted with the dark and fateful resolution of Tell. The wife of Armgart, an injured peasant, is waiting with her children to implore the Landvogt for the liberty of her husband, whom he keeps unjustly and unmercifully prisoner. Gessler appears, conversing with his follower on the insolence of these unsubmissive peasants; he spurns the woman's prayer; she intreats with more desperate fervour, at last declaring that, unless he liberate the father of her children, she will die beneath the hoofs of his horse, for a death by woe and famine is more terrible than this. The Vogt again refuses with imprecations, calling on his retinue to take these wretches from his way, lest in his rage he crush them; he threatens fiercely that he will suppress complaining, he will subdue the pride of freedom, he will bend this stiff-necked people, he will—when the arrow of Tell smites him to the heart; the impious menace dies upon his tongue, and his spirit passes forth, "prepared or not, to stand before its Judge."

The death of Gessler, which forms the leading object of the plot, happens at the end of the fourth act: the fifth, occupied with representing the expulsion of his satellites, and the final triumph and liberation of the Swiss, though diversified with occurrences and spectacles, moves on with inferior animation. A certain want of unity is, indeed, distinctly felt throughout all the piece; the incidents do not point one way; there is no connection, or a very slight one, between the enterprize of Tell and that of the men of Rutli. This is the principal, or rather sole, deficiency of the present work; a deficiency inseparable from the faithful display of the historical event, and far more than compensated by the deeper interest and the wider range of action and delineation, which a strict adherence to the facts allows. By the present mode of management, Alpine life in all its length and breadth is placed before us; from the feudal halls of Attinghausen, to Ruodi the Fisher of the Lucern Lake, and Armgart—

> The poor wild-hay-man of the Rigiberg,
> Whose trade is, on the brow of the abyss,
> To mow the common grass from craggy shelves
> And nooks to which the cattle dare not climb.

We stand as if in presence of the Swiss, beholding the achievement of their freedom in its minutest circumstances, with all its simplicity and unaffected greatness. The light of the poet's genius is upon the Four Forest Cantons, at the opening of the fourteenth century: the whole time and scene shine as with the brightness, the truth, and more than the beauty of reality.

The tragedy of *Tell* wants unity of interest and of action; but in spite of this, it may justly claim the high dignity of ranking with the very best of Schiller's plays. Less comprehen-

sive and ambitious than *Wallenstein*, less ethereal than the *Jungfrau*, it has a look of nature and substantial truth, which neither of its rivals can boast of. The feelings it inculcates and appeals to are those of universal human nature, and presented in their purest, most unpretending form. There is no high-wrought sentiment, no poetic love. Tell loves his wife as honest men love their wives; and the episode of Bertha and Rudenz, though beautiful, is very brief and without effect on the result. It is delightful and salutary to the heart to wander among the scenes of *Tell*: all is lovely, yet all is real. Physical and moral grandeur are united; yet both are the unadorned grandeur of nature: there are the lakes and green vallies beside us, the Schreckhorn, the Jungfrau, and their sister peaks, with their avalanches and their palaces of ice, all glowing in the southern sun; and dwelling among them are a race of manly husbandmen, heroic without ceasing to be homely, poetical without ceasing to be genuine.

We have dwelt the longer on this play, not only on account of its peculiar fascinations, but also—as it is our last! Schiller's faculties had never been more brilliant than at present: strong in mature age, in rare and varied accomplishments, he was now reaping the full fruit of his studious vigils; the rapidity with which he wrote such noble poems at once betokened the exuberant riches of his mind, and the prompt command which he enjoyed of them. Still all that he had done seemed but a fraction of his appointed task: a bold imagination was carrying him forward into distant untouched fields of thought and poetry, where triumphs yet more glorious were to be gained. Schemes of new writings, new kinds of writing, were budding in his fancy; he was yet, as he had ever been, surrounded by a multitude of projects, and full of ardour to labour in fulfilling them. But Schiller's labours and triumphs were drawing to a close. The invisible Messenger was already near, which overtakes alike the busy and the idle, which arrests man in the midst of his pleasures or his occupations, *and changeth his countenance and sendeth him away.*

In 1804, having been at Berlin witnessing the exhibition of his *Wilhelm Tell*, he was seized, while returning, with a paroxysm of that malady, which for many years had never wholly left him. The attack was fierce and violent; it brought him to the verge of the grave: but he escaped once more; was considered out of danger, and again resumed his poetical employments. Besides various translations from the French and Italian, he had sketched a tragedy on the history of Perkin Warbeck, and finished two acts of one on that of a kindred but more fortunate impostor, Dimitri of Russia. His mind, it would appear, was also frequently engaged with more solemn and sublime ideas. The universe of human thought he had now explored and enjoyed; but he seems to have found no permanent contentment in any of its provinces. Many of his later poems indicate an incessant and increasing longing for some solution of the mystery of life: at times it is a gloomy resignation to the want and the despair of any. His ardent spirit could not satisfy itself with things seen, though gilded with all the glories of intellect and imagination; it soared away in search of other lands, looking with unutterable desire for some surer and brighter home beyond the horizon of this world. Death he had no reason to regard as probably a near event; but we easily perceive that the awful secrets connected with it had long been familiar to his contemplation. The veil, which hid them from his eyes, was now shortly, when he looked not for it, to be rent asunder!

The spring of 1805, which Schiller had anticipated with no ordinary hopes of enjoyment and activity, came on in its course, cold, bleak, and stormy; and along with it his sickness returned. The help of physicians was vain; the unwearied services of trembling affection were vain: his disorder kept increasing; on the 9th of May it reached a crisis. Early in the morning of that day, he grew insensible, and by degrees delirious. Among his expressions the word *Lichtenberg* was frequently noticed; a word of no import; indicating, as some thought, the writer of that name, whose works

he had been reading lately; according to others, the castle of Leuchtenberg, which, a few days before his sickness, he had been proposing to visit. Yet his friends were spared the farther pain of seeing him depart thus miserably: the fiery canopy of physical suffering, which had bewildered and blinded his thinking faculties, was drawn aside; and the spirit of Schiller looked forth in its wonted serenity once again before it passed away for ever. After noon his delirium abated; about four o'clock he fell into a soft sleep, from which he ere long awoke in full possession of his senses. Restored to consciousness in that hour, when the soul is cut off from human help, and man must front the King of Terrors on his own strength, Schiller did not faint or fail in this his last and sharpest trial. Feeling that his end was come, he addressed himself to meet this stern and sudden call as became him; not with affected carelessness or superstitious fear, but with the quiet unpretending manliness which had marked the tenor of his life. Of his friends and family he took a touching but a tranquil farewell: he ordered that his funeral should be private, without pomp or parade. Some one inquiring how he felt, he said: "*Calmer and calmer;*" simple but memorable words, expressive of the mild heroism of the man. About six he sank again into a sleep; which deepened and deepened till it changed into the sleep from which there is no awakening; and all that remained of Schiller was a lifeless form, soon to be mingled with the clods of the valley.

The news of Schiller's death fell cold on many a heart: not in Germany alone, but over Europe, it was regarded as a public loss, by all who understood its meaning. In Weimar especially, the scene of his noblest efforts, the abode of his chosen friends, the sensation it produced was deep and universal. The public places of amusement were shut; all ranks made haste to testify their feelings, to honour themselves and the deceased by tributes to his memory. It was Friday when Schiller died: his funeral was meant to be on Sunday; but the state of his remains made it necessary to proceed before. Doering thus describes the ceremony:

According to his own directions, the bier was to be borne by private burghers of the city; but several young artists and students, out of reverence for the deceased, took it from them. It was between midnight and one in the morning when they approached the church-yard. The overclouded heaven threatened rain. But as the bier was set down beside the grave, the clouds suddenly split asunder, and the moon, coming forth in peaceful clearness, threw her first rays on the coffin of the departed. They lowered him into the grave; and the moon again retired behind her clouds. A fierce tempest of wind began to howl, as if it were reminding the bystanders of their great, irreparable loss. At this moment few could have applied without emotion the poet's own words:

Alas! the ruddy morning tinges
A silent, cold sepulchral stone;
And evening throws her crimson fringes
But round his slumber dark and lone.

So lived and so died Friedrich Schiller; a man on whose history other men will long dwell with a mingled feeling of reverence and love. Our humble record of his life and writings is drawing to an end: yet we still linger, loth to part with a spirit so dear to us. From the scanty and too much neglected field of his biography, a few slight facts and indications may still be gleaned; slight but distinctive of him as an individual, and not to be despised in a penury so great and so unmerited.

Schiller's age was forty-five years and a few months, when he died.* Sickness had long wasted his form, which at no time could boast of faultless symmetry. He was tall and strongly boned; but unmuscular and lean: his body, it might be perceived, was wasting under the energy of a spirit too keen for it. His face was pale, the cheeks and temples rather hollow, the chin somewhat deep and slightly projecting, the nose irregu-

* "He left a widow, two sons, and two daughters," of whom we regret to say, that we have learned nothing. "Of his three sisters the youngest died before him; the eldest is married to the Hofrath Reinwald, in Meinungen; the second to Herr Frankh, the clergyman of Meckmuhl, in Wurtemberg."—*Doering.*

larly aquiline, his hair inclined to auburn. Withal his countenance was attractive and had a certain manly beauty. The lips were curved together in a line, expressing delicate and honest sensibility; a silent enthusiasm, impetuosity not unchecked by melancholy, gleamed in his softly kindled eyes and pale cheeks, and the brow was high and thoughtful. To judge from his portrait, Schiller's face expressed well the features of his mind: it is mildness tempering strength; fiery ardour shining through the clouds of suffering and disappointment, deep but patiently endured. Pale was its proper tint; the cheeks and temples were best hollow. There are few faces that affect us more than Schiller's: it is at once meek, tender, unpretending, and heroic.

In his dress and manner, as in all things, he was plain and unaffected. Among strangers, something shy and retiring might occasionally be observed in him: in his own family, or among his select friends, he was kind-hearted, free, and gay as a little child. In public, his external appearance had nothing in it to strike or attract. Of an unpresuming aspect, wearing plain apparel, his looks as he walked were constantly bent on the ground; so that frequently, as we are told, "he failed to notice the salutation of a passing acquaintance; but if he heard it, he would catch hastily at his hat and give his cordial *Guten Tag!*" Modesty, simplicity, a total want of all parade or affectation were conspicuous in him. These are the usual concomitants of true greatness, and serve to mitigate its splendour. Common things he did as a common man. His conduct in such matters was uncalculated, spontaneous; and therefore natural and pleasing.

Concerning his mental character, the greater part of what we had to say has been already said in speaking of his works. The most cursory perusal of these will satisfy us that he had a mind of the highest order; grand by nature, and cultivated by the assiduous study of a life time.

It is not the predominating force of any one faculty that impresses us in Schiller; but the general force of all. Every page of his writings bears the stamp of internal vigour—new truths, new aspects of known truth, bold thought, happy imagery, lofty emotion. Schiller would have been no common man, though he had altogether wanted the qualities peculiar to poets. His intellect is clear, deep, and comprehensive: its deductions, frequently elicited from numerous and distant premises, are presented under a magnificent aspect —in the shape of theorems embracing an immense multitude of minor propositions. Yet it seems powerful and vast, rather than quick or keen; for Schiller is not notable for wit, though his fancy is ever prompt with its metaphors, illustrations, comparisons, to decorate and point the perceptions of his reason. The earnestness of his temper farther disqualified him for this: his tendency was rather to adore the grand and the lofty, than to despise the little and the mean. Perhaps his greatest faculty was a half poetical, half philosophical imagination; a faculty teeming with magnificence and brilliancy; now adorning, or aiding to erect, a stately pyramid of scientific speculation; now brooding over the abysses of thought and feeling, till thoughts and feelings, else unutterable, were embodied in expressive forms, and palaces and landscapes glowing in ethereal beauty rose like exhalations from the bosom of the deep.

Combined and partly of kindred with these intellectual faculties, was that vehemence of temperament which is necessary for their full developement. Schiller's heart was at once fiery and tender: impetuous, soft, affectionate, his enthusiasm clothed the universe with grandeur, and sent his spirit forth to explore its secrets and mingle warmly in its interests. Thus poetry in Schiller was not one but many gifts. It was not the "lean and flashy song" of an ear apt for harmony, combined with a maudlin sensibility, or a mere animal ferocity of passion, and an imagination creative chiefly because unbridled; it is, what true poetry is always, the quintessence of general mental riches, the purified result of strong thought and conception, and of refined as well as powerful emotion. In his writings, we behold him a moralist, a philosopher, a man

of universal knowledge: in each of these capacities he is great, but also in more; for all that he achieves in these is brightened and gilded with the touch of another quality: his maxims, his feelings, his opinions are transformed from the lifeless shape of didactic truths into living shapes that address faculties far finer than the understanding. The gifts by which such transformation is effected, the gift of pure, ardent, tender sensibility, joined to those of fancy and imagination, are perhaps not wholly denied to any man endowed with the power of reason; possessed in various degrees of strength, they add to the products of mere intellect corresponding tints of new attractiveness; in a degree great enough to be remarkable, they constitute a poet. Of this peculiar faculty how much had fallen to Schiller's lot, we need not attempt too minutely to explain. Without injuring his reputation, it may be admitted that in general his works exhibit rather extraordinary strength than extraordinary fineness or versatility. His power of dramatic imitation is perhaps never of the very highest, the Shakspearean kind; and in its best state, it is farther limited to a certain range of characters. It is with the grave, the earnest, the exalted, the affectionate, the mournful that he succeeds: he is not destitute of humour, as his *Wallenstein's Camp* will show, but neither is he rich in it; and for sprightly ridicule in any of its forms he has seldom shown either taste or talent. Chance principally made the drama his department: he might have shone equally in many others. The vigorous and copious invention, the knowledge of life, of men and things, displayed in his theatrical pieces, might have been available in very different pursuits: frequently the charm of his works has little to distinguish it from the charm of intellectual and moral force in general; it is often the capacious thought, the vivid imagery, the impetuous feeling of the orator, rather than the wild pathos and capricious enchantments of the poet. Yet that he was capable of rising to the loftiest regions of poetry, no reader of his *Maid of Orleans*, his character of *Thekla*, or many other of his pieces, will hesitate to grant. Sometimes we suspect that it is the very grandeur of his general powers which prevents us from exclusively admiring his poetic genius. We are not lulled by the Syren song of poetry, because her melodies are blended with the clearer, manlier tones of serious reason and of honest though exalted feeling.

Much laborious discussion has been wasted in defining genius, particularly by the countrymen of Schiller, some of whom have narrowed the conditions of the term so far as to find but three *men of genius* since the world was created, Homer, Shakspeare, and Goethe. From such rigid precision, applied to a matter in itself indefinite, there may be an apparent, but there is no real increase of accuracy. The creative power, the faculty not only of imitating given forms of being, but of imagining and representing new ones, which is here attributed with such distinctness and so sparingly, has been given by nature in complete perfection to no man, nor entirely denied to any. The shades of it cannot be distinguished by so loose a scale as language. A definition of genius, which excludes such a mind as Schiller's, will scarcely be agreeable to philosophical correctness, and it will tend rather to lower than to exalt the dignity of the word. Possessing all the general mental faculties in their highest degree of strength; an intellect ever active, vast, powerful, far-sighted; an imagination never weary of producing grand or beautiful forms; a heart of the noblest temper, sympathies comprehensive yet ardent, feelings vehement, impetuous, yet full of love and kindliness and tender pity; conscious of the rapid and fervid exercise of all these powers within him, and able farther to present their products refined and harmonized, and "married to immortal verse," Schiller may or may not be called a man of genius by his critics; but his mind in either case will remain one of the most enviable which can fall to the share of a mortal.

In a poet worthy of the name, the powers of the intellect are indissolubly interwoven with the moral feelings; and the exercise of his art depends not more on the perfection

of the one than of the other. The poet, who does not feel nobly and justly, as well as passionately, will never permanently succeed in making others feel: the forms of error and falseness, infinite in number, are transitory in duration; truth, of thought and sentiment, but chiefly of sentiment, truth alone is eternal and unchangeable. But, happily, a delight in the products of reason and imagination can scarcely ever be divided from at least a love for virtue and genuine greatness. The feelings are in favour of heroism, of the most exalted propriety. Happy he whose resolutions are so strong, or whose temptations are so weak, that he can convert these feelings into action! The severest pang of which a proud and sensitive nature can be conscious, is the perception of its own debasement. The sources of misery in life are many: vice is one of the surest. Any human creature tarnished with guilt will in general be wretched; a man of genius in that case will be doubly so, for his ideas of excellence are higher, his sense of failure is more keen. In such miseries, Schiller had no share. The sentiments, which animated his poetry were converted into principles of conduct; his actions were as blameless as his writings were pure. With his simple and high predilections, with his strong devotedness to a noble cause, he contrived to steer through life unsullied by its meanness, unsubdued by any of its difficulties or allurements. With the world, in fact, he had not much to do: without effort, he dwelt apart from it; its prizes were not the wealth which could enrich him. His great, almost his single aim, was to unfold his spiritual faculties, to study and contemplate and improve their intellectual creations. Bent upon this with the steadfastness of an apostle, the more sordid temptations of the world passed harmlessly over him. Wishing not to seem but to be, envy was a feeling of which he knew but little even before he rose above its level. Wealth or rank he regarded as a means, not an end; his own humble fortune supplying him with all the essential conveniences of life, the world had nothing more that he chose to covet, nothing more that it could give him. He was not rich; but his habits were simple, and, except by reason of his sickness and its consequences, unexpensive. At all times he was far above the meanness of self-interest, particularly in its meanest shape, a love of money. Doering tells us, that a bookseller having travelled from a distance expressly to offer him a higher price for the copyright of *Wallenstein*, at that time in the press, and for which he was on terms with Cotta, of Tübingen, Schiller, answering, "Cotta deals fairly with me, and I with him," sent away this new merchant, without even the hope of a future bargain. The anecdote is small; but it seems to paint the integrity of the man, careless of pecuniary concerns in comparison with the strictest uprightness in his conduct. In fact, his real wealth lay in being able to pursue his darling studies, and to live in the sunshine of friendship and domestic love. This he had always longed for—this he at last enjoyed. And though sickness and many vexations annoyed him, the intrinsic excellence of his nature chequered the darkest portions of their gloom with an effulgence derived from himself. The ardour of his feelings, tempered by benevolence, was equable and placid: his temper, though overflowing with generous warmth, seems almost never to have shewn any hastiness or anger. To all men he was humane and sympathizing; among his friends, open-hearted, generous, helpful; in the circle of his family, kind, tender, sportive. And what gave an especial charm to all this, was the unobtrusiveness with which it was attended: there was no parade, no display, no particle of affectation; rating and conducting himself simply as an honest man and citizen, he became greater by forgetting that he was great.

Such were the prevailing habits of Schiller. That in the mild and beautiful brilliancy of their general aspect, there must have been some specks and imperfections, the common lot of poor humanity, who knows not? That these were small and transient, we judge from the circumstance that no hint of them has reached us: nor are we anxious to obtain a full de-

scription of them. For practical uses, we can sufficiently conjecture what they were; and the heart desires not to dwell upon them. This man is passed away from our dim and tarnished world: let him have the benefit of departed friends, be transfigured in our thoughts, and shine there without the little blemishes that clung to him in life.

Schiller gives a fine example of the German character: he has all its good qualities in a high degree, with very few of its defects. We trace in him all that downrightness and simplicity, that sincerity of heart and mind, for which the Germans are remarked; their enthusiasm, their patient, long-continuing, earnest devotedness; their imagination, delighting in the lofty and magnificent; their intellect, rising into refined abstractions, stretching itself into comprehensive generalizations. But the excesses to which such a character is liable are, in him, prevented by a firm and watchful sense of propriety. His simplicity never degenerates into ineptitude or insipidity; his enthusiasm must be based on reason; he rarely suffers his love of the vast to betray him into toleration of the vague. The boy Schiller was extravagant; but the man admits no bombast in his style, no inflation in his thoughts or actions. He is the poet of truth; our understandings and consciences are satisfied, while our hearts and imaginations are moved. His fictions are emphatically nature copied and embellished; his sentiments are refined and touchingly beautiful, but they are likewise manly and correct, they exalt and inspire, but they do not mislead. Above all, he has no cant; in any of its thousand branches, ridiculous or hateful, none. He does not distort his character or genius into shapes which he thinks more becoming than their natural one: he does not hang out principles which are not his, or harbour beloved persuasions which he half or wholly knows to be false. He did not often speak of wholesome prejudices; he did not "embrace the Roman Catholic religion because it was the grandest and most comfortable." Truth, with Schiller, or what seemed such, was an indispensible requisite: if he but suspected an opinion to be false, however dear it may have been, he seems to have examined it with rigid scrutiny, and if he found it guilty, to have plucked it out, and resolutely cast it forth. The sacrifice might cost him pain, permanent pain; real damage, he imagined, it could hardly cause him. It is irksome and dangerous to travel in the dark; but better so, than with an *ignis fatuus* to guide us. Considering the warmth of his sensibilities, Schiller's merit on this point is greater than we might at first suppose. For a man with whom intellect is the ruling or exclusive faculty, whose sympathies, loves, hatreds, are comparatively coarse and dull, it may be easy to avoid this half-wilful entertainment of error, and this cant which is the consequence and sign of it. But for a man of keen tastes, a large fund of innate probity is necessary to prevent his aping the excellence which he loves so much, yet is unable to attain. Among persons of the latter sort, it is extremely rare to meet with one completely unaffected.—Schiller's other noble qualities would not have justice did we neglect to notice this, the truest proof of their nobility. Honest unpretending manly simplicity pervades all parts of his character and genius and habits of life. We not only admire him, we trust him and love him.

Such, so far as we can represent it, is the form in which Schiller's life and works have gradually painted their character in the mind of a secluded individual, whose solitude he has often charmed, whom he has instructed, and cheered, and moved. The original impression, we know, was faint and inadequate, the present copy of it is still more so; yet we have sketched it as we could: the figure of Schiller, and of the figures he conceived and drew are there; himself, "and in his hand a glass which shows us many more." To those who look on him as we have wished to make them, Schiller will not need a farther panegyric. For the sake of Literature, it may still be remarked that his merit was peculiarly due to her. Literature was his creed, the dictate of his conscience; he was an apostle of the sublime and beautiful, and this his calling made

a hero of him. No great wonder, indeed, that it should have done so. Strong devotedness to any abstract principle whatever presupposes a certain magnanimity, and nourishes it, in the mind; strong and genuine devotedness to pure religion, implying the practice of sublime deeds and self-denials, must be marked out as the most inspiring and ennobling feeling which can dwell in the breast of man. But next, without a rival, to this task of performing glorious actions, which necessarily are of rare occurrence in life, is the task of conceiving and representing such in their loftiest perfection, of adorning them with all kindred embellishments, and dwelling for ever among the circumstances and emotions in which they have their rise. To this Schiller was devoted; this he followed with unstaying speed all the days of his life. The common, and some uncommon, difficulties of a fluctuating and dependent existence could not quench or abate his zeal: sickness itself seemed hardly to affect him. During his last fifteen years, he wrote his noblest works; yet, as it has been proved too well, no day of that period could have passed without its load of pain.* Pain could not turn him from his purpose or shake his equanimity. in death itself he was *calmer and calmer*.

On the whole, we may pronounce him happy. His days passed in the contemplation of ideal grandeurs; he lived among the glories and solemnities of universal Nature; his thoughts were of sages and heroes, and scenes of elysian beauty. It is true, he had no rest, no peace; but he enjoyed the glowing consciousness of his own activity, which stands in place of it for men like him. It is true, he was long sickly: but did he not even then conceive and body forth Max Piccolomini, and Thekla, and the Maid of Orleans, and the scenes of *Wilhelm Tell*? It is true, he died early: but the student will exclaim with Charles XII in another case: "was it not enough of life, when he had conquered kingdoms?" These kingdoms which Schiller conquered were not for one nation at the expense of suffering to another; they were soiled by no patriot's blood, no widow's, no orphan's tear: they are kingdoms conquered from the barren realms of Darkness, to increase the happiness, and dignity, and power of all men; new forms of truth, and images and scenes of beauty won from "the void and formless infinite;" a κτῆμα ἐς αἰεὶ; "a possession for ever," to all the generations of the earth.

* On a surgical inspection of his body after death, the most vital organs were found totally deranged. "The structure of the lungs was in great part destroyed, the cavities of the heart were nearly grown up, the liver had become hard, and the gall-bladder was extended to an extraordinary size."

NUGÆ PHILOSOPHICÆ.

No. I.

Cheselden the celebrated surgeon and oculist gives some very curious particulars respecting a boy who was couched by him in his thirteenth year:* his narrative is the more interesting as it seems to determine the question so long and so hotly contested by philosophers,—Whether a person blind from his birth upon being made to see could, *by sight alone*, distinguish a cube from a globe? Most persons would probably answer in the affirmative, notwithstanding the many theoretical arguments which might be brought against it,—at least until they have such facts as the operation of couching discloses, which are of too stubborn a nature to be easily evaded.

It is previously remarked by Cheselden that though we speak of persons afflicted with cataracts as blind,

* See Philosophical Transactions, No. 402.

yet they are never so blind from that cause but that they can distinguish day from night; and for the most part in a strong light distinguish black, white, scarlet, and other glaring colours: but they cannot distinguish the *shape* of any thing. And he gives the following reason for his remark. The light coming from external objects being let in through the matter of the cataract which disperses and refracts the rays, these do not, as they ought, converge to a focus on the retina or back part of the eye, so as to form a picture of the objects there; the person afflicted is consequently in the same state as a man of sound sight looking through a thin jelly. Hence the shape of an object cannot be at all discerned, though the colour may. And this was the case with the boy couched by the operator. Before couching he could distinguish colours in a strong light, but afterwards, the faint ideas he had previously acquired of them were not sufficient for him to recollect them by, and he did not know them to be the same that he had seen dimly, when he was enabled to see them perfectly. *Scarlet* he now thought to be the most beautiful, and of others the gayest were the most pleasing: *black,* the first time he saw it perfectly, gave him great uneasiness, but after a little time he became more reconciled to it; he however always associated some unpleasant idea with it, being struck with great horror at the sight of a Negro woman whom he met some months afterwards.

When he first saw, he was so far from making any right judgment about distances, that he thought all objects whatever *touched his eyes* (so he expressed it), as what he felt did his skin. He thought no objects so agreeable as those which were smooth and regular, though he could form no judgment of their shape, nor guess what it was in any object that pleased him. He did not know any one thing from another however different in shape or size; but upon being told what things those were whose form he knew before from feeling, he would carefully observe that he might know them again. Having often forgot which was the cat, which the dog, he was ashamed to ask; but catching the cat (which he knew by feeling), he looked steadfastly at her, and then putting her down, "So, Puss," said he, "I shall know you another time." He was very much surprised that those things which he had liked best when blind did not appear most agreeable to his eyes, expecting those persons whom he loved most would appear most beautiful, and such things most agreeable to his sight which were so to his taste. His friends at first thought that he even knew what pictures represented, but found afterwards they were mistaken; for about two months after he was couched he discovered that they represented solid bodies, at first taking them for party-coloured planes or surfaces diversified with a variety of paint: but even then he was surprised that the pictures did not *feel* like the things they represented, and was amazed when he found that those parts of pictures which by their light and shade appeared prominent, and uneven to his sight, felt equally flat with the rest. On this latter occasion he pertinently inquired—Which was the lying sense, feeling or seeing?

Being shown his father's picture in a locket at his mother's watch, he acknowledged the likeness, but was very much astonished, asking how it could be that a large face could be expressed in so little room, and saying that it should have seemed as impossible to him as to put a bushel of any thing into a pint.

At first he could bear but very little light, and the things he saw he thought extremely large; but upon seeing things larger, those first seen he conceived to be less than they had appeared before, never being able to imagine any figures or lines beyond the bounds he saw: the room he was in he said he knew to be but part of the house, yet he could not conceive that the whole house could look bigger. Before he was couched he expected little advantage from seeing, worth undergoing an operation for, except reading and writing; for he said he thought he could have no more pleasure in walking abroad than he had in the garden at present, which he could do safely and readily. And even blindness he said had this advantage, that he could go any-

where in the dark much better than those who could see. After he was enabled to see he did not soon lose this faculty, nor desire a light to go about the house in darkness. He said every new object was a new delight, and the pleasure was so great that he wanted words to express it; but his gratitude to the operator was extreme, never seeing him for some time without shedding tears, and if he did not happen to come at the time he was expected, the boy could not forbear crying at the disappointment. A year after his first seeing, being carried to Epsom Downs, he was exceedingly delighted with the largeness of the prospect, and called it a new kind of seeing. He was afterwards couched of the other eye, and found that objects appeared large to this eye, but not so large as they did at first to the other: looking upon the same object with both eyes, he thought it appeared about twice as large as to the first couched eye only,—but it did not appear double.

Mr. Cheselden performed the operation of couching on several other persons, who all gave nearly the same account of their learning to see as the preceding. They all had this curious defect after couching in common, that never having had occasion to move their eyes, they knew not how to do it, and at first could not direct them to any particular object, but had to move the whole head, till by slow degrees they acquired the faculty of shifting the eye-balls in their sockets.

Several philosophical inferences may be deduced from the above-cited experiment. First it is evident that the eye is not a judge of *direct*, though it may be of *transverse* distance, i. e. that it cannot estimate the distance between two trees, for example, nearly in a line with itself, though it may, if they are at equal lengths from it, but *not* in the same line with it. Hence when we look at a chair standing against the wall of our chamber we really do not *see* that the fore legs stand out upon the carpet,—we see both them and all parts of the chair painted as it were (*projected* is the philosophical word) on the wall. It is only by having *felt* that they do stand out from the wall that we judge them so to do, when we merely see them exhibiting the same appearances they had when we felt them before. The boy upon whom Mr. Cheselden operated, thought, it seems, "that all objects whatever *touched his eyes*," i. e. all objects and parts of objects appeared equally distant from him, the fore-legs of a chair as distant as the hind, in short he could not *see direct distance* at all. It was only by habit, by feeling a table, for instance, by then observing the lights and shades its different surfaces presented to his eye (for of *colour* the eye is a judge), it was only by this process that he was at length enabled to know a table when he merely *saw* it. And it is the same process which gradually teaches us in our infancy to correct the errors of our sight by the testimony of our feeling, and to know that that is protuberant which appears flat, as every object does to the eye of a new-born child. This habit which the mind gets of deciding upon the massive form of objects immediately upon seeing them, is that from which the whole effect of painting results: when we see a landscape or a group of figures on canvas, the parts assume to our eyes a depth or protuberance, though really flat, because, exhibiting the same light and shade which the objects represented by them do themselves *in rerum naturâ* present, we judge them to be similar in all their dimensions, and to recede or come forward from the canvas in the same manner as the real objects would do if placed against a wall. In conformity with this reasoning it appears that the boy who was couched had no perception of the effect of painting: not having yet obtained experience of the lights and shades reflected by real bodies, when he saw these lights and shades imitated on canvas they could not deceive him, as they do a person of sound sight, into the supposition that they were reflected by massive bodies,—he only saw flat canvas diversified with a variety of paint.

Secondly, as it appears that the boy could not tell a cat from a dog until he had felt them, it is plain that neither could he tell a cube from a globe. It is to be observed, however, that although at first all dis-

tinctions of shape were unperceived, yet experience would shortly have taught him to distinguish, by sight alone, a cat from a dog, a cube from a globe. All that Locke and his partisans asserted was,—that sight alone would never have taught him to determine, (unless by chance) which of the bodies was the cube *of his feeling*, which the globe. He would in a short time have *seen* that one of these bodies was even, and the other angular, but he could not certainly tell that the former would *feel* as the globe felt before he saw it, nor the latter as the cube did. That which was a cube to his sight he would probably have fixed upon as that which was the globe to his feeling. At least, there is no reason why, because a given body appeared evenly shaped to his sight, it should enable him to determine that this body must necessarily, when he touched it, give him that sensation which he denominated *smoothness* before he was made to see.

Thirdly, the above-mentioned experiment appears to suggest a doubt of the truth of that philosophical distinction which has usually been put between *Reason* and *Instinct*. If it is by an exertion of judgment that a man coming into a room where there is a real chair and one ill-painted on the wall, will sit down upon the former and neglect the latter, it is certainly by an exertion of a similar faculty, that a cat coming into a room where there is a real mouse and an ill-painted one, will spring upon the former and neglect the latter. And from the same principle it is, that the man will attempt sitting down on a well-painted chair, and a cat will attempt catching a well-painted mouse,—neither discovering their error till they come near enough either to see the defects of the painting or to feel the delusive objects, and thus correct the mistake of their judgment acting upon the information of sight alone. For it is to be remembered that, in this case, it is not their sight which deceives them, but their judgment; sight informs them that certain colours, lights, and shades, appear before them, and its information *is true*; whilst judgment tells them that these colours, lights, and shades, indicate a massive substance (*viz.* a chair or mouse) which *is false*. From this it would appear, that instinct has no more to do with a cat mouse-catching, than with a man hare-hunting; and similar considerations may perhaps teach us, that brute animals approach much nearer to us in faculties than philosophers are generally disposed to allow.

Lastly, it may be inferred, that the staring and vacant expression of countenance, which is to be seen in children and idiots, proceeds rather from an inability to move their eyes than from a want of thought at the time. The former through inexperience, the latter through mental weakness, have not been sufficiently conversant with different objects to have exercised the moving powers of the eye, which therefore remains generally fixed. Both, when they wish to observe a new object, turn the whole head rather than the eyeball. And, that vacancy of look does not always proceed from want of ideas in the mind at the time, is evident from this,—that men intently engaged in contemplating certain ideas generally stare with a fixed and foolish countenance, whilst their reverie continues. If a child were shut up in a dark room where he might exercise all his senses but one, it is obvious that upon light being admitted at the end of some years, when he had acquired a good stock of ideas by means of these four senses,—it is obvious that he would still continue to stare like an infant, how full soever his mind might be of ideas. For the motion of his eyes is consequent upon an act of his will so to move them, and he can have no will to move them from the object at which he first looks, because he knows as yet of no other object existing, and could therefore have no motive to excite his will to action.

There are many other inferences which might be drawn from this curious experiment, but I will leave them to the reader's own sagacity or fancy. Δ.

THE ORAMAS.

My dear Editor.—I perambulate the streets every morning, as you well know, for the exercise of my body and eye-sight, with my hands in my breeches pockets, and my legs in a pair of inexpressibles, popping my poll into every curiosity-shop that hangs out a good bill of fare for a hungry inquisitor. These places, you know likewise, are at present generally dignified with heathen-Greek compound names, which puzzle a plain Englishman to pronounce,—*jaw-breakers*, as we term them,— all ending in the same word, *orama*, and all meaning as much as this—Here is a great sight, good people! tell out and ye shall see it. Shillings are not half so plentiful with me as shop-keepers' bills, but I have nevertheless spent some in this way lately, and you shall have the benefit of my experience. Though too mad a fellow to mind any thing past or impendent, I am the more inclined to do this as you sent me a letter-full of compliments, and five guineas, (by no means the least agreeable part of your correspondence) for my "Peep into the Piccadilly Museum." So much by way of preamble.

The Panorama of Pompeii, in the Strand, is not worth climbing up Bow Steeple to see, but that in Leicester Fields *is*. They belong to the same pair of proprietors, were drawn by the same draughtsman, I believe, and may have been painted by the same painter, provided he was not the same man at the two different performances. This might have been easily managed. For instance, I am the same man that I was when I wrote the "Peep," but I am not the same man that I was when I wrote my "Fugitive Poems," which were published by the present Sheriff Whittaker, of Avemary, and had vast circulation through all the pastry cooks in the city, to the great emolument of no one. The first of the aforesaid Oramas is, as I hinted, pretty enough: there is, indeed, a group of dancers on the foreground, designed I suppose to enliven the dead imagery around them, which put me in mind of the figures on my grandmother's bed-hangings, where a flock of shepherds and shepherdesses are kicking up their heels to the edification and amusement of several bullfinches, who are piping open mouthed within arm's length amidst the chintz evergreens of the pattern. Many a time I gazed at these mute "tuneful warblers," and the figurantes before them, when I was a little chubby snubby fellow, (being always a mischievous ill-conditioned whelp, I was idolized by my grandmother, and indeed by all the pious old people in the parish),—and now that I am a man I gazed at the group in the Panorama with equal astonishment if not admiration. The scenery however may be put into the other scale; there is something (as we *Reviewers* say)—redeeming in it. One likes also to see the relative appearance of the volcanic and ante-volcanic places: a forest of modern trees growing on the top of an ancient city! The hanging gardens of Babylon were nothing to this. In that part of Pompeii now at the Strand there is not much excavation to be seen, and what is to be seen is not much worth seeing. A Temple of Venus and Bacchus appears in comparative shape and preservation (Love and Wine we know will stand as long as men are mortal). The twin Panorama in the Fields is better worth money and seeing. Here are the remains of more old Roman houses than would build a city with cock-tail mice (*coctilibus muris*) for all the Lazzaroni in Naples. There is the groundwork of a huge Theatre remaining in fine form and dimensions: Covent Garden and Old Drury might serve as *vomitoria*, or entrances to it. What a barbarous, luxurious, ferocious, refined, brutal, omnipotent people were those descendants of the shepherd-robbers! Who would think that Cicero could write, and a gladiator fight within a brick wall of each other? The Fives-Court is a place of elegant amusement compared to a Roman arena. Some of the mountain-scenery in this *orama* reminds me of another *orama* which I will treat of presently—the Diorama: it is beautiful.

The next curiosity-shop I popped into was a Glass Exhibition within

a handful of doors of the Strand Pompeiiorama. I saw a glass-case full of poodle-dogs, seventy-fours, landaus, handbaskets, and several other gimcracks, nailed to a door-post with "only a shilling," on a board beside it. Walked in, up, on, round, out. By the bye, this is not a fair account of my peregrinations through the glassery. I staid there poring over the brittle machinery till I was almost cracked myself, and like Locke's lunatic was afraid to sit down lest I might break myself in pieces. Along with a parcel of very well-behaved gentlemanly old ladies I beheld the whole operation of glass-blowing; and I assure you, Editor, in that brief space of time I learned more of this noble art than I shall ever attempt to practise. Seriously; it is an exhibition very well worth a wise man's fooling away a few hours in seeing. The proprietor, who presides at the furnace, blew us up several times—minikin decanters, wine-glasses, goblets, and tin cans, in a much shorter time than any one could empty them, besides several flower-baskets and false curls for the ladies. There was also a *glass-wig* in a glass-case there (and a balloon in a bottle), which I contemplated with much satisfaction; every hair of it is as fine and elastic as hair itself. Baldness will no doubt in a few ages be universally propagated, it being for the most part an hereditary disease; and there is some consolation in knowing that, in such a deficiency of hair, we can have glass-wigs and frontlets for the price of them. The curls are drawn off from the vitreous fluid, on a wheel,—seven hundred yards (I think) of glass hair being wound off in a minute. One great advantage in a wig of this material would be that it could be melted up into a fresh wig whenever one chose it, and moreover could not be easily blown off the head, except when it was actually blowing. A word from the THE LONDON is, I know, enough to set all London afire; so I beg leave to recommend this Orama to all those who have eyes in their heads and shillings in their pockets. One powerful inducement to sight-seeing people to visit the Glass Exhibition is this,- every one gets at his or her final exit, besides the gape-seed and glass-blowing, the full value of his or her admittance-money in the manufacture* itself. The proprietor, at my departure, *blew me a dog*,—wrapping him up in cotton, and enclosing him in a shaving-box, all of which I conveyed into my waistcoat-pocket. A young friend of mine, to whom I presented my new-found-glass dog, in teaching him to "give the paw," broke off one of his legs, but the gentleman aforesaid very politely *blew it on again*. He added, that he should be happy to blow on a leg for me whenever I wished it. Upon the whole, the only thing wanting to this exhibition is an impudent name; modest merit never did at any time, and its scarcity in the present age has not in any degree enhanced its reputation. Instead of calling his curiosity-shop merely what it is,—a Glass Exhibition, I should advise the proprietor to call it a *Hyalorama* (or a *Hyalourgeiorama*, which looks uglier and better): he would by this means infallibly seduce more people from the straight road of the Strand into his museum, than if he were to blow up a house for every customer that asked him.

But the Peristrephic Panorama is that which pleased me best,—as well by the terrors of its name as of its subject. *Peristrephic* Panorama! What a world of mysterious magnificence is contained in those two tremendous titles! how sublime and unintelligible! how agreeably cacophonous to the common ear, and how super-syllabically sonorous to the lugs of learning!—As I strolled one evening through the mazes of Spring Gardens, I heard the Peristrephic music shaking the tiles off the neighbouring houses; (there is a trumpeter in the band, by the bye, who would blow the cupola off St. Paul's if he exerted himself beneath it,—he almost blew the roof off my skull with a single blast of his *buccina*.) The uproar proceeding from this curiosity-shop induced me to enter;—when I was young and innocent I remember that I always broke my drum or humming-top to see what was inside of it that made such a noise. The same philosophical spirit attends me to this day. I went into the Peris-

* I beg pardon: this should be *venti*facture, or more accurately *pulmoni*facture.

trephic, where however I found somewhat more internal furniture than ever I heard of in a humming-top,—unless this huge round world turning on its invisible spindle may be considered one. I saw the Battle of Waterloo: all the great men, Buonaparte, Wellington, Blucher, Brunswick, General Picton, and Corporal Shaw, painted to the life or death as it happened: cuirassiers, voltigeurs, Scotch *sans-culottes*, Blues, Greys, Body-guards, all in fine coats and confusion: charges of cavalry and discharges of infantry, great guns, thunder-bombs, flying artillery, lying troops, and dying soldiers: the Marquis of Anglesea up to his belt in blood-red trowsers, and the Duke down to his heels in a blue wrap-rascal. O twas a glorious sight! Like Don Quixote and the puppets I longed to attack the peristrephic people sword in hand, and kill a few dozen Frenchmen on canvas. What would I now give to be the old woman who remained the whole time in the farm-house which stood in the very midst of the field of battle! What a sublime situation for an old woman to be in! How I should have felt had I been there! When heaven and earth were coming together, to sit smoking (as she did perhaps) amidst the war of elements, or to "stand secure amidst a falling world" with my hands in my pockets, as the drowned Dutchman was found after shipwreck! Only conceive her (blind of one eye possibly) looking out through a cranny with the other, and beholding two hundred thousand men engaged in mutual massacre, and two hundred pieces of cannon bellowing, bursting, and ball-playing around her! blood streaming, smoke wreathing, dust flying, the scream of agony, the cry of fear, the groan of death, and the shout of victory!—O, if *poeta nascitur non fit* be not a true maxim, that old woman ought to write a far better epic poem than blind Homer, blind Milton, or Bob Southey himself!—But I am becoming too eloquent.

The last of the *Oramas* which I swallowed was the Diorama.—The difference between the Ptolemaic and the Copernican system of the world may serve to illustrate that between the *Peri*orama (thus let us abridge the Peristrephic) and the *Di*orama. But the superiority of the Copernican system above the other is somewhat less problematical than that of the dioramatic principle above the perioramatic. The earth revolving on its own axis saves the sun, moon, and stars, a great deal of unnecessary trouble in performing their several diurnal circles according to the old system; but except the giddy delight of participating in the vertiginous motion of the dioramatic platform, a spectator posted there is not immediately aware that he reaps any peculiar advantage. Whether the scene perambulates about the spectator, or the spectator about the scene; whether the object moves past the eye, or the eye past the object, is, philosophically considered, quite insignificant. Except, indeed, the spectator have a fancy for orbicular progression,—if he have any inclination for a circular jaunt, I would strenuously recommend him a turn or so on the horizontal wheel of the Diorama. Indeed I have heard many people express their entire approbation of this new kind of merry-go-round and its unaccompanying scenery. The effect of this ingenious but hasty piece of mechanism however was—that throughout the whole "little world of man" there was propagated a species of awkward sensation which might be denominated by help of a solecism—*a terrestrial sea-sickness*. This, though amounting to but a trifling quantity, detracted somewhat from the pleasure of my excursion round the inner wall of the Dioramatic establishment.—The wheel I speak of is the only thing about that curiosity-shop which has the hue of a *humbug*. I advise the proprietor of the Diorama (which appears to intend itself for a permanent exhibition) to divert the enthusiasm of his steam-engine, or whatever "old mole" it is that works beneath his platform, from disarranging the stomach of his visiters, to the less ambitious purpose of moving his scenery around them. Unless there be some better reason than the mere *novelty* of the thing, for operating upon the spectators instead of the scenes, the innovation had better be reformed back again to its ancient model—the Periorama.

Trinity Chapel and the Valley of Sarnen have been carried about the town these two months by the bill-

stickers, proclaiming every week to be the "last week" of their existence. I don't know if they are dead yet; but it is no harm to afford them a little posthumous praise if they are so. The first of these scenes was a complete deception; I expected every moment the dean and chapter to make their appearance. In this respect it is the best of the two, which however is more owing to the nature of the subject than the felicity of the painter; it is much easier to represent in successful perspective a chapel, however large, on a sheet of canvas, than a whole country like the Valley of Sarnen. The imagination can readily allow the one, but the reason strongly rejects the other. At all events I confess Trinity Chapel fairly took me in. In my golden simplicity of mind I thought, when I saw it, that "the play hadn't begun," and that I was merely contemplating one of those multitudinous specimens of plaster-work and architectury which are scattered over the West End and Regent's Park, to the utter discountenance of brown brick and comfortability. The beauty of the structure was the first thing that brought back my senses, this being a quality which seldom obtrudes itself upon the eye of the western itinerant.* By narrowly watching the direction of the shadows and finding them to be permanent I was at length convinced that the artist had befooled me. This is real praise!

The view of the Valley of Sarnen was, however, the chief attraction. The felicity of the execution surprised less, but the beauty of its scenery gratified more. The interior of a chapel, unless of the very richest order of magnificence, cannot be as interesting to the spectator as a green woodland, a mountain prospect, or a pastoral vale. He may happen also to be one of those sad dogs like myself who have been compelled by their follies to exchange a romantic home for the close squares and crooked alleys of this populous wilderness—London: if so the Valley would possess in his mind a double advantage over its competitor. He would see his native hills in the misty pinnacles, and the green dwelling of his fathers in the deep-bosomed glen of the Alpine illusion before him He would, moreover, perhaps acknowledge himself largely indebted to the faithful transcriber of the Valley of Sarnen for the sight of a phenomenon which he had never the good fortune to witness in his own country. Two lofty hills rise on the back ground, one immediately behind the other. The hindermost is a sugar-loaf piercing into the skies far above the penetration of his round-shouldered brother. Now the phenomenon in the picture (and, of course, in the living scene) is this: the lower and nearer of these hills is covered with snow, whilst the higher and more distant is green to the apex. I am not sufficiently natural philosopher to account for this extraordinary appearance, but suppose it to arise from a *different mode of snowing* they have amongst the Alps from what we usually see here amidst our humble hillocks. To accomplish the aforesaid phenomenon it is only necessary that it snow *horizontally* in Switzerland, by which means a mountain may with every facility be snowed up as far as the shoulders, and yet preserve his head as green and as flourishing as ever. Notwithstanding the strangeness to a plain-going English eye of the above stroke of nature, the view of the Valley of Sarnen was picturesque and delightful,—and if it is not gone it is so still. The Swiss cottage, the mountain road, the flock of sheep feeding in a sequestered nook, gave a kind of lonely animation to the scene; the deep verdure of the glades and slopes, contrasted with the blue surface of the lake into which they decline, and the vapoury magnificence of the surrounding hills, combined to throw a most romantic air over this beautiful picture. I sighed for home when I saw it. A runnel of living water bestowed reality on the scene, and was so contrived as to flow down the canvas as naturally as if it was *painted* there, not spoiling the eye for the artificial part of the scene. This is a good

* I beg leave to direct the attention of all admirers of genuine *gothic* to a string of towers in wooden bonnets, at the other side of the park from the Diorama. They may afford to the romantic and imaginative a tolerable idea of a row of giants standing asleep in their bedgowns and white cotton night-caps.

test of the merits of the painting; the works of nature when set beside those of art generally put the latter out of countenance. I hope the Valley of Sarnen will remain in the Regent's Park,—or that it may be replaced by something as beautiful.

There is likewise the Cosmo*rama*, and the Myrio*rama*, and many others not mentionable. I hear also that there is one in preparation, which is to be perfectly eclipsic of all its predecessors, and is to be called the *Pandemoniopanorama,* being an exact View of Hell, intended chiefly, I suppose, for the patronage of those who intend emigrating thither. It has been painted from drawings taken by Padre B—— who visited the premises, and has been since restored to life by Prince Hohenlohe. But I must defer the account of these to a future opportunity. At present—" I can no more " (as we say in a tragedy). *Vale!*

JACOB GOOSEQUILL.

SONNET.

CÆSAR.

There was a light bark on the raging wave
  Toss'd by the tempest,—and the billow curl'd
  Above her bending mast, and she was hurl'd
Down to the dark jaws of the yawning grave;
Then upward borne amid the thunder cloud,
  Midway 'twixt heaven and earth:—and there was one
  Stood smiling in that dreadful hour alone
Upon her deck—his dark eye was as proud
And calm, as if the summer-morning's breeze
  Curl'd the blue wave and fill'd her snowy sail;
  His cheek unblench'd—his proud lip turn'd not pale,
He knew that Fate had chain'd the raging seas:—
  The world unconquer'd, he could not despair,
  For the world's Master *could not* perish there.

BURCHELL'S TRAVELS IN SOUTHERN AFRICA.*

It is a part of our plan to present occasionally to our readers, an abstract of such works, as contribute to throw a new and useful light on the science of geography. With this view we take up the Travels of Mr. Burchell in Southern Africa, not only as affording an accession to our knowledge of distant regions, but as exhibiting a proof of individual and liberal enterprise, which we are happy to have an opportunity of commending. The writer appears to have been well qualified for his task, by his acquirements and spirit; and though he necessarily failed in the full accomplishment of his original design, from causes which he had no power to control, he has yet offered to our perusal, an amusing and instructive narration, from which the general reader, as well as the lover of natural history, may draw much interesting and satisfactory intelligence.

On the 26th of November, 1810, Mr. Burchell first landed at the Cape, with those intense feelings of curiosity and expectation, which the aspect of the country is calculated to awaken, in a mind devoted to science, and alive to the beauties of nature. After passing through the usual ceremonies of introduction, he re-

* Travels in the Interior of Southern Africa, by William J. Burchell, Esq. Vols. I. and II. quarto. London, 1822—1824.

solved to establish his residence in Cape Town, for some months, in order to mature his arrangements, and acquire a knowledge of that dialect of the Dutch, which is the current language of the colony, as well among the Hottentot, as the European population. Impatient, however, to enter into that field of inquiry, which was his principal object, he made several excursions in the vicinity of the capital, and soon found that all anticipation was greatly surpassed, by the rich and varied stores, which this portion of the globe displays to the eye of the botanist. He fortunately became acquainted with two gentlemen of congenial pursuits, Mr. Hesse and Mr. Poleman, through whose means he was introduced to many of the most respectable Dutch families. He also derived much valuable information with regard to his future proceedings, from Mr. Anderson, who had resided some years as a missionary at the Settlement of Klaarwater, and who was afterwards destined to become his fellow traveller, as far as that place.

Among the exploratory journeys, which he undertook in this interval, we may mention one to the summit of Table Mountain, another into the district called Hottentot's Holland, and a third to the celebrated vineyard, which produces the Constantia. He also visited the hot baths of the Zwarteberg, and the missionary settlement of the Moravians, at Genadenthal, where he found much to admire, in the tranquillity and good order of the establishment, the quiet and unassuming manners of the brethren, and the sedate and decorous behaviour of the Hottentots in the offices of religion.

The original purpose of Mr. Burchell was to direct his route through the inland regions, in a course, which would ultimately bring him to one of the European settlements on the eastern coast of Africa, from whence he intended to hire a vessel for St. Helena, and then return to England. He was influenced in this decision, by the consideration, that the western coast is supposed to be barren, and deficient in water, while the eastern parts are comparatively populous and fertile. He was aware, also, that little was known of the country beyond Litakun, and he was anxious to explore the equally unknown tract between that place and Graff Reynet, on the eastern side of the colony. In the fulfilment of this plan, he had soon reason to anticipate considerable embarrassment, from the difficulty of obtaining Hottentot attendants, for these people show at all times a reluctance to venture beyond the boundaries, and this feeling was strengthened by the fatal result of an expedition, sent out by the governor in 1808, under Dr. Cowan and Captain Donovan. Another cause of perplexity was derived from the report, that a hostile body of Caffres had passed along the borders of the district of Graff Reynet, and established themselves on the Gariep, which lay in his intended route. In consequence of these difficulties and dangers, many of his friends strenuously laboured to divert him from his purpose; and he was at length induced to wait the arrival of a party of Hottentots, who were expected from Klaarwater, in order to accompany them on their return. The interval, however, was not unprofitably spent; for he visited the village of Tulbagh, situated in the recesses of the Zwarteberg, and in his return passed through the Paarl and Stellenbosch.

In April his preparations were partly matured. He procured a waggon, of the country fabric, which was fitted up for his particular purposes; and had made a purchase of the requisite number of oxen. A second waggon was afterwards found necessary, to convey a portion of his baggage. The cost of these vehicles, and of the different requisites for his journey, amounted to above 600*l*. Still one deficiency was ill-supplied, namely the proper number of Hottentot attendants. After many fruitless inquiries and disappointments, he engaged two of the Klaarwater party, who arrived in April, to attend him as far as that place; and he afterwards obtained from the Cape regiment another, who had been accustomed to the management of a waggon and team of oxen. To this number was subsequently added a fourth, named Stoffel Spielman, who was recommended for his skill as a marksman, a qualification of peculiar

utility on such an expedition, and who besides had visited most parts of the colony. The wife of this man was also permitted to form one of the party. Finally, our traveller received the requisite permission to pass the boundaries, and an official order for such assistance as he might need, as well as for the conveyance of his correspondence and packets, by the agents and servants of the government.

At length he commenced his long peregrination, and on the 19th of June, for the first time, slept in the open air. He was accompanied by Mr. Anderson and his wife, who were proceeding to Klaarwater, and by Mr. Kramer, another of the missionaries belonging to that station; and the rest of the party were successively to join on their route.

On the 24th of June they reached the great Berg river, without any material hindrance, and crossed it on a kind of floating platform, with rails at the sides, and hinges at the ends. This river is subject to sudden and dangerous floods, which have frequently produced the most fatal consequences, to those who have stationed themselves unguardedly on its banks. On the 26th they traversed Roodzands Kloof, leading to Tulbagh. Here Mr. Burchell caused his papers to be registered in the office of the Landdrost of the district, and signed the legal agreement with the Hottentots in his service. Here he was also joined by a Hottentot, named Gerrit or Gert, who had been engaged for him by the Moravian missionaries at Genadenthal. Reports again prevailing, that the hostile body of the Caffres were posted on their route, a deliberation took place, in which it was finally agreed, to proceed as far as the boundaries of the colony. If at that point the rumour were confirmed, Mr. Burchell adopted the resolution of penetrating alone through the land of the Namaquas, on the western coast.

On the 4th of July the party quitted Tulbagh, after experiencing the warmest interest and kindness from the inhabitants. From an apprehension of floods, they hastened to cross the Berg river, and to clear the wild and romantic, though dangerous ravine, watered by the Hex. At a farm in this quarter, he made a considerable addition to his stock of tobacco, which may in a manner be regarded as the current money of the interior. For the first time, he here observed the Acacia or Dorn tree, which resembles the true Acacia or Gum Arabic tree of Egypt, and forms a botanical characteristic of the extra tropical part of Africa.

At length the travellers reached the Karro Poort, or pass through a range of mountains, separating the district called the great Karro, from the southern parts of the colony. This term in the language of the Hottentots signifies arid or dry, and is properly applied to the country. The strata of these mountains are inclined in opposite positions, and curiously curved in undulating lines. On the 11th of July they entered the pass, and found the road sandy and stony, and the atmosphere remarkably clear and dry: the soil was clayey, washed smooth by frequent thunder showers, and baked so hard by the heat, as to leave no traces of the wheels. The landscape was bare and uniform, and a few scattered clumps of thorn trees, occasionally gladdened the eye, like the Oases in the desert. In the rainy season, however, the scene is changed; and the Karro assumes a verdant hue, from the multitude of small plants, which are then forced into rapid vegetation. They were visited by a few boors, who wander over these extensive plains, with their cattle; but from the want of society these men appeared to be limited in the faculties both of speech and thought; for they were totally uninformed, and nearly as incommunicative.

After traversing Ongelucks river, the ground became hilly, and as no rain had recently fallen, their cattle were much distressed by the drought. In their progress they were joined by another party of the Klaarwater Hottentots, and at length caught a view of the Roggeveld mountains, whose even summits present one long unbroken horizontal line. This chain is the third step or rise in the surface of southern Africa: the first being the great western range, and the second the southern side of the great Karro. The high level of the Rog-

geveld is indicated by the storms of snow to which it is subject, though lying under the parallel of 32°.

After pausing some days to accommodate the missionaries, and suffering various inconveniences, from the arid and barren nature of the country, they resumed their journey on the 5th of August. Provided with relays of cattle, in consequence of the official order, they succeeded in scaling the steep ascent of the Roggeveld, which in the opinion of our traveller rises to an elevation of 6000 or 7000 feet. Here they took leave of the inhabited parts of the colony, and the society of men of their own colour. The air was cold and boisterous, fuel difficult to be procured; and scarcely a blade of grass appeared to enliven the scene. They were themselves the only living objects, in this wide and dreary expanse.

At the Reed River they waited for the missionaries who had remained behind. This, with the Zak and the Brakke River, are the only streams south of the Gariep, a distance of 358 miles; and even these cease to flow for nearly six months in the year.

The missionaries arriving on the 13th of August, the party was mustered. It consisted of six waggons, with their proportion of people; and in the train were four horses, a flock of sheep, and a pack of dogs. Being joined on the Karree River by Berends, one of the captains or chiefs of the Klaarwater Kraal, their numbers amounted to 97 persons, including women and children; the men mostly armed with muskets, and partly dressed in the European, partly in their native costume. The weather now became variable, with rain, hail, and violent winds, and even a fall of snow so deep as to occasion a temporary obstruction to their progress.

On the Dwaal River, which they reached August 27, they learnt from a Hottentot that the Caffres had advanced to the Zak, with a resolution to attack the caravan. This intelligence occasioned great agitation. The missionaries were terrified and anxious to return; but by casting lots, it was finally decided that they should proceed.

On the 31st of August they reached the Zak River, which is considered as the northern boundary of the colony. As they were now entering on the territory of the Bushmen, a race hostile to the colonists, ammunition was distributed to the whole party, every gun was kept loaded, and a watch set during the night. This being the last place of rendezvous, several waggons now joined them, making the number eighteen.

In four days they bade farewell to the colony. Soon afterwards they observed the footsteps of lions, and to protect their cattle from the attacks of these animals, they adopted the precaution of securing them during the night, within a circle formed by the waggons. At the second stage, they had the satisfaction of meeting a considerable relay of oxen, sent from Klaarwater. They at the same time received the agreeable intelligence that the body of Caffres, which had caused so much anxiety, were peaceable and quiet on the Gariep. All apprehensions of an attack were thus happily dissipated.

Hitherto they had seen none of the inhabitants of these wastes; but on the 8th of September they were visited by a party of eleven Bushmen and three women. The men were all below five feet in height, and the women still shorter; and their skin was of a sallow brown colour, darkened by dirt and grease. The next day they descried the Karree mountains, presenting their broad level tops, and forming a species of belt, from five to ten miles wide, which runs north-east and south-west, to an unknown extent. As they emerged from the pass, through these mountains, an immense plain stretched before them, and the scope of vision was terminated by far distant hills. Want of water obliged them to hurry over this expanse with unabated speed. On the 11th they traversed the range called the Modder Gat mountains, consisting of a blackish brown rock, and assuming at a distance a volcanic character. The next day they drew near the banks of the Gariep, experiencing on their march the effects of an African thunder shower. The lightning flashed in the most vivid streams, the thunder burst with tremendous explosions, and, in a moment, a black mass of clouds discharged a deluge of water.

It ceased as suddenly as it began, and appeared to have been concentrated almost on a single spot.

The Gariep at this period flowed in a channel 70 feet below the general level of the country; but the marks of inundation proved that its banks scarcely sufficed to confine it in wet seasons. The stream was bordered with groves of willows; and an infinite variety of birds contributed by their notes to dispel every feeling of loneliness. So striking and delightful was the contrast to the arid plains, he had recently quitted, that the author dwells with an elevated degree of enthusiasm on the beauty and magnificence of this river, and represents it as realising those pictures of classic and elegant scenery, which are created in the minds of poets. The breadth of the Gariep, in one of the narrowest places, was 930 feet; it traverses the Continent from east to west, and, for a very considerable distance upwards, receives no constant branch. It is then joined by three large rivers, the Ky Gariep or Yellow River from the north-east, the Maap or Muddy River, whose course is unknown, and the Nu Gariep, or Black River, which rises in the mountai north of Caffreland.

They crossed the Gariep, at a place called Shallow Ford, where the water was about three feet deep, and while on its bank were visited by 10 Bushmen, who received with great delight a present of tobacco. Travelling during the night, they at sun-rise reached the Asbestos mountains, and entering a defile, soon descried the Kloof, a species of outpost to Klaarwater, in a romantic situation, encircled by mountains, and consisting of 26 mat huts, nd five square-built reed houses, with thatched roofs.

The substance from which the mountains in the neighbourhood derive their name, is a species of Asbestos, of a blue colour, which on being rubbed becomes like a soft cotton. The veins vary in thickness, from one-tenth to half an inch, and consequently the fibre is short, but a species is found, of which the fibre is above two inches long. It is the more remarkable, as being united with rocks of argillaceous schistus. A handsome kind of jasper and green opal are also discovered here; although the soil is good little corn is grown, from the aversion of the Hottentots to agricultural labours.

Resuming their journey, September 29, they on the ensuing day reached Klaarwater; and to the author's disappointment he found it to consist only of half a dozen reed cottages, and a church, shaped like a barn, and built of trees and mud. The number of Hottentot dwellings near the church amounted to about 25, and many were scattered about the valley. Within 50 miles, in different directions, were nearly a dozen outposts, and the average number of inhabitants was estimated at 780 souls. The tribe settled here derived its origin from two families of the mixed race of Hottentots, called Kok and Berends, who after acquiring a few sheep, by service in the colony, migrated to the Gariep, about 40 years before. They thus attracted the attention of the missionaries, whose establishment among the bushmen, on the Zak, broke up about 1800. The present representative heads of the families enjoy a species of patriarchal authority, which principally consists in ordering out the force of the tribe, for attack or defence. The number of their cattle is not less than 3000, their sheep are numerous, and their horses amount to 80 or 90. Their chief subsistence is derived from hunting, for which they have all the national partiality.

Having sent his oxen to pasture, Mr. Burchell made an excursion to the upper part of the Gariep, attended by one of the Klaarwater captains, whose object was to hunt the Hippopotamus. On the 24th of October they proceeded with a caravan of ten waggons, and a numerous assemblage of men, women, and children, all led by the hopes of good cheer. They reached the river a little above the confluence of the Nu Gariep, and found it considerably swelled. Ascending the stream, they passed Zout-pans drift, so named from an extensive salt lake, and finally fixed their head quarters near the confluence of the Maap. The fruits of this expedition were three Hippopotami, one of which the author had an opportunity of examining minutely; but not perhaps with the same delight as his companions, who were thus enabled to gorge themselves with their favourite dainty

and to dry a large portion for future enjoyment. It also gave him a better insight into the habits of the bushmen, many of whom were attracted to the spot by the hopes of a feast.

Returning to Klaarwater, he now endeavoured to engage Hottentots, in order to proceed to the country of the Bachapins; but with little effect, though he at length obtained a half Briqua, named Muchunka, to act as his interpreter. Reports were again spread of a meditated attack on his party by the Caffres, and the intelligence created the utmost alarm among his attendants. He had farther the mortification to find, that the general feeling at Klaarwater was unfavourable to his expedition, particularly after it was discovered that he intended to take the route of Dr. Cowan. In the midst of this perplexity, the year 1813 drew to a close, and the favourable change produced in the face of the country, by the return of the rainy season, inspired him with fresh alacrity. To little purpose, however, did he offer temptations for attendants. The missionaries evidently discouraged his plans, and not only refused to aid him with their influence, but repelled his claims, in virtue of the official order, by declaring that the settlement was independent of the colony. After all other dissuasives had failed, they did not hesitate to denounce their flock at Klaarwater, as men on whom it was unsafe to place the slightest reliance.

Baffled and disappointed on every side, Mr. Burchell formed the determination of proceeding directly across the country to Graff Reynet, as the nearest point of the colony, from whence he could expect to derive assistance. This plan, on being communicated to the missionaries, was no less strenuously disapproved than the former, and its utter impracticability was confidently predicted. However, he persisted in his purpose, and having hired two Hottentots at the Kloof, he decided on making the attempt, without the incumbrance of a waggon, as he calculated on reaching his destination in 10 or 12 days. From the Kloof he followed the course of the rivulet, leading through the Asbestos mountains to the Gariep. At that point he sent back Geit, with the waggon to Klaarwater, to remain in charge of his property till his return; and, by means of a raft, and the assistance of some neighbouring Koras, he traversed the Gariep, at the same place where it had been traversed by Dr. Cowan. His party consisted of six Hottentots, a Bushman, and Ruiter, a Bachapin. They directed their course to the Kraal of Rüzo, a friendly bushman, who they knew had long meditated a journey to the southward. In their way they fell in with a river known to the Klaarwater Hottentots, by its confluence with the Gariep, a few miles below, though its bed was now nearly dry, and consisted of a line of pools, and the water was alkaline and unpalatable. They traversed a flat and open country, and were joined by Rüzo, who had with difficulty been persuaded to come. Fortunately he was accompanied by Kaabi, a captain or head of a Bushman kraal, which lay in their course, with three of his men and three women. The good will of these people was readily purchased, by a liberal present of tobacco, and the whole party proceeded with equal concord and alacrity.

The river which they had fallen in with appeared to take its course exactly in the route which they intended to pursue. They therefore kept it as their guide, passing over a plain which presented an almost unvaried surface, being generally covered with low shrubs, and at intervals a few patches of grass. At one of their stations they were visited by a party of Bushmen, who by the presence of their countrymen were encouraged into familiarity, and led them to their kraal. The hunger and wretchedness of these poor creatures was extreme; and a plentiful meal of animal food appeared to afford them inexpressible enjoyment. Still following the meanders of their friendly river, the waters of which became more abundant as they advanced, the travellers entered an extensive plain, which bore the appearance of a verdant corn field. On the 5th of March they reached the kraal of their companion, where the whole of the inhabitants vied with each other, in the testimonies of their welcome. A present of tobacco created a degree of joyous vociferation, which

the chief himself was unable to control; and the general confidence was rendered complete, when it was known, that the new visitor was of a different nation from the Dutch colonists. Finally, it was agreed, that the travellers should remain a day or two with them, to hunt the rhinoceros, four of which animals had lately been seen at a short distance.

During this sojourn, Mr. Burchell examined the kraal, which consisted of 20 huts, containing about 120 inhabitants. These dwellings were disposed in a circular form, so that the area, where they kept their cattle, was always in view. Their arms, which were placed in readiness for use, were hassagays, bows and arrows, the heads of the latter being covered with a deadly poison, prepared from plants, and mingled with the venom of serpents. The dirt with which these Bushmen were covered, and their clotted and filthy hair, proved how disgusting human beings may become. Celibacy is unknown amongst them; the girls are invariably betrothed, when children, and several mothers were seen whose age could scarcely exceed 12 years.

Having killed two rhinocerosses, and afforded their hosts a feast no less abundant and welcome than the hippopotami had before proved to the Hottentots at the Gariep, the party resumed their journey on the 9th of March. Following the general direction of the river, they visited another Bushman kraal, where they experienced a similar welcome. From hence, being attended by an old man and a boy, they advanced to the pass called by the settlers Rhenoster Poort, where they had the satisfaction to perceive the traces of a waggon. On the 17th they passed the boundary of the colony, and observed an evident change in the geology, as well as in the botany of the country.

They soon came to the dwellings of the colonists, where they experienced a hospitable reception. On the 21st of March they crossed the Zeekoe, or Hippopotamus river, and ascended the Sneeuwberg. In the passage of this elevated region, they suffered severely from the cold, and Mr. Burchell had scarcely achieved the descent, before he was attacked with a fever, the result of his preceding hardships. In a deserted hut, where he had found a shelter, he was visited by some officers of the 21st light dragoons, and Mr. Kicherer, the clergyman of Graff Reynet, and under the hospitable roof of the latter gentleman, he was treated with a degree of attention and kindness which speedily restored him to health.

At Graff Reynet his inquiries for Hottentot attendants were scarcely more successful than at Klaarwater. Such was the idea of danger attached to his journey, and such the want of labourers on the farms, that he was at length obliged to accept of five men of questionable character. Two of these had been baptised, one of whom, named Jan Van Roye, had previously been exhibited in Europe as a specimen of missionary conversion. Juli, another of the party, redeemed the character of his countrymen, by his steadiness, attachment, and fidelity; and his services are commemorated by Mr. Burchell, with a warmth which proves their value.

Having purchased such articles as he deemed necessary, he, on the 28th of April, again directed his steps towards the Gariep. His party amounted to fifteen men, one woman and a child, and he was provided with four horses, eight oxen, thirteen sheep, and nine dogs. At Rhenoster Poort he fell into his former track, and revisited the kraals of his Bushmen friends, whose hearts he gladdened by a distribution of tobacco. In his route, he for the first time had an opportunity of surveying the king of animals. A large lion and lioness were driven out from their haunt on the banks of the river by the dogs. The lioness speedily made her escape, but the lion came steadily forward, as if to examine the party. The dogs courageously kept him at bay, but paid dear for their temerity, for two of them were instantly laid dead at his feet, by a stroke of his huge paw, so slight, that it was scarcely perceptible. Several shots were fired, and a ball passed through his side, but without discomposing his majestic and steady attitude. At length they had the satisfaction to see him slowly retreat, and willingly desisted from offering him farther molestation.

On the 19th of May they once more

reached the delightful banks of the Gariep, and having passed it without essential difficulty, they, on the 24th, arrived at Klaarwater. Here, however, the travellers were coolly welcomed by the missionaries, who appeared rather to feel disappointment than satisfaction at the result of their enterprise.

Mr. Burchell immediately commenced his preparations for a further progress; but experienced innumerable mortifications from the indolence and insubordination of his Hottentots. On the 9th of June he moved to Ongelucks fountain, an outpost of Klaarwater, but it was not before the 14th that he succeeded in collecting his whole suite, which consisted of ten Hottentots, and the interpreter Muchunka. Keeping a northward direction, they on the 18th came to a singular rock, called the Shining Rock, or Sensavan, a remarkable mass rising out of the eastern side of a ridge of hills. It is the place from whence the people beyond the Gariep procure the Sibilo, a metallic powder of a bluish lustre, which stains the flesh of a dark red colour. Mixed with grease and smeared over the head and body, it constitutes the full dress of a Bachapin, and though not beautiful, may, at least, be deemed useful, in protecting the head from the fervid rays of the sun.

Proceeding onward, through a level country, covered with tall dry grass, resembling ripe corn, they, on the 28th of June, traversed the pass leading through the Kamhanni mountains, the great line of separation between the two races of Hottentots and Caffres. Their next advance was to the Kruman, a small but beautiful river, which after rising out of the earth, in a full stream, is gradually lost by evaporation, and absorption in the sands. They then crossed another extensive plain; and after pausing on the river Makkwarin, to set their waggons and baggage in order, they, on the 13th of July, made their entry into Litakun, the capital of the Bachapins, or Briquas.

At this place their arrival had been expected, and awakened a strong feeling of interest and curiosity. Mr. Burchell was received with apparent cordiality, by the chief Mattivi, as well as by his brothers and relations, and obtained permission to make such a stay as he deemed necessary for his future purposés. But he soon found that he was among a race, who were perfectly disposed to take advantage of his situation; and though he suffered no outrage, nor even ill treatment, yet he was on every side beset by selfishness and extortion. His embarrassments were aggravated, by the fears, the follies, and the insubordination of his attendants; and a much shorter stay than he meditated sufficed to convince him, that he had here reached the limit of his journey into the interior. His diary abruptly concludes with his departure from Litakun; though from his map, he appears to have made an excursion to the Karrikarri country, and to have opened a new route to Graff Reynet, from whence he returned through the districts bordering the coast, to Cape Town.

His work concludes with an account of the manners, customs, and character of the Briquas, into the detail of which we cannot enter. It is sufficient to observe, that they appear to have reached that precise boundary, which marks the division between an agricultural, a stationary, and a nomadic life. They are governed by an hereditary chief, but his authority is occasionally shared by his brothers and relations, and limited by a council of subordinate leaders. The lower classes seem to be the unpaid servants of the chief or leaders, who allow them a scanty portion of milk and meat, and leave them to find the rest of their subsistence, by digging roots or hunting. They have no external form of worship, and though they believe the existence of two superior Beings, Good and Evil, yet their attention is devoted to the latter, and their superstition is of the grossest and most degrading kind. Litakun, their capital, consists of 700 or 800 circular huts, contains a population of nearly 5000 souls, and is situated in latitude 27° 6′ south, and longitude 24° 39′ east.

FACETIÆ BIBLIOGRAPHICÆ;

OR,

The Old English Jesters.

No. VIII.

A BANQVET OF IEASTS. OR CHANGE OF CHEARE. BEING A COLLECTION OF

{ MODERNE IESTS
WITTY IEERES
PLEASANT TAUNTS
MERRY TALES }

NEUER BEFORE IMPRINTED. LONDON, PRINTED FOR RICHARD ROYSTON, AND ARE TO BE SOLD AT HIS SHOP IN IVIE-LANE NEXT THE EXCHEQUER-OFFICE. 1630. Duodecimo, containing 192 pages, besides title, index, and preliminary matter, 22.

To the reader, whom I desire to be as courteous as conceited.

To you (of all sorts) that shall vouchsafe the perusall of these few sheetes stitcht vp in a small fardell, I prepare you to expect no more in this collection of iests, then the title page promiseth, wherein is nothing earnest, sauing a pledge of my good meaning towards you. If you looke that I should feast your senses, or banquet your particular pallates, these papers will much deceiue you: for instead of *dainties* you shall finde *dicteria*; for *iunkets, ioci*; and for curious *sallets, sales*. Onely they are passages of myrth, fit to entertaine time, and imploy leasured houres, when they cannot bee more seriously and profitably imployed. So milde and gentle they are in their condition, that as they barke at none, so they bite not any: and therefore you may sport with them freely and safely. Now if some out of their curiositie shall despise them for their commonnesse, I must then retire myselfe to the refuge of that old adage, *bona quo communia, eo meliora*: if they prooue good, they cannot be too common. Againe, if any shall obiect and say, "that I know," and "this I haue heard related," those I thus answer. If many haue heard some of them, but few or none (I dare presume) all. Besides I doe not challenge them for mine owne, but gathered from the mouthes of others; and what is stale to mee, may bee to thee new. Accept them then as courteously, as they are offered to thy perusall willingly, to make them familiar vnto such to whom they are meerly forraigne, and to recollect the memories of those to whom they haue beene knowne, but since forgotten. I must ingenously confesse vnto you, that had not the licence curbed my libertie, the leaues of this booke had been more in tale, and the ieasts (for I know not how more properly to style them) greater in number: But as they are (for otherwise now they cannot be) if they bee well accepted, I acknowledge them too few, but if not well receiued, by many too many. ANONIMOS.

We have no clue by which to discover the anonymous collector of the volume before us, but the book is entitled to consideration on another account; namely, as being one of the earliest productions from the shop of Richard Royston, a bookseller whose eminence in his trade, and more particularly whose active loyalty in the worst times, and unimpeachable integrity during a very long life, deserve some remembrance even at this remote period. Royston was born in 1600. With whom he served his apprenticeship, or what were his publications previously to that which we are now noticing, we have, as yet, found no means of ascertaining, although doubtless a careful examination of the books of the Stationers' Company would afford many particulars of his early life and literary connexions. We may however conclude that he was a popular trader, since Quarles, Alexander Ross, Hobbes of Malmsbury, Sir Richard Baker, Dr. Featley, Jeremy Taylor, and Dr. Henry Hammond, were among his authors and supporters; and at the commencement of the civil war he was undoubtedly the principal bookseller to the unfortunate monarch. It was at this period that Royston performed great service to the royal cause, by printing and dispersing tracts written in favour of the king, as well as by conveying intelligence to the head-quarters, and from thence to the different garrisons and stations, at a time when such employment was as dangerous as it was important. In order to effect this, he hired divers "adventurous women,"* who, in the character of the lowest hawkers, strolled from place to place, on foot, and were not uncommonly the bearers of des-

* Life of Dr. John Barwick, with an Appendix of Original Letters. Lond. 1724. 8vo. p. 62.

patches sewn within the covers of certain volumes which they were directed to dispose of to particular individuals. So careful were Royston and his friend Dr. Barwick, with whom he acted, in the choice of their emissaries, that it is upon record, that none of their messengers, or of the letters entrusted to their care, ever fell into the hands of the enemy. Royston was the first printer of the ΕΙΚΩΝ ΒΑΣΙΛΙΚΗ, and it is said, that he was so expeditious in preparing this celebrated volume for publication, that although he received the copy only on the twenty-third of December, 1648, the impression was finished before the thirtieth of January following, the day on which his majesty suffered.*

It can hardly be imagined, that a person of Royston's character and principles escaped molestation in the evil days that followed; and accordingly, in the privilege attached to the splendid edition of King Charles the First's Works, printed in 1662,† we find mention not only of his "fidelity and loyalty," but "of the great losses and troubles he hath sustained for his faithfulness to our Royal Father of blessed memory, and ourself, in the publishing of many messages and papers of our said blessed father," &c.‡ He appears, however, to have weathered the storm, for during the Long Parliament, and the whole of Oliver's usurpation, he continued at the Angel, in Ivy Lane, and from time to time published the works of some of our best and most orthodox divines. The Restoration of King Charles II, restored Royston also to his post of the king's bookseller, and wealth and reputation followed. In 1667, he was a warden of the Stationers' Company, master in 1673 and 1674, in which latter year he made a donation of five pounds to the poor of the company. His daughter Mary he married to Richard Chiswell, one of the original Directors of the Bank of England, and a bookseller of great eminence in St. Paul's Church-yard; of whom it has been recorded, that the mere imprint of his name on the title-page was sufficient to recommend a work, he never having "*been known to print either a bad book, or on bad paper*."§ Royston died in 1686, at the very advanced age of 85 and upwards He was buried in Christ's Church, Farringdon-within, where a monument was erected to his memory.|| His widow survived him.

Of the *Banquet of Jeasts* there have been at least six editions. The second and third we have never yet met with, the fourth was in 1634, "with many additions," if the title-page may be believed; the fifth is dated 1636, and the sixth 1640. The printer ** of the fourth edition tells us that it is much more refined than its predecessors.

The courser Cates that might the feast disgrace
Left out, and better serv'd up in their place:

and he is very severe on all his predecessors, from whom, however, he scruples not to borrow as occasion serves:

* Dugdale's Short View of the late Troubles in England Lond. 1681, folio, p. 381.

† In folio: it was collected and prepared for the press by Fulman, edited by Dr. Perrinchief, and dedicated by Royston to Charles the Second.

‡ An instance occurs in the Journals of the House of Commons, 16th June, 1643. "Resolved, That Royston the Printer be forthwith sent for, as a Delinquent, for printing a Book, intituled, "His Majesty's Declaration to all his loving Subjects; in Answer to a Declaration of the Lords and Commons, upon the late Proceedings of the late Treaty of Peace."

§ Dunton's Life and Errors, edited by Nichols. Lond. 1818. Vol. i. p. 204.

|| Stowe's Survey of London, by Strype. Lond. 1720, folio. Book iii. p. 138.

** In addition to a metrical address from the printer, Royston himself, as stationer, has a few lines in prose, to point out the merits of the new edition to his courteous readers: "You shall receive it not onely purged from many grosse faults formerly escaped in the presse, but refined and cleansed from all such course passages as were inserted and exposed to your view without his consent who first collected them; in recompence of which, for every one subtracted, you shall finde here more than ten added, never till now published, and in this kinde made common. The restraint of that liberty of which hee, before complained, is now redeemed, as shall appeare by the new collections here inserted. May his care and my cost breed thee in their perusall as much pleasure as I wish unto my selfe profit. Vale. R. R."

Pasquel's conceits are poore, and *Scoggins'* * drie,
Skelton's meere rime, once read, but now laid by.
Peele's † Iests are old, and *Tarleton's* ‡ are growne stale.
These neither barke, nor bite, nor scratch, nor raile.
Banquets were made for laughter, not for teares,
Such are these sportive Taunts, Tales, Jests, and Jeeres.

In order to make the fifth edition (that of 1636) more vendible, a print of Archee the King's jester was prefixed, under which are the following lines:

Archee, by kings and princes grac'd of late,
Jested himself into a fair estate,
And in this book doth to his friends commend
His jeers, taunts, tales, which no man can offend.§

But this was a mere device to help off the impression, Archee having in truth nothing to do with the publication thus fathered on him.|| There can hardly be a stronger proof of his innocence, than that the address to the reader professing, in this edition of 1636, to be by "the King's Jester," is not only the same which in all preceding editions is signed *anonymos*, but actually has this identical signature still appended, it being an appellation which the person who superintended the press may

* London Magazine, June 1823, p. 621.
† Ibid. July 1824, p. 61.
‡ Ibid. May 1824, p. 517.
§ Granger's Biographical History of England, 5th Ed. Lond. 1824. 8vo. vol. iii. p. 241.
|| Archibald Armstrong was born at Arthuret in Cumberland, and became jester to King James I, who was accustomed to allow him his fool's prerogative of saying sharp truths with impunity. When Prince Charles took that unaccountable journey into Spain, the king being in one of his pensive moods, Archee addressed him with a request, that his Majesty would change caps with him. Why? says the king. Why, who (replied Archee) sent the Prince into Spain? But what (answered the king) wilt thou say when the Prince comes back again? Mary, said Archee, I will then take my cap from thy head, and send it to the King of Spain. Archee continued in his post on the accession of Charles I, but lost it in 1637, in consequence of reviling Archbishop Laud at a tavern, and attacking him in person as he was going to the council table. Mr. Garrard writes to Lord Strafford, "Archy is fallen into a great misfortune, a fool he would be, but a foul mouth'd knave he hath proved himself: being at a tavern in Westminster, drunk, as he saith himself, he was speaking of the Scotish business, he fell a railing on my Lord of Canterbury, said he was a monk, a rogue, and a traitor. Of this his Grace complained at council, the king being present; it was ordered he should be carried to the porter's lodge, his coat pulled over his ears, and kicked out of the court, never to enter within the gates, and to be called into the star chamber. The first part is done, but my Lord of Canterbury hath interceded to the king, that there it should end. There is a new fool in his place, Muckle John, but he will ne'er be so rich, for he cannot abide money." The Scotish business was the introduction of the Liturgy into that kingdom, which occasioned great tumults. At Edinburgh the dean, who was the first person who attempted to read it, had a stool thrown at his head, which Archee very aptly called *the stool of repentance*. It seems surprising that a man of Archbishop Laud's exalted rank and powerful understanding should have deemed it necessary or prudent to punish one so beneath his notice; but the most sensible persons can ill bear to be laughed at, and our jester lost no opportunity of turning the prelate into ridicule. When the archbishop was dining at the royal table, a great number of the nobility being present, Archee begged permission to say grace, which being granted, he very gravely cried out:

"Great praise be given to God, and little Laud to the devil."

Rushworth has preserved the instrument by which the king, in council, banishes Armstrong from the court, and deprives him of his office, and adds that as the archbishop was going to the council table, the jester accosted him with "*Whea's feule now?* Doth not your grace hear the news from Striveling about the Liturgy?" An address which probably did not tend to soften matters. Archee had made a considerable fortune during his residence at court, and on his disgrace retired into Cumberland. In 1646 he married Sybella Bell, and his burial is recorded in the parish register of Arthuret as having taken place April 1, 1672. See Rapin's History of England, vol. ii. p. 296.—Rushworth's Historical Collections, part ii. pp. 470, 471.—Strafford's Letters and Dispatches, by Knowler, vol. ii. p. 154.—Lysons' Magna Britannia in Cumberland, p. 13.—Welwood's Memoirs, pp. 53, 238.

be presumed not to have understood.*

The following extracts are taken from the first edition.

Of a Country Man and a Constable. (1.)

A simple country-man hauing terme busines in London, and being somewhat late abroad in the night, was staid by a constable, and somewhat hashly entreated. The poore man obseruing how imperiously he commanded him, demanded of him what hee was? to whom he replyed, "I am the constable, and this is my watch." "And I pray you, sir, for whom watch you?" saith the man. "Marry (answered the constable), I watch for the king." "For the king?" replyes he againe simply, "then I beseech you, sir, that I may passe quietly and peaceably by you to my lodging, for I can bring you a certificate from some of my neighbours who are now in towne, *that I am no such man.*"

A Young Heire. (14.)

A young heire not yet come to age, but desirous to bee suited with other gallants, and to bee furnisht with money and commodities to the purpose, the creditor demanded his bond; hee granted it conditionally, that his father should not know of it, therefore wisht it to bee done very priuately. Vpon this promise all things were concluded, and the time came when he should seale it. But when hee beganne to read in the beginning of the bond *nouerint vniuersi—Bee it knowne vnto all men*—he cast away the bond, and absolutely refused to seale it, saying, "if it be knowne vnto all men, how can it possibly bee, *but it must come to my father's eare?*"

One trauelling to Rome. (22.)

A gentleman of England trauelling with his man to Rome, desirous to see all fashions, but especially such rarities as were there to be seene, was, by the mediation of some friends there resident, admitted into the Pope's presence; to whom his holinesse offered his foote to kisse, which the gentleman did with great submission and reuerence. This his man seeing, and not before acquanted with the like ceremony, presently makes what speed he can to get out of the presence; which some of the wayters espying, and suspecting his hast, stayd him, and demanded the cause of his so suddaine speed; but the more they importune him, the more he prest to be gone: but being further vrged, he made this short answer—truely, saith he, this is the cause of my feare, that if they compell my master, being a gentleman, to kisse the Pope's foote, *I feare what part they will make me kisse*, being but his serving man.

A Scholler on Horse-back. (23.)

A scholler, an vnskilful rider, being to passe through a riuer, offred to water his horse before hee rid him in so deepe as to the foote-locke, his friend that was with him, fearing he would founder him, cald vpon him to ride in deeper, the other not well vnderstanding his meaning, sayd to his friend; "First stay till he hath drunke off all this, and then I will ride him in farther, where hee may haue his belly full."

One that eate of a Beare. (31.)

A woman hauing eaten of the right side of a beare, which some say makes good venison, tooke a conceit, that she had an exceeding great rumbling and rowling in her belly, and for remedy sends to aske advise of the doctour, who perswaded her to knock a mastiffe dog in the head, and eat so much of him, and so no doubt but the flesh of him would worry the beare in her belly.

A young Master of Arts (11.)

A young master of art the very next day after the commencement, hauing his course to common place in the chappell, where were diuers that the day before had took their degree, tooke his text out of the eighth chapter of Iob, the words were these; "We are but of yesterday, and know nothing." This text (saith he) doth fitly diuide it selfe into two branches, *our standing*, and *our understanding*; our standing in these words, *wee are but of yesterday*, our vnderstanding, *we know nothing.*

Two Schollers. (47.)

Two schollers of one colledge in the vniuersitie, the one called *Paine*, the other *Culpepper*, were both in fault, but Paine in the lesse, the other in the greater: but when the fault came to be censured, the fault was not lesse then expelling the colledge: but *Culpepper*, the greater delinquent, yet finding more friends, had his sentence tooke off, and liberty to remaine still in the house, but the other suffered for example. A master of art of another house comming to visit a friend of his that was of the colledge where this was done, amōgst other discourse, askt what became of the businesse betweene the two schollers, hee told him in briefe, how *Paine* that was in the least fault was punisht, and *Culpepper* in the greater pardoned; who in-

* This edition ascribed to Archee has a different title from the preceding. "A Banqvet of Jests, or a Collection of Court, Camp, Colledge, Citie, Country Jests. In two books." It is also printed for Royston, as is the sixth, which professes to be "much enlarged for the delight of the reader." Mr. Granger mentions another so late as 1660, with Armstrong's portrait prefixed. Never having seen it, we are unable to say whether the Jester has a better title to this than to the preceding.

stantly replyed, Nay, then I thinke Ovid did prophecie of this when hee said,

*Pœna perire potest, culpa perennis erit.**

Wishers and Woulders. (80).

One desiring a scholler to turne the old ancient English prouerbe into Latine,

Wishers and woulders
Were neuer good househoulders:

That I will presently, saith the scholler, thus:

Oh si! oh si!
Otiosi.

A Welch Reader. (116.)

A Welchman reading the chapter of the genealogie, where Abraham begat Isaac, and Isaac begat Jacob, ere he came to the midst hee found the names so difficult, that he broke off in these words—"and so they begat one another till they came to the end of the chapter."

Of Card Playing. (150.)

A parson in the country liveing amōg his parishioners and neighbors wel, would sometimes, at his retired hours for his recreatiō, play at cards amongst them, for which he was much enuied of a puritane iustice, and the official of the diocese. These meeting on a market day amongst the chiefe men of the countrey where the parson was there present, his two aduersaries began in the ordinary openly to reproue him at the table for prophane card playing, not fitting his calling. Who hearing them with some impatience, and the rest attending how he could acquit himselfe, he thus began: Right worshipfull and the rest of my friends, I am here charged by master iustice and master officiall to be a common card-player, to which I answere, if all men would make that vse of it that I doe, it would seeme as pardonable, as I shal make it appeare excusable in me. For my own part, I neuer see an ace, but I apprehend that vnity which ought to bee betwixt man and wife. If a duce, the loue which should bee betwixt neighbours. If a tra, if two of my parishioners bee at ods, how needfull a thing it is for a third person to reconcile them, and make them friends; and so of the rest. Nor doe I looke vpon a king, but presently I apprehend the alleageance due to my prince and soueraigne. Nor on a queene, but I remember her sacred maiesty, and the reuerence belonging to her estate. Nor doe I cast mine eye vpon a knaue but he puts me in minde either of you, master iustice, or you, master officiall, or of some other of my good friends. The iustice and officiall were answerd, and the plaine honest parson, for his iest sake, both applauded and excused.

In the 259th jest, mention is made of Stratford-upon-Avon, and it is no slight testimony of the esteem in which Shakspeare was held by his contemporaries, and the age immediately succeeding them, to find it recorded in our little book of pleasant taunts and merry tales, as "*a town most remarkable for the birth of famous William Shakespeare.*" Much has been written on the proper mode of spelling the poet's name, and it may be allowable to remark, that in the edition of 1640 this is corrected, or altered to *Shakspeere*.

* Epist. ex Ponto, lib. i. ep. 1. lin. 64. The true reading however is
Pœna potest demi, culpa perennis erit—
which would be equally applicable.

VAUXHALL MEMINISCENCES.

"Heu quanto minus est, cum reliquis versari
Quam tui meminisse!"—*Every body's quotation.*

"*Lights!* Within there! *Lights!*"—*Othello.*

1.

Well! Vauxhall is a wondrous scene!
Where Cits, in silks, admirers glean
Under innumerous lamps—
Not safety-lamps, by Humphry made;
By these full many a soul's betray'd
To ruin by the damps!

2.

Here nut-brown trees, instead of green,
With oily trunks and branches lean,
Cling to nine yellow leaves;

Like aged misers that all day
Hang o'er their gold, and their decay,
'Till Death of both bereaves!

3.

The sanded walk beneath the roof
Is dry for every dainty hoof,
And here the wise man stops;
But Beaux beneath the sallow clumps
Stand in the *water* with their *pumps*,
And catch the oiled drops.

4.

Tinkles the bell!—away the herd
Of revellers rush, like buck or bird;
Each doth his way unravel
To where the dingy Drama holds
Her sombre reign, 'mid rain and colds
And tip-toes, and wet gravel.

5.

The boxes shew a weary set,
Who like to get serenely wet,
Within, and not without;
There Goldsmith's widow you may see
Rocking a fat and frantic knee
At all the passing rout!

6.

Yes! There she is!—There,—to the life!
And Mr. Tibbs, and Tibbs's wife,
And the good man in black.
Belles run, for oh! the bell is ringing,
But Mrs. Tibbs is calmly singing,
And sings till all come back!

7.

By that high dome, that trembling glows
With lamps, cock'd hats, and shivering bows
How many hearts are shook!
A feather'd chorister is there,
Warbling some tender grove-like air,
Compos'd by Mr. Hook.

8.

And Dignum too!—yet where is he?
Shakes he no more his locks at me?
Charms he no more night's ear?
He who bless'd breakfast, dinner, rout,
With "linked sweetness long drawn out;
Why is not Dignum here?

9.

Oh, Mr. Bish!—oh, Mr. Bish!
It is enough, by Heaven! to *dish*
Thy garden dinners at ten!
What hast thou done with Mr. D.?
What's thy "Wine Company," thy "Tea,"
Without that man of men?

10.

Yet! blessed are thy suppers given
(For money) something past eleven;
Lilliput chickens boil'd;
Bucellas, warm from Vauxhall ice,
And hams, that flit in airy slice,
And salads scarcely soil'd.

11.

See!—the large, silent, pale-blue light
Flares, to lead all to where the bright
  Loud rockets rush on high,
Like a long comet, roaring through
The night, then melting into blue,
  And starring the dark sky!

12.

And Catherine wheels, and crowns, and names
Of great men whizzing in blue flames;
  Lights, like the smiles of hope;
And radiant, fiery palaces
Showing the tops of all the trees,
  And Blackmore on the rope!

13.

Then late the hours, and sad the day!
The passing cup, the wits astray
  The *roar*, and riot call!
The tussle, and the collar torn,
The dying lamps, the breaking morn!
  And hey for—Union Hall!

NED WARD JUN.

GOETHE.

(Review of Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship, continued.)

To be an eidoloclast is not a pleasant office, because an invidious one. Whenever that can be effected therefore, it is prudent to decline the odium of such an office upon the idol himself. Let the object of the false worship always, if possible, be made his own eidoloclast. As respects Wilhelm Meister, this *is* possible: and so far, therefore, as Goethe's pretensions are founded on that novel, Goethe shall be his own eidoloclast. For our own parts we shall do no more than suggest a few principles of judgment, and recall the hasty reader to his own more honourable thoughts, for the purpose of giving an occasional impulse and direction to his feelings on the passages we shall quote—which passages, the very passages of Goethe, will be their own sufficient review and Mr. Goethe's best exposure. Something indeed is already known of him in this country. *Wilhelm Meister* will but confirm an impression already made. "*The Sorrows of Werther*," by itself—"*Stella*," through the Anti-jacobin Review of former days,—the "*Life*" through the analysis of an accomplished German Scholar of Norwich—and the "*Faust*," through various channels, have left such an impression of Mr. Goethe's state of feeling and his talents in this country, as leaves us happily no body of partial prejudices to contend with. We need not waste time in deprecating unreasonable prepossessions: for, except amongst his clannish coterie of partizans in London (collectively not enough to fill the boudoir of a blue-stocking), there *are* no such prepossessions. Some indeed of that coterie have on occasion of our former article pushed their partizanship to the extent of forgetting the language of gentlemen. This at least has been reported to us. We are sorry for *them;* not angry on our own account, nor much surprised. They are to a certain degree excusably irritable, from the consciousness of being unsupported and unsteadied by general sympathy. Sectarians are allowably ferocious. However we shall reply only by recalling a little anecdote of John Henderson,* in the

* The two authorities for all authentic information about J. Henderson are, 1. The Funeral Sermon of Mr. Aguttar; 2. A Memoir of him by Mr. Cottle of Bristol, inserted in Mr Cottle's Poems. We know not whether we learned the anecdote from these sources, or in conversation with Mr. Cottle many years ago.

spirit of which we mean to act. Upon one occasion, when he was disputing at a dinner party, his opponent, being pressed by some argument too strong for his logic or his temper, replied by throwing a glass of wine in his face: upon which Henderson, with the dignity of a scholar who felt too justly how much this boyish petulance had disgraced his antagonist to be in any danger of imitating it, coolly wiped his face, and said —"This, sir, is a digression: now, if you please, for the argument." *

And now, if you please, for our argument. What shall that be? How shall we conduct it? As far as is possible, the translator of Wilhelm Meister would deny us the benefit of *any* argument: for thus plaintively he seeks to forestal us (Pref. xii.)—"Every man's judgment is, *in this free country*, a lamp to himself:" (*Free* country! why we hope there is no despotism so absolute, no not in Turkey, nor Algiers, where a man may not publish his opinion of Wilhelm Meister!) "and many, it is to be feared, will insist on judging *Meister* by the common rule; and, what is worse, condemning it, let Schlegel bawl as loudly as he pleases." This puts us in mind of a diverting story in the memoirs of an old Cavalier, published about a year and a half since by Sir Walter Scott: at the close of the war he was undergoing some examination (about passports, as we recollect) by the Mayor of Hull: upon which occasion the mayor, who was a fierce fanatic, said to him some such words as these: "Now, Captain, you know that God has judged between you and us: and has given us the victory—praise be unto his name! and yet you see how kindly the Parliament treats you. But, if the victory had gone the other way, and you of the malignant party had stood in our shoes, —I suppose now, Captain, you would have evil entreated us; would have put all manner of affronts upon us; kicked us peradventure, pulled our noses, called us sons of w——s." "You're in the right on't, sir,"— was the reply of the bluff captain, to the great indignation of the Mayor —and infinite fun of the goodnatured aldermen. So also, when the translator tells us that it is to be feared that many will condemn Wilhelm Meister in spite of Schegel's vociferation, we reply, "You're in the right on't, sir:" they will do so; and Schlegel is not the man, neither William nor Frederick, to frighten them from doing so. We have extracted this passage however for the sake of pointing the reader's eye to one word in it: "many will judge it by the common *rule*." What rule? we ask. The translator well knows that there *is* no rule: no rule which can stand in the way of fair and impartial criticism; and that he is conjuring up a bugbear which has no existence. In the single cases of epic and dramatic poetry (but in these only as regards the mechanism of the fable) certain rules have undoubtedly obtained an authority which may prejudice the cause of a writer; not so much however by corrupting sound criticism, as by occupying its place. But with regard to a novel, there is no rule which has obtained any "*prescription*" (to speak the language of civil law) but the golden rule of good sense and just feeling; and the translator well knows that in such a case if a man were disposed to shelter his own want of argument under the authority of some "common rule," he can find no such rule to plead. How do men generally criticise a novel? Just as they examine the acts and conduct, moral or prudential, of their neighbours. And how is that? Is it by quoting the Nichomachean Ethics of Aristotle? Do they proceed as the French Consul did when the Dey of Tunis informed him that he meant to cut off his head? Upon which

The Consul quoted Wickefort
  And Puffendorf and Grotius;
And proved from Vattel
Exceedingly well,
  Such a deed would be quite atrocious.

No: they never trouble Puffendorf and Grotius; but try the case "proprio marte," appealing only to

* One objection only we have heard to our last article from any person *not* a partizan of Goethe: being plausible, and coming from a man of talents, we reply to it. "Surely," says he, "it cannot be any fault of Goethe's that he is *old*." Certainly not: no fault at all, but a circumstance of monstrous aggravation connected with one particular fault of Wilhelm Meister, &c.

their own judgments and their own feelings. This is wise, they say, and that is foolish: this is indecorous, and that is inconsistent: this argues a bad motive, and that leads to a bad consequence. In this way they judge of actions, in this way of a novel; and in this way we shall judge of Wilhelm Meister; and cannot allow that our criticism shall be forestalled by any pretence that we are opposing mechanic rules, which do not and cannot exist, to the natural and spontaneous movements of the unprejudiced judgment.

"Scribendi recte SAPERE est principium et fons"—Good sense is the principle and fountain of all just composition. This is orthodox doctrine all over the world, or ought to be. Next, we presume that in all latitudes and under every meridian a poet stands amenable to criticism for the quality of his sentiments and the passions he attributes to his heroes, heroines, and "pattern people." That the general current of feeling should be deeper than that of ordinary life, nobler, and purer,—is surely no unreasonable postulate: else wherefore is he a poet? Now within a short compass there is no better test by which we can try the style and tone of a poet's feelings than his ideal of the female character as expressed in his heroines. For this purpose we will have a general turnout and field day for Mr. Goethe's ladies. They shall all parade before the reader. This, while it answers our end, will provide for *his* amusement. *Ex abundanti,* we will fling in a sketch of the hero's love affairs. This display will be sufficient for the style of sentiment: as to the good sense, *that* will be adequately put on record by every part of our analysis: yet, as a special commentary dedicated to that particular point, we will (if we have room) move an inquiry into the meaning of the title—Wilhelm Meister's *Apprenticeship:* why Apprenticeship, Mr. Göthe?—Finally, as the part of Mignon has been insisted upon often and earnestly as a poetic creation of the highest order—and as Mignon is not a woman grown, we will separate her from the rest of the ladies, and put her through the manual and drill exercise when the general parade is over.

Now therefore turn out, ladies! turn out before London on this fine 26th of August 1824. Muster, muster, ye belles of Germany! *Place aux dames!* We will have a grand procession to the temple of Paphos with its hundred altars: and Mr. Goethe, nearly 50 years old at the date of Wilhelm Meister, shall be the high-priest; and we will exhibit him surrounded by all "his young Corinthian laity."* — Here then, reader, is Mr. Goethe's

I. GALLERY OF FEMALE PORTRAITS.

Mariana.—No. 1 is Mariana, a young actress. With her the novel opens: and her situation is this. She is connected in the tenderest style of clandestine attachment with Wilhelm Meister the hero. Matters have gone so far that she—how shall we express it? Oh: the novel phrase is that—she "carries a pledge of love beneath her bosom." Well, suppose she does: what's that to us —us and the reader? Why nothing, we confess. The reader is yet but in the vestibule of the tale: he is naturally in good humour, willing to be pleased, and indisposed to churlish constructions. Undoubtedly he is sorry: wishes it had been otherwise; but he is human himself; and he recollects the old excuse which will be pleaded on this frail planet of ours for thousands of years after we are all in our graves—that they were both young: and that she was artless and beautiful. And finally he forgives them: and, if at the end of the third volume when they must necessarily be a good deal older, he finds them still as much attached to each other as when their hearts were young, he would feel it presumption in him to remember the case as a transgression. But what is this? Hardly have we gone a few pages further, before we find that—about one month before this lady had surrendered her person to the hero—she had granted all she could grant to one Mr. Norberg a merchant and a vile sensualist. Aye, says Mr. Goethe, but *that* was for money; she had no money; and how could she do without money? Whereas now, on the contrary, in Wilhelm's case it

* "Young Corinthian laity:" Milton. Apol. for Smectymn.

could not be for money; for why? he had none; *ergo*, it was for love—pure love. Besides she was vexed that she had ever encouraged Norberg, after she came to be acquainted with Wilhelm. Vexed! but did she resolve to break with Norberg? Once or twice she treated him harshly, it is true: but hear her latest cabinet council on this matter with her old infamous attendant (p. 65, i): "I have no choice, continued Mariana, do you decide for me! Cast me away to this side, or to that; mark only one thing. I think I carry in my bosom a pledge that ought to unite me with him (i. e. Wilhelm) more closely. Consider and determine: whom shall I forsake? whom shall I follow?

"After a short silence, Barbara exclaimed: Strange that youth should still be for extremes." By extremes Barbara means keeping only one; her way of avoiding extremes is to keep both. But hear the hag: "To my view nothing would be easier than for us to combine both the profit and enjoyment. Do you love the one, let the other pay for it: all we have to mind is being sharp enough to keep the two from meeting."

Certainly, that would be awkward: and now what is Mariana's answer? "Do as you please; I can imagine nothing, but I will follow." Bab schemes, and Poll executes. The council rises with the following suggestion from the hag. "Who knows what circumstances may arise to help us? If Norberg would arrive even now, when Wilhelm is away! who can hinder you from thinking of the one in the arms of the other? I wish you a son and good fortune with him: he will have a rich father."

Adopting this advice, the lady receives Wilhelm dressed in the clothes furnished by Norberg. She is however found out by Wilhelm, who forsakes her; and in the end she dies. Her death is announced in the high German style to Wilhelm: old Bab places a bottle of Champaigne and three glasses on the table. Then the scene proceeds thus: "Wilhelm knew not what to say, when the crone in fact *let go* the cork, and filled the three glasses to the brim. "Drink!" cried she, having emptied at a draught her foaming glass. "Drink ere the spirit of it pass! This third glass shall froth away untasted to the memory of my unhappy Mariana. How red were her lips when she last drank your health! Ah! and now for ever pale and cold!" At the next Pitt or Fox dinner this suggestion may perhaps be attended to. Mr. Pitt of course will have a bottle of good old Port set for him: for he drank no Champaigne.--As Kotzebue hastened to the Palais Royal of Paris for consolation on the death of his wife, so does Wilhelm on reading his sweetheart's farewell letters abscond in a transport of grief to ——— a coffee-house, where he disputes upon the stage and acting in general. —We are rather sorry for this young creature after all: she has some ingenuous feelings; and she is decidedly the second best person in the novel. The child, which she leaves behind, is fathered by old Bab (drunk perhaps) upon every man she meets; and she absolutely extorts money from one or other person on account of three different fathers. If she meets the reader, she'll infallibly father it upon him. In the hands now of a skilful artist this surviving memorial of the frail Mariana might have been turned to some account: by Mr. Goethe it is used only as a handle for covering his hero with irresistible ridicule. He doubts whether he is the father of the child; and goes about, like Mr. Matthews's fat man who aspires after leanness, asking people in effect "Do you think I can be the father? Is he like me?" That Mariana's conduct had given him little reason to confide in any thing she could say except upon her death-bed, we admit; and, as to old Bab's assurances, they clearly were open to that objection of the logicians —that they proved nothing by proving a little too much: even Lord Chesterfield's rule of believing only one *half* of what she says is not applicable to her; at the most we can believe only one-third: but can any gravity stand the ridicule of a father's sitting down to examine his child's features by his own? and that he, who would not believe the dying and heart-broken mother, is finally relieved from his doubts (p. 120, iii.) by two old buffoons, who simply assure him that the child is his—and thus pretend to an au-

thority transcending that of the mother herself? But pass to

No. 2. *Philina.*—This lady is a sort of amalgam of Doll Tear-sheet and the Wife of Bath—as much of a termagaunt as the first, and as frank-hearted as the second. Mr. Goethe's account of the matter (p. 172, i.) is that "her chief enjoyment lay in loving one class of men, and being loved by them." In all particulars, but the good ones, she resembles poor Mariana: like her she is an actress; like her she has her "pledge"—and, like Mariana's, this pledge is open to doubts of the learned, on the question of its paternity; for, like her, she is not content with one lover; *not* however, like her, content with two, for she has nearer to two dozen. She plays off the battery of her charms upon every man she meets with: the following is a list of the killed and wounded.*—But stay: we must hurry onwards. What becomes of her the reader never learns. Among her lovers, who in general keep her, is one whom she keeps: for he is her footman; a "fair-haired boy" of family. Him she kicks out of her service in vol. the first, p. 174, ostensibly because he will not lay the cloth; but in fact because he has no more money; as appears by p. 228, vol. ii. where she takes him back on his having "cozened from his friends a fresh supply;" and to him she finally awards her 'pledge' and we think she does right. For he is a fine young lad—this Frederick; and we like him much: he is generous and not suspicious as "our friend" Wilhelm; and he is *par parenthèse* a great fool, who is willing to pass for such, which the graver fools of the novel are not; for they are all "philosophers." Thus pleasantly does this believing man report the case to the infidel Wilhelm: "'Tis a foolish business that I must be raised at last to the paternal dignity: but she asserts, and the time agrees. At first, that cursed visit, which she paid you after Hamlet, gave me qualms. The pretty flesh-and-blood spirit of that night, if you do not know it, was Philina. This story was in truth a hard dower for me, but, if we cannot be contented with such things, we should not be in love. Fatherhood at any rate depends entirely upon conviction; I am convinced, and so I am a father."—But time presses: so adieu! most philanthropic Philina—thou lover of all *man*kind!

No. 3. is *Mrs. Melina.* She also is an actress with a 'pledge' and so forth. But she marries the father, Herr Melina, and we are inclined to hope that all will now be well. And certainly as far as page so and so, the reader or ourselves, if summoned by Mrs. Melina on any trial affecting her reputation, would be most happy to say that whatever little circumstances might have come to our knowledge, which as gentlemen we could not possibly use to the prejudice of a lady,—we yet fully believed her to be as irreproachable as that lady who only of all King Arthur's court could wear the magic girdle; and yet it shrunk a little,† until she made a blushing confession that smoothed its wrinkles. This would be our evidence up perhaps to the end of vol. i.; yet afterwards it comes out that she "sighed" for Mr. Meister; and that, if she sighed in vain, it was no fault of hers.

The manners of all these good people are pretty much on a level with their characters: more than once all are drunk together,—men, women, and children: women are seen lying on the sopha "in no very elegant position:" the children knock their heads against the table: one plays the harp, one the triangle, another the tambourine: some sing canons; another "whistles in the manner of a nightingale;" another "gives a symphony *pianissimo* upon the Jew's harp:" and last of all comes an ingenious person who well deserves to be imported to London for the further improvement of the Freischütz: "by way of termination, Serlo (the manager) gave a fire-work or what resembled one: for he could imitate the sound of crackers, rockets, and firewheels, with his mouth, in a style of nearly inconceivable correctness. You had only to shut your eyes, and the deception was complete." After the lyrical confusion of these Dutch

* The list was too extensive to be made out in time with due regard to accuracy; but a copy will be given *gratis* to every subscriber to the London Magazine.

† See the ballad somewhere in Percy's 'Reliques.'

concerts "it follows of course that men and women fling their glasses into the street, the men fling the punch-bowl at each other's heads, and a storm succeeds which the watch (Neptune and his Tritons")* are called in to appease.—Even from personal uncleanliness Mr. Goethe thinks it possible to derive a grace. "The white négligée" of Philina, because it was "not superstitiously clean" is said to have given her "a frank and domestic air." But the highest scene of this nature is the bed-room of Mariana; it passes all belief; "Combs, soap, towels, with the traces of their use, were not concealed. Music, portions of plays, and pairs of shoes, washes and Italian flowers, pincushions, hair-skewers, rouge-pots and ribbons, books and straw hats—all were united by a common element, powder and dust." This is the room into which she introduces her lover: and this is by no means the worst part of the description: the last sentence is too bad for quotation, and appears to have been the joint product of Dean Swift and a German Sentimentalist.

Well, but these people are not people of condition. Come we then to two women of rank; and first for

The Countess, who shall be No. 4 in the Goethian gallery. Wilhelm Meister has come within her husband's castle gates attached to a company of strolling players: and, if any slight distinctions are made in his favor, they are tributes to his personal merits and not at all to any such pretensions as could place him on a level with a lady. In general he is treated as his companions; who seem to be viewed as a *tertium quod* between footmen and dogs. Indeed the dogs have the advantage; for no doubt the dogs of a German 'Graf' have substantial kennels: whereas Wilhelm and his party, on presenting themselves at the inhabited castle of the Count, are dismissed with mockery and insults to an old dilapidated building which is not weather-proof; and, though invited guests, are inhospitably left without refreshments, fire, or candles, in the midst of storm, rain, and darkness. In some points they are raised to a level with the dogs: for, as a man will now and then toss a bone to a favourite pointer, so does a guest of the Count's who patronizes merit "contrive to send over many an odd bottle of Champaigne to the actors." In others they even think themselves far above the dogs: for "many times, particularly after dinner, the whole company were called out before the noble guests; an honor which the artists regarded as the most flattering in the world:" but others question the inference, observing "that on these very occasions the servants and huntsmen were ordered to bring in a multitude of hounds, and to lead strings of horses about the court of the castle."—Such is the rank which Mr. Meister holds in her Ladyship's establishment: and note that he has hardly been in her presence more than once; on which occasion he is summoned to read to her, but not allowed to proceed, and finally dismissed with the present of a "waistcoat." Such being the position of our waistcoateer in regard to the Countess, which we have sketched with a careful selection of circumstances, let the reader now say what he thinks of the following *scena*—and of the "pure soul" (p. 300, i.) of the noble matron who is joint performer in it. Wilhelm has been summoned again to read before the ladies, merely because they "felt the time rather tedious" whilst waiting for company, and is perhaps anticipating a pair of trowsers to match his waistcoat. Being "ordered" by the ladies to read, he reads: but his weak mind is so overwhelmed by the splendid dress of the Countess that he reads very ill. Bad reading is not a thing to be stood: and accordingly, on different pretexts, the other ladies retire—and he is left alone with the Countess. She has presented him *not* with a pair of trowsers, as we falsely predicted, but with a diamond ring: he has knelt down to thank her, and has seized her left hand. Then the *scena* proceeds thus: "He kissed her hand, and meant to rise: but as in dreams some strange thing fades and changes into something stranger, so, without knowing how it happened, he found the Countess in his arms; her lips were resting upon his; and their

* See the admirable description (from Heywood.) in Mr. Lamb's Specimens.

warm mutual kisses were yielding them that blessedness, which mortals sip from the topmost sparkling foam on the freshly poured cup of love. Her head lay upon his shoulder; the disordered ringlets and ruffles were forgotten. She had thrown her arm around him: he clasped her with vivacity; and pressed her again and again to his breast. O that such a moment could but last for ever! And *wo to envious fate* that shortened even this brief moment to our friends?" Well done, Mr. Goethe! It well befits that he who thinks it rational to bully fate, should think it laudable and symptomatic of a "pure soul" to act as this German matron acts with this itinerant player. It is true that she tears herself away "with a shriek;" but the shriek, as we discover long afterwards, proceeds not from any pangs of conscience but from pangs of body; Wilhelm having pressed too closely against a miniature of her husband which hung at her bosom. There is another *scena* of a still worse description prepared for the Countess * but interrupted by the sudden return of the Count, for which we have no room, and in which the next lady on the roll plays a part for which decorum has no name. This lady is

The Baroness; and she is the friend and companion of the Countess. Whilst the latter was dallying with "our friend," "the Baroness, in the mean time, had selected Laertes —who, being a spirited and lively young man, pleased her very much; and who, woman-hater as he was, felt unwilling to refuse a passing adventure." Laertes, be it observed, —this condescending gentleman who is for once disposed to relax his general rule of conduct in favour of the Baroness,—is also a strolling player, and being such is of course a sharer in the general indignities thrown upon the company. In the present case his "passing adventure" was unpleasantly disturbed by a satirical remark of the lady's husband, who was, aware of his intentions: for Laertes "happening once to celebrate her praises, and give her the preference to every other of her sex, the Baron with a grin replied: 'I see how matters stand: our fair friend (meaning by *our fair friend* his own wife) has got a fresh inmate for her stalls. Every stranger thinks he is the first whom this manner has *concerned:* but he is grievously mistaken; for all of us, at one time or another, have been trotted round this course. Man, youth, or boy,—be he who he like,—each must devote himself to her service for a season; must hang about her; and toil and long to gain her favor.'" (p. 284, i.) "After this discovery, Laertes felt heartily ashamed that vanity should have again misled him to think *well* even in the smallest degree of any woman whatsoever." That the Baroness wished to intrigue with himself was so far a reason with him for "thinking well" of her: but that she could ever have thought any body else worthy of this honor restores him to his amiable abhorrence of her sex; and forthwith he "forsook the Baroness entirely." By the way, how Laertes came by his hatred of women, and the abominable history of his "double wounds," the reader must look for in Mr. Goethe: in German novels such things may be tolerated, as also in English brothels; and it may be sought for in either place: but

> Nobis non licet esse tam disertis
> Qui musas colimus severiores.

Forsaken by Laertes, the Baroness looks about for a substitute; and, finding no better, she takes up with one Mr. Jarno. And who is Mr. Jarno? What part does *he* play in this play? He is an old gentleman, who has the honor to be also a major and a philosopher: and he plays the parts of bore, of ninny, and also (but not with equal success) of Socrates. Him then, this Socrates, for want of some Alcibiades, the Baroness condescends to "trot" as the Baron phrases it; and trotting him we shall leave her. For what she does in her own person, the reader will not be disposed to apply any very respectful names to her: but one thing there is which she attempts to do for her friend the Countess (as Goethe acknowledges at p. 306, i.) which entitles her to a still worse

* It is afterwards related to her; and the passage, which describes the effect upon her mind (p. 317, vol. i.), is about the most infamous in any book.

name; a name not in our vocabulary; but it will be found in that of Mr. Goethe who applies it (but very superfluously) to old Barbara.

Theresa. This lady is thus described by Mr. Jarno: "Fraülein Theresa is a lady such as you will rarely see. She puts many a man to shame: I may say she is a genuine Amazon, while others are but pretty counterfeits, that wander up and down the world in that ambiguous dress." Yes, an Amazon she is—not destined we hope to propagate the race in England—although, by the way, not *the* Amazon:* however she is far better entitled to the name: for in "putting men to shame" she is not exceeded by any lady in the novel. Her first introduction to "our friend" is a fair specimen of Amazonian bienséance. The reader must understand that Wilhelm has just arrived at her house; has never seen her before; and that both the lady and himself are young unmarried persons. "She *entered Wilhelm's room,* inquiring if he wanted anything. 'Pardon me,' said she, 'for having lodged you in a chamber which the smell of paint still renders disagreeable: my little dwelling is but just made ready: you are handselling † this room, which is appointed for my guests. In other points you have many things to pardon. My cook has run away, and a serving-man has bruised his hand. I *might* (might?) be forced to manage all myself; and, if it *were* so (*were* so?), we must just † put up with it. One is plagued with nobody so much as with one's servants: not one of them will serve you, scarcely even serve himself.' She said a good deal more on different matters: in general she seemed to like to speak." This the reader will find no difficulty in allowing; for, in answer to the very first words that Wilhelm utters, she proposes to tell him her whole history in a confidential way. Listen to her: thus speaks the Amazonian Fraülein. (iii. 39.) "Let us get entirely acquainted as speedily as possible. The history of every person paints his character. I will tell you what my life has been: do you too place a little trust in me; and let us be united even when distance parts us." Such is the sentimental overture; after which the reader will not be surprised to learn that in the evening Wilhelm's chamber-door opens, and in steps with a bow a "handsome hunter boy," viz. Fraülein Theresa in boy's clothes. "Come along!" says she; "and they went accordingly." (p. 43.) As they walked, "among some general remarks" Theresa asked him the following question—not general, but "*London particular:*" "*Are you free?*" (meaning free to make proposals to any woman he met.) "I think I am," said he; "and yet I do not wish it." By which he meant that he thought Mariana was dead, but (kind creature) "did not wish" her to be dead. "Good!" said she: "that indicates a complicated story: you also will have something to relate."—Conversing thus, they ascended the height, and placed themselves beside a lofty oak. "Here," said she, "beneath this German tree will I disclose to you the history of a German maiden: listen to me patiently" (p. 44): that is, we suppose, with a German patience. But English patience will not tolerate what follows. We have already seen something of Mr. Goethe: else could it be credited that the most obtuse of old libertines could put into the mouth of a young unmarried woman, designed for a model of propriety and good sense, as fit matter for her very earliest communication with a young man, the secret history of her own mother's § adulterous intrigues? Adultery, by way of displaying her virgin modesty: her mother's adultery, in testimony of her filial piety! So it is however: and with a single "alas! that I should have to say so of my

* By which title, for no reason upon earth (for she neither amputates one of her breasts, nor in any other point affects the Amazon) is constantly designated a fair incognita in a riding-habit, whom Wilhelm had once seen, and having seen had of course fallen in love with,—not being at the time in love with more than three other persons.

† "Hanselling" and † 'just' in this use of it are both Hyperborianisms, and still intelligible in some provinces.

§ It is true that in the end the person in question turns out *not* to be her mother: but as yet Theresa has no suspicion of such a discovery.

mother" (p. 44.) given to the regrets and the delicacies of the case, this intrepid Amazon proceeds to tell how her father was "a wealthy noble," "a tender father, and an upright friend, an excellent *economist*," who had "but one fault:"--and what was *that?* "he was too compliant to a wife whose nature was the opposite of his." Then she goes on to say how this wife could not endure women, no—not her own daughter even, and therefore surrounded herself with men, who joined her in acting plays on a private stage: how "it was easy to perceive that," even amongst the men, "she did not look on all alike:" how she, the daughter, "gave sharper heed;" made sundry discoveries; "held her tongue however," until the servants, whom she "was used to watch like a falcon" (p. 47, iii.) presuming upon the mother's conduct, began to "despise the father's regulations;" upon which she discovered all to that person; who answered however with a *smile* "Good girl! I know it all: be quiet, bear it patiently:" which doctrine she disapproved: how at length her mother's extravagance "occasioned many a *conference* between her parents:" but "for a long time the evil was not helped, until at last the *passions* of her mother brought the business to a head." "Her first gallant," it seems ("first" by the way—in what sense? In order of time, or of favor?) "became unfaithful in a glaring manner:" upon which her conduct took so capricious an air, that some sort of arrangement was made, in virtue of which she consented, for "a considerable sum" of money, to travel for the benefit of her "passions" to the south of France. —And so the tale proceeds: for what end let us ask Mr. Goethe, which could not have been as well answered by any other of 10,000 expedients, as by this monstrous outrage upon filial affection, virgin modesty, or (to put it on the lowest ground) upon mere sexual pride—which alone in any place on this earth except "under a German tree" would surely have been sufficient to restrain a female from such an exposure of female frailty? Indeed, if we come to that, for what end that needed to be answered at all? Notice this, reader; for the fair inference is—that all the voluntary exposure of her mother's depravity, delivered by a young "German maiden" dressed in men's clothes to a strolling player whom she had never seen or heard of before, is introduced as an episode that needs no other justification than its own inherent attractions.

We are disposed to have done with this young lady. Yet there is one circumstance about her, which to our English notions appears so truly comic that—before we dismiss her—we shall advert to it. Many years ago there was a crim. con. case brought into the courts, in the course of which the love-letters of the noble defendant were produced, read, and of course published in all the newspapers. The matter, the "subject-matter" (as grave men say), of such epistles can generally be guessed at even by persons not destined to set the Thames on fire. How great then was the astonishment and diversion of the public on finding that the staple article in these tender communications was the price of oats at Oxford! We were at Oxford during the time; and well remember the astonishment of the Corn-market on finding that any part of their proceedings, that an unexceptionable price-current of Oxon grain, could by possibility have found its way into the billets-doux of an enamoured patrician. "Feed oats, 40*s*. Potato oats, same as per last: tick beans, no price quoted." Undoubtedly—"*Oats is riz*" cannot be denied to be a just and laudable communication to and from certain quarters, especially grooms and ostlers: but it struck the English public as *not* the appropriate basis for a lover's correspondence. From this opinion however Mr. Goethe evidently dissents: for the whole sentiment of Theresa's character and situation is built upon the solid base of tare and tret, alligation, rebate, and "such branches of learning." All this she had probably learned from her father, who (as we know) was a great economist —and in the household of a neighbouring lady whom she had "assisted in *struggling* with her steward and domestics;" (masters and servants, by the way, appear to be viewed by Goethe as necessary belligerents). Economy at all events is the basis of her amatory correspondence; "our conversation, says she (speaking of her lover), always in the end grew eco-

nomical:" (p. 58,) and from household economy her lover drew her on by tender and seductive insinuations to political economy. Sentimental creatures! what a delicate transition from "tallow" and "raw hides" to the "bullion question," "circulating medium," and the "Exchequer bills' bill." The Malthusian view of population, we suppose, would be rather an unwelcome topic; not however on the score of delicacy, as the reader will see by the following account from the economic lady herself of the way in which she contrived to introduce herself in an economic phasis to her economic lover. It surpasses the Oxford price-current. "The greatest service which I did my benefactress—was in bringing into order the extensive forests which belonged to her. In this precious property matters still went on according to the old routine; without regularity, without plan; no end to theft and fraud. Many hills were standing bare; an equal growth was no where to be found but in the oldest cuttings. I personally visited the whole of them with an experienced forester. I got the woods correctly measured: I set men to hew, to sow" (not *sew*, reader, don't mistake Theresa), "to sow, to plant. That I might mount more readily on horseback, and also walk on foot with less obstruction, I had a suit of men's clothes made for me: I was in many places, I was feared in all.

"Hearing that our young friends with Lothario were purposing to have another hunt, it came into my head for the first time in my life to make a figure; or, that I may not do myself injustice, to pass in the eyes of this noble gentleman for what I was. I put on my man's clothes, took my gun upon my shoulder, and went forward with our hunters, to await the party on our marches. They came: Lothario did not know me: a nephew of the lady's introduced me to him as a clever forester; joked about my youth, and carried on his jesting in my praise, until at last Lothario recognized me. The nephew seconded my project, as if we had concocted it together" (concocted! what a word!) "He circumstantially and gratefully described what I had done for the estates of his aunt, and consequently for himself."

Now at this point, laying all things together—the male attire—the gun—the forest—and the ominous name of the lover, we are afraid that the reader is looking to hear of something not quite correct; that in short he is anticipating some

Speluncam Dido dux et Trojanus eandem,
&c.

Oh! fie reader! How *can* you have such very reprehensible thoughts? Nothing of the kind: No, no: we are happy to contradict such scandal, and to assure the public that nothing took place but what was perfectly "accurate" and as it should be. The whole went off in a blaze of Political Economy, which we doubt not would have had even Mr. Ricardo's approbation. The following is Mr. Goethe's report, which may be looked upon as strictly official.

"Lothario listened with attention; he talked with me; inquired concerning all particulars of the estates and district. I submitted certain projects of improvements to him, which he sanctioned; telling me of similar examples, and strengthening my arguments by the connexion which he gave them. My satisfaction grew more perfect every moment. From that day he showed a true respect for me, a fine trust in me: in company he usually spoke to me; asked for my opinion; and appeared to be persuaded that, in household matters, nothing was unknown to me. His sympathy excited me extremely: even when the conversation was of general finance and political economy, he used to lead me to take a part in it."

We are loath to part with this most amusing Theresa: she is a Political Economist, and so are we; naturally therefore we love her. We shall recite one more anecdote about her and so leave the reader *con la bocca dolce*. The reader has heard of the proud but poor Gascon who was overheard calling to his son at night—"Chevalier, as tu donné au cochon à manger?" Some such little household meditation furnishes the sentiment with which Theresa clenches one of her tenderest scenes. She has been confiding her history, her woes, and her despondency, to "our friend:" and had indeed as "the sun went down" (milking time).

"*both* her fine eyes" we need not say, "filled with tears." Such is the scene; and thus it is wound up. "Theresa spoke not; she laid her hand upon her new friend's hands; he kissed it with emotion; she dried her tears and rose. 'Let us return, and see that *all is right*,' said she."— All right! *Chevalier, as tu donné au cochon à manger?*

Aurelia. This lady is not, like Theresa, a "German maiden," for indeed she is not a maiden at all: neither has she a "German tree" to stand under: but, for all that, she is quite as well disposed to tell her German story in a German way. Let her speak for herself: "My friend," says she to "our friend,"* "it is but a few minutes since we saw each other first, and already you are going to become my confidant." (P. 78.) Not as though he has offered to be so: nothing of the sort: but she is resolved he shall be so. What determinate kindness! What resolute liberality! For this time however her liberality is balked: for in bounces the philanthropic Philina; interrupts Aurelia; and, upon that lady's leaving the room, tells her story for her in the following elegant (though not quite accurate) terms: "Pretty things are going on here, just of the sort I like. Aurelia has had a hapless love-affair with some nobleman, who seems to be a very stately person, one that I myself could like to see some day. He has left her a memorial, or I much mistake. There is a boy running ove the house, of three years old or *thereby;* (i. e. thereabouts;) the papa must be a very pretty fellow. Commonly I cannot suffer children, but this brat quite delights me. I have calculated Aurelia's business. The death of her husband, the new acquaintance, the child's age, all things agree. But now her spark has gone his ways; for a year she has not seen a glimpse of him. She is beside herself and inconsolable for this. The more fool she!" From Aurelia she passes to Aurelia's brother: and, though it is digressing a little, we must communicate her little memoir of this gentleman's "passions;" for naturally he has his passions as well as other people; every gentleman has a right to his passions; say, a couple of passions—or "thereby" to use the translator's phrase: but Mr. Serlo, the gentleman in question, is really unreasonable, as the muster-roll will show; the reader will be so good as to keep count. "Her brother," proceeds the frank-hearted Philina, "has a dancing girl among his troop, with whom he stands on pretty terms," (*one*); "an actress to whom he is betrothed," (*two*); "in the town some other women whom he courts," (women, observe, accusative plural; that must at least make *three, four, five*); "I too am on his list" (*six*). "The more fool he! Of the rest thou shalt hear to-morrow." Verily, this Mr. Serlo has laid in a pretty fair winter's provision for his "passions!" The loving speaker concludes with informing Wilhelm that she, Philina, has for her part fallen in love with himself; begs him however to fall in love with Aurelia, because in that case "the chase would be worth beholding. She (that is, Aurelia) pursues her faithless swain, thou her, I thee, her brother me." Certainly an ingenious design for a reel of eight even in merry England: but what would it be then in Germany, where each man might (as we know by Wilhelm, &c.) pursue all the four women at once, and be pursued by as many of the four as thought fit. Our English brains whirl at the thought of the cycles and epicycles,—the vortices—the osculating curves, they would describe: what a practical commentary on the doctrine of combinations and permutations! What a lesson to English bell-ringers on the art of ringing changes! what "triple bobs" and "bob majors" would result! What a kaleidoscope to look into!—Oh ye deities, that preside over men's Sides, protect all Christian ones from the siege of inextinguishable laughter which threatens them at this spectacle of eight heavy high-German lovers engaged in this amorous "barley-break!"†

To recover our gravity, we must return to Aurelia's story which she tells herself to Wilhelm. Not having, like a Theresa, any family adulteries to record in the lineal ascent, she seeks them in the collateral branches; and instead of her mo-

* "Our friend" is the general designation, throughout the novel, of the hero.

† "*Barley-break;*" see any poet of 1600—1640; Sir J. Suckling for instance.

ther's intrigues, recites her aunt's—who "resigned herself headlong to every impulse." There is a description of this lady's paramours, retiring from her society, which it is absolutely impossible to quote. Quitting her aunt's intrigues, she comes to one of her own. But we have had too much of such matter; and of this we shall notice only one circumstance of horrible aggravation—viz. the particular situation in which it commenced: this we state in the words of the translation: "My husband grew sick, his strength was visibly decaying; anxiety for him interrupted my general indifference. *It was at this time* that I formed an acquaintance (viz. with Lothario) which opened up a new life for me; a new and *quicker* one, for it will soon be done."———One other part of this lady's conduct merits notice for its exquisite *Germanity:* most strikingly and *cuttingly*, it shows what difference a few score leagues will make in the moral quality of actions: that, which in Germany is but the characteristic act of a high-minded sentimentalist, would in England bring the party within the cutting and maiming act. The case is this. Mr. Meister, at the close of her story, volunteers a vow—for no reason that we can see but that he may have the pleasure of breaking it; which he does. "Accept a vow," says he, as if it had been a peach. "I accept it, said she, and made a movement with her right hand—as if meaning to take hold of his, but instantly she darted it into her pocket, pulled out her dagger as quick as lightning, and scored with the edge and point of it across his hand. He hastily drew back his arm" (Meister, German Meister even, does not like this); "but the blood was already running down.—One must mark you men rather sharply, if one means you to take heed, cried she."——"She ran to her drawer; brought lint with other apparatus; stanched the blood; and viewed the wound attentively. *It went across the palm, close under the thumb, dividing the life-lines, and running towards the little finger.* She bound it up in silence with a significant reflective look."

Mignon.—The situation or character, one or both, of this young person is relied upon by all the admirers of Goethe as the most brilliant achievement of his poetic powers. We on our part are no less ready to take our stand on this as the most unequivocal evidence of depraved taste and defective sensibility. The reader might in this instance judge for himself with very little waste of time, if he were to mark the margin of those paragraphs in which the name of Mignon occurs, and to read them detached from all the rest. An odd way, we admit, of examining a work of any art, if it were really composed on just principles of art: and the inference is pretty plain, where such an insulation is possible; which, in the case of Mignon, it is. The translator, indeed, is bound to think *not:* for, with a peculiar infelicity of judgment natural enough to a critic who writes in the character of a eulogist, he says of this person—that "her history runs like a thread of gold through the tissue of the narrative, connecting with the heart much that were else addressed only to the head." But a glittering metaphor is always suspicious in criticism: in this case it should naturally imply that Mignon in some way or other modifies the action and actors of the piece. Now it is certain that never was there a character in any drama or novel on which any stress was laid—which so little influenced the movement of the story. Nothing is either hastened or retarded by Mignon: she neither acts nor is acted upon: and we challenge the critic to point to any incident or situation of interest which would not remain uninjured though Mignon were wholly removed from the story. So removeable a person can hardly be a connecting thread of gold—unless indeed under the notion of a thread which every where betrays, by difference of colour or substance, its refusal to blend with the surrounding tissue; a notion which is far from the meaning of the critic. However, we are not disposed to insist on this objection: the relation of Mignon to the other characters and the series of the incidents is none at all: but, waiving this, let us examine her character and her situation each for itself—and not as any part of a novel. The character in this case, if Mignon can be said to have one, arises out of the situation. And what is that? For the information

of the reader, we shall state it as accurately as possible. First of all, Mignon is the offspring of an incestuous connexion between a brother and sister. Here, let us pause one moment to point the reader's attention to Mr. Goethe—who is now at his old tricks; never relying on the grand high road sensibilities of human nature, but always travelling into bye-paths of unnatural or unhallowed interest. Suicide, adultery, incest, monstrous situations, or manifestations of supernatural power, are the stimulants to which he constantly resorts in order to rouse his own feelings—originally feeble, and long before the date of this work grown torpid from artificial excitement. In the case before us, what purpose is answered by the use of an expedient - the very name of which is terrific and appalling to men of all nations, habits, and religions? What comes of it? What use, what result can be pleaded to justify the tampering with such tremendous agencies? The father of Mignon, it may be answered, goes mad. He does: but is a madness, such as his, a justifying occasion for such an adjuration; is this a *dignus vindice nodus*? a madness—which is mere senile dotage and fatuity, pure childish imbecility, without passion, without dignity, and characterized by no one feeling but such as is base and selfish—viz. a clinging to life, and an inexplicable *dread of little boys*? A state so mean might surely have arisen from some cause less awful: and we must add that a state so capriciously and fantastically conceived, so little arising out of any determinate case of passion, or capable of expressing any case of passion as its natural language, is to be justified only by a downright affidavit to the facts—and is not a proper object for the contemplation of a poet. Madhouses doubtless furnish many cases of fatuity, no less eccentric and apparently arbitrary: as facts, as known realities, they do not on this account cease to be affecting: but as poetic creations, which must include their own law, they become unintelligible and monstrous. Besides we are conceding too much to Mr. Goethe: the fatuity of the old man is no where connected with the unhappy circumstances of his previous life; on the whole it seems to be the product of mere constitutional weakness of brain, or probably a liver case: for he is put under the care of a mad doctor; and, by the help chiefly of a *course of newspapers*, he begins to recover; and finally he recovers altogether by one of the oddest prescriptions in the world: he puts a glass of laudanum into a "firm, little, ground-glass vial:" of this however, he never drinks, but simply keeps it in his pocket; and the consciousness that he carries suicide in his waistcoat-pocket reconciles him to life, and puts the finishing hand to the "recovery of his reason" (p. 274). With such a pocket companion about him, the reader would swear now that this old gentleman, if he must absolutely commit suicide for the good of the novel, will die by laudanum. Why else have we so circumstantial an account of the "ground-glass vial," drawn up as if by some great auctioneer—Christie, or Squibb—for some great catalogue ("No. so and so, one firm, little, ground-glass vial"). But no: he, who is born to be hanged will never be drowned: and the latter end of the old half-wit is as follows:—being discharged as cured (or incurable) he one day enters a nobleman's house, where by the way he had no sort of introduction; in this house, as it happens, Wilhelm Meister is a visitor; and has some difficulty in recognizing his former friend "an *old* harper with a long beard" in a *young* gentleman, who (to use a Yankee expression) is "pretty considerable of" a dandy. Goethe has an irresistible propensity to freeze his own attempts at the pathetic by a blighting air of the ludicrous. Accordingly in the present case he introduces his man of woe as "cleanly and genteelly dressed;" (cossacks, or how?) "beard vanished; hair dressed with some attention to the mode; and in his countenance the *look of age no longer to be seen*." This last item certainly is as wondrous as Mr. Coleridge's *reading fly*! and we suspect that the old Æson, who had thus recovered his juvenility, deceived himself when he fancied that he carried his laudanum as a mere *reversionary* friend who held a sinecure in his waistcoat pocket—that in fact he must have drunk of it "pretty considerably." Be that as it may, at his first debût he behaves decently; rather dull or so, but rational,

"cleanly," genteel, and (we are happy to state) able to face any little boy, the most determined that ever carried pop-gun. But such heroism could not be expected to last for ever: soon after he finds a MS. which contains an account of his own life; and upon reading it he prepares for suicide. And let *us* prepare also, as short-hand writers to a genuine German Suicide! In such a case now, if the novel were an English novel, supposing for instance, of our composition, who are English reviewers, or of our reader's composition (who are probably English readers)—if then we were reduced to the painful necessity of inflicting capital punishment upon one of our characters (as surely in our own novel, where all the people are our own creatures, we have the clearest right to put all of them to death—much more one or two)—if we say, matters came to that pass that we were called on to make an example of somebody or other, and it were fully agreed that the thing must be,—we should cause him to take his laudanum, or his pistols, as the case might be, and die "*sans phrase*"—die (as our friend "the Dramatist" says)

—— Die nobly, die like demigods.

Not so our German: he takes the matter more coolly; and dies transcendentally; "by cold gradation, and well-balanced form." First of all, he became convinced that it was now "impossible for him to live:" that is, the idea struck him, in the way of a theory: it was a new idea, a German idea, and he was pleased with it. Next he considered that, as he designed to depart this life "se offendendo," "Argal" if the water would not come to him he must look out for the water; so he pulls out the "ground-glass" vial, and pours out his laudanum into a glass of "almond milk." Almond milk! Was there ever such a German blunder! But to proceed: having mixed his potion, a potion unknown to all the pharmacopœias in Christendom, "he raised it to his mouth; but he shuddered when it reached his lips; he set it down untasted; went out to walk once more across the garden," —&c. (p. 284.) Oh! fie, fie! Mr. Mignonette! * this is sad work: "walking across the garden," and "shuddering" and "doing nothing," as Macmorris (Henry V.) says, "when by Chrish there is work to be done, and throats to be cut." He returns from the garden, and is balked in his purpose by a scene too ludicrous to mention amongst such tender and affecting matter; and thus for one day he gets a reprieve. Now this is what we call false mercy: well knowing that his man was to die, why should Mr. G. keep him lingering in this absurd way? Such a line of conduct shall have no countenance in any novel that we may write. Once let a man of ours be condemned,—and, if he won't drink off his laudanum then (as Bernardine says—Measure for Measure) we will "beat out his brains with billets" but he shall die that same day, without further trouble to ourselves or our readers. Now, on the contrary, Mr. Mignonette takes three days in dying: within which

* His name is *not* Mignonette, Mr. Goethe will say. No: in fact he has no name: but he is father to Mignon; and therefore in default of a better name we cannot see why we should not call him Mignonette.

Si tibi Mistyllus coquus ——— vocatur,
Dicatur quare non *T' ara t' alla* mihi?

Not having a Martial at hand, we must leave a little gap in the first line to be filled up by those who have: *Æmiliane* is perhaps the word. The names in Wilhelm Meister are of themselves worthy of notice, as furnishing a sufficient evidence of Goethe's capriciousness and fantastic search after oddity. Most of the Germans, for no possible reason, have Italian names ending in *o* and *a*; (the Italians on the other hand have not); of one of the Italian names (*Jarno*) Goethe himself says that "nobody knows what to make of it." Our own theory is that it comes by syncope from Jargono. All readers ought to be acquainted with Mr. Pinkerton's proposal for improving the English language, which he delivered under his assumed name of Robert Heron (Letters of Literature): his idea was that it should be Italianized, by adding an *o* or an *a* to the ends of particular words; and accordingly one of his specimens begins—"*On the toppo of the rocko*," which in the vulgar is *On the top of the rock*. Hence therefore, by Pinkerton, we clearly have Jargono; and then as we have said before, by syncope, we gain Jarno. But Goethe, we understand, vehemently "reclaims."

term we are bold to say that any reasonable man would have been sat upon by the coroner—buried—unburied by the resurrection-man—and demonstrated upon by the Professor. Well, to proceed with this long concern of Mr. Mignonette's suicide, which travels as slowly as a Chancery suit or as the York coach in Charles II.'s reign (note: this coach took fourteen days between York and London, vid. Eden's *State of the Poor*). To proceed, we say: on the second day, Mr. Mignonette cut his throat with a razor: and *that*, you will say, was doing something towards the object we all have in view. It was; at least it might seem so: but there's no trusting to appearances; it's not every man that will die because his throat is cut: a Cambridge man of this day ("*Diary of an Invalid*") saw a man at Rome—who, or whose head rather, continued to express various sentiments through his eyes after he (or his head) had been entirely amputated from him (or his body). By the way, this man might have some little head-ache perhaps: but he must have been charmingly free from indigestion. But this is digressing: to return to Mr. Mignonette. In conversing with a friend upon his case, we took a bet that—for all his throat was cut—he would talk again, and talk very well too. Our friend conceived the thing to be impossible: but he knew nothing of German. "It *cannot* be," said he, "for when the larynx ——" "Aye; bless your heart," we interrupted him, "but in this case the larynx of the party was a German larynx." However, to go on with Mr. Mignonette's suicide.—His throat is cut; and still, as Macmorris would be confounded to hear, "by Chrish there is nothing done:" for a doctor mends it again (p. 283); and at p. 284 we win our bet: for he talks as well as ever he did in his life; only we are concerned to say that his fear of little boys returns. But still he talks down to the very last line of p. 284; in which line by the way is the very last word he is known to have uttered; and that is "glass;" not however that well-known unexceptionable "firm little ground-glass vial"—but another which had less right to his dying recollections. Now then, having heard the "last word of dying Mignonette," the reader fondly conceives that certainly Mignonette is dead. *Mit nichten*, as they say in Germany, by no means: Mignonette is *not* dead, nor like to be for one day: nor perhaps would he have been dead at this moment if he had not been a *German* Mignonette: being so, however, the whole benefit of a German throat is defeated. His throat is mended by the surgeon: but having once conceived a German theory that it was impossible for him to live, although he is so composed as to relate his own theory and the incident which caused it, he undoes all that the doctor has done, tears away the bandages, and bleeds to death. This event is ascertained on the morning after he had uttered his last word "glass:" the brittle glass of Mignonette's life is at length broken past even a German skill to repair it: and Mignonette is dead,—dead as a door nail, we believe: though we have still some doubts whether he will not again be mended and reappear in some future novel: our reason for which is not merely his extreme tenacity of life, which is like that of a tortoise; but also because we observe that though he is said to be dead, he is not buried; nor does any body take any further notice of him or ever mention his name; but all about him fall to marrying and giving in marriage; and a few pages wind up the whole novel in a grand *bravura* of kissing and catch-match-making: we have Mr. Göthe's word for it however that Mignonette is dead; and he ought to know. But, be that as it may, nothing is so remarkable as the extreme length of time which it took to do the trick: not until "the third rosy-fingered morn appears" (to speak Homerically) is the suicide accomplished; three days it took to kill this old-young man—this flower—this Mignonette: which we take to be—if not the boldest—the longest suicide on record. And so much for Mr. Mignonette; and so much for a German suicide.*

* Mignonette has taken so long in killing that we have no room for Mignon in the gallery: but as she is easily detached from the novel we shall present her on some other opportunity as a cabinet picture.

History of Mr. Meister's "Affairs of the Heart."

First we find him "in love" (oh! dishonoured phrase!) with Mariana; rapturously in love, if the word of Mr. Goethe were a sufficient guarantee. Not so however. An author may assert what he will of his own creatures; and as long as he does not himself contradict it by the sentiments—wishes—or conduct which he attributes to them, we are to take his word for it: but no longer. We, who cannot condescend to call by the name of "love" the fancies for a pretty face, which vanish before a week's absence or a face somewhat prettier—still less the appetites of a selfish voluptuary, know what to think of Wilhelm's passion, its depth, and its purity, when we find (p. 211, i.) "the current of his spirits and ideas" stopped by "the spasm of a sharp jealousy."—Jealousy about whom? Mariana? No, but Philina. And by whom excited? By the "boy" Frederick. His jealousy was no light one: it was "a fierce jealousy" (p. 221, i.): it caused him "a general discomfort, such as he had never felt in his life before" (p. 211, i.); "and, had not decency restrained him, he could have crushed in pieces all the people round him" (p. 221, i.). Such a jealousy, with regard to Philina, is incompatible we presume with any real fervour of love for Mariana: we are now therefore at liberty to infer that Mariana is dethroned, and that Philina reigneth in her stead. Next he is "in love" with the Countess: and Philina seldom appears to him as an object of any other feelings than those of contempt. Fourthly, at p. 45, ii. he falls desperately in love with "the Amazon"—i. e. a young lady mounted on a grey courser and wrapped up in "a man's white great-coat." His love for this *incognita* holds on throughout the work like the standing bass, but not so as to prevent a running accompaniment, in the treble, of various other "passions." And these passions not merely succeed each other with rapidity, but are often all upon him at once: at p. 64, ii. "the recollection of the amiable Countess is to Wilhelm infinitely sweet: but anon, the figure of the noble Amazon would step between;" and two pages further on he is indulging in day-dreams that "perhaps Mariana might appear," or "above all, the beauty whom he worshipped" (i. e. the Amazon). Here therefore there is a sort of glee for three voices between the Countess, Mariana, and the Amazon. Fifthly, he is in love with Theresa, the other Amazon. And this love is no joke: for at p. 134, iii. meditating upon "her great virtues" (and we will add—her political economy) he writes a letter offering her his hand: and at this time (what time? why, post-time to be sure) "his resolution was so firm, and the business was of such importance" that, lest Major Socrates should intercept his letter, he carries it himself to the office. But, sixthly, see what the resolutions of men are! In the very next chapter, and when time has advanced only by ten pages (but unfortunately after the letter-bags were made up), Wilhelm finds himself furiously in love with a friend of Theresa's; not that he has seen her since post-time, but he has been reminded of her: this lady is Natalia, and turns out to be "the Amazon." No sooner has he a prospect of seeing her than "all the glories of the sky," he vows, "are as nothing to the moment which he looks for." In the next page (145,) this moment arrives: Wilhelm reaches the house where she lives; on entering, "finds it the most *earnest* and (as he almost felt) the holiest place which he had ever trod;" on going up stairs to the drawing-room is obliged to kneel down "to get a moment's breathing time;" can scarcely raise himself again; and upon actual introduction to the divinity "falls upon his knee, seizes her hand, and kisses it with unbounded rapture."—What's to be done now, Mr. Meister? Pity you had not known this the night before, or had entrusted your letter to Socrates, or had seen some verses we could have sent you from England—

> 'Tis good to be merry and wise,
> 'Tis good to be honest and true;
> 'Tis good to be off with the old love,
> Before you be on with the new.

Matters begin to look black, especially as Theresa accepts his offer; and (as though Satan himself had a plot against him) in consequence of that very visit to Natalia which made him pray that she would not. "I hope you will be grateful," says the new love. "for she" (viz. the old

love) "asked me for advice; and as it happened that you were here just then, I was enabled to destroy the few scruples which my friend still entertained." Here's delectable news. A man receives a letter from a lady who has had "her scruples"—accepting him nevertheless, but begging permission "at times to bestow a cordial thought upon her former friend" (Lothario to wit): in return for which she "will press his child (by a former mother) to her heart:" such a letter he receives from one Amazon; "when with terror he discovers in his heart most vivid traces of an inclination" for another Amazon. Oh! botheration, Mr. Goethe! a man can't marry two Amazons. Well, thank Heaven it's no scrape of ours. A German wit has brought us all into it; and a German denouement shall help us all out. *Le voici.* There are two Amazons, the reader knows:—Good: now one of these is *ci-devant* sweetheart to Lothario, the other his sister. What may prevent therefore that Meister shall have the sister, and Lothario (according to Horace's arrangement with Lydia) his old sweetheart? Nothing but this sweetheart's impatience, who (p. 184, iii.) "dreads that she shall lose *him*" (Meister) "and not regain Lothario;" i. e. between two chairs, &c. and as Meister will not come to her, though she insists upon it in letter after letter, she comes to Meister; determined to "hold him fast:" (p. 184, iii.) Oh Amazon of little faith! put your trust in Mr. Goethe and he will deliver you! This he does by a coup de théatre. That lady, whose passions had carried her into the south of France, had bestowed some of her favours upon Lothario: now she is reputed the mother of Theresa; and hence had arisen the separation between Theresa and Lothario. This maternal person however is suddenly discovered not to be the mother of Theresa: the road is thus opened to a general winding up of the whole concern; and the novel, as we said before, hastens to its close amid a grand *bravura* of kissing and catch-match-making. In the general row even old major Socrates catches a wife; and a young one* too, though too probably we fear a Xantippe.

Thus we have made Mr. von Goethe's novel speak for itself. And, whatever impression it may leave on the reader's mind, let it be charged upon the composer. If that impression is one of entire disgust, let it not be forgotten that it belongs exclusively to Mr. Goethe. The music is his: we have but arranged the concert, and led in the orchestra.

Even thus qualified however the task is not to us an agreeable one: our practice is to turn away our eyes from whatsoever we are compelled to loath or to disdain; and to leave all that dishonours human nature to travel on its natural road to shame and oblivion. If in this instance we depart from that maxim, it is in consideration of the rank which the author has obtained elsewhere, and through his partisans is struggling for in this country. Without the passport of an eminent name Wilhelm Meister is a safe book; but backed in that way the dullest books are floated into popularity (thousands echoing their praise, who are not aware of the matter they contain); and thus even such books become influential and are brought within the remark of Cicero (De Legg. lib. 3.) on the mischief done by profligate men of rank: "Quod non solum vitia concipiunt, sed ea infundunt in civitatem; neque solum obsunt quia ipsi corrumpuntur, sed quia corrumpunt; plusque exemplo quam peccato nocent."

* This young lady we overlooked in the general muster: her name is Lydia: and her little history is that she had first of all set her cap at Lothario and succeeded in bringing him to her feet; secondly, had been pushed aside to make room for Theresa; thirdly, had forced herself into Lothario's house and bed-room under the pretext of nursing him when wounded; but fourthly, had been fairly ejected from both house and bed-room by a stratagem in which "our friend" in the character of toad-eater takes a most ungentlemanly part

HEARTS' EASE.

1.

I used to love thee, simple flow'r,
To love thee dearly when a boy;
For thou did'st seem, in childhood's hour,
The smiling type of childhood's joy.

2.

But now thou only mock'st my grief
By waking thoughts of pleasures fled;
Give me—give me the wither'd leaf,
That falls on Autumn's bosom—dead.

3.

For that ne'er tells of what has been,
But warns me what I soon shall be;
It looks not back to pleasure's scene,
But points unto futurity.

4.

I love thee not, thou simple flow'r,
For thou art gay and I am lone—
Thy beauty died with childhood's hour—
The *hearts' ease* from my path is gone.

CONTRASTED SCENES.

It has ever been considered an interesting task to contrast the scenes and circumstances of human life, occurring at distant intervals. I would make these contrasts more immediate, and show that one day, nay a few hours, which are often the epitomes of the longest existence, may produce events as violently opposed to each other as if they had been divided by a thousand years. The joy-expectant lover has seen his young bride fall dead at the altar;—the mother who rocked her babe to sleep in her arms has found it ere an hour has elapsed lifeless on her bosom, passing away from the earth and its unhappiness without a sigh, but leaving its frantic parent to agony and despair. The aged man, whose boys were the support and luxury of his existence, has by some dire calamity been suddenly deprived of them, and followed their bodies to the grave, with tottering steps and heart-broken feelings. The lips of the sensualist have turned cold upon the glowing cheek of his paramour, and found poison in the cup which seemed mantling with pleasure and with hope. We may reverse the picture, and see the husband come back to his weeping wife, who had mourned for him as dead; the supposed criminal on the eve of an ignominious death proved innocent, and restored to the presence and affection of his friends and relatives; the bankrupt in hope and fortune by some unexpected change exalted to joy and prosperity; and the drowning wretch caught as he is sinking for the last time into the wide-mouthed waters. These reflections are conjured up by the remembrance of circumstances which, although they happened many years ago, can never be obliterated from my mind. I will state them. It was a cold but fine afternoon in November that I was travelling on horseback in one of the most retired and romantic parts of England. As evening drew on, a sense of loneliness and danger began to creep over me—for there is a startling something in solitude which I

have no doubt all have felt, but which most people are ashamed to acknowledge, even to themselves. I was on a rough and unfrequented road far distant from the habitations of men, and yearned to see a human being and hear the sound of a human voice. The night came on—stormy and dark. The winds raised their loud voices, like the curses of the tempest, over the distant waters. The clouds hung gloomily above like shrouds over nature's dead serenity, and the owlet shrieked to the sleepless echo of the hills. I put spurs to my horse and galloped on until I found, from the increasing darkness, that I could neither see the road which I had traversed, nor the one on which I was proceeding. Prudence taught me to change my pace, and I walked my horse cautiously, fearing every moment, as I did not know the road, that I was on the edge of some precipice, or that some broken stump or fallen tree lay in my way. So painful did my sensations become at last, that I made up my mind to dismount, and lie down on the road until morning. I groped about, and at length found a tree, to which I fastened the bridle, and seated myself at a little distance from my only companion. The few minutes that I remained there were like hours. I endeavoured to think of other scenes which might banish the idea of that in which I was an unwilling actor; but all would not avail. The gloom of the present hung over the radiance of the past; and if a ray broke through for a moment, it was as instantly obscured again. I arose and loosened the bridle, for this inactive security was more annoying to me, than moving onward even under a sense of danger. I proceeded, however, as slowly as before, expecting that I must, in a short time, come to some small inn, or, at least, a road-side cottage. But I saw no light, and heard not even a dog bark in the silence of the night. On a sudden my horse started from his course and neighed loudly. I felt him trembling under me, and suspected that I was on the brink of some pit. I alighted, and with great difficulty held my horse whilst I groped about the spot from which he had just recoiled. As I moved my hands along the ground, my blood grew chill with horror, and my heart sickened within me. My right hand had passed over the cold face of some dead, perhaps murdered, person. I sank back and involuntarily clung to the neck of my horse. It was an action arising from fear and from a dreadful feeling of solitariness. In the absence of human sympathies there is a comfort in any living companionship. I found it so. The certainty that I had a breathing creature near me, although not of my own species, gave me courage. I went again towards the spot where the body lay, for the purpose of ascertaining whether the least symptom of life remained. I placed my hand upon the forehead—it was cold; I drew it across the mouth—there was not a breath; I pressed it upon the heart—it was still. Warmth, and respiration, and motion had departed for ever, and only the mortal and drossy portion of man lay before me. There was no pulsation—no vitality. I knew not what to do. I thought if the poor wretch who was lying dead at my feet had been murdered, which appeared far from improbable, my having passed that way at night, and for no ostensible purpose as it might seem, would perhaps implicate me as an accessary to, or even a principal in, the crime; and a number of cases in which persons had been convicted on circumstantial evidence crowded upon my mind. The idea of being even examined as a witness agitated and perplexed me. My resolution, however, was soon taken. With great difficulty I got my horse forward, and rode on at a round trot, careless of the danger to which I had before been so sensitive, and determining to give the alarm at the first place to which I might come. I had gone on for about a quarter of an hour, when to my great joy and relief I beheld a light straight onwards, which seemed to be moving towards me. As it approached nearer I perceived that it proceeded from a lantern, which was held by a young man in a small cart, while another, a little older, guided the horse. On seeing me, they instantly drew up and asked in an earnest and anxious tone of voice whether I had seen any body

on the way, telling me at the same time that their father had gone with a neighbour to C—— that morning to collect some money and had not returned. The question made me shudder, for I immediately thought of what had so recently occurred, and I could not help imagining that it was the dead body of their father which I had left on the road behind me. My voice trembled as I told them of all that had happened, and I saw the faces of the poor lads turn pale as I recounted it. "Our dear father is dead!" cried the youngest, and burst into tears. "Nay! nay!" said his brother, "it's ill weeping 'till there's need o't. He was to ha' come back wi' Johnny Castleton, and Johnny is no' the man to leave him on the road-side, alive or dead." This seemed to comfort his brother, but it did not convince me. I had a presentiment hanging like a cloud about my heart, and I felt assured that a bitter trial awaited them. Although nearly exhausted, I willingly agreed to return with them. I rode beside the cart, until we came to the fatal spot; my horse started as before, and I called to them to stop, for I was a little a-head. The youngest sprang out, held the lantern to the face of the corse, and fell back with a loud shriek. I shall never forget the chill that ran through me when I heard the calm silence of the night broken by the cry of a son who mourned his father—the voice of the living calling to the dead. The winds had died away, and there was a dreary stillness over the whole scene. The pulse of nature was stopped: and it seemed as if her mighty heart had perished. The elder son did not shed a tear, but it was evident that he felt acutely what had befallen him. His was the deeper grief that tears could not obliterate:

A grief that could not fade away
Like tempest clouds of April day;
A grief that hung like blight on flowers,
Which passeth not with summer showers.

As they both stood inactive, I took up the corse myself and placed it in the cart. There were, as far as I could judge, not the least signs of [illegible]olence about it, and death seemed [illegible]ave reached it in the midst of [illegible]ness and serenity, for a smile lingered even then on the pallid face, and the brow was unruffled and unknit. After a little while they got in the cart, and we went forward in silence. When we came near their dwelling, which was a small farm-house, a short distance from the high road, I left them to break the melancholy tidings to their widowed mother; and, resisting their invitation to remain there, I rode on towards N—— ferry, which they told me was about a mile farther, and where there was a tolerable inn. They lent me their lantern, which I was to leave for them at the ferry-house, and I cantered along an almost straight road until I came in sight of the inn. As I approached nearer, I heard sounds of mirth and revelry, and in the disturbed state of my feelings they came upon my ear like sportive music at a funeral, or a joyous song echoing from a house of mourning. Having seen my horse well provided for, I entered the public room, where there were several farmers drinking, smoking, and singing; their united powers appeared to have clouded the ideas and thickened the speech of them all, but of one in particular who had just been bawling out part of a song in praise of his greatest enemy—the bottle; but the combined fumes of the leaf and the liquor were upon his memory, and he stopped just as I entered the room. "Never break off in the midst of a good song, neighbour (cried a portly florid looking man who seemed to act as president among them), never leave a jug or a song until there's not a drop left in the one nor a note in the other. Sing on, man! sing on." "Ay! it is an easy thing to say, Barney Thomson" (muttered the unsuccessful vocalist), but the rest is clean out of my head." "Ye ha' sung well so far, and we'll ha' the end o't; (exclaimed Barney)—Come! I'll help ye on wi't:

A pipe of tobacco and ale of the best
Are better, far better, than pillow and rest,
Than pillow and rest, than pillow and rest,
A pipe of ——"

"Dang it (cried a little grazier-looking fellow who was nursing his knees at the fire) it's twelve pence wi' one and a shilling wi' the other. Ye know the song, Barney, just as well

as your neighbour, and no better. I have still a clear noddle, and I'll sing it to ye.

A pipe of tobacco and ale of the best
Are better, far better, than pillow and rest;
We'll smoke and we'll drink, if it be but to
spite
The devil who comes in the shape of the
night.
In ale, good ale, the fiend we'll drown,
And empty our pipes on his raven crown.

Give me the mug, Tommy Barker, for I think it's ill singing wi' a dry throat. Gentlemen all, here's a merry season to you and good cattle to me. And now for the next verse

A pipe of tobacco, and ale of ——

No! no! that I gave before; let's see. Ay! ay! that's it—

We'll smoke and we'll drink ——

It won't do, though I am sure I knew the whole song awhile agone. It won't do!"

He said truly. He had not only forgotten the words, but was at each new attempt giving us a variation on the old air to which they were adapted. There was evidently a screw loose in the machinery of his brain, and his memory was out of order. He then tried another song, but with as little success; and at last the whole company began to sing what is called a Dutch medley, and I thought it time to escape from their company as fast as I could. I threw myself on my bed, but could not sleep. The scenes which I had lately witnessed, differing so widely from each other, yet happening in such close ssuccesion, still haunted me. The striking contrast of lonely agony and boisterous mirth; of dark secluded roads, and the light and cheerful parlour with its blazing fire and laughing inmates, kept me awake for some time; and when I at length fell into an uneasy slumber, dreams of terror and anxiety oppressed me. The song of the topers for a moment dwelt in my imagination, but their voices seemed to be dying away, and the cry of the youth who had lost his father burst upon my ear. I awoke in horror, and heard persons running to and fro beneath my chamber, and loud but agitated whispers, and then groans and frequent sobbings. I sprang from my bed, hastily dressed myself, and, on reaching the ground floor, found a scene offering as strong a contrast to the second I have decribed, as the second offered to the first. Of all those who but a few hours before had "made the Can their confidant," and laughed, and sung, and talked without a thought of sorrow; of all those who had spoken of finding eternity of life in the bowl and the ale cup, and oblivion of care in the fragrance of the tobacco leaf; of all those, one alone had escaped to tell the fate of his companions, who by their own carelessness and imprudence had perished, whilst crossing the river, miserably perished, in drunkenness and despair.

SONNET.

The fields are carpeted with virgin snow,
Smoothed with the weft of Nature's winged feet,
Where she descends the earliest Month to greet,
Waiting the smiling queen's return below,
Her welcome, yet capricious will to know,
Respecting Earth! and now they take their seat
Upon a thorny bank where wild birds meet;
And look upon the deadened streams that flow
Beneath the thick ice, silently and slow!
And now they listen to the lonely note
Of the sweet chaffinch with the tuneful throat,
Spring's favourite minstrel! and anon, they go,
Where a resplendent crocus, half unfurl'd,
Gilds with one smile the solitary world.

THE DRAMA.

THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

The Alcaid.

An opera, with a Spanish plot, under the title of "The Alcaid," has been produced at this little theatre; and, although Kenny's pen was employed in the writing it, and Nathan the inspired Hebrew melodist was the composer, the piece met with but an indifferent reception. The newspapers damned it, by lauding it as an opera that *might* by judicious curtailment be rendered attractive and amusing; but with all our admiration of Mr. Kenny's ability as a dramatist, we are quite sure that nothing but that wholesale curtailment which has at last been resorted to,—viz. the cutting out of the opera altogether, could advance the interests of the theatre, or tend to the amusement of the public. With Mr. Kenny's experience, we wonder that he should be so rash as to trust to a Spanish plot and Spanish characters for his success with the audience. It is your *coat-and-breeches* comedy, as it is termed behind the scenes, that makes an Englishman laugh. He likes to see his neighbours shown up in Folly's mirror, and does not care to have a Spaniard reflected back upon him when he looks in the glass. The dramatist should bear in mind the motto over the stage when he betakes himself to the comic; and Signors, and Monsieurs, and Dons should be put aside for other purposes.

The plot of *The Alcaid* is, as we have said, Spanish; that is, it is full of intrigue, slashed doublets, masks, and improbabilities. It is a tame and even confused copy of all past and established Spanish confusions; and contains the usual allowance of regularly irregular characters. There is one old amorous married man with a hat and feather,—with a red Don's dress, a sword at his side, and a stick in his hand; an extra-middle-aged wife, with a turn for wandering kindnesses and home carnivals; an important go-between in brown hose; a jealous servant, persecuted and funny; a waiting woman of easy character, and two pair of spangled lovers, coloured, chubby, and full of song, like piping bullfinches. All well-ordered Spanish operas have these allotments of persons, and therefore, injudicious as Mr. Kenny has been with regard to his own interests, he has not been irregular in his attentions to the Spanish muse. Those who know how unevenly the interviews between Dons and Donnas invariably run, will forgive our not attempting to particularize the intrigues of the Alcaid.—Let it suffice to say, that the characters are, from the first scene to the last, confounding and loving each other, and that due attention is paid throughout to the discomfiture of the married state. The Alcaid himself, as guardian of the public morals, very properly pays no attentions to his own; and Mrs. Alcaid, goes about all vicious in black velvet, like a restive mare in a mourning coach. Mr. Farren enacted the Alcaid and played, as usual, with good emphasis, and excellent indiscretion. Perhaps his dress, with reference to the late joke respecting him, was indiscreet. Mrs. Glover personated his wife, and threw into it that domestic vivacity—that easy Spanish morality, which wives abroad so generally and pleasantly practise, and which some wives in England can imitate to the life. Mrs. Glover, behind a mask, and in white satin, looked a carnival in herself Madame Vestris enacted Don Felix in a good loose dashing rakehelly fashion. She is the best bad young man about town, and can stamp a smart leg in tight whites, with the air of a fellow who has an easy heart and a good tailor. We remember once seeing Madame Vestris in female attire, and thought her a very interesting young person in that solitary instance, but we presume that she herself inclines to pantaloons, and prefers contemplating the daring knee and boot, to the neat and modest foot veiled below the ancle. In this opera she is the lover of Donna Francisca, a very pretty interesting lady, with a melodious voice and eye; who deserved a better husband at the hands of the Fates. There is a Don Andreas de Caravajel, which translated into plain English, means a Mr. Huckel, who loves Rosabel, Miss Paton, and after many heavy

difficulties and songs is rewarded with that lady, and a share in the finale. Miss Paton had a poor part allotted to her, and one or two songs which however allowed a full display of her powers of execution. She is indisputably a fine singer, but she will always have the best of her songs. They stand no chance of repose with her. This young lady has not been extremely well used of late, and she herself has not taken the proper course for removing the ill usage. A report of her having acquired a title by marriage has been generally circulated; and she has requested the editor of a paper to contradict it, on the ground of its being injurious to her professional pursuits. Would it not have been better if she had simply contradicted the report herself. However, we have little or nothing to do with the matter, and should not have even alluded to it, if it had not been touched upon in nearly every newspaper and conversation in London. Mrs. Gibbs has nearly outgrown the young waiting woman,—but she has rare blood, and shows spirit still. A Mrs. C. Jones pryed about in mouse-coloured stuff cunningly enough. Harley made a good deal of one Jabez, a jealous husband, and sneaking servant. He had one phrase which he toned well, "I can't help thinking of my wife." It seemed the posie of a ring for Jealousy to wear! Liston acted Pedrosa, an important covetous steward, and did not lose all his humour in the Spanish character; though no man suffers so much as poor Liston, when he leaves London. He is the true King of Cokayne! In Lubin Log he is at his height, for he then does not outdress his voice or his face; but in such parts as Pedrosa, his fantastic habit beards his fantastic countenance, and the effect of both is impaired.

The dialogue of the piece is extremely free from low humour and graceless puns; but it is also utterly free from wit or smartness of any description; and we question whether such empty correctness is preferable to the clever irregularities which some of our farce writers indulge in, and which we, as critics, are bound to abuse. The conversation goes on languidly and serenely, and dies a natural death at the last.

Of the music, little can be said. It is pretty, but Mr. Nathan is one of those composers that require poetry to inspire them. Mr. Kenny is not the writer for Mr. Nathan. When Lord Byron gave him those grand and melancholy songs which spake of Hebrew sorrows and the broken spirits of Judæa, the soul of the composer became at once saddened and awakened by the poet, and the music has all the wildness, bitterness, and spirit, which the high Jewish heart must feel when contemplating its scattered people.

THE ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

The Reign of Twelve Hours.

This is an eastern piece, and we have the same objections to make to it which we have just stated above. Miss Kelly is nothing if not natural, and this slight little sketch deprives her of all chance of being either humourous or simple. It appears to have been hastily written and produced. There has been no other novelty. *Der Freyschütz* still astounds the town, and Miss Stephens has ejected Miss Noel from the character of Agnes much to the advantage of the drama. This wild piece is now inimitably well acted, as well as sung; and we must again say that Braham exhibits powers of acting, which nothing but the solemn hand of a German dramatist could awaken. He plays the part of Rodolph as if he really loved, and believed in the magic balls. But we enter our serious protest against his half-boots.

REPORT OF MUSIC.

At length the Winter Theatres, the Concerts, and the Opera House are closed, and music has entered upon her summer tour to the provinces. While nothing is to be heard in London but Weber's Freyschütz, we may well employ the interregnum in a review of the transactions of the season, and in an endeavour to elucidate by events the progress of the art. Such a retrospect appears as necessary to the philosophical musi-

cian, as the annual casting of accounts to the trader—a homely comparison, but nevertheless it has its analogy even to our subject, and to those who are engaged in the practice of the art, which is become but too much a matter of commerce.

It should almost seem that the conduct of public music is on the eve of some signal change. The Philharmonic and Ancient Concerts have been the only successful establishments, and these are fixed upon foundations which have a strength and consistency independent of the amusement the audiences derive, though this is certainly of the highest possible kind. The first of these celebrated assemblages of talent, more celebrated perhaps and more excellent than any other academia in Europe, is maintained almost entirely by professors, and persons especially interested in the support of music. For we must consider that not only is this concert taken up for the purpose of producing the finest possible specimens of performance, but for the object of spreading the fame, and diffusing the knowledge of the art more universally, and consequently of causing a wider cultivation of the practice. From this is deduced as naturally the augmentation of pupils and of concerts, and indeed of those general professional interests which are the peculiar aims at all times of players and of teachers, of composers and of publishers. The Philharmonic Society, by the invitations and engagements it holds out to foreign artists and to living writers of the first rank,—by the admirable manner in which the instrumental music is executed, and by the occasional introduction of new works of merit, does as much to keep alive the reputation of art, and to excite the public curiosity as all the other establishments of the metropolis, the King's Theatre alone excepted, which is the centre from which the rays of musical illumination are now principally projected and circulated. From all these reasons, then, it is evident, that the Philharmonic is the concert of the profession, and acts as a hot bed, and as a conservatory of the rarest productions of art, while at the same time it sustains the dignity and the interests of those engaged in its exercise. By professors, and their families and connexions, the Concert is, and must continue to be, kept together, unless personal division should arise to weaken its powers and its cohesion—an accident every day less likely to happen, as the more frequent access of foreign musicians to the country, and the more extensive cultivation of our native talent, concur to diminish the power of individual professors, however eminent, and to render them less important by the facility with which any desertion can be replaced. Such an equalization can hardly fail to operate beneficially up to a certain point, because it must increase all the incentives to the attainment of excellence, which severe and close competition engenders. The Philharmonic Society may therefore be regarded as a permanent concentration of the highest talent, and the rallying point for professors of eminence.

The Ancient Concert stands upon other prerogatives, but of not less certain authority and continuance. In the first place, there are its great musical merits. We pay willing tribute to its character as a school, preserving the purest models, and the soundest traditionary learning of the art. But, for the Ancient Concert, the genuine English style of singing the compositions of the vigorous age of music—of Handel especially—would have long since been forgotten; and were the Ancient Concerts no more, the style would be razed from the memory in a dozen years, or even less. For, say what musicians may, there is no written method of preserving the peculiarities of vocal expression. If our assertion were to be doubted, the well-known anecdote of the transmission of the *Miserere* of Allegri, so celebrated for its effects in the Sistine chapel, to the Emperor, would vouch sufficiently for its truth. By means of the Ancient Concert, this traditionary style, we repeat, so essential to the grandeur of the compositions of the great masters, has been and must be (if at all) preserved. This fact secures a certain reverence and respect among professors, as amongst amateurs of the highest pretensions to good taste. To this capital requisite is superadded the influence of the King's

name, and of the royal and noble directors, operating through a large circle of those who are, and of those who wish to be, ranked with the nobility and fashion of the realm. The introduction to this concert is difficult, as access can only be had through the medium of a director. Thus then we see there are sufficient grounds for the belief that this establishment must flourish, so long at least as those who now take the active management remain, or can be succeeded by persons of equal dignity and importance. In the instance of the Philharmonic and the Ancient Concerts, there is not only the intrinsic value and excellence of the several performances, but there are also extensive causes which concur to render their support in a great measure independent of those caprices or fluctuations which are at all times liable to affect such institutions. They are built not only on superior excellence, but on interests and predilections which are not likely soon to be shaken.

The Oratorios have completely failed this season, and so have the Concerts Spirituels. We have spoken frequently of the causes in our notices of the several performances.. But the reader will pardon a short recapitulation, as it seems indispensable to our concentration of the facts which bear upon the subject of our present discussion. The causes of the failure do not lie in any defalcation of public patronage, or of general resort to the theatres. They are to be sought in the competition of former years, carried to an extremity which has begun and nurtured a desire for variety and celebrity in the vocal corps which no possible receipts could remunerate. Previous to the reign of the last proprietor, Mr. Bochsa, Sir George Smart and Mr. Bishop had engaged the two theatres, and each naturally and eagerly desiring to render his own the most attractive (although reduced to perform on alternate Wednesdays and Fridays) strove to exceed the excesses of his competitor. Hence we had all sorts of extravagances, orchestras of twelve harps, and a corps vocale, consisting of nineteen principal singers—hence we had performances that embraced in one night a succession of fine compositions that ought to have fed a reasonable appetite for a week—hence we had concerts that lasted from five to six entire hours. What was the result? Why, that although the fatigue of listening to such vast collections of all that is excellent became irksome to the polished amateur, the world in general were brought to regard every scheme as inferior and unworthy notice that did not enumerate the whole catalogue of eminent names, and such a selection as left nothing to wish for that was not there. The expence was consequently boundless—was ruinous; but the appetite had grown by what it fed on, and the ruin of the *entrepreneur* would have been not less certain from the omission of any part than from the engagement of the whole of this prodigious train of talent. The drawback of a second theatre was even silenced by Mr. Bochsa's hiring Drury-Lane; yet although it was attended with little more expence than the rent, the effect was the same. The fact has been found to be as we have stated above, no possible receipts could compensate an outlay so extravagant.

The Concerts Spirituels were a feeble opposition, originating probably in the certainty that the Oratorios must very soon come to a period, and in the hope that, by risking a little at first, a future advantage might be obtained. But although the names of Clementi, Catalani, and Rossini were upon the face of the bills, the performances were thinly attended. There was, indeed, this grand difference. The Oratorios have been so long established that their nature is thoroughly understood by the public at large, and they are congenial to our national musical taste. The Concerts Spirituels bore a new-fangled title, they were not understood—they were foreign, and the Opera House has not yet become a place of general resort for the whole family of *John Bull* like Covent-Garden and Drury-Lane. As concerts they were also greatly inferior on the whole to the Oratorios.

If we bear these facts in mind, they well account for the failure of other attempts. The City of London Amateur Concerts were suspended, perhaps, only from the satiety and weariness which amateurs are always prone to feel when they have

obtained complete success and nothing remains to struggle for. They are likely, we understand, to be renewed this year. But such performances to the east of Temple Bar are rare things, and their support or cessation hardly falls within the laws which govern the other end of the metropolis. We may therefore look to the Vocal and the British Concerts, and to the Subscription begun by Messrs. Bellamy, Braham, Harris, Mori, and Welsh, and which did not even with all their combined interest reach 150 names, in illustration of this principle. The necessity for a large expenditure made the sum for admission high. The public were pampered, and the enormous number of benefit concerts, to which access is more easy, and to which every musical person feels it unavoidable to extend some share of patronage, made subscription concerts of less value If to these reasons be added the fact, that all others are thought inferior to the Philharmonic and the Ancient, there is adequate cause to account for their failure. Satiety on the one hand, and expense on the other, have rendered the public at large far more indifferent than heretofore to public exhibitions of music.

The private cultivation of the science has also its effects. For while we admit that nothing so much disposes the mind to grand exhibitions of the art, as the knowledge and practice of its powers, yet the amateur enjoys it often and enjoys it most in private. The frequency of concerts by professors in the houses of persons of rank and fashion tends to blunt the desire for public music; and hence it may be observed that such persons rarely attend concerts, of which the middle classes are the chief patrons, and to them expence becomes an object of consideration. Solicited as they find themselves by the nightly benefits, it is not wonderful that Subscription Concerts find inadequate support.

The King's Theatre, it would appear, is in no less a state of embarrassment, even though the subscription and attendance have been beyond any former precedent, and the receipts, in short, as large as hope or expectation could warrant. Yet at the end of the season we find some of the principal salaries unpaid, the managers before the Court of Chancery to avoid possession of the theatre, and the concern once again all but at a stand! This is certainly marvellous; but still to be reconciled only by the enormous extent of the expences. Here then again the excess is the cause of destruction. The necessary deduction from these premises seems to be, that the public exhibitions of the art have too far preceded the general march of the public in the cultivation and desire of its enjoyment; in simple terms, that the supply has exceeded the demand, or (for we must put the proposition disjunctively) that the call upon the public purse is too great. For nothing can be more clear, than that if these enjoyments are to be so frequent, they must either constitute the capital pursuit of the individuals attending them, or they must be resorted to by fresh and successive audiences; which latter supposition implies that they must be cheap in order to embrace the whole circle of educated society. But, universal and comprehensive as the study of music has become, it has not yet permeated the English as it has the Italian and the German population, while the habit of seeking our principal gratifications in private rather than from public amusements (as is the case abroad) militates against the latter. There would appear then to be no alternative, but to render such entertainments cheap, and this presumes upon a total change in the present mode of conducting concerts. With such examples of loss as the Oratorios, the cheapest concerts in London, have afforded, it is hardly to be conjectured how the void is to be filled—for who will be hardy enough to face the danger?

The opera, too, presents a host of difficulties, but these will probably be overcome, for the world of fashion must have an opera.

So much for the profit and loss—for the pecuniary part of the transaction. We shall now come to the indications of the progress of the art itself. No season has, perhaps, ever added less to instrumental excellence than the present. It is remarkable rather for precocious talent than any thing else. Centrocie and Labarre have carried execution upon the hautboy and harp a little

farther than it has been heretofore carried; and here we stop. Nothing in the way of composition has attracted attention, except the masterly symphonies of Mr. Clementi. Rossini's promise failed; and from our own writers we have had nothing to distinguish the last from former years. At the Oratorios there was a laudable endeavour to bring back the taste of the public to standard works, and not to shock the better feelings and the better judgment by so vile a mixture of sacred and prophane, of English and Italian, as had heretofore been the practice. In the Concerts, however, the predominance of Italian is more than ever conspicuous, while the conducting of Rossini at private parties added to the weight of his name and the diffusion of his compositions in a manner unprecedented. It is avowed that he has netted not less than six thousand pounds by his engagements; and in many instances he has received ten and twenty times the amount paid to our native conductors, though it is admitted that he is distinguished by no peculiar excellence. He makes, indeed, more use of the pianoforte and of the pedals especially, than we have been accustomed to hear; but as an accompanist of judgment, he does not rank above, or even with, our best English artists. Yet such is the power of a name! "What's in a name," asks Juliet? "A thousand English guineas a month," responds Rossini.

Madame Catalani has certainly "fallen from her high estate," while the favor of Pasta, a comparatively plain and expressive singer, has to a certain and limited extent, acted as a check upon the florid manner lately so entirely predominant. If, indeed, any thing could stop the accession of new parts (which constitutes the philosophical account of the introduction of this manner), it must be the total destruction of expression, wrought by the custom of singing airs with variations—almost as severe a satire upon execution as the practical exposition of Mr. Braham, or rather of Mr. Sinclair—the *pis aller* of injudicious and extravagant embellishment. The fact is, that vocal art is now becoming altogether dramatic. The hearer desires to be powerfully affected; and we have learned of our Italian instructors to be affected only by the more forceful demonstrations of passion, or by the most touching voluptuousness, or by surprise. Through this principle we at once obtain a light which leads us to apprehend all the changes by which singing is becoming rapidly "*vocal instrumentation.*" Our English vocalists of the first class are not less rapidly departing from English manner, and sinking into mere imitators; a change deeply to be lamented, because, though we can only judge of our deficiencies by comparing ourselves with foreigners when they attempt our style, yet it must be sufficiently obvious that, by discarding our intrinsic qualities, we lose the strength with the originality, and consent to take a secondary rank instead of pursuing the natural road to our proper greatness. To these general remarks we can only add that, in spite of the almost universal cultivation of the art, there are few or no candidates of pre-eminent talent to succeed the old and fast-fading favourites. The English theatres have not produced a single individual; and the two little Cawses and Mr. Phillips (a base) are the only concert novelties of much promise. The costly pupils of the Royal Academy have amongst them some rising instrumentalists, but the singers put forth no extraordinary claims.

The publications of this month are but few in number, and those few are but of little importance. The only original piece is No. 14 of the second series of Caledonian Airs, by Mr. Burrowes, and this has all the recommendations of smoothness, simplicity, and melody.

Mr. Crouch has published a third number of selections for the flute and violincello, containing an adagio and air with variations, by Gaensbacher, a composer but little known in this country. This specimen of his style is florid and not ungraceful. The principal part is allotted to the violincello, and this is difficult, being full of high and rapid passages. The other arrangements are a collection of airs for the guitar, by Derwort; the second book of airs, from Semiramide, by Bruguier, and Bochsa's fourth introduction and march, arranged for the pianoforte by Latour.

SKETCH OF FOREIGN LITERATURE.

FRANCE.

The Drama.—Eudore and Cymodocée, a tragedy, the subject of which is taken from the Martyrs of M. de Chateaubriand, has been performed with entire success at the Theatre Français. The subject is briefly as follows:—The Emperor Diocletian has given to Eudore, a Greek warrior and a hostage to the Romans, the command of the legions ordered to repel the Gauls. He returns to Rome victorious, to enjoy the honours of a triumph. Hierocles, the Emperor's favourite, who governs during his absence, is the secret enemy and rival of Eudore, and has caused his mistress Cymodocée, a virgin devoted to the worship of Homer, to be secretly carried off from the isle of Samos. Eudore being informed by Cymodocée herself of this act of perfidy, takes her under his own protection, and Diocletian arriving, decrees that she shall remain under his care. The young virgin sighs for the moment when she shall be united to her lover at the altars of her Gods, when Eudore confesses to her that he has abandoned that false worship and embraced the Christian religion. Using with his mistress the powers of reason and affection, he persuades her also to renounce her false divinities, to receive the nuptial benediction at the altars of the Christians, who had hitherto been tolerated at Rome. Meantime Hierocles is the most inveterate enemy of the Christians, and so far succeeds in prejudicing the Emperor against them that he is ready to order their destruction: he deliberates, however, and permits Eudore to defend them. Without owning that he is one of their brethren, he pleads their cause with ardour and success, and Diocletian commands that the oracle shall be consulted; but the oracle pronounces against them, and the Christians are condemned. Eudore then declares himself a Christian; his soldiers desire to save him, and even offer to place him on the throne. He rejects their offers, persuades them to return to their duty, and prepares to die with his brethren. Yet the Emperor is still inclined to show mercy, to revoke the barbarous order, when he is informed that the temple of Vesta is burnt. Hierocles has set it on fire, but the Christians are accused of the crime, and their fate is irrevocably sealed. Cymodocée comes to die with them; every effort to dissuade her is in vain; she receives the nuptial benediction, and, with her husband and her new brethren, hastens to gather the palm of martyrdom. The beauties of this remarkable production completely cover the defects; among which may be reckoned the nullity of the character of Diocletian, the insufficiency of that of Cymodocée, whose conversion is too sudden, and some want of perspicuity in the details. Though dramatic poets are allowed to take great liberties with the truth of history, the author has surely carried this licence too far in the following lines, addressed by Eudore to Diocletian.

> Vous ne souillerez pas du sang de vos sujets,
> Votre gloire échappée aux embûches du trone,
> Et ce manteau du sage illustre dans Salone.

If this last line means any thing, it directly alludes to the abdication and retreat of Diocletian; yet he is here on the throne, and must have quitted Salone, to resume the imperial dignity, which it is notorious he never did. It is not a little singular that this tragedy should be the production of a man hitherto unknown in the literary world, and considerably past the meridian of life. His name is Gairy, lately at the head of the college of Carassone, of which office he has been deprived after having filled it with honour for thirty years.

The Oxford Student, a comedy in three acts, performed at the Odeon, has been very well received. It is by M. Wafflard, the author of several agreeable and successful *petites pièces*, who died in the flower of his age.—Arthur de Bretagne, a tragedy in five acts, by a M. Chauvet, has been brought out with success at the Odeon. The subject is from the history of John, King of England, and his nephew Arthur. The French critics say, that though it is impossible to deny that the piece

succeeded, it would not be easy to assign the reason of this success. —A new comedy in five acts, and in verse, called Le Mari à bonnes Fortunes, is in rehearsal at the first French theatre.—The Alcade de la Vega, a comic opera in three acts, is borrowed from a celebrated piece of Calderon's, The Alcade de Zalamea.

Poetry.—The only publication deserving of particular notice is a new Messenienne on Lord Byron, by M. Casimir Delavigne.

History, Memoirs, and Biography. —The study of history, as we lately observed, has become quite the order of the day in France; and, besides the extensive works of which we have spoken at length, numerous miniature histories, in one or two volumes, are published; among the latest that we have noticed are those of Germany, of the United States of North America, and of Poland.—A history of the Campaign in Spain, 1823, by Messrs Hugo and Couche, is intended as a continuation of the Trophies of the French Armies, in six volumes. This work will make two volumes 8vo. to be published in eight numbers; only two have yet appeared. — The first livraison of Political Memoirs, towards the History of France under the Empire, contains vols. 1 and 2 of Memoirs relative to the Campaign of 1809, by General Pelet.—M. C. Lacretelle has just given to the public two more volumes of his History of France, including the Legislative Assembly, and the first two years of the Convention. This division of M. Lacretelle's labours will extend to the establishment of the Empire; and it is connected with the history of the eighteenth century, before published, so as to complete the picture of this memorable period, commencing with the regency, and terminating with the most terrible convulsion that has shaken the foundations of society in modern times.— Two volumes have just issued from the press, under the title of Memoirs of Louis Jerome Gohier, president of the Directory on the 18 of Brumaire. This work is said to contain new facts, though in no great number, and to be well written. These memoirs continually refute the Memorial of Las Casas, and other late publications on Buonaparte, whence it is inferred that the author, an old man of 77, has had some assistance in the composition of his work. The book is quite republican, says a royalist critic, yet the effect is not bad; because, if the author defends the directorial government of the French republic, one and indivisible; on the other hand, he victoriously combats the usurpation of Buonaparte, his pretended election to the imperial throne, his violent and tyrannical government, his council of state, and his servile tribunals. He does not declaim, but he proves; and his proofs are the more persuasive, as he at the same time does justice to the genius and military talents of him whom he assails: and notwithstanding the expression of his republican sentiments, he not only refrains from any seditious insinuation, but shows himself moderate, and even favourable to the government of the king.—What we said last month of the Memoirs announced as those of Condorcet on the Revolution, is confirmed by a letter published in the French Journals, written by the famous Arthur O'Connor, son-in-law of Condorcet, who declares that he has examined the letters and manuscripts from which these pretended Memoirs are stated to be taken. They consist, he says, of 29 notes and letters to Mr. and Mrs. Suard, which all together would not make above 34 pages of the printed book. The editor ascribes to Condorcet 167 pages: of these, 45 pages are taken from the journals or printed works, so that, adding the 34 pages taken from the notes, there remain 88 pages, for which no authority, either printed or manuscript, is given. The verses ascribed to Condorcet are not in the manuscript. Thus, on the foundation of 29 notes, forming scarcely 34 pages, two volumes of 729 pages have been constructed. Even were these two volumes extracted from the letters, the title of Memoirs would still be deception.

Fine Arts.—The celebrated Voyage Pittoresque in Greece, by M. de Choiseul-Gouffier, is at length completed in 3 vols. folio, by the publication of the 4th part. The price of the whole is now 480 francs. Of the second edition of the Description of Egypt, Numbers 139 to 146 are pub-

lished together in one portfolio; another volume of the text is published at the same time. This second edition will undoubtedly be finished in the time fixed, the Minister of the Interior having given the most positive orders to complete the first or splendid edition, which is to be entirely published by the 1st of January, 1825.—A translation of the whole of Lanzi's History of Painting in Italy is announced; it will be in 5 vols. 8vo. of which two are published.

Novels.—The Orphan Girl, or Beneficence and Gratitude, 4 vols. 12mo. by the Countess of Flesselle. The 4th volume contains, *Christian*, a Vendean Tale. These two productions are spoken of in high terms.—The Hermits at Liberty, by Messrs. Jouy and Jay, 2 vols. in 8vo.; only one is published, the second is promised for the 1st of September.

Natural History.—The 95th livraison of the Encyclopedie Methodique, consists of vol. xi. part 1. of Medicine, vol. ix. part 2. of Natural History (Insects), vol. ii. part 1. of Vermes, containing the Zoophytes. The 5th volume of the Classical Dictionary of Natural History, by Messrs. Bory de St. Vincent, de Candolle, St. Hilaire, and other eminent naturalists, is published. The editors have promised many facts, and few words, and they have kept their promise; with at least a third part consisting of articles not contained in preceding works of the kind, these 5 volumes include vol. x. to vol. xv. of the preceding dictionary.

Politics.—Under this head we mention, in a few words, the Independence of the Colonies, considered relatively to the Interest and the Policy of Europe, by Lieut.-Colonel de G* * *; the author is convinced that the subjection of St Domingo would be attended with little difficulty.—A pamphlet under the title of Reflections on the Reduction of Interest, and the state of Credit, by Jacques Lafitte, excites great interest at this moment, both from the importance of the subject and the name of the author.—Mr. Haller, whose name has become celebrated by his abandoning the Protestant religion to embrace the Catholic faith, has now published in French his work called the Restoration of Political Science, vol. i. This work is directed against the modern French philosophy, and is most highly extolled by the French journals which advocate the same cause, such as the Etoile, and the Quotidienne. We have seen the German edition, and have admired many eloquent passages; and we here notice its appearance in French, without giving any opinion of the correctness of the author's system, but recommending the perusal to those who are competent judges in such matters. A History of the Conspiracy of General Mallet was announced for publication about the middle of August; but we have not heard of its actual appearance. Some suspicions, we understand, were entertained that a deception on the public was intended.

Theology.—M. Bonstetten has published an interesting work on the Nature of the Proofs of the Existence of God. M. Bonstetten, by birth a patrician of Berne, and formerly a magistrate, is at present an adopted citizen of Geneva; he was the pupil and friend of Bonnet, the confidant and early companion of the illustrious Müller, connected with all the celebrated men of the last half century, and every way worthy to have his own name inscribed in that honourable list.—The Holy Bible, translated from the original texts, with the Vulgate, by Eugene de Genoude, is now completed in 23 volumes, 8vo.—The first volume of M. B. Constant's work, On Religion, considered in its Source, its Forms, and its Developements, has at length appeared; the remainder of the work, it is stated, will be published without delay. It would not be candid to judge of such a work by this first volume, which is, in truth, but a long preamble, in which each chapter is a distinct preface, the object of which is to remove the difficulties of an arduous subject, to smooth the way, to prepare the minds of the readers, to gain over different opinions by giving some satisfaction to the most opposite. Hence the author often modifies his own idea, and has always some qualifying phrase which may serve before hand as an answer to future objections. A writer who is of the same party with the author, and is fully disposed to do him justice, complains that he is cold, and logical, instead of being eloquent;

addressing the reason, and leaving the heart unmoved. We must wait (he says) for the completion of the work, to see whether the historian will become more animated, in proportion as the interest of his narrative grows more lively; whether his style will not at the end have as much warmth and elevation, as the beginning has good taste and perspicuity.

Miscellaneous.—Madame de Genlis has written a large volume, On the Employment of Time, which however treats almost of every thing except the employment of time. Of the twenty-six chapters composing it, nine of them are upon testaments, duty, vice and virtue, false glory, prejudices, literary glory, sensibility and egotism: eight other chapters are employed on modern civilization; they are a long tirade against the present age, against modern inventions and modern philosophers. Whether in thus waging a *bellum ad internecionem* against Diderot, Rousseau, Voltaire, &c. Madame de Genlis is making good use of time, is a question that may be properly asked. The reader, of course, needs not be told that in a work of Madame de Genlis there are parts that give evidence of superior talent, and prove that the style of Madame de Genlis has not lost any thing of its elegance or its correctness. Such is the chapter on Old Age, which she ingeniously compares "to the end of a great harvest in threatening weather, when we hasten to bring under cover all that we have gathered; every moment is precious; we are unwilling to lose a single one."—The Norman Knights in Italy and Sicily, and General Reflections on the History of Chivalry, particularly that of Chivalry in France, by Madame V. de C. * * * * is highly spoken of by the only journal in which we have observed any mention of it. An Essay on the Education of Women, by the late Countess of Remusat, published by her son, is a very interesting work, and does great honour to the heart and the understanding of the author. The French academy has adjudged the prize of 6000 francs for the work most useful to morals, published in the course of the year, to the Essay on Moral Philosophy or the different Systems of the Science of Life, by M. Droz.

GERMANY.

We have very little to report this month, and of the few works that we shall have to name, we shall not be able to say much of our own knowledge.—Seven Years, a Contribution towards the Secret History of a Northern Kingdom, edited by L. Kruse, 4 vols. We have seen some excellent tales by this author, and have no doubt that a work in which he is concerned must be interesting.—The Maid of Ithaca, or Ulysses' Crown, 2 vols. by Dr. C. Müller. A journey made by the author in the Ionian Islands, a long residence in Italy and Sicily, and chiefly the discovery of an ancient Greek gold crown in some ruins in Ithaca, asserted to belong to the palace of Ulysses, have led him to write this novel, in which he has interwoven the interesting results of his travels.—An anonymous author having had considerable success in a literary hoax on the public, and on Goethe, by publishing a continuation of that author's celebrated work, Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship, before the author had published the genuine continuation, which had long been advertised, by the title of *W. Meister's Wanderjahre*, has now thought fit to produce the first volume of the third division of the hero's adventures, under the title of *W. Meister's Meisterjahre*. This is a poor production, much inferior to the false Wanderjahre, of which, however, the third volumes was by no means equal to the first two.—The Seefahrer (Mariners), a novel, in three volumes, is spoken of in very high terms.—A Dictionary of Painters, without the author's name, in one vol. has considerable merit, but unfortunately numerous errors and omissions.—An Encyclopedia of Sciences, Arts, and Professions, publishing at Altenburg, deserves mention. Two volumes have appeared, and the remainder will be given to the public with as little delay as is consistent with the nature of the work: it is remarkable for the great number of articles, and for the concise yet perspicuous manner in which they are treated. It is almost needless to say, that nearly every book of any note published in France or England is immediately translated into German.

RUSSIA.

Commodore Krusenstein has just published the first half of the Atlas of the Southern Ocean. This part of the atlas consists of one general and nineteen special charts, accompanied with a quarto volume of 100 pages explanatory text. The second part, containing the northern half of the Pacific Ocean, will not be ready in less than two years. This work, in the Russian language, is published at the expense of the Emperor, who has ordered M. Krusenstein to prepare an edition in French, which is nearly ready, and will appear in the course of the summer.—A young poet, of the name of Puschkin, whose first production, written when he was only thirteen years of age, was received with great and perhaps too great enthusiasm, and who has since written numerous elegant and highly admired poems, has completed a new one, under the title of the Fountain of Baktschisserai, for which M. Ponamarew, a bookseller at Moscow, has just given 3000 rubles; which, as there are only 600 lines, is five rubles per line—a thing never before heard of in Russia.—The 10th and 11th volumes of Karamsin's History of the Russian Empire are published.

DENMARK.

The celebrated Professor Oersted is preparing a Chemical Nomenclature. Professor Rasmussen has published the first volume of a Danish translation of the Arabian Nights, from an Arabic edition published at Calcutta.

VIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

We are truly grieved at being obliged to place in the very front of our foreign intelligence for this month an event, which we are sure every lover of freedom, literature, and religion, will deplore, namely, a considerable advantage obtained by the Turks in the capture of the Grecian island of Ipsara. The loss of the island itself, though undoubtedly, considering the circumstances under which it took place, a heavy calamity, is nevertheless of little effect compared with the moral consequences likely to ensue from it to the cause in general. The various sources whence this intelligence comes leaves but little doubt of its authenticity, and they all attribute it to a cause from which the Greeks have more to fear perhaps than any other,—internal treachery. It seems the principal fort of Ipsara was garrisoned by a species of force called Schypetars, amounting to fifteen hundred. Khoreb, the Capitan Pacha, who had been lying at anchor at Mytilene for two months, contrived to corrupt this mercenary garrison, offering to each man, it is said, 1000 piastres for the surrender of the batteries with the defence of which they were entrusted. The unfortunate Ipsariots, when informed that their island was to be the object of attack, prepared with the best spirit for a vigorous resistance. The sacrament was universally administered, and they resolved to die in arms. The plan suggested was to attack the Turkish fleet with fire ships, while the batteries on shore kept up a fire upon their navy. At five o'clock on the morning of the 4th of July the Turkish squadron approached the harbour—the batteries were silent, and the fort, garrisoned by the Schypetars hoisted Turkish colours! The loyal Greeks hastened to the spot, and found that the guns were spiked by those who were appointed to defend them, and who now turned their arms against their employers. The treason was but too manifest. The Ipsariot sailors commenced a terrible fire upon the larger Turkish vessels which could not, for want of depth, approach the shore, and as many of the Christians as could, embarked on board the Grecian ships and escaped. Those who were not able to embark escaped to the mountains. About eight, the Osmanlis effected a landing and the city was fired. The entire time after the disembarkation until the place was reduced to a mere desart, was employed in battle, massacres, and conflagration. The extermination was complete, and it would appear that the

monster who directed this desolation at last grew blood-sick, as he offered a reward of 500 piastres to any one who would bring in a prisoner alive; the offer was useless—such was the excess of the thirst after human life over that after gain, that not a single reward was claimed—they could not even be bribed into humanity. We may, however, in some degree estimate the sincerity of the tempter's mercy from the fact, that on the 8th of July the heads of old men, women, and children, appended to the masts of his vessels, amounted to 7,300! These of course are intended to feast the eyes of the Christian ambassadors at Constantinople! It is a remarkable incident, that the very first victims who fell beneath the invaders' swords were the treacherous Schypetars! This is as it should be—it conveys a double lesson—it shows the fate which traitors ought to suffer, and it shows that those never can be trusted who proceed by corrupting the fidelity of others. On the 13th, the Capitan Pacha returned to Mytilene with twelve vessels which he had captured. About 2000 of the Greek sailors, thirty of their best ships, and the primates, succeeded in reaching Samos. It is a consolation to think that, amid such profligate treachery, there were found many Greeks who defended their country in a way worthy of its name and cause; the Turks admit the loss of 1500 men, and are compelled to do credit to the valour of their adversaries—a valour rendered ineffectual unfortunately by the treachery which counteracted it. Though the island of Ipsara, now only the tomb of its natives, for not one survivor remains, was small in extent, and is, territorially, but of little consequence, still it is much to be feared that the fraud by which its capture was consummated may produce a very unfavourable effect upon the cause. To the loss of Ipsara we are unfortunately obliged to add that of another small island called Cago. It was taken after an obstinate conflict, by the Egyptian squadron under Ismael Gibraltar. The loss of the Greeks at Cago is stated at between 4 and 500 men, who, however, perished bravely with arms in their hands; the usual Turkish cruelties followed the capture of the place. In some of the French papers there is a report extracted from the Gazette of Augsburg, that the fleet of the Capitan Pacha had been subsequently on the 24th attacked by the Hydriots and Spezziots, and had sustained considerable damage; it is, however, our duty to add, that this intelligence comes by way of Odessa, and is given merely as a report. Another rumour is, that a Turkish column has been cut off at Thermopylæ, having got between two fires, in consequence of Odusseus having quitted Athens for a short time. We shall be most happy in our next to be enabled to confirm these rumours; but, in the mean time, we must repeat that the good news rests merely on report, while the bad is too fatally confirmed.

We had considerable hopes of being able this month to present our readers with pleasing, and, as it appeared, decisive intelligence from Peru, but the interval which has elapsed without its confirmation strongly disinclines us from believing it accurate, though we are bound to give it as it has reached us. It rests on the authority of a letter from Guyaquil, received by a mercantile house in Liverpool, and goes the length of declaring the entire defeat of the Royalists in Peru, and the reoccupation of Lima, by Bolivar. According to this account, the Liberator, who had his head-quarters at Truxillo, and his advanced posts towards Lima, so manœuvred with a semblance of retreat, as to draw the enemy, consisting of 6000 men, in advance upon Truxillo, on the main road to which place he met them with a superior force, and completely routed them, their General Canterac having been wounded in the very onset. The consequence was their destruction, with the exception of seven or eight hundred men, who surrendered as prisoners of war. This news is far from being confirmed; on the contrary, a proclamation from Bolivar, dated from his head-quarters at Patavilca, induces us to think his situation any thing rather than prosperous; we are the more inclined to believe this from the fact that two levies of 5000 men each have been voted for his support by the Colombian government. If we are to believe some later representa-

tions, the expedition to Peru has not met with the support from the people of that country which it ought to be their duty, and is their manifest interest to afford. Insidious agents of Spain have contrived to excite a prejudice against Bolivar; and those who never acted on a principle of patriotism in their lives affect to decry the man whose entire life has been influenced by nothing else. The miserable state of the mother country, however, and the activity hitherto displayed by the patriots, lead us to hope, that even in Peru, which is confessedly the most Royalist province of all South America, the flag of Ferdinand will soon be trampled down. From Mexico we may now daily expect intelligence of interest. Bravo, who was elected dictator, has entirely disconcerted the schemes of his principal domestic resident opponent Quintanar, and had entered the city of Guadalaxara in triumph. There are as yet no accounts of the progress of Iturbide, or to what part of the coast he had directed his course. Various are the conjectures on this subject, but they are all vague and contradictory; and, indeed, it is not very probable that he would have confided his intentions on such an expedition in any quarter where they would be in danger of being divulged. By accounts from Philadelphia, however, we learn that the appearance of the late Emperor was expected, and the Congress of Mexico has passed a decree, declaring Don Augustin de Iturbide a traitor from the moment he may appear in any part of the Mexican republic, and adjudging the fate of traitors to all who may favour his return.

Accounts have been received from our devoted countrymen at Cape Coast Castle, dated the 31st of May. It appears that Major Chisholm, upon whom the command devolved after the death of the Governor, determined to attack the Ashantees, who were encamped within five miles of the Castle, and for this purpose had the paths to the enemy's camp cut and cleared away with considerable labour. The engagement was sanguinary, and lasted for five hours, when at length the enemy gave way, after experiencing a very considerable loss. We had about 160 killed and 800 wounded, and our allies, the Fantees, so misconducted themselves, that not only was Major Chisholm prevented from continuing the pursuit, but he was obliged to take up the same position which he had occupied previous to the battle. The Ashantees retreated for two days, but were subsequently joined by their king with reinforcements, which increased his army to the amount of 16,000 men. They were again within five miles of the Castle, and our troops were engaged in making every preparation to avert the attack which was hourly expected. What the fate of these brave men will be, it is difficult to anticipate. We have to add with horror and grief, that it now appears, that the gallant Sir Charles M'Carthy was actually *roasted alive* by his barbarous captors! We again and again ask, for what political, commercial, or territorial advantage we continue to mark with the graves of our unfortunate countrymen the progress of our fatal incursion amongst these savages?

The intelligence from Jamaica proves, that every day the situation of our West India possessions is becoming more and more precarious. Insurrections have taken place upon many of the estates, and the spirit of insubordination had so spread, that it was impossible to say what place was free from it. On some occasions bodies of from 50 to 100 each have deserted and joined the Maroons in the woods, and others were naturally expected to follow their example. It seems the generality of the negroes have taken up the fancy, that "Mr. Wilberforce and the King" have granted them their emancipation, and that the principal men upon the different estates alone prevent the operation of this boon to them. The consequence is, their deaths have been decreed. Such is the determined spirit of these men, that on several occasions the ringleaders, when taken, have actually ripped out their own bowels, as if at once to evince their fortitude and defy their judges. The most gloomy feeling prevailed over all Jamaica, and those who seem seldom to have felt for others, are now at last beginning to feel for themselves. They seem to excite here but little sympathy—can they be surprised at it?

The war with Algiers has not

lasted long enough to give Mr. Croker a chance of asking with any modesty for his war salary, as we find by the following pithy extract from the Gazette of the 17th. "The Right Hon. Geo. Canning, one of his Majesty's principal Secretaries of State, has this day notified, by the command of his Majesty, to the Ministers of Foreign Powers resident at this Court, that in consequence of the satisfactory issue of the negociations between the Commander of his Majesty's naval forces off Algiers and the Government of that Regency, the blockade of that port has been discontinued." What the cause of this quarrel was has not very plainly appeared before the public. It seems, however, that after a few shots on the part of our blockading force, which was about to commence a bombardment, the Dey signed the terms required, and hostilities were terminated.

The intelligence from France furnishes nothing either very new or very interesting, as we fancy few of our readers care much about the selfish squabbles for power between Messieurs Villele and Chateaubriand. Baron Damas, the Secretary at War, has been appointed Minister for Foreign Affairs in the room of the latter personage, and a number of subsequent arrangements have succeeded. The contest, however, is still carried on with vigour, and M. Chateaubriand has been deprived of one of his principal allies, the Press. We stated in our last, the vigorous literary assaults of Chateaubriand, and his partisans, hinting at the same time the efficacy, in every place, but particularly in Paris, of such a powerful instrument. The truth is, there is at present in Europe no man strong enough to resist long the formidable associated hostility of the Press. It is really, as it has emphatically been called, a *new estate*. M. Villele seems to have fully agreed with our view of the question, for no sooner have the Chambers adjourned than he immediately re-established the censorship. The reason which the French ordinance gives for this is curious, and such as we must leave the construction of to the sagacity of our readers. It says, "considering that the jurisprudence of our courts of justice has lately admitted for the journals an existence de jure, independent of their existence de facto: that this interpretation furnishes a sure and easy means of eluding the suspension and suppression of the journals." Accordingly, as he could not put the Press down, through the servile instrumentality of the law courts (and it speaks well for them) he resorts to the short cut of a royal ordinance. We cannot say we blame him, situated as France is; there can be no doubt his opponent would have, without scruple, resorted to the same means, if he considered them necessary to that personal interest which has through life been the polar star of his actions. It is said that Villele has had the address to secure the good graces of the heir-apparent to the throne; so that his power is not likely to be affected by the daily-expected demise of the Sovereign. Private letters speak in deplorable terms of the state of Louis' health; and, indeed, his life, the gift of nature originally, seems now to have been handed over by her totally to the custody of art. Louis may be said to be a living monument to the science of medicine. In addition to the tribute which the French courts have paid to the laws, in the instance of the Press, we may add, that twenty-six Frenchmen, who were tried at Toulouse on a charge of having borne arms against their country in Spain, were acquitted by a jury. La Fayette, the veteran of liberty, has embarked for America, on board the American ship Cadmus. She is a private vessel, he having refused the conveyance of a frigate offered him by the Congress. No doubt we shall soon have to record the triumphal and well-merited honours with which America will receive him. His departure from France has, indeed, been in itself a kind of triumph; and, considering present circumstances, is not a little remarkable. The embarkation took place at Havre, and the army were obliged to be called out in order to repress the enthusiasm of the people. As he passed through the town to the harbour he was followed by a numerous retinue, and preceded by fifty young men dressed in black and uncovered. The people, prevented from paying their homage

to him on shore, jumped into the boats, and surrounded the Cadmus with shouts of "Vive La Fayette," which were re-echoed by the crews of all the American vessels in the road, who had, in compliment to their guest, hoisted the national flag. "On this occasion," says the private letter from which we extract this account, "M. de Villele has more reason to boast of his zeal than his address." We were the first to announce, in our last, the probable publication of Napoleon's Will, and the fact has since proved the authenticity of our intelligence. The conduct of the French government on this subject is ludicrous. Finding they cannot deny its genuineness, they affect to despise and denounce it, taking care at the same time, however, to close the eyes of the French people against its possible perusal. The editors of the *Courier Français* were imprudent enough to insert it, and the whole impression was instantly confiscated by the police.

We believe that we alluded in our last to the arrival of Haytian commissioners in Paris; these commissioners, it is said, had proceeded thither at the express request of M. de Villele; but after much negociation it appeared that, as a sine qua non, the independence of their republic was insisted on by the Haytians. and this France not being disposed to concede, the commissioners departed. It is not easy to conceive what rational hope France can now entertain of the recovery of her empire over St. Domingo.

The accounts from Spain are just such as might have been expected. Amongst the people themselves there is nothing but distrust or hatred; and the animosity against their French protectors has risen to such a height, that it is said General Digeon has formally demanded his recall from his government, unless Ferdinand be restrained in the odious policy which he is pursuing. Open combats have taken place even in the streets of Madrid, between the French and Spanish soldiery; and Digeon had at length succeeded in getting two Spanish regiments, which were under the orders of Quesada in the capital, removed to Ceuta, a kind of exile; their concurrence, however, in this demand is doubted in the French papers, and such a doubt sufficiently speaks the nature of their allegiance. Ferdinand himself is in a small village called Sacedon, occupied alternately in framing violent decrees, and regulating a little theatre which he attends every evening, accompanied by his now favourite, M. de Colmnarde, and where he himself performs the functions of the police, ordering silence with his own legitimate voice. It is said, that the famous Empecinado, who was in prison at Boa, has been released, partly by force and partly by stratagem; we hope it may turn out so. The Spanish government are deplorably in want of money, and, as a dernier resort, Ferdinand is said to have entered into a contract with some English resident speculators, to let to them for certain fixed sums the privilege of collecting the duties on the entry of the merchandise into the large towns! In the meantime the measure of the *purification*, as it is called, is proceeding in with great vigour; it is, in fact, a mean subterfuge by which obnoxious persons may be sacrificed under the colour of an official investigation. Amongst those who were declared by the judges *impurificado*, is the celebrated General Castanos, who, of course, must quit the capital. Ferdinand, it appears, is so angry with the King of Portugal for having convened the Cortes, that he refuses to send a representative to that Court. No doubt he must be highly delighted at the *rigorous* measures of his brother of Austria, who has actually issued a decree prohibiting three or four English *ladies* and Lord Holland from entering his dominions; the charge against the latter is, that he is *such a radical!* The Pope too ought to come in for his share of favour, he having by a late Bull restored the Jesuits, in which holy order the nephew of Chateaubriand has just been enrolled.

By advices which have been received from the Brazils, we learn that a great alarm existed at Rio Janeiro, relative to an expected invasion from Portugal. The blockade of Pernambuco was raised, and all the vessels employed in it were recalled for the defence of the capital. The Emperor had issued two very strong proclamations, one addressed

to the Pernambucans, the other to the people, calling on them to arm and unite in the common cause. Lord Cochrane had had, it seems, some serious differences with the government, relative to a dilatory adjudication, with respect to several of his Portuguese prizes, and had gone on board his ship the Pedro Primeiro, with the resolution of not again landing, unless his demands were complied with. The government in their alarm, however, took the necessary measures to conciliate him, and his Lordship was using every exertion to prepare a fleet for sea!

We have thus, with considerable labour, gleaned the foregoing summary of foreign affairs from very barren journals. Our domestic abstract is, however, completely a blank. The papers are filled with the Assize intelligence, and must, we fear, depend upon police offices, when the circuits are over. We may add, however, that if the weather should continue favourable, there is every chance of a most abundant harvest. A vague report is in circulation, that his Majesty meditates a continental tour.

AGRICULTURE.

The harvest has generally commenced, and with every appearance, if the weather proves favourable for housing, that it will be found a full average crop The reports from all parts of the kingdom, with scarcely an exception, are most promising. In one or two of the counties indeed, mildew and rust are alluded to, but in such terms as not to indicate the slightest apprehension that the growth will be injured to any extent. Upon some of the best soils the corn has been laid by the torrents of rain which have fallen in some districts of the kingdom, but in most, even of those places where the crop has not been excessively heavy or the rain of any continuance, it has recovered. Nor is wheat the only good crop of which this harvest will have to boast. Oats are said to be very abundant and very productive, particularly in the West Riding of Yorkshire; and if the months of September and October, say the inhabitants of that district, continue favourable, this crop, which on the elevated parts exhibits such an appearance of plenty as is seldom witnessed, will be got up in fine order, and the population will be blessed with a most abundant supply of their cheap and favourite food, oatmeal. The barley crop has never entirely rallied from the effects of the cold on its early growth; but it still promises better than was expected, although it will not probably reach an average crop. Both peas and beans are excellent, and turnips every where most magnificent, and upon the whole, the latter part of the season may be considered as most propitious for agricultural produce generally.

From such appearances, as well as from the stagnant state of the market, notwithstanding the comparative smallness of the supply, it may be fairly inferred that the price of grain will continue to fall as soon as the actual productiveness of the crop can be ascertained. The question so often discussed, whether the kingdom grows sufficient for its own consumption, has completely been set at rest by the results of the last two years. This opinion is founded upon the following facts. The average importation of the 27 years, ending Jan. 5, 1819, was 500,000 quarters per annum. The importation of the year 1818, which amounted to 1,509,886 quarters, must therefore be taken to have supplied the markets for the ensuing three years, ending 1822; and the market may at that period be supposed perfectly clear of foreign wheat, and the effects of importation in suspending the home supply to be past. Such being the case, the year from the harvest of 1822 to the harvest of 1823, may be said to have met the entire demand of the kingdom, and upon the following grounds.

The harvest of 1822 was very late, and therefore, even if that of 1823 had taken place at its usual period, there would still have been left a shorter time for the consumption of the crop of that year. But it so happened that the harvest of 1823 was very early, and therefore the period between the two harvests was much shortened, and the quantity of wheat that must remain over the demand would be still greater, and this crop was allowed to be deficient at least one-third. The harvest of this year is now general, not particularly early, and yet the kingdom has had no occasion for a foreign supply. The markets rose immediately after the last harvest, from the general impression that the crop was very deficient, and therefore that the ports would open previous to the present harvest. The rise was also increased by the power which both the farmer and merchant possessed, in consequence of the change of the times and abundance of money, to hold their stock. Another cause was added to these in the anxiety of the millers to buy, as a rise in the price of flour would naturally follow. But notwithstanding these circumstances the supply has been found amply sufficient to meet the demand, and yet not so great as to drain the country.

If then, with a crop allowed on all hands to be deficient in so great a degree, without

the aid of foreign importation with a population far more numerous, and with all other circumstances conjoined, the markets have not upon the average of the year risen above 67s or 68s per quarter, it must inevitably follow that under such an appearance as the crop now presents, *with a surplus from a deficient year*, and with a stagnant trade, the price must fall indefinitely. Besides these circumstances, other facts bear out very strongly this opinion. The actual quantity of wheat which arrived coastwise at the Port of London, during the four weeks, commencing July 28, and ending August 18, 1823, amounted to 40,393 quarters, while the quantity that arrived in the four weeks, beginning July 26, and ending August 16, 1824, was only 23,478 quarters, leaving a deficit this year of 16,915 quarters. The quantity actually sold in the same period of 1823 was 30,667 quarters, while in 1824 no more than 22,900 quarters were disposed of, being less than the number of quarters sold in 1823 by 7667 quarters. The number of sacks of flour during the same period which arrived was in 1823 40,934 and in 1824, 26,417 sacks, being a decrease of 14,517 sacks in the four weeks. Nothing can prove more strongly the fact that the kingdom can maintain its population than these statements, because they show that notwithstanding the decrease in the quantity of wheat the millers are so sure of a fall as to make them disregard the flux of water, or if not true they have a sufficient stock in hand to carry them through until after harvest when they expect the decline. The small arrivals of flour also demonstrate that the bakers have either a great stock, and can and will wait, or will buy only as they require it. If, therefore, the demand was great, the price must have risen, instead of which it has fallen. From all these facts we are led to conclude that there must be an indefinite decline in the price of grain, as soon as the present crop comes into the market.

A great sensation has been caused by the return made of oats sold in Mark Lane during the week ending August 7. The quantity returned was 27,545 quarters, and at an average of 30s 4d. Such an immense number of transactions has surprised every one, and it is very much doubted whether there was a sufficient quantity in the market to make the number of bona fide sales that have been returned to the officer. The rise in the price has been caused, it is said, by effecting joint sales of Irish and English oats, and by deducting 10 or 12 shillings per quarter from the Irish and adding it to the English thus making it appear that the former had been sold at 10 or 12 shillings a quarter and the latter at between 30 and 40. It is thought [illegible] the Receiver will [illegible] from the averages as his principal. The President of the Board of Trade is abroad, and the question will therefore be left for investigation.

The weekly average arrivals have been of wheat, 5869 qrs, barley, 575 qrs, oats, 12,244 qrs, English flour, 6549 sacks, Irish ditto, 00 barrels.

The average price for wheat, 58s 1*d*; barley, 33s 6*d*, oats, 25*s* 10*d*.

The wool fairs have been generally well attended. At Lewes, pure down fetched from 36*s* to 37s per tod. Half-bred Leicester and down, 33s 6*d* and pure Leicester, 32s. At Northampton, the average was from 29s to 30. At York, hog wool was sold at 17s 6*d* per stone of 16 lbs and hog and ewe at 1[illegible]s 6*d*.

The hop plantations have greatly improved, and they are now coming into burr. Those grounds which are backward will do but very little but the good ones will produce full an average crop. The duty has consequently risen.

The beef trade in Smithfield is very heavy, and but little doing. The price of mutton and lamb has fallen, and the top price of the former for the general trade is about 4s 2*d* per stone while beef reaches not more than from 3s 6*d* to 4.

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COMMERCE.

Aug. 21 1824.

No remarkable alterations have taken place since our last in the foreign commercial relations of the kingdom but a commercial treaty is now pending with the kingdom of the Netherlands which it is hoped may establish a liberal system of reciprocal advantage, meantime the Dutch government has ordered that till the treaty in question shall be concluded, goods imported from the ports of the United Kingdom, under the English flag, shall pay no more duty than those imported under the flag of the Netherlands with the exception of certain goods, which have hitherto enjoyed exemption when imported in Netherland ships. A treaty has actually been concluded with Denmark on the basis of reciprocity.

Cotton.—The market has been on the whole rather dull for the last month, however there was more inquiry last week for the lower descriptions of Bengal cotton for export but the market generally for India has been heavy, the Madras were taken for consumption, as well as most of the Brazils. The sales are 1790 bags, as follows, viz.—860 Bengals, ordinary to middling 5¼*d* and 5½*d*, fair and good fair 5[illegible]*d* to 5⅞*d*, good 5[illegible]*d* to 6*d*, 100 Surats fair to good fair 5⅞*d* to 6½*d*, 340 Madras good fair to good 6⅛*d* to 6¼*d*. very good 6¾*d*, 150 Pernams, 10 *d*. to 11*d*. 120 Paras 9¼*d*. 200 Boweds 8*d*. [illegible] The Liverpool market has [illegible]-

wise been dull. The sales in five weeks from July 17 to August 21, were 48,800 bags. Arrivals, 31,357 bags.

Sugar.—The business done in Muscovades for this month past is extremely extensive. In the week ending August 3, 5000 hogsheads were sold, but without advance in the prices, the holders being ready to sell at the currency of the day. In the following week 7000 hogsheads were sold in four days, (the low prices and alarming news from Jamaica inducing buyers to come forward,) without any advance, till Tuesday 10th, when an advance of 6*d*. to 1*s*. per cwt. was asked. The same alarm caused similar effects the ensuing week. 7000 hogsheads were sold from Tuesday to Friday, and more would have been disposed of, but that a considerable advance had taken place, and many holders entirely withdrew their sugars from the market, anticipating much higher prices; the advance was 1*s*. to 1*s*. 6*d*. on brown, and 1*s*. 6*d*. to 2*s*. on finer Muscovades.

The advance asked last week prevented the usual purchases: the prices were however supported, but the sales were inconsiderable.

There appears a greater disposition among the buyers to purchase Muscovades this forenoon, and though the sales are not extensive, yet the market appears improving; there is no alteration in the prices.

The public sale of Barbadoes Sugar this forenoon, 156 hhds, went off freely about 1*s*. per cwt. higher than the previous sales.

In the Refined market there was little variation in the prices; the fine goods maintained the late advance, and low goods were scarce, and commanded high rates.

In the Refined market this forenoon there is no variation in the prices, but the buyers appear more inclined to do business; fine goods are partially in request.—Molasses are rather heavy, 26*s*. to 25*s*. 6*d*.

In Foreign Sugars the purchases reported were not extensive; some good white Havannah Sugars sold at 38*s*. 6*d*.

Coffee.—The market though fluctuating has on the whole been favourable, and prices advancing, the sales have been very extensive.

The public sales of last week went off with considerable briskness, and the late advance was firmly maintained; St. Domingo sold freely at 62*s*. to 62*s*. 6*d*.; Havannah 59*s*. to 63*s*.; good ordinary Jamaica 59*s*. to 62*s*.; fine ordinary 64*s*. to 66*s*.

It was anticipated the opening of the Ports for Foreign Oats would greatly improve the Coffee market, but the event has not produced such a great effect as was generally looked for; good and fine ordinary Jamaica, however, sold 1*s*. to 2*s*. higher to-day; St. Domingo at 63*s*.; in the other qualities there is little variation. The public sale this forenoon, 327 casks Jamaica and Dominica, sold freely; good ordinary rank Jamaica 61*s*. to 62*s*.; fine fine-ordinary 69*s*.; Dominica sold at the previous prices.

Spices.—East India Company's Sale, 9th inst.—Saltpetre, 546 tons, private trade, sold at 22*s*. to 23*s*. 6*d*.; pepper, black, 4552 bags, 5*d*. to 6¼*d*.; ditto white, 75 bags Company's. 15⅝*d*. to 16⅛*d*.—Cinnamon, 451 bales, 1st quality, 6*s*. 7*d*. to 6*s*. 11*d*.; 166, 2d quality, 5*s*. 7*d*. to 5*s*. 10*d*.; 36, 3d quality, 4*s*. 7*d*.—Cloves, Bourbon, 1*s*. 11*d*. to 2*s*. 2*d*.; Bencoolen, 2*s*. 1*d*. to 2*s*. 11*d*.—Mace, 17 casks, 1st quality, 4*s*. 7*d*.—Nutmegs, 500 casks, ungarbled, 2*s*. 7*d*. to 2*s*. 11*d*.—Cassia lignea, 5*l*. 16*s*. to 7*l*. 2*s*.—Cassia buds, 10*l*. 14*s*. to 11*l*. 1*s*.—Ginger, 22*s*. to 22*s*. 6*d*.

At this sale the chief article of attraction was nutmegs, which sold with much spirit, owing, chiefly, to the reduced stock on hand; all other spices went off heavily.

Company's stock on hand the 1st of August:—Nutmegs, 336,400 unsold, 125,500 in buyers' hands.—Mace, 74,500 unsold, 31,792 in buyers' hands.

Oils.—The reports from the Greenland fishery have been rather unfavourable, but not authenticated sufficiently to cause much alteration in the market: the latest accounts are rather better, but prices are unchanged. General price 22*l*. for parcels here, and for arrival 23*l*.

Hemp, Flax, and Tallow.—Tallow has improved, and the advance is firmly maintained; yellow candle tallow, 1823, is still 35*s*. 9*d*., and for new 36*s*. 3*d*.: tallow for August and September shipments 36*s*. 6*d*. to 36*s*. 9*d*.; in hemp or flax there is little alteration to notice; hemp for July and August shipments 36*s*. 10*d*.

At the close of the market to-day, tallow was lower; for 1823, 35*s*. 6*d*.; and new 36*s*.; sellers at these prices.

Silk.—The silk trade continues very brisk, but there is little variation in the prices.

Rum, Brandy, and Hollands.—The rum market continues firm, but the business lately reported is not extensive; proof Leewards and 1 and 2 over 1*s*. 4*d*.; the late prices for stronger qualities are also maintained. The accounts from France as to the appearance of the vines are still unfavourable, and there is no doubt there will be a great deficiency compared with the previous year (which was uncommonly productive).—The nearest price for brandy housed is 2*s*. 7*d*.; for arrival in cargoes no transactions are reported.—Geneva continues to advance; for pale 1*s*. 9*d*. is the nearest quotation.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

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BIRTHS.

July 14 —The Hon Mrs W Cust, a son

17 At Hon[illegible]ton Hall, Yorkshire the Hon Mrs Edward Stourton, a son

19 The lady of H Halm, Esq of Orchard street, Wandsworth two sons and a daughter

20 At Teddington, Surrey, the Hon Lady Helen Wetherburn a son

23 In Great George street the lady of Dr Lushington, MP a son

— At Conway, North Wales, the lady of Sir David Erskine Bart a son and heir

27 At Oxford the lady of the Rev Dr. Bliss, a daughter

Aug 2 —In Montagu Place, the lady of Lieut. Colonel Cowper, a daughter

3 In George street, Hanover square, the lady of the Attorney General, a son

12 At Brighton Lady Fowke, a son

— At North Aston, Oxfordshire, Viscountess Chetwynd, a son

13 At the seat of the Earl of Winchelsea, the lady of Capt Drummond, Coldstream Guards, a daughter

14 At Owen Cottage, near Emsley, Hants, the lady of Capt Hyde Parker RN a son and heir

20 In Euston square the lady of W Pritchard, Esq of Doctors' Commons, twins, sons

IN SCOTLAND.

At [illegible], the lady of Colonel [illegible] a son

IN IRELAND.

At P[illegible] county of Kildare, the Hon Mrs Frederick French a daughter

In Cavendish Row Rutland Square Dublin, the lady of Sir John Kingston James, Bart, a son

MARRIAGES.

July 20 —At St Mary-le-bone Church, by the Rev W Baker, James Lee Hirmat Esq MD of the Island of St Martin, to Anne, eldest daughter of J Morgan, Esq of the Island of St Vincent, and of the Crescent Bath

— At Checkendon, in Oxfordshire, Arthur, son of Theophilus Richard Salwey, Esq to Frances Anne Boles, only daughter of Vice-Admiral Manley of Pi[illegible]ers Oxfordshire

21 By Special Licence John Barne, Esq of Chorley Wood House Herts, to Sarah, eldest daughter of Charles Medley, Esq of Faringdon, Berks

— Samuel Beazley, Esq Architect, to Miss Emily Frances Conway

— At St Margaret's Church, Westminster, Wm Powles Esq of Fitzharris House Berks, to Cecilia Anne, only daughter of Simon Stephenson, Esq of Great Queen street Westminster

22 At Cheltenham J Armitage Nicholson Esq eldest son of Christopher A Nicholson, Esq of Balrath county of Meath to Elizabeth R Alexander, third daughter of the Right Hon the Lord Bishop of Meath

22 At Sidmouth, Charles Butler Stevenson, Esq of Emanuel College, to Harriet Mary Ann Graham, daughter of the late James Graham, Esq of Richardby, Cumberland

27 At Kensington Church, the Lord Bishop of Jamaica, to Miss Pope, daughter of the late ? Pope, Esq

Aug 3—At Cheltenham, Ralph Bernal, Esq MP of Park Crescent, Portland Place, to Clara Christiana, eldest daughter of John White, Esq. MD

— At Millbrook, near Southampton, the Rev John Ashley, eldest son of John Ashley, Esq of Ashley Hall, Jamaica, and Clifton, Gloucestershire, to Catherine, third daughter of the late Charles Ward, Esq of Merrion Square, Dublin, and Holly Mount, Queen's County, Ireland

4 At St James's Church, Joseph Smyth Windham, Esq of Waghen, in the county of York, youngest son of the late Sir William Smyth, Bart of Hill Hall, in the county of Essex, to Katherine, second daughter of John Trotter, Esq of Durham Park, Herts

Lately, at St George's, Hanover Square, Henry Halford, Esq only son of Sir Henry Halford, Bart of Wistow Hall, in the county of Leicester, to Barbara, daughter of Mr Sergeant Vaughan

— At St George's Church, Hanover Square, the Rev Thomas Harding, eldest son of Henry Harding, of Dunnville, county of Dublin, Esq to Eliza Mary, widow of the late Walter Ross Monro, Esq MD formerly President of the Medical Board at Bengal

7 At Marylebone Church, Thomas Rose Morgell, Esq of the 8th Royal ? ? Hussars, to Lady Mary Enders, widow of the late Major Enders, of West Lexham, Norfolk

10 At Marylebone Church, by the Rev Joshua Rowley, Capt Rowley, RN second son of Sir William Rowley, Bart MP, to Charlotte, daughter of John Moseley, Esq

— At Christchurch, Kent, by the Hon and Rev. Edward Rice, DD, Robert Francis Jenner, Esq of Wenvoe Castle, Glamorganshire, to Elizabeth Lascelles, eldest daughter of Herbert Jenner, LLD of Chislehurst

11 At St George's, Hanover Square, Capt Sanderson, of the ? ? Cavalry, to Elizabeth Oswald, ? daughter of Alexander Anderson, Esq of Chapel-street, Grosvenor Square

11 At St James's Church, Capt Ford, RN to Helen Mary, daughter of Robert ? Esq of Shincliffe Hall, Durham

— At Taunton, Henry Shirley, Esq of Hyde Hall and Linington, Jamaica, to Frances, eldest daughter of Col. Houlton, of Farleigh Castle, Somerset

17 At St George's, Hanover Square, by the Bishop of Sodor and Man, the Right Hon the Earl of Kinnoul, to Miss Rowley, daughter of Sir Charles Rowley, Bart

Lately, Edward Buller, Esq grandson of the late Hon Mr Justice Buller, to Mary Anne, daughter of the late Major General Coote Manningham

IN SCOTLAND

At Edinburgh, July 26, Henry Englefield, Esq. son of Sir Henry Charles Englefield, Bart to Catherine, eldest daughter of Henry William ? of Lartington, in the county of York, Esq The ceremony was performed by the Right Rev Dr Cameron, Catholic bishop, and afterwards by Sir Henry Moncrieff Wellwood, Bart according to the forms of the Church of Scotland A numerous party of high rank participated of an elegant *dejeune a la fourchette*, after which the new married pair set off for the English Lakes

At Dalzell Lodge, Lanarkshire, Aug ?, by the Right Rev the Bishop Low, Robert Lindsay, Esq second son of the Hon Robert Lindsay of ? ? to Frances, daughter of Sir Robert Henderson, of ? ton, Bart

At Edinburgh, Sir Alexander Don, MP for the county of Roxburgh, to Grace Jane, eldest daughter of John Stein, Esq of Heriot ? w

ABROAD

At St John's, Newfoundland, June 2, ? ? Rev William ? ? ? ? ? RN commanding his Majesty's ship ? Chi? ? to Catherine, youngest daughter of Capt ? Fuller, RN of Prittlewell, near Southend, Essex

DEATHS.

July 29—In her 7th year, Elizabeth Harriet, youngest daughter of the Hon Colonel Onslow, of Upton House, Alcester

22 At Great Canford, near Poole, suddenly, in his carriage, Admiral Thomas Macnamara Russell, aged 8?

23 At Baysford Park, the Hon Henrietta Malone, sister to the late Lord Sunderland, aged 7?

24 At the residence of Francis Cross, Esq Durvard, near Exeter, Frances, the wife of James Somerville Fownes, Esq of Mecklenburgh-square

25 William Sharp, Esq the celebrated Engraver, aged 7?

28 At Fir Grove, Lancashire, Mrs Parr, relict of the late Joseph Parr, Esq

30 At Starke Castle, Kent, Major J. B. Hart, late of his Majesty's 9th regt ? ? ?

Aug 2—In Molesworth street, S Williams, Esq Historical and Portrait Painter, Member of the Clementine Academy, Bologna, and of the Royal Hibernian Academy

— At Beckley, Sussex, Ann, relict of the Hon Lieut General Murray

3 At his house, Hertford street, Park lane, Hugh Bishop, Esq in his 60th year

— At her residence, Brighton, Mrs Decima Thackeray, fourth daughter of the Rev Archdeacon Hackeray

9 Mrs Owen, sister of James Scarlett, Esq

10 At Hampstead, ? ? ? James, fourth son of the late W. Walker, Esq of ? ? ?, in the county of York

1? At Lakefield, Suffolk, ? ? 17, ? Anne, eldest daughter of the Rev J W Cunningham, Vicar of Harrow

11 At Newburgh Park, Yorkshire, Rowland Belasyse ? in his ?th year

1? Suddenly, while preaching at the French Chapel, Conduit street, Portman square, before his Excellency Prince P? ?, the French Ambassador, the Abbe Papillon, in his ?th year

16 At Colder Hall, near Carlisle, ? ? ? daughter of Sir ? Anchus Irvin ? ? of Robgill Tower, Dumfriesshire

— Lately at Sunbury, Kent, ? ? ?, Mary, wife of Sir R Hardinge, Bart

— At Southampton, at an advanced age, Mary, relict of the late Colonel Haswell

— At Norwich, in her 6?th year, Mrs Dickens, wife of H M Dickens, Esq and widow of the late W Crowe, Esq of Fakenham, near that city

— At the Priory, Stanmore, Lady Jane Gordon, eldest daughter of the Earl of Aberdeen

— Nathaniel Phillips, Esq of Slebech Hall, Pembrokeshire

Lately, at Kenninghall Vicarage, Norfolk, sincerely regretted, at the advanced age of 8? years, Mr Killett, formerly of Hackney

SCOTLAND.

At Trenach, in the parish of Aberfoyle, Alexander Graham, Esq of Stronemacnair, aged 101

At Balmuto (July 2?), the Hon Claud Irvine Boswell, Lord Balmuto

At Dun House, aged 25, Miss Erskine, of Dun, only sister of the Countess of Cassilis

At Aberdeen, in the 19th year of his age, Mr John Winton, Student of Medicine; and on the 19th his brother, Lieut W Winton, late of the Forfarshire Militia The death of the latter was awfully sudden, as, although to appearance in his ordinary health immediately before, he dropped down and instantly expired The brothers were interred at the same time in one grave

ABROAD.

At Lausanne, Mrs Allott, wife of the Very Rev the Dean of Raphoe

At his seat, near Copenhagen, Abraham Muller, Esq of the Island of St Croix, in his 69th year

On board his Majesty's ship Victor, on the 4th of May, after only six days illness, Lieut J. W Thomas, eldest son of Lieut Colonel Thomas, of Frockhill house, near Exeter

THE

LONDON MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1824.

CONTENTS.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR TAYLOR AND HESSEY.

THE LION'S HEAD.

Note from Julius Cæsar Junior to the Lion.

DEAR LEO.—One word through thy magnanimous mouth to the "gallant SURREY." I have the highest respect possible for all those venerable old gentlemen, Aristotle, Longinus, &c. and believe implicitly every dogma they deliver,—as far as it agrees with my own opinions. I know very well that the latter of these worthy ancients asserts Sappho's famous Ode to be a true touch of the *κατ'ἐξοχην*; but I wish (with all modesty) to add, that I neither allow the truth of his assertion, nor the cogency of the argument brought to prove it. I take the Ode as I find it, friend Leo, and (without looking through Longinus's spectacles) confess myself unable to see anything whatever imaginative *κατ' ἐξοχην* about it. If Surrey either does, or with Longinus's assistance thinks he does, I can only wish him all joy of the discovery. To me it appears the offspring of intense feeling alone, unprompted by anything which can be decently called "towering genius." *Chacun à son goût*, however; this is not the place to determine the question; nor is the determination of it at all necessary to the matter at issue, which is this —whether men or women generally speaking have most imagination. Surrey appears to give up this point by saying that he only contended for the existence of *some* works of masculine genius by women. This is enough for me.

Thine, O Leo!
JULIUS CÆSAR, Junior.

Answer to Surrey's query—"How can things be created by intense feeling apart from imaginative faculty?"—*Answer*. By no means at all that I know of;—but this does not make the creating imagination necessarily imagination *κατ'ἐξοχην*. The Greek is the rub.

J. C. J.

What is your printer about? *base* myrtle? *base* is a "*vile* phrase." *Bare* myrtle: *nuda, simplex*, single.

BOB SHORT.

R. F.'s Stanzas to Betsy are not quite good enough for publication, though we can easily believe that at a winter tea-table they have been considered as "ingenious." Poetry made by a gentleman in his tea-cups cannot bear transplanting from that ornamental hot-house of the Muses,—the Album,—to the exposed garden, where only "hardy annuals" flourish.

The Fête of St. Cloud, though not unamusing, would not suit our pages. French subjects, as all Editors and Kings can testify, are lively and dangerous. They are very irregular, or very poor.

The fragment of C. F. F. W. is double proof sentiment indeed;—and we much wish he could let our readers have a taste of it. It is truly "some of the right sort" for those who dram in Leadenhall-street.

R should recollect, that the Odes of Anacreon have been translated and paraphrased from the very days of that jolly old Greek Bibber to the present moment weekly, daily, hourly! Mr. Moore has done them into remarkably elegant Irish. And several recent clergymen and others have prosed over the grape in tedious and orderly raptures. The specimens sent us by R. are extremely spirited and proper.—But he who would give Anacreon throughout, will, as Horace Walpole said happily of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, "be but in flower for an ode or two."

We must decline "the Jacobites."—The tale is neither carefully written nor cunningly conceived. Perhaps the writer might be more fortunate in some other subject.

H. A. who writes that he is ignorant "whether the LONDON MAGAZINE makes any allowance for Poetry," is informed that it makes *great allowances* for it on several occasions. If the specimens sent by H. A. are in his best and most inspired manner, we are sorry to say that we can make *no* allowance for them—and they must therefore be put back on his hands. We understand him to say, that the goods are sent us upon sale or return.

The lines on the "Logos," are not of sufficient interest to warrant their being dressed in print. The specimen of a History of the Old Actors is also not very promising.

We shall have great pleasure in receiving from our Correspondent S. his promised Remarks on the Pythagorean Philosophy.

Several other contributors will be pleased to translate our silence in the way most pleasant to themselves.

REPLY TO BLACKWOOD

—

The last Number of Blackwood's Magazine contains the following paragraphs respecting a *cancelled leaf* of the London.

"In the London Magazine for February, 1823, it will perhaps be remembered by some few people, there was a review of Peveril of the Peak written in an insulting spirit. The Author of Waverley was compared to Cobbett, &c. All this is perhaps fair enough, and not more absurd than what is given us by the idiots of the New Monthly, who find evidence of a conspiracy against the liberties of the country in the Scotch Novels, but we distinctly recollect feeling a slight sensation of disgust on reading it. We did not at the time know, what has since come to our knowledge, that it had contained a passage of consummate blackguardism. Between the first and second paragraphs as they now stand, another was originally printed, and good reader here it is.—[Observe that the Veteran had attributed the Scotch Novels already by name to Sir Walter Scott—an assertion which he repeats immediately after.]

'There were two things that we used to admire of old in this author, and that we have had occasion to admire anew in the present instance,—the extreme literalness of mind or naturalness displayed in the descriptions, and the magnanimity and freedom from bigotry and prejudice shewn in the drawing of the characters. This last quality is the more remarkable, as the reputed author is accused of being a thorough-paced partisan in his own person,—intolerant, mercenary, mean; a professed toad-eater, a sturdy hack, a pitiful retailer or suborner of infamous slanders, a literary Jack Ketch, who would greedily sacrifice any one of another way of thinking as a victim to prejudice and power, and yet would do it by other hands, rather than appear in it himself. Can this be all true of the author of Waverley; and does he deal out such fine and heaped justice to all sects and parties in times past? Perhaps (if so) one of these extremes accounts for the other, and, as 'he knows all qualities with a learned spirit,' probably he may be aware of this practical defect in himself, and be determined to shew to posterity, that when his own interest was not concerned, he was as free from that nauseous and pettifogging bigotry, as a mere matter of speculation, as any man could be. As a novel writer, he gives the devil his due, and he gives no more to a saint. He treats human nature scurvily, yet handsomely, that is, much as it deserves; and, if it is the same person who is the author of the Scotch Novels, and who has a secret moving hand in certain Scotch Newspapers and Magazines, we may fairly characterize him as

'The wisest, meanest of mankind.'

"'Among other characters in the work before us, is that of Ned Christian, a cold-blooded hypocrite, pander, and intriguer; yet a man of prodigious talent,—of great versatility,—of unalterable self-possession and good-humour, and with a power to personate agreeably, and to the life, any character he pleased. Might not such a man have written the Scotch Novels?'

'[*See in the first copies of the London Magazine for February* 1823, *p.* 205-206. *In the copies, as now published, it does not appear, and the space it occupied in the page is supplied by a piece of balaam, being an anecdote of Dr. Franklin.*]

"Well, reader, what do you think of that? Here is a wretch directly calling one of the greatest and best men of the country, a toad-eater, a hack, a suborner, a slanderer, a Jack Ketch,—a man intolerant, mercenary, and mean, and, by implication, a cold-blooded hypocrite, a pander, and an intriguer. Is it expected that we should say a word in answer? No, we leave you to decide on the construction of the head and heart of him who wrote it, without adding a word..

"This man is, if we may trust the chatter of booksellers' shops, Mr. TAYLOR, senior partner of the house of Taylor and Hessey, 90, Fleet Street, and 13, Waterloo Place. We take a pleasure in hanging him upon a gibbet as a fit object for the slow-moving finger of scorn, with the appropriate label of, "This is Mr. Taylor, who wrote the review of Peveril of the Peak for his Fleet Street Miscellany." After it was printed, terror seized the cowardly spirit of the proprietor, and after having disposed of two or three hundred of them, they were called in with the most breathless rapidity. Some, however, were out of their reach, and from one of them is printed the above. What a combination of filth there is in the whole transaction! The paltry motive, the direct falsehood, the low and ridiculous envy, the mean venom of the composition, well harmonize with the poor and snivelling poltroonery of its suppression. It says as plainly as a fact can speak, We would be assassins *if we durst*. Our cowardice, and not our will, prevents."

READER!

In this charge there are three distinct assertions. They are three DISTINCT FALSEHOODS.

1. That our publisher, Mr. Taylor, wrote the Review alluded to.—HE DID NOT.

2. That two or three hundred copies of that Review were disposed of.—THERE WERE NOT FIFTY.

3. That the passage complained of in that Review was suppressed through terror.—IT WAS NOT. *The passage was not a libel in law; nothing therefore* COULD *be feared from its publication.*

The Review in question was written by a celebrated Critic—was received too late for examination—and was cleared of the passage objected to, as soon as possible, from a motive of *good feeling* towards the Author of the Novel.

This is our answer. It is anonymous, because the charge was so. If the Editor of Blackwood's Magazine is desirous of a personal disavowal, let him step forward in his real character to repeat his slander, and Mr. Taylor will repel it to his face.

THE

London Magazine.

OCTOBER, 1824.

PERSONAL CHARACTER OF LORD BYRON.

To the Editor of the London Magazine.

DEAR SIR,

The following article on the personal character of Lord Byron, will be read, I think, with peculiar interest, as your readers will immediately perceive that it is written by one who has had unusual opportunities of observing the extraordinary habits, feelings, and opinions of the inspired and noble Poet. I am quite sure that, after a perusal of the following paper, the reader will be able to see Lord Byron, mind and all, " in his habit as he lived:"--Much that has hitherto been accounted inexplicable in his Lordship's life and writings is now interpreted, and the poet and the man are here depicted in their true colours. I can pledge myself to the strict correctness of its details.

I am, dear Sir, &c.

* * * * *

LORD BYRON's address was the most affable and courteous perhaps ever seen; his manners, when in a good humour, and desirous of being well with his guest, were winning—fascinating in the extreme, and though bland, still spirited, and with an air of frankness and generosity—qualities in which he was certainly not deficient. He was *open* to a fault—a characteristic probably the result of his fearlessness and independence of the world; but so *open* was he that his friends were obliged to live upon their guard with him. He was the worst person in the world to confide a secret to; and if any charge against any body was mentioned to him, it was probably the first communication he made to the person in question. He hated scandal and tittle-tattle—loved the manly straightforward course: he would harbour no doubts, and never live with another with suspicions in his bosom—out came the accusation, and he called upon the individual to stand clear, or be ashamed of himself. He detested a lie—nothing enraged him so much as a lie: he was by temperament and education excessively irritable, and a lie completely unchained him—his indignation knew no bounds. He had considerable tact in detecting untruth, he would smell it out almost instinctively; he avoided the timid driveler, and generally chose his companions among the lovers and practisers of sincerity and candour. A man tells the false and conceals the true, because he is afraid that the declaration of the thing, as it is, will hurt him. Lord Byron was above all fear of this sort; he flinched from telling no one what he thought to his face; from his infancy he had been afraid of no one: falsehood is not the vice of the

powerful; the Greek slave *lies*, the Turkish tyrant is remarkable for his adherence to truth.

Lord Byron was irritable (as I have said), irritable in the extreme; and this is another fault of those who have been accustomed to the unmurmuring obedience of obsequious attendants. If he had lived at home, and held undisputed sway over hired servants, led captains, servile apothecaries, and willing county magistrates, probably he might have passed through life with an unruffled temper, or at least his escapades of temper would never have been heard of; but he spent his time in adventure and travel, amongst friends, rivals, and foreigners; and, doubtless, he had often reason to find that his early life had unfitted him for dealing with men on an equal footing, or for submitting to untoward accidents with patience.

His vanity was excessive—unless it may with greater propriety be called by a softer name—a milder term, and perhaps a juster, would be his love of fame. He was exorbitantly desirous of being the sole object of interest: whether in the circle in which he was living, or in the wider sphere of the world, he could bear no rival; he could not tolerate the person who attracted attention from himself; he instantly became animated with a bitter jealousy, and hated, for the time, every greater or more celebrated man than himself: he carried his jealousy up even to Buonaparte; and it was the secret of his contempt of Wellington. It was dangerous for his friends to rise in the world if they valued his friendship more than their own fame —he hated them.

It cannot be said that he was *vain* of any talent, accomplishment, or other quality in particular; it was neither more nor less than a morbid and voracious appetite for fame, admiration, public applause: proportionably he dreaded the public censure; and though from irritation and spite, and sometimes through design, he acted in some respects as if he despised the opinion of the world, no man was ever more alive to it.

The English newspapers talked freely of him; and he thought the English public did the same; and for this reason he feared, or hated, or fancied that he hated England: in fact, as far as this one cause went, he did hate England, but the balance of love in its favour was immense; all his views were directed to England; he never rode a mile, wrote a line, or held a conversation, in which England and the English public were not the goal to which he was looking, whatever scorn he might have on his tongue.

Before he went to Greece, he imagined that he had grown very unpopular, and even infamous, in England; when he left *Murray*, engaged in the *Liberal*, which was unsuccessful, published with the *Hunts*, he fancied, and doubtless was told so, by some of his aristocratic friends, that he had become *low*, that the *better* English thought him out of fashion and voted him vulgar; and that for the licentiousness of Don Juan, or for *vices* either practised or suspected, the public had morally outlawed him. This was *one* of the determining causes which led him to Greece, that he might retrieve himself. He thought that his name coupled with the Greek cause would sound well at home. When he arrived at Cephalonia, and found that he was in good odour with the authorities,—that the regiment stationed there, and other English residents in the island, received him with the highest consideration, he was gratified to a most extravagant pitch; he talked of it to the last with a perseverance and in a manner which showed how anxious his fears had been that he was lost with the English people.

They who have not resided abroad are very little aware how difficult it is to keep up with the state of public opinion at home. Letters and newspapers, which are rarely seen even by the richer traveller on account of the immense expense of their transmission, scarcely do any thing more than tantalize the spirit, or administer food to the imagination. *We* gather the state of public opinion by ten thousand little circumstances which cannot, or only a few of which can, be communicated through any other channel of information. While on the spot, absence of calumny, or the fact of not hearing any thing disagreeable, is a proof of its non-ex-

istence: abroad, on the contrary, silence is ominous; the fancy is at work, and torments a sensitive man, whose reputation is public property, in a manner of which it is difficult to form an adequate conception: an approach is made to it by wilful seclusion even within the four seas; hence the irritability of Wordsworth; hence also, in a less degree, that of Southey, who mixes a little more with the world.

Lord Byron cannot be said to have been personally vain in any extraordinary degree, that is, not much more than men usually are. He knew the power of his countenance, and he took care that it should always be displayed to the greatest advantage. He never failed to appear *remarkable;* and no person, whether from the beauty of the expression of his features, the magnificent height of his forehead, or the singularity of his dress, could ever pass him in the street without feeling that he was passing no common person. Lord Byron has been frequently recollected when his portraits have been shown—Ah! (the spectator has exclaimed, on either picture or engraving being seen,) I met that person in such or such a place, at such or such a time.

His lameness, a slight mal-formation of the foot, did not in the least impede his activity; it may perhaps account in some measure for his passion for riding, sailing, and swimming. He nearly divided his time between these three exercises: he rode from four to eight hours every day when he was not engaged in boating or swimming. And in these exercises, so careful was he of his hands (one of those little vanities which sometimes beset men) that he wore gloves even in swimming.

He indulged in another practice which is not considered in England genteel, that is to say, it is not just now a fashion with the upper classes in this country—*he chewed tobacco* to some extent.

At times, too, he was excessively given to drinking; but this is not so uncommon. In his passage from Genoa to Cephalonia, he spent the principal part of the time in drinking with the Captain of the vessel. He could bear an immense quantity of liquor without intoxication, and was by no means particular either in the nature or in the order of the fluids he imbibed. He was by no means a drinker constantly, or, in other words, a drunkard, and could indeed be as abstemious as any body; but when his passion blew that way he drank, as he did every thing else, *to excess.*

This was indeed the spirit of his life—a round of passion, indulgence, and satiety. He had tried, as most men do who have the power, every species of gratification, however sensual. Let no rich young man here who is not living under the surveillance of his relations or in fear of the public, let no such person turn up his nose. No men are more given to ring the changes upon gratification of all the sensual kinds than the English, especially the English on the continent,—the English, who in *speech* are the most modest people of the universe, and who, if you might trust their shy and reserved manner, think of nothing but *decorum.* Lord Byron did no more in this respect than almost every other Lord or Esquire of degree has done, and is doing, if he dare, at this moment, whether in London, Paris, Naples, Vienna, or elsewhere, with this difference—Lord Byron was a man of strong powers of intellect and active imagination; he drew conclusions and took lessons from what he saw. Lord Byron too was a man capable of intense passion, which every one who pursues the gratification of his appetite is not; consequently he went to work with a headlong reckless spirit, probably derived exquisite enjoyment, quickly exhausted himself, and was then left stranded in satiety.

There was scarcely a passion which he had not tried, even that of *avarice.* Before he left Italy he alarmed all his friends by becoming penurious—absolutely miserly, after the fashion of the Elwes and other great misers on record. The pleasures of avarice are dwelt on with evident satisfaction in one of the late cantos of Don Juan—pleasures which were no fictions of the poet's brain, but which he had enjoyed and was revelling in at that moment; of course he indulged to excess, grew tired, and turned to something else.

The passion which last animated him was that which is said to be the last infirmity of noble minds—ambition. There can be little doubt that he had grown weary of being known only as a *writer;* he determined to distinguish himself by *action.* Many other motives, however, went to make up the bundle which took him to the succour of the Greeks. Italy was waning in favour, he was beginning to grow weary of the society of the lady, to whom, after the manners of Italy, he had been attached, and unfortunately her passion outlived his: even in Greece she would gladly have joined him; but his Lordship had changed. Then, again, Greece was a land of adventure, bustle, struggle, sensation, and excitement, where the inhabitants have beautiful forms, and dress in romantic habits, and dwell in the most picturesque country of the world; and Lord Byron, as he said himself, had "an oriental twist in his imagination." He knew that the Greeks looked up to him as, what he really was, one of their greatest regenerators; he was aware that his money and rank would give him unlimited power, influence, and respect; all of which he dearly loved. Then again, if any man ever sympathized deeply with bravery suffering in a generous cause, it was Lord Byron; and when he was roused, in moments of excitement, this sympathy was a violently propelling and a very virtuous motive. These and other secondary considerations led him to Greece, to sacrifice much of his personal comforts, much of his property, his health, and his life.

No two men were ever more unlike than Lord Byron excited and Lord Byron in the ordinary state of calm. His friends about him used to call it *inspiration;* and when men of their stamp talk about *inspiration,* there must no common change take place. When excited, his sentiments were noble, his ideas grand or beautiful, his language rich and enthusiastic, his views elevated, and all his feelings of that disinterested and martyr-like cast which marks the great mind. When in the usual dull mood in which almost every body wearies their friends nine hours out of the ten, his ideas were gross, his language coarse, his sentiments not mean certainly, but of a low and sensual kind; his mood sneering and satirical, unless in a very good humour, which indeed, he often, I may say generally, was. This is, however, the wrong side of the picture in Lord Byron—he may be said here to be taken at the worst. Without being what I have called *excited,* his conversation was often very delightful, though almost always polluted by grossness--grossness of the very broadest and lowest description, like, I cannot help saying again, like almost all his class—all of them that do not live either in the fear of God, or of the public. His grossness too had the advantage of a fertile fancy, and such subjects were the ready source of a petty kind of excitement; the forbidden words, the forbidden topics, the concealed actions of our nature, and the secret vices of society, stimulated his imagination, and stimulants he loved, and may be said at times to have wanted. He certainly did permit his fancy to feed on this dunghill garbage; now and then, indeed, even here he scratched up a pearl, but so dirty a pearl, few would be at the pains of washing it for all its price.

His letters are charming; he never wrote them with the idea of "The Letters of the Right Hon. Lord Byron, in 6 vols. 12mo." before his eyes, as unfortunately our great men must now almost necessarily do. The public are so fond of this kind of reading, and so justly too, that there is great reason to fear that it will consume what it feeds on. Few things are so charming as to see a great man without all the paraphernalia of his greatness, without his being armed cap-a-pie for public contest, when every point is guarded, and every motion studied: when a man of reputation presents himself to the notice of the world, he must pretend to know every thing, or he will have credit for nothing—he must assume the air of infallibility, or the meanest creature that can read will discover that he is full of error; he must be supposed to have examined the subject in all its bearings, he must have consulted every authority, he must know what every body has said or thought previously on the

matter, and he must anticipate what they can possibly say or think in future, or he will be voted a shallow writer, without information, who has produced a work of no value. Then as to style, it must be the abstract of language—it must be impersonal—unindividual—and just such as a literary machine which had the power of grinding thoughts might be supposed to utter. In short, the writer is every moment afraid of either committing himself or his friends; he is on his good behaviour; and natural freedom, grace, and truth, are out of the question. The writer for the public is as much unlike the real man as the traveller in a stage coach or as the guest at a public ball or dinner is like the lively, careless, rattling, witty, good-natured, fanciful pleasant creature, at his or her fireside, among old friends, who know too much of the whole life and character to be alarmed at any little sally, and who are satisfied with such knowledge as their friend possesses, without requiring that he should know every thing. Lord Byron's letters are the models of a species of composition which should be written without an eye to any models. His fancy kindled on paper; he touches no subject in a common every-day way; the reader smiles all through, and loves the writer at the end; longs for his society, and admires his happy genius and his amiable disposition. Lord Byron's letters are like what his conversation was—but better—he had more undisturbed leisure to let his fancies ripen in; he could point his wit with more security, and his irritable temper met with no opposition on paper.

Lord Byron was not ill-tempered nor quarrelsome, but still he was very difficult to live with; he was capricious, full of humours, apt to be offended, and wilful. When Mr. Hobhouse and he travelled in Greece together, they were generally a mile asunder, and though some of his friends lived with him off and on a long time, (Trelawney, for instance,) it was not without serious trials of temper, patience, and affection. He could make a great point often about the least and most trifling thing imaginable, and adhere to his purpose with a pertinacity truly remarkable, and almost unaccountable. A love of victory might sometimes account for little disputes and petty triumphs, otherwise inexplicable, and always unworthy of his great genius; but, as I have said, he was only a great genius now and then, when excited; when not so, he was sometimes little in his conduct, and in his writings dull, or totally destitute of all powers of production. He was very good-natured; and when asked to write a song, or a copy of verses in an album, or an inscription, for so poets are plagued, he would generally attempt to comply, but he seldom succeeded in doing any thing; and when he did, he generally gave birth to such Grub-street doggerel as his friends were ashamed of, and, it is to be hoped, charitably put into the fire. When, on the contrary, in a state of enthusiasm, he wrote with great facility, and corrected very little. He used to boast of an indifference about his writings which he did not feel, and would remark with pleasure that he never saw them in print, and never met with any body that did not know more about them than himself.

He left very little behind him. Of late he had been too much occupied with the Greeks to write, and, indeed, had turned his attention very much to *action*, as has been observed. Don Juan he certainly intended to continue; and, I believe, that the real reason for his holding so many conferences with Dr. Kennedy in Cephalonia was, that he might master the slang of a religious sect, in order to hit off the character with more veri-similitude.

His religious principles were by no means fixed; habitually, like most of his class, he was an unbeliever; at times, however, he relapsed into Christianity, and, in his interviews with Dr. Kennedy, maintained the part of a Unitarian. Like all men whose imaginations are much stronger than the reasoning power—the guiding and determining faculty—he was in danger of falling into fanaticism, and some of his friends who knew him well used to predict that he would die a Methodist; a consummation by no means impossible.

From the same cause, the preponderance of the imagination, there might have been some ground for the

fear which beset his later moments that he should go mad. The immediate cause of this fear was, the deep impression which the fate of Swift had made upon him. He read the life of Swift during the whole of his voyage to Greece, and the melancholy termination of the Dean's life haunted his imagination.

Strong, overruling, and irregular as was Lord Byron's imagination—a rich vice which inspired him with his poetry, and which is too surely but the disease of a great mind - strong as was this imagination—sensitive and susceptible as it was to all external influence, yet Lord Byron's reasoning faculties were by no means of a low order; but they had never been cultivated, and, without cultivation, whether by spontaneous exertion, or under the guidance of discipline, to expect a man to be a good reasoner, even on the common affairs of life, is to expect a crop where the seed has not been sown, or where the weeds have been suffered to choke the corn. Lord Byron was shrewd, formed frequently judicious conclusions, and, though he did not reason with any accuracy or certainty, very often hit upon the right. He had occasional glimpses, and deep ones too, into the nature of the institutions of society and the foundations of morals, and, by his experience of the passions of men, speculated ably upon human life; yet withal he was any-thing but logical or scientific.

Uncertain and wavering, he never knew himself whether he was right or wrong, and was always obliged to write and feel for the moment on the supposition that his opinion was the true one. He used to declare that he had no fixed principles; which means that he knew nothing scientifically: in politics, for instance, he was a lover of liberty, from prejudice, habit, or from some vague notion that it was generous to be so; but in what liberty really consists—how it operates for the advantage of mankind—how it is to be obtained, secured, regulated, he was as ignorant as a child.

While he was in Greece, almost every elementary question of government was necessarily to be discussed; such was the crisis of Greek affairs—about all of which he showed himself perfectly ignorant. In the case of the press, for instance, and in all questions relating to *publicity*, he was completely wrong. He saw nothing but a few immediate effects, which appeared to him pernicious or the contrary, and he set himself against or in behalf of the press accordingly. Lord Byron complaining of the licentiousness of the press may sound rather singular, and yet such are necessarily the inconsistencies of men who suffer themselves to be guided by high-sounding words and vague generalities, and who expect to understand the art of government and the important interests of society by instinct. In spite, however, of Lord Byron, the press was established in Greece, and maintained free and unshackled, by one of the greatest benefactors that country has as yet known from England, the Hon. Colonel Leicester Stanhope, who, by his activity, his energy, courage, but, above all, by his enlightened knowledge of the principles of legislation and civilization, succeeded in carrying into effect all his measures, as agent of the Greek committee, and who, by spreading useful information, and, above all, by the establishment of the press in all the principal points of reunion in Greece, has advanced that country in civilization many years, how many we dare not say. Before the establishment of the press, the Greeks were working out their regeneration in various parts of Greece, but not as a whole—without unity of design, or unity of interest,—each centre was ignorant of the operations of all the other centres, except by accidental communication; and communication, from the nature of the country and from the circumstances in which it was placed, was rare and hazardous. The press has greatly assisted to establish one feeling throughout the country; not merely is information passed from one quarter to another by its means, but an interchange of sentiments takes place, and a sympathy is created, advice and encouragement reciprocated, enthusiasm kept alive, and useful principles disseminated through the whole commonwealth. Not only will the press thus accelerate the liberation of Greece, but will also, when that liberation is effected, prevent the separation and dissolution

of the country into petty kingdoms and governments, which was the bane of ancient Greece. It is becoming to the body politic what the nerves are to the body physical, and will bind a set of disjected members into one corresponding and sensitive frame. As a proof of Lord Byron's uncertainty and unfixedness, he at one moment gave a very handsome donation (50*l.*) to one paper, the Greek Chronicle, the most independant of them all, and promised to assist in its compilation. His friend and secretary, too, with his approbation, established a polyglot newspaper, the Greek Telegraph, with his countenance and support. The want of any fixed principles and opinions on these important subjects galled him excessively, and he could never discuss them without passion. About this same press, schools, societies for mutual instruction, and all other institutions for the purpose of educating and advancing the Greeks in civilization, he would express himself with scorn and disgust. He would put it on the ground that the present was not the time for these things; that the Greeks must conquer first, and then set about learning—an opinion which no one could seriously entertain who knew as he well did the real situation of the Greeks, who are only now and then visited by the Turks, descending at particular seasons in shoals, like herrings, and like them too to be netted, knocked on the head, and left to die in heaps till the whole country-side is glutted with their carcases.—The aptitude of the Greeks is as great as their leisure; and if even the men were actively engaged for the most part of their time, which they are not, surely no exertion of benevolence could be attended with more advantage than instructing the children at home. This, to be sure, is a quaker kind of warfare, and little likely to please a poet; though it must be confessed, that in respect to the pomp and circumstance of war, and all the sad delusions of military glory, no man could have more sane notions than Lord Byron. Mercenary warfare and the life-and-death struggle of oppressed men for freedom are very different things; and Lord Byron felt a military ardour in Greece which he was too wise a man ever to have felt under other circumstances. He was at one time, in Greece, absolutely soldier-mad; he had a helmet made, and other armour in which to lead the Suliotes to the storming of Lepanto, and thought of nothing but of guns and blunderbusses. It is very natural to suppose that a man of an enthusiastic turn, tired of every-day enjoyments, in succouring the Greeks would look to the bustle, the adventure, the moving accidents by flood and field, as sources of great enjoyment; but allowing for the romantic character of guerilla warfare in Greece, for the excessively unromantic nature of projects for establishing schools and printing-presses in safe places, where the Turks never or very seldom reach; allowing for these, yet they were not the causes of his Lordship's hostility to these peaceful but important instruments in propagating happiness: he was ignorant of the science of civilization, and he was jealous of those who both knew it and practised it, and consequently were doing more good than himself, and began to be more thought about too, in spite of his Lordship's money, which in Greece is certainly very little short of being all-powerful. The Greeks, it is true, had a kind of veneration for Lord Byron, on account of his having sung the praises of Greece; but the thing which caused his arrival to make so great a sensation there was the report that he was immensely rich, and had brought a ship full of *sallars* (as they call dollars) to pay off all their arrears. So that as soon as it was understood he had arrived, the Greek fleet was presently set in motion to the port where he was stationed; was very soon in a state of the most pressing distress, and nothing could relieve it but a loan of four thousand pounds from his Lordship, which loan was eventually obtained (though with a small difficulty), and then the Greek fleet sailed away, and left his Lordship's person to be nearly taken by the Turks in crossing to Missolonghi, as another vessel which contained his suite and his stores actually was captured, though afterwards released. It was this money too which charmed the Prince Mavrocordato, who

did not sail away with his fleet, but stayed behind, thinking more was to be obtained, as more indeed was, and the whole consumed nobody knows how. However, the sums procured from his Lordship were by no means so large as has been supposed; five thousand pounds would probably cover the whole, and that chiefly by way of loan, which has, I hear, been repaid since his death. The truth is, that the only good Lord Byron did, or probably ever could have done to Greece was, that his presence conferred an eclat on the cause all over Europe, and disposed the people of England to join in the loan. The lenders were dazzled, by his co-operation with the Greeks, into an idea of the security of their money, which they ought to have been assured of on much better grounds; but it requires some time and labour to learn the real state of a country, while it was pleasant gossip to talk of Lord Byron in Greece. The fact is, that if any of the foreign loans are worth a farthing it is that to the Greeks, who are decidedly more under the controul of European public opinion than any other nation in the world; about their capability to pay no one can doubt, and their honesty is secured by their interest.

Lord Byron was noted for a kind of poetical misanthropy, but it existed much more in the imagination of the public than in reality. He was fond of society, very good-natured when not irritated, and, so far from being gloomy, was, on the contrary, of a cheerful jesting temperament, and fond of witnessing even low buffoonery; such as setting a couple of vulgar fellows to quarrel, making them drunk, or disposing them in any other way to show their folly. In his writings he certainly dwelt with pleasure on a character which had somehow or other laid hold of his fancy, and consequently under this character he has appeared to the public: viz. that of a proud and scornful being, who pretended to be disgusted with his species, because he himself had been guilty of all sorts of crimes against society, and who made a point of dividing his time between cursing and blessing, murdering and saving, robbing and giving, hating and loving, just as the wind of his humour blew. This *penchant* for outlaws and pirates might naturally enough flow from his own character, and the circumstances of his life, without there being the slightest resemblance between the poet and the Corsair. He had a kind and generous heart, and gloried in a splendid piece of benevolence; that is to say, the dearest exercise of power to him was in unexpectedly changing the state of another from misery to happiness: he sympathized deeply with the joy he was the creator of. But he was in a great error with respect to the merit of such actions, and in a greater still respecting the reward which he thought awaited him. He imagined that he was laying up a great capital at compound interest. He reckoned upon a large return of gratitude and devotion, and was not content with the instant recompense which charity receives. They who understand the principles of human action know that it is foolish in a benefactor to look further than the pleasure of consciousness and sympathy, and that if he does, he is a creditor, and not a donor, and must be content to be viewed as creditors are always viewed by their debtors, with distrust and uneasiness. On this mistake were founded most of his charges against human nature; but his feelings, true to nature, and not obeying the false direction of his prejudices and erroneous opinions, still made him love his kind with an ardour which removed him as far as possible from misanthropy. It is very remarkable that all your misanthropists as painted by the poets are the very best men in the world—to be sure, they do not go much into company, but they are always on the watch to do benevolent actions in secret, and no distress is ever suffered to remain long unrelieved in the neighbourhood of a hater of his fellow men. Another cause of Lord Byron's misanthropical turn of writing was his high respect for himself. He had a vast reverence for his own person, and all he did and thought of doing, inculcated into him, as into other lords, by mothers, governors, grooms, and nurse-maids. When he observed another man neg-

lecting *his* wants for the sake of some petty gratification of his own, it appeared to him very base in the individual, and a general charge against all mankind—he was positively filled with indignation. He mentions somewhere in his works with becoming scorn, that one of his relatives accompanied a female friend to a milliner's, in preference to coming to take leave of him when he was going abroad. The fact is, no one ever loved his fellow man more than Lord Byron; he stood in continual need of his sympathy, his respect, his affection, his attentions, and he was proportionably disgusted and depressed when they were found wanting; this was foolish enough, but he was not much of a reasoner on these points,—he was a poet. In his latter quality, it was his business to foster all these discontented feelings, for the public like in poetry nothing better than scorn, contempt, derision, indignation; and especially a kind of fierce mockery which distinguishes the transition from a disturbed state of the imagination to lunacy. Consequently, finding this mood take with the public, when he sat down to write he began by lashing himself up into this state, his first business being, like Jove, to compel all the black clouds together he could lay his hands on. Besides, there is much that is romantic and interesting in a moody and mysterious Beltenebros; it is not every body that *can* be *sated* with the most exquisite joys of society; a man to have had his appetite so palled must have had huge success, he must have been a man of consideration in the eyes of the beautiful and the rich. To *scorn* implies that you are very much better than those you scorn; that you are very good, or very great, or very wise, and that others are the direct contrary. To *despise* is another mark of superiority. To be *sad* and *silent* are proofs that much sensation, perhaps of the most impassioned kind, has been experienced, is departed, and is mourned: this is touching; and a man who wishes to attract attention cannot do better, if he be handsome and genteel, than look woeful and affect taciturnity. Lord Byron was well aware of all this, and chose, for the purpose of exciting sympathy in his readers, to represent himself in the masquerade dress of Childe Harold. One day when Fletcher, his valet, was cheapening some monkeys, which he thought exorbitantly dear, and refused to purchase without abatement, his master said to him, "Buy them, buy them, Fletcher, I like them better than men; they amuse and never plague me." In the same spirit is his epitaph on his Newfoundland dog, a spirit partly affected and partly genuine. The genuine part he would certainly never have retained, if he had reflected a little more upon the nature of his own feelings, and the motives which actuate men in every the least action of their lives. Boys enter upon the world stuffed with school-boy notions which their tutors think it necessary to fill them with, about generosity, disinterestedness, liberty, honour, and patriotism; and when in life they find nobody acting upon these, and that they never did and never can, they are disgusted, and consider themselves entitled to despise mankind, because they are under a delusion with respect to themselves and every body else. Some of them, if men of genius, turn poets and misanthropists; some sink into mere sensualists; and some, convinced of the hollowness of the things they have been taught to declaim about, unwisely conclude that no better system of morality is to be had, that there is nothing real but place, power, and profit, and become the willing instruments of the oppressors of mankind. The fault lies in EDUCATION, and if there is any good to be done in the world that is the end to begin at.

Much of Lord Byron's poetry took its peculiar hue from the circumstances of his life,—such as his travels in Greece, which formed a most important epoch in the history of his mind. The "oriental twist in his imagination," was thence derived; his scenery, his imagery, his costume, and many of the materials of his stories, and a great deal of the character of his personages.—That country was the stimulant which excited his great powers; and much of the form in which they showed themselves is to be attributed to it. His great susceptibility to external impressions, his

intense sympathy with the appearances of nature, which distinguished him, were the fruits either of original conformation, or a much earlier stage of his experience; but it was in Greece, the most beautiful and picturesque of countries, that he came to the full enjoyment of himself. Certainly no poet either before or since so completely identified himself with nature, and gave to it all the animation and the intellection of a human being. Benjamin Constant, in his work on Religion, lately published in Paris, quotes this passage from the Island, and appends to it the observation which I shall copy at the end.

> How often we forget all time, when lone
> Admiring nature's universal throne,
> Her woods, her wilds, her waters, the intense
> Reply of hers to our intelligence!
> Live not the stars and mountains? Are the waves
> Without a spirit? Are the drooping caves
> Without a feeling in their silent tears?
> No—no—they woo and clasp us to their spheres,
> Dissolve this clog and clod of clay before
> Its hour, and merge our soul in the great shore.
> Strip off this fond and false identity!
> Who thinks of self when gazing on the sea? *The Island.*

On this fine passage Benjamin Constant observes: "On nous assure que certains hommes accusent Lord Byron d'athéisme, et d'impiété. Il y a plus de religion dans ces douze vers que dans les ecrits passes, presents, et futurs, de tous ces denonciateurs mis ensemble." Such is the Frenchman's notion of religion; if it be correct, our poets must be as of old our priests again, and clergymen be dismissed for want of imagination. Lord Byron had not the dramatic talent, that is, he could not discriminate human characters and assume them; but he seems to have had this dramatic talent as applied, not to human beings, but to natural objects, in the greatest perfection. He could nicely discern their distinctive differences, adapt words and sentiments to them, and hold intercourse with them of a very refined and beautiful description. When he travelled, he communed with the [illegible], and the valleys, and the ocean. Certainly he did not travel for fashion's sake, nor would he follow in the wake of the herd of voyagers. As much as he had been about the Mediterranean, he had never visited Vesuvius or Ætna, because all the world had; and when any of the well-known European volcanic mountains were mentioned he would talk of the Andes, which he used to express himself as most anxious to visit. In going to Greece the last time, he went out of his way to see Stromboli; and when it happened that there was no eruption during the night his vessel lay off there, he cursed and swore bitterly for no short time.

In travelling, he was an odd mixture of indolence and capricious activity; it was scarcely possible to get him away from a place under six months, and very difficult to keep him longer. In the Westminster Review, there is an interesting paper formed out of his letters, and out of Fletcher's account of his last illness, which though written with fairness, has unhappily the usual fault of going upon stilts. All Lord Byron's movements are attributed to some high motive or other, or some deep deliberation, when his friends well know that he went just as the wind did or did not blow. Among a deal more of bamboozlement about Lord Byron going to Greece or staying here or there, very sage reasons are given for his remaining in Cephalonia so long. The fact is, he had got set down there, and he was too idle to be removed; first, he was not to be got out of the vessel in which he had sailed, in which he dawdled *for six weeks* after his arrival, when the charter of the vessel expired and he was compelled to change his quarters;—he then took up his residence in the little village of Metaxata, where again he was not to be moved to Missolonghi, whither he had declared his resolution of proceeding: ship after ship was sent for him by Mavrocordato, and messenger upon messenger; he promised and promised, until at length, either worn out by importunity, or weary of his abode, he hired a couple of vessels (refusing the Greek ships) and crossed.

It is said that his intention was

not to remain in Greece,—that he determined to return after his attack of epilepsy. Probably it was only his removal into some better climate that was intended. Certainly a more miserable and unhealthy bog than Missolonghi is not to be found out of the fens of Holland, or the Isle of Ely. He either felt or affected to feel a presentiment that he should die in Greece, and when his return was spoken of, considered it as out of the question, predicting that the Turks, the Greeks, or the Malaria, would effectually put an end to any designs he might have of returning. At the moment of his seizure with the epileptic fits prior to his last illness, he was jesting with Parry, an engineer sent out by the Greek committee, who, by dint of being his butt, had got great power over him, and indeed, became every thing to him. Besides this man there was Fletcher, who had lived with him twenty years, and who was originally a shoemaker, whom his Lordship had picked up in the village where he lived, at Newstead, and who, after attending him in some of his rural adventures, became attached to his service: he had also a faithful Italian servant, Battista; a Greek secretary; and Count Gamba seems to have acted the part of his Italian secretary. Lord Byron spoke French very imperfectly, and Italian not correctly, and it was with the greatest difficulty he could be prevailed upon to make attempts in a foreign language. He would get any body about him to interpret for him, though he might know the language better than his interpreter.

When dying, he did not know his situation till a very short time before he fell into the profound lethargy, from which he never awoke; and after he knew his danger, he could never speak intelligibly, but muttered his indistinct directions in three languages. He seems to have spoken of his wife and his daughter—chiefly of the latter; to this child he was very strongly attached, with indeed an intense parental feeling; his wife I do not believe he ever cared much for, and probably he married her from mercenary motives.

I shall not attempt any summing up of the desultory observations which I have thrown together, in the hope of superseding the cant and trash that has and will be said and sung about the character of this great man. All that it is necessary to add by way of conclusion, may be condensed into a very few words. Lord Byron was a *Lord* of very powerful intellect and strong passions; these are almost sufficient *data* for a moral geometer to construct the whole figure; at least, add the following sentence, and sufficient is given: whether by early romantic experience, or by a natural extreme sensitiveness to external impressions, it was of all his intellectual faculties the imagination which was chiefly developed. Putting them together, we may conclude, as was the fact, that he was irritable, capricious, at times even childish, wilful, dissipated, infidel, sensual; with little of that knowledge which is got at school, and much of that acquired afterwards: he was capable of enthusiasm; and though intensely selfish, that is, enjoying his own sensations, he was able to make great sacrifices, or, in other words, he had a taste for the higher kinds of selfishness, i. e. the most useful and valuable kinds; he was generous, fearless, open, veracious, and a cordial lover of society and of conviviality; he was ardent in his friendships, but inconstant; and, however generally fond of his friends, more apt to be heartily weary of them than people usually are.

No more epithets need be heaped together; all that men have in general, he had in more than ordinary force; some of the qualities which men rarely have he possessed to a splendid degree of perfection.

Such is *the* PERSONAL *character of Lord Byron*, as I have been able to draw it from having had access to peculiar sources of information, and from being placed in a situation best calculated, as I think, to form an impartial opinion.

R. N.

BEAUTIES OF THE INUENDO.

Desd. Am I that name, Iago?
Iago. What name, my gracious lady?
Desd. Such as, she said, my lord did say I was.—*Othello.*

CERTAINLY, even though a man should not be incapable of doing an ill action, we ought not to think the worse of him for being ashamed to talk about it. There is no ordinary vice of which human nature is capable, which under certain circumstances may not assume an appearance of irreprehensibility, nay, of amiability—and this proposition may even extend to hypocrisy, when it is not the hypocrisy of self interest. For this reason, I am much inclined to question the sanity of the reasoning which would cite the delicate *euphuism* of the livers of the nineteenth century as an inferential argument of their moral degeneracy from the plain speakers of the eighteenth or any preceding one. Perhaps the only objection worth refuting which has ever been urged against the use of the Inuendo, is, that it seems to show a want of honesty, and throws an obstacle in our way to the goal of truth, or at least causes a delay in our efforts to arrive there. No such thing; it is on the contrary, in many instances, a surer and even a readier mode of achieving truth, than the direct speech of him who despises it. A man may examine the sun's disk more clearly by reflection than by gazing immediately upon it, so it is that the Inuendo shadows down, mellows, and clarifies.

"What is it" (the riddle is Tony Lumpkin's I think) "that goes round the house, and round the house, and never touches the house?" It is Inuendo. 'Tis a beautiful engine in the hands of one who knows how to use it, *comme il faut*—and is of the same elegance and utility in argument that idiom is in language.

There are various uses for, and classes of, the Inuendo. Perhaps we might allow some of the principal to run in this order.

The Inuendo courteous.
——— philanthropic.
——— modest.
——— sarcastic or malicious.

• The first mentioned is in very general use in our day, as indeed are they all. Every body remembers the immortal instance of the preacher who damned his congregation so politely that he would only insinuate the nature of the retribution they had to expect—but I recollect witnessing one scarcely less ingenious at the front of a provincial court-house. A rather unusual case had been tried in the forenoon—it was an action brought against a quaker for defamation, which defamation consisted in the too unguarded use of the word "rogue," as applied to the plaintiff, and heavy damages had been obtained. As both parties were leaving court, the quaker, who, though a very belligerent fellow, was rendered a little more cautious by the experience he had just acquired, shook his head at the victor, and exclaimed "Ah, thee art—thee art ———" and made a pause. "What am I, now?" cried the other, chuckling—"am I a rogue, now, eh?"—"Thee hast said it, friend," rejoined the quaker.

Passing the other day through Holborn, my attention was directed by a companion to one of those concerns (which, lest this should meet the eyes of persons of peculiar feelings, I shall not particularize), it was, however, a place which is by some considered of great convenience—occasionally. But the nature of the business there transacted was announced to the public by the words "Miscellaneous Repository," which were neatly inscribed in yellow letters over the door. What a philanthropic—what a delicate soul must the man possess to whom such an idea suggested itself!—"John, take my repeater to the *Miscellaneous Repository.*" If Claude Lorraine had turned pawn-broker, could he have conveyed the intelligence more poetically?

If a friend happens by some awkward train of circumstances to find

himself within the precincts of certain places appointed for the entertainment of gentlemen who understand the conjugation of the verb "*emprunter*" better than "*payer*," we do not address our letters—"Blank Blank, Esq. White Crossstreet," or "Blank Blank, Esq. King's Bench," we substitute the more elegant addresses "Spencer's Hotel," and "Abbot's Priory," without the risk of being misunderstood by the twopenny post.

The modest Inuendo, as indeed is the case with the modest every thing—is calculated to do the practiser a mischief, at least I remember to have seen it attended by such result. It is notorious how very shamelessly that unfortunate race of demi-mortals, yeleped tailors, are sometimes treated by those who make it the business of their existence to set up the statue of gentility without being provided with the necessary pedestal, and who in consequence suffer it to stand on the shoulders of butchers, bakers, boot-makers, and the knights of the thimble aforesaid,—who are kind enough

To take into their need a smile from hope
And wait, in coldness, its fruition.

But if this be sometimes the fate of a London tailor, what must he have to expect who stitches for the trunks of Irish country gentlemen, who, to do them justice, cannot number amongst their failings that of a cowardly eagerness to get rid of their creditors. One of these poor devils had a bill of three years' standing against a neighbour of his, a genteel well doing "middleman;" at length, driven to desperation by want of money, he took the daring resolution to apply for his debt, and actually sent him (with a basket of eggs) the following letter:—

please your oner,

hoping your oner wont be displeasd at my boldness and I send a little basket of eggs—good fresh eggs—and they were lade by the little black hen that's three yeer ould come Michaelmas eve the day that I sent home your oner's shute—and the times are very hard intirely—intirely—plase your oner from

your oner's sarvent to comand,
Timotheus Kinnealy.

the woman hopes the eggs wil come handy to the young mistris out of her confinement.
—tuseday mornin.

This delicate and courteous epistle produced nothing less than the object it aimed at. A torrent of abuse formed the *gentleman's* answer. I was standing by his side while he wrote, and as I saw the grievous phrases glide from his pen—uttered a psha! of something like reproof—"Damn the fool!" was his reply—"he has put his neck down and I will tread on it." It silenced me at once, for (this was in the summer of 21) a very general and prophetic application of the thing flashed upon my mind.

There is another species of the modest Inuendo, or hint, which does not perhaps originate precisely in the same feeling, nor is it quite so deleterious in its consequences; but it is doubtless very amiable, notwithstanding. The gentleman assures you he will not affect the so and so of such a person, nor the so and so of such a one, *because*, even if he had those pretensions (what a delightful *inuendo!*) it would not be considered perfectly modest in him openly to say so. There has been a pleasant instance of this order "about town" lately.

For the last—heaven help the while!—we are not at a loss for instances or uses. It is the keystone and the corner stone of what is called—scandal "in the vulgar," that very pleasant occupation which makes Time shake his pinions more fleetly over the heads of women and womanish men. But wait until next session—slip your half-crown into the doorkeeper's hand, creep up, and poke your phiz into the gallery, then look round and listen, until you have caught a speaker on his legs—a man with a sharp nose, close set eyes, gathering brow, &c. &c. and I lay you any wager you please, that in a few minutes you plead guilty to having seen a genius in this class.

S. D. S.

MACADAMIZATION.

A Letter from Billy O'Rourke *to the Editor.*

Pavit arduam viam.
He paves *the high-way.*
(*Phelim O'Flinn, my Schoolmaster.*)

Mr. What's-your-name.—I am a prince by descent and a pavior by profession. True, I am a foreigner and barbarian,—for I come from Ireland,—but there is blood in my veins which heretofore ran riot up and down the O'Rourkes and O'Shaughnessies. Milesius was my great-grandfather forty times removed, and my great-grandmother of the same generation was cousin by-the-button-hole to O'Connor, progenitor and pro-propagator of the present great Roger O'Connor of Dangan Castle, who was found innocent of robbing the mail a few years ago, when the Orangemen were in want of a head to adorn King William's lamp-post at the Anniversary of the Boyne Water. Thus, Mr. Thingumbob, you see though I do fillip the paving-stones with a three-man beetle, though I do peg a few pebbles every day into the scull of our old Mother Earth (*alma tellus*, as Phelim used to call her),—I really was born to a royal rattle. Excuse alliteration, Mr. Blank; I am not only a prince and a pavior, but a poet.* I broke half the panes in the province of Leinster scribbling amatory verses, epigrams, and epitaphs on Miss Kitty M'Fun, with a glazier's diamond that I stole from my uncle; I wrote all the best lines in the "Emerald Isle" (all the bad ones were written by Counsellor Phillips), and I gave Tom Moore more hints for Thomas Little's poems than either of this duet of gentlemen ever had the decency to thank me for. But this is all bother. What I want to say is this:—I don't like at all at all this new-fashioned out-of-the-way way of paving the streets with jackstones. Who ever saw a street covered with gun-flints by way of pavement? This is pretty wig-making! I suppose the next thing we'll do is to spread them with Turkey carpets that our old duchesses and debauchees may trundle along to the Parliament House and the Opera without shaking themselves to pieces a seas[illegible] too soon! O give me the sweet[illegible]le pebblement of my own native [illegible]ity in Shamrockshire—Dublin! Major-Taylorization against Macadamization any day!† Where the *jingles* totter over the streets like boats on a river of paving stones!‡ Up and down! right and left! Hohenlo! toss'd hither and thither! from pebble to puddle! from gully to gutter!—Splish splash! there they go! while the *Rawney*§ leers through one of his dead-lights back at Mr. Paddy O'Phaeton, Paddy for lack of a lash applies his perpetual toe to Rawney's abutment, and the *lob* within sits on his knuckles to keep his breeches from wearing out the cushions that feel as if stuffed with potatoes!—That's something like jaunting; a man feels that he's getting the worth of his money. But to slidder over the arable like a Laplander in a sledge,—to have your streets as smooth and soaporiferous as a schoolboy's phyzzonomy,—Booh! I'd as soon tumble down Greenwich Hill with a feather-bed for my partner!

Will you lend me the loan of a page or so in your "truly excellent

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* 'Twas my mother's foster-brother wrote "The Groves of Blarney;" her maiden name was Kelly, and she is the identical *she* of whom the author says

And *as* you would see sweet Mabel Kelly,
No nightin*gull* sings half more *bright*—

which is the true reading.

† Major Taylor, Paving-Master General to the City of Dublin. He also makes darkness visible at night, being Lamplighter-General.

‡ *Jingles*, one-horse wooden baskets, upon three wheels, and another on Sundays.

§ Corrupted from the paternal Spanish—*Rosinante*, we suppose.—*Ed.*

and "widely-circulating" periodical, Mr. What-ever-your-name-is, to make this case properly public? Sure, I know you will!—Besides the beauty and gentility of pebblement which I have already noticed, I have two or three observations to make in its favour which I'd thank any Macadamite between this and himself to answer. I'll make him eat,—not a potatoe, but a paving-stone if he doesn't confess himself knocked down by the arguments I've brought to silence him.

Firstly and foremost. I, and the rest of us, that is, all who live at present upon paving-stones, must now begin to starve with all possible alacrity upon nothing. Irishmen can't live like cameleopards* upon air, no more than Englishmen on potato and point. But if the streets are to be thrown *hokus-bolus* into the hands of nobody but stone-crackers and levellers, what is to become of the professors of the noble Art of Paving,—me and the rest of us? Or does Mr. Macadam (the son of an original sinner!) think we'll dishonour the cloth by turning manufacturers of jack-stones and shovellers of shingles? Does he think (the sand-piper!) that gentlemen of the paving-profession will descend to get up on a little heap of pebbles and keep cracking there all day for his honour's advantage?—Och the gander! He knows a little less than nothing if he thinks to bamboozle us in this way!

Secondly and foremost. The nobility and gentry will be no such gainers after all by exploding the pebblement-system. We all know that every one is thought of exactly in proportion to the noise she or he makes in the world. Now if my lady this and my lord that, are to whistle through the city as softly as Mr. Macadam would make them, without kicking up a continual row in their carriages, why they'll never be heard of! But they can never do the latter without the help of paving stones. When the Duchess of *Devilment's* barouche and four rattled down Regent-street pommelling the pebblement, and knocking fire from the flints, with her full-bottomed, flour-pated, rosy-nosed, three-cocked-hat-covered coachman joggling from side to side of his box, and her silk-stocking'd, sleek-cheek'd, sly-eyed brace of liverymen bumping and bobbing up and down on the footboard as the vehicle chattered along; then indeed was the Duchess of *Devilment* something more in our eyes than a mother-ape in petticoats; then indeed was she heard and seen, though perhaps neither felt nor understood;—in short, she was *somebody*. But now, if the King himself were to sweep from Carlton House to the Crescent we should think him little better than a biped like one of ourselves!

Thirdly and foremost. I see nothing the Macadamites have brought with them in exchange for our paving-stones but dust in one hand and dirt in the other. If the new system of streetification goes on, London will shortly be nothing but a criss-cross of high-roads, and the houses will be worse than so many citizens' country boxes, built on the brink of the roadside, and enveloped like the Lord Chancellor's head in a wig-full of dust and confusion. In summer the street walkers and flag-hoppers of every description and denomination will be covered from head to foot with surtouts *a la poudre*, and look like a population of millers just turned loose from the hopper-loft. In winter they will be over the boots in mud and slip-slop; they'll be as cleanly bespattered as if they had stood the brunt of Fleet-market in the pillory; they'll be taken by the pigeons, tailors, peripatetic caterwaulers, and all the other odd fish that frequent the house-tops, for nothing but gigantic gutter-snipes and magnified mud-larks!† And our rows

* Our correspondent probably forgets the exact distinction between *cameleopards* and *cameleons*; he, however, we think, fully supports the national character, as given by Hudibras—

As learned as the *Wild Irish* are.—*Ed.*

† *Gutter-snipes* and *mud-larks*, poetical names for *pigs*, in Ireland. We do not profess to know the precise difference between them. Our learned correspondent perhaps only makes use of the rhetorical figure—*pleonasmus*, to fill up his period.—*Ed.*

of shoppery too! Why they'll be filled to the tip-top shelf with whirlwinds of powdered jackstones! ribbons and bobbins, laces and braces, caps and traps, petticoats and waistcoats, all their paraphernalia and strumpetry, tag-rag-merry-derry-periwig-and-hatband, will be dredged with ground-pepper dust! and the prentices within will be choaked extempore before they can whistle *Jack Robinson!*—'Twont do, Mr. Nobody! By the powders, it wont!

Lastly and foremost. We shall lose *all our old women!* Think of that Mr. Thingumbob! We shall lose our old women as fast as hops!—A friend of mine let me into this secret t'other day behind a pot of Whitbread. The blood of all our old beggar women will be on Mr. Macadam's head, if he goes on with his pippin-squeezing system of streetification! He will be guilty of universal *aniseed!** In a few years if the Macadamites should supplant the Paving-Board, we shall not be able to get an old woman for love or money. Why?—I'll tell you. Wont they be sure to be run over wherever they are to be found crossing a crossing? When the coaches and cavalry travel on velvet,—when the rattle of a wheel or the tramp of a *quodrapid* † shall be drowned in the dust,—will any old woman but a witch be able to hear what's coming upon her? When the streets are so soft and smack-smooth that one may drive from No. any thing in any place, to St. Paul's, or to Westminster, in the tick of a death-watch, may not a blind beldame of any sex, age, or condition, be torn from the delights of this life and in a manner kicked into the middle of the next, without so much as "By your leave" or "Beg your pardon"? Or do we expect an old woman to run like a lamplighter when she sees the pole of a carriage within an inch of her beard? or to skip like a hen on a hot griddle when she feels a couple of coach-horses treading on her toes, and perhaps whipping off her wig like hay from a pitch-fork? Even with all the "notes of preparation" which paving stones could give, our coachmen generally contrived to demolish some dozen of sexagenerian pedesterians † every twelvemonth. *Aniseed* is great fun of an opera night for the big-wigs on the boxes; and even gentlemen-whips have been known to practise this interesting kind of murder when they wished to show how quietly they could trot over an old woman without losing their balance.‡

For all these reasons, Mr. My-Friend, and a great many worse ones, I think Macadamization is very superiorly un-preferable to pebblement. So do all of the profession. We are about to get up an address to the Parliament, which is to be called—The Pavior's Petition, in which we pray for paving stones, and show that the new system of streetification comes under the penalty of the Chalking-Act, being a capital innovation upon the long-established customs of the country. As for Mr. Macadam, we are determined to take the law into our own hands, and *stone* him the first time we catch his honour in London

No more at present from your loving affectionate

BILLY O'ROURKE,

Professor of Paving; No. 0, Knave's Acre; first floor down the chimney.

* We thought ourselves tolerable philologists, but this word we acknowledge sets our ingenuity at defiance. We can but offer a conjectural explanation. The Latin for an old woman is *anus;* whence possibly *ani-cide* (which our pavior, by a poetical licence we suppose, spells *aniseed*) may be taken to express—*old-woman-killing.* —*Ed*

† *Sic in* MS

‡ I'd a grand-aunt that was *kilt* once in this fashion; she died above twenty years after with the mark of a horse-shoe on her— The gentleman that kilt her gave her a penny.

WALLADMOR:

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S GERMAN NOVEL.

Walladmor. Frei nach dem Englischen des Walter Scott. Von W****s. Berlin, bei F. A. Herbig. 1824. 3 Bände.*

"*Freely* translated!" Yes, no want of freedom! All free and easy! impossible to complain on that score. Verily, this is the boldest hoax of our times.——Most readers we suppose have read the mere fact of the hoax as communicated through the Morning Chronicle, by the late Mr. Bohte, on his return from the Leipsic fair: for those who have not, we repeat it here.——German booksellers, it seems, had come to an agreement, one and all, that Sir Walter Scott was rather tardy in his movements: he lay fallow longer than they would tolerate. To take two crops off the land in each year—was not sufficient. Such slovenly farming was not to be endured. And at all events there must be a Scotch novel against the Leipsic fair; the Jubilate-fair of 1824; which fair is at Easter. But unfortunately Sir Walter's cycle did not coincide with that of Leipsic and Frankfort. When Saxony kept her Easter jubilee, the Scotch press was keeping Lent. The Edinburgh moon, that so steadily waxes and wanes, was at that time "hid in her vacant interlunar cave:"—but the men of Leipsic, and the "Trade" from Hamburgh to Munich, insisted that she should be at full. "Shine out, Sir Walter!" they all exclaimed, "and enlighten our darkness!" But, as he would *not*, somebody must shine for him.

Flectere si nequeam Superos, Acheronta movebo.

The best thing of all was the genuine foreign article, "neat as imported;" the second best a home manufacture brought as near in strength and color as "circumstances" would permit. A true Scotch novel, if possible: if not, a capital hoax!

The better half of the prayer—Jove, as we have said, dispersed to the winds: but to the second

Annuit, et totum nutu tremefecit Olympum.

Gods and men agreed that there should be a capital hoax——Gods and men; "et concessere columnæ," and the Leipsic book-stalls abetted it. A hoax was bespoke in three volumes; and a hoaxer was bespoke to make it. And the grave publishers throughout Germany, Moravians and all, subscribed for reams of hoax. A great *Hum* was inflated at Leipsic, and went floating over the fields of Germany: a πομφόλυξ, or glittering bubble — blown by the united breath of German Paternoster-Row,—ascended as the true balloon. Bubbled Germany laughed, because it knew not that it was a bubble: and bubbling Germany laughed, because it knew full well that it was. The laugh of welcome was before it: the *cachinnus* of triumph was behind it. They had made a false Florimel † of snow; and the false Florimel went wandering from the Danube to the Rhine; and won all hearts, it is said, from the true Florimel. And now at length is the false Florimel come over to England: and here are we to welcome her—scattering gay rhetoric before her steps as from an Amalthea's horn: make way for her therefore in England: be civil to her, oh! our Fathers in the "Row:" welcome her in Albemarle-street: ye constables, whether spelt with little c's or great C's, keep open the paths for your daughter that comes back to claim a settlement and her rights of affiliation: why must *she* only be rejected from her father's house? she only be frowned upon by the gay choir of her sisters?—Furnace of London criticism! remit thy fires:

* Walladmor. Freely translated from the English of Sir Walter Scott. By W****s. Berlin: F. A. Herbig. 1824. 3 Vols.

† See the *Faerie Queene*, Book 3 and 4.

melt not the snowy beauty too soon! Suffer her to wander a little, and display her charms, in the country which she claims for her own. Mount, *pompholyx* of Germany, mount once more: bubble of Leipsic, glitter again for a little moment in London: *et vos plaudite*, publishers of Britain, as this *parhelion* rises upon your horizon: for it was your brethren that were the hoaxers; and it was nations that were hoaxed. Not a publisher but cachinnates from Leipsic to Moscow—from Stockholm to Vienna! you also therefore, oh, "Trade" of London and Edinburgh, we charge you, make common cause with the Jubilate catalogistæ * of Leipsic:

Pursue *their* triumph, and partake the gale!

Thus, in measured words and a solemn *Polonaise* of rhetoric, we usher in—before the English public—the interesting young stranger and impostor *Walladmor*. The pretences of this impostor are now made known: and the next question is—in what way are these supported? This also we shall answer; and shall put the reader in possession of the novel, by rifling the charms as yet unbreathed on in England, and giving him the very fragrance and aroma of Walladmor in English.—What sense there can be in writing "reviews" or "abstracts" of Sir W. Scott's *English* novels for English readers, we never yet could learn. To see a London or Edinburgh critic luxuriously reposing on his sofa, gratifying himself up to the height of Gray's wish by reading "eternal new novels," and then to see him indolently cutting out with a pair of scissars this or that chapter with a request to the compositor that he will reset that same chapter in a different type for the benefit of readers—every soul of whom has the novel itself lying on his table,—such a spectacle, we confess, moves our wonder and our disgust: and we know that it is not less disgusting to all rational people; who see in all this neither labour to the critic—for which he should be thanked, nor service to any body else—for which they should thank him. Sooner than descend to such parasitical or ivy-like dependence upon the stem of another man's books, we for our part would betake ourselves to the last opprobrium of honest men—viz. the cutting out our own

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* *Walladmor* stands regularly inserted in the Leipsic Mess-Catalog for Easter, 1824, under the name of Sir Walter Scott, as one of his novels: it is the penultimate article on p. 255. The Catalogue was published on the 6th of April.—Two or three years ago we remember to have heard of another plot from this quarter against the Scotch novels; and, by the dedication prefixed to the 3d vol. of Walladmor, it would seem that in the first stage it had succeeded. Through some quarter or other it was said that a duplicate of every proof sheet, as it issued from the Edinburgh press, was forwarded to a sea-port town on the continent, and there translated into German. Now it was the design of the pirates to put this German translation into another conspirator's hands who was to translate it into good English: he was ready to swear (and truly) that he had nothing to do with any piratical practices upon English books; for that he had translated from a known and producible German book. The German book was in regard to him the authentic archetype. As to any Scotch book of Mr. Constable's press, for any thing he knew—*that* might be a piratical translation from the German copy, obtained probably by some nefarious corruption and bribery of Mr. Constable's amongst German compositors. To keep up the ball, an opposition party in London designed to carry on the series of reverberations by translating the pirated English translation back again into excellent German, and launching this decomplex pirate in the German market against her own grandmother the old original pirate. Accidents favouring, and supposing the wind to be against Mr. Constable (who of course sends the copies for London by sea),—it was conceived possible that a German daughter, an English grand-daughter, and a German great-grand-daughter might all be abroad in London before the Edinburgh mother arrived; who would thus have found herself an old woman on reaching Messrs. Hursts' and Co., and blessed with several generations of flourishing posterity before she was fully aware of her own existence. Or, supposing Mr. Constable's steam-vessel to arrive off the mouth of the river about the same time as the Continental steam-vessel, there might have been a race between the parties—which of course Paternoster-row and Ave Maria-lane would have attended: Mr. Constable's ship and ship's-company being taken by surprize, betting would naturally have run against "the old mother:" and, in any case, "young pirate" with his "run goods" and smuggler's prices would certainly have been "the favourite."

drawers and trowsers: this we hold to be a far more creditable way of using scissars. But with respect to Sir W. Scott's *German* novels the case is different. To be the reader's proxy in reading these—is at least doing *him* some service: and if the critic is called upon to read three volumes containing 883 pages (each page one-sixth more than the pages of Sir Walter Scott's) in 32 hours, under terror of having the book reclaimed,—and when that terror is removed, uses his spare time in making translations of the principal scenes and connecting them together by the necessary links of narrative,—we can then understand that, whilst some service is done to the reader, some labour is also incurred by the critic. This is the simple statement of our own case and merits in regard to the reader. We actually read through, and abstracted, the whole novel within the time specified: and, the copy not being our own but promised to an Edinburgh purchaser, we read—as critics are wont to read—in the uneasy position of looking up a chimney: for, in order to keep a book in a saleable state, the paper-cutter must not lay bare above one-sixth of the ineunt leaves—nor let the winds of Heaven visit their hidden charms too roughly. At the end of the 32 hours, by some accident of fortune's wheel, the copy turned out to be a derelict, and was forfeited to us: upon which we set to work and made the most of this Godsend—by turning "wrecker" and plundering the vessel of some of her best stores. Our trust is—that we have stowed away into the LONDON MAGAZINE some of the choicest scenes of Walladmor: and these we have endeavoured to translate not merely *from* the German—but also *into* English, a part of their task which translators are apt to forget. We shall begin with the dedication of the soi-disant German translator to Sir Walter Scott—this, which stands at the beginning of the third volume, is droll enough: a dedication to some man of straw (Sir James Barnesly of Ellesmere) written in the person of Sir Walter Scott, and prefixed to the whole work, is too dull to merit notice.

To Sir Walter Scott, Bart.

Sir,—Uncommon it may certainly be, but surely not a thing quite unheard of, that a translator should dedicate his translation to the author of the original work: and, the translation here offered to your notice—being, as the writer flatters himself by no means a *common* one,—he is the more encouraged to take this very uncommon liberty.

Ah Sir Walter!—did you but know to what straits the poor German translator of Walter-Scottish novels is reduced, you would pardon greater liberties than this. *Ecoutez.* First of all, comes the bookseller and cheapens a translator, in the very cheapest market of translation-jobbers that can be supposed likely to do any justice to the work. Next,—the sheets, dripping wet as they arrive by every post from the Edinburgh press, must be translated just as they stand with or without sense or connexion. Nay it happens not unfrequently that, if a sheet should chance to end with one or two syllables of an unfinished word, we are obliged to translate this first instalment of a future meaning; and, by the time the next sheet arrives with the syllables in arrear, we first learn into what confounded scrapes we have fallen by guessing and translating at hap-hazard. *Nomina sunt odiosa:* else—but I shall content myself with reminding the public of the well-known and sad mishap that occurred in the translation of Kenilworth. In another instance the sheet unfortunately closed thus: —"*to save himself from these disasters, he became an agent of Smith-;*" and we all translated—"um sich aus diesen trübseligkeiten zu erretten, wurde er Agent bei einem Schmiedemeister; that is, "*he became foreman to a blacksmith.*" Now sad it is to tell what followed: we had dashed at it, and waited in trembling hope for the result: next morning's post arrived, and showed that all Germany had been basely betrayed by a catch-word of Mr. Constable's. For the next sheet took up the imperfect and embryo catch-word thus: —"*field matches, or marriages contracted for the sake of money;*" and the whole German sentence should have been repaired and put to rights as follows: "Er negocirte, um sich aufzuhelfen, die sogenannten Smithfields heirathen oder Ehen, welche des Gewinnstes wegen geschlossen werden:" I say, it *should* have been: but woe is me! it was too late: the translated sheet had been already printed off with the blacksmith in it (lord confound him!); and the blacksmith is there to this day, and cannot be ejected.

You see, Sir Walter, into what "sloughs of despond" we German translators fall —with the sad necessity of dragging your honor after us. Yet this is but a part of the general woe. When you hear in every bookseller's shop throughout Germany one unanimous complaint of the non-purchas-

ing public and of those great profit-absorbing whirlpools the circulating libraries,—in short all possible causes of diminished sale on the one hand; and on the other hand the forestalling spirit of competition among the translation-jobbers—bidding over each other's heads as at an auction, where the translation is knocked down to him that will contract for bringing his wares soonest to market;—hearing all this, Sir Walter, you will perceive that our old German proverb "*Eile mit Weile*," (i. e. (Festina lente, or *the more haste, the less speed*) must in this case, where *haste* happens to be the one great qualification and *sine-quâ-non* of a translator, be thrown altogether into the shade by that other proverb—"Wer zuerst kommt mahlt zuerst" (*First come first served*).

I for my part, that I might not lie so wholly at the mercy of this tyrant—*Haste*, struck out a fresh path—in which you, Sir, were so obliging as to assist me. But see what new troubles arise out of this to the unhappy translator. The world pretends to doubt whether the novel is really yours:* people actually begin to talk of your friend Washington Irving as the author, and God knows whom beside. As if any man, poets out of the question, could be supposed capable of an act of self-sacrifice so severe as that of writing a romance in 3 vols. under the name of a friend.

All this tends to drive us translators to utter despair. However I, in my garret, comfort myself by exclaiming "Odi profanum—," if I cannot altogether subjoin —"et arceo." From your obliging disposition, Sir Walter, I anticipate the gratification of a few lines by the next post establishing the authenticity of Walladmor. Should these lines even not be duly certified "coram notario duobusque testibus," yet if transmitted through the embassy—they will sufficiently attest their own legitimacy as well as that of your youngest child Walladmor.

Notwithstanding what I have said about *haste*, I fear that haste has played me a trick here and there. The fact is—we are in dread of three simultaneous translations of Walladmor from three different publishers: and you will hardly believe how much the anxiety lest another translation should get the start of us can shake the stoutest of translating hearts. The names of Lindau—Methusalem Muller—Dr. Spieker—Von Halem—and Loz† sound awfully in the ears of us gentlemen of the trade. And now, alas! as many more are crowding into this Quinquevirate.

Should it happen that the recent versions of your works had not entirely satisfied your judgment, and that mine of Walladmor *had*,—I would in that case esteem myself greatly flattered by your *again* sending me through the house of B—— a copy of the manuscript of your next romance; in provision for which case I do here by anticipation acknowledge my obligations to you; and in due form of law bind myself over

1. To the making good all expences of "copy," &c

2. To the translation of both prose and verse according to the best of my poor abilities; that your eminent name may not fall into discredit through the translator's incompetence.

3. To all possible affection, friendship, respect, &c. in so far as, and according as, you yourself shall be pleased to accept of any or all of these from

The Translator of Walladmor.

Now for the novel itself: but to prepare the reader, we shall first state the nature of the leading interest which is derived from the following case:—A young man of uncertain parentage, having been stolen when an infant, and brought up among smugglers,—of an aspiring and energetic character, but depressed by circumstances, seeks in vain to raise himself from that humble rank which the style of his mind makes him feel as a degradation. Hence a gloomy discontent, and hatred of social institutions: with the native dignity of his own character he combines a good deal of false dignity, as might be expected from the style of associations—upon

* Oh! spirit of modern scepticism, to what shocking results art thou leading us! Already have Lycurgus, Romulus, Numa, &c. been resolved into mere allegorized ideas. And a learned friend has undertaken to prove, within the next 50 years, according to the best rules of modern *scepsis*, that no such banker as Mr Rothschild ever existed; that the word *Rothschild* in fact was nothing more than a symbolic expression for a habit of advancing loans at the beginning of the 19th century: which indeed the word itself indicates, if reduced to its roots. I should not be surprized to hear that some man had undertaken to demonstrate the non-existence of Sir Walter Scott: already there are symptoms abroad: for the mysterious author of Waverley has in our own days been detected in the persons of so many poets and historians, the most opposite to each other, that by this time his personality must have been evaporated and volatilized into a whole synod of men. *Note of the Dedicator.*

† Names of persons who have translated one or more of Sir Walter Scott's novels into German.

which his early misfortunes had thrown him: a gradual recklessness of character succeeds: and he attempts to obtain as a smuggler or pirate the distinctions which he had vainly sought in more honourable paths. In the course of his wild adventures, which afford continual exercise to the hardihood and romantic address of character,—whilst lying hid in a wood he sees a young woman of great beauty riding past. To her he becomes passionately devoted: and before she is aware of his character or connexions, he persuades her, though a young woman of family and distinction, by the lofty air of his manners and sentiments into clandestine meetings; and finally wins her affections. Afterwards she comes to hear something more of his character, though not the whole; is shocked; and suffers much in mind: but at length, her love predominating and knowing that he was unfortunate and persecuted, she tells him—that, if he will wash out the stains upon his name, "her heart shall remember only his misfortunes."

But he, who knows that all hope of retrieving his character is lost, grows desperate and frantic; for any chance of rising to a level with the woman he loves, is ready to connect himself with the most criminal enterprises; and finally becomes a party in the Cato-street conspiracy: whilst the young lady, who never abates in her love for him, is preyed upon by grief and ill health. This is the nature of the presiding interest. Both parties are still in early youth at the opening of the novel; the young man being about twenty-four.

The novel opens with the following *scena*; which, as all overtures should, prefigures as it were and abstracts the prevailing character of the music throughout the piece. The reader must continually bear in mind that the author is writing in the person of Sir W. Scott; "*our* Southern capital" therefore in the first sentence of what follows, means London —or possibly Bristol; the relative importance of which city amongst English towns the Germans greatly overrate, drawing their estimate from gazetteers of two centuries back, when Liverpool was *not*—and Manchester, &c. as yet *in ovo*.

Perhaps the reader may still remember the following article in the Times newspaper, which about a year or two ago raised a powerful interest in our Southern capital:

"BRISTOL.—Yesterday the inhabitants of this city were witnesses to a grand but afflicting spectacle from the highlands of the coast. The steam-vessel, Halcyon, from the Isle of Wight, and bound to the north coast of Wales, was suddenly in mid-channel when not a breath of wind ruffled the surface of the sea—driven into our bay" (the bay of Bristol!). "Scarcely had she rounded the point of Cardowa" (q Cardiff?) " when we beheld a column of smoke rising; and in a moment after a dreadful report echoed from the mountains made known that the powder magazine was blown up, and the ship shattered into fragments. The barks, which crowded to the spot from all quarters, found only floating spars; and were soon compelled to return by the coming-on of a dreadful hurricane. Of the whole crew, and of sixty passengers (chiefly English people returning from France), not one is saved. It is said that a prisoner, of atrocious character, was aboard the Halcyon. We look with the utmost anxiety for the next accounts of this melancholy event"

To the grief of some noble families in England, this account was confirmed in its most dreadful circumstances. Some days after the bodies of Lord W***, and of Sir O—— —— (that distinguished ornament for so long a period of the House of Commons*) were found upon the rocks. So much were they disfigured, that it was with difficulty they were recognized. And thus did an English sea take vengeance upon her sons for their long and wilful expatriation.

On that day there stood upon the deck of the Halcyon a young man, who gazed on the distant coasts of Wales apparently with deep emotion. From this reverie he was suddenly roused as the ship whirled round with a hideous heaving. He turned, as did all the other passengers who had been attracted on deck by the beauty of the evening, to the man at the helm. He was in the act of stretching out his arms to the centre of the ship, whence a cloud of smoke was billowing upwards in voluminous surges: the passengers turned pale: the sailors began to swear: "It's all over!" they shouted: "old Davy has us. So huzza! let's have some sport as long as he leaves us any day-light." Amidst an uproar of voices the majority of the crew

* Alas! for poor Sir O—— ——! How soon we have all forgot him!

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rushed below; stove in the brandy-casks; drank every thing they could find; and paid no sort of regard to the clamorous outcries of the passengers for help! help! except that here and there a voice replied —Help? There *is* no help: Old Nick * will gulp us all; so let us gulp a little comfort first.

The master of the vessel, who retained most presence of mind, hurried on deck—but not for any purpose of saving lives. With his sabre he made a cut at the ropes which suspended the boat: and, as he passed the young man already mentioned, who in preparation for the approaching catastrophe had buckled about his person a small portmanteau and stood ready to leap into the boat, with a blow of his fist he struck him overboard. All this was the work of a few minutes.

The young man becomes insensible: and, on reviving finds himself floating on the sea: the ship is gone: the death-cry is over: nothing remains but a few spars in the distance: but the air is no longer asleep, the glassy mirror is no longer calm: the waves are gathering and swelling as for a storm: and the reader is aware that a second plunge is preparing into the terrific. At a little distance he sees a barrel, sometimes hid beneath waves—sometimes riding aloft; and to this he makes with all his strength. Then the scene goes on thus:—

Just as he was exhausted, he succeeded in reaching the barrel.—But scarcely had he laid hold of the outermost rim with both hands, when the barrel was swayed down from the opposite side. A shipwrecked man, whose long wet hair streamed down over his face, fixed his nails, as it were the talons of an eagle, on the hoops of the barrel; and by the energy of his gripe—it seemed as though he would have pressed them through the wood itself.—He was aware of his competitor: and he shook his head wildly to clear the hair out of his eyes —and opened his lips, which displayed his teeth pressed firmly together.

"No: though the d—l himself,—thou must down into the sea: for the barrel will not support both."

So speaking he shook the barrel with such force—that the young man, had he not been struggling with death, would have been pushed under water. Both pulled at the barrel for some minutes, without either succeeding in hoisting himself upon it.—In any further contest they seemed likely to endanger themselves or to sink together with the cask. They agreed therefore to an armistice. Each kept his hold by his right hand,—each raised his left aloft, and shouted for succour. But they shouted in vain; for the storm advanced, as if it heard and were summoned by the cry; the sky was black and portentously lurid; thunder now began to roll: and the waves, which had hardly moved before the explosion, raised their heads crested with foam more turbulently at every instant. "It is in vain," said the second man, "Heaven and Earth are against us: one or both of us must perish: Messmate, shall we go down together?"

At these words the wild devil all at once left loose of the barrel, by which means the other, who had not anticipated this movement, lost his balance and was sinking. His antagonist made use of this moment. He dashed at the sinking man's throat—in order to drag him entirely under the water; but he caught only his neckhandkerchief, which luckily gave way. The other thus murderously assaulted, on finding himself at liberty for an instant, used his time, and sprang upon the barrel; and just as his desperate enemy was hazarding a new attack, in a death struggle he struck him with his clenched fist upon the breast: the wild man threw up his arms; groaned; sank back;—and the waves swallowed him up."

Now then having mounted our young man upon his barrel, and advanced him to the sole command of this valuable vessel which refuses to carry double,—the reader will be glad to know who he is. We are at liberty to tell him that his name (by his own account, given to a justice of peace, in vol. ii. p. 171,) is Edmund Bertram, and so we shall call him for the future; and further, that he is (according to the general opinion of Germany and the design of the author) the hero of the novel: we indeed say *No;* he is only the pseudo-hero. No matter: hero, or not,—the reader is glad that he is victorious on account of the ferocious assault of the other man: but let him not be too sure that he *is* victorious:—we have not done with the other fellow yet; he will be back again in a moment: and here he comes.

In the moments of mortal agony and conflict human laws cease, for punishments have lost their terrors: even higher laws are then silent. But, in the pauses of the struggle, the voice of conscience resumes its power,—and the heart of man again

* "*Old Nick*, a name for the D——l in the popular dialect; especially the nautical dialect of England."—*German Note.*

relents. As Bertram went rocking over the waves numbed in body and exhausted in spirits, all about him hideous gloom, and the fitful flashes of lightning serving but to light up the great world of terrors,—his inner voice was not so silenced but that he felt a pang of sorrow at the thought of having destroyed the partner of his misfortunes. A few minutes however had scarcely passed before he heard a groaning near him. Happily at this instant a flash of lightning illuminated the surrounding tract of water; and he descried his antagonist still fighting with the waves: he was holding by a spar—too weak to support his weight, but capable of assisting him in swimming. His powers were apparently failing him, as he looked up to his more fortunate enemy: He stretched out his hand to him, and said:

"Stranger! show me this pity. All is over with me; or in a moment will be: should you have a happier fate, take from my pocket-book this letter—and convey it to the lady. Oh! if thou hast ever loved, I beseech thee to do this: tell her that I never ceased to think of her—that I thought of her only when I was at the point of death: and, whatsoever I may have been to man, that to her I have been most faithful. With frantic efforts he strove to unclasp his pocket-book: but could not succeed. Bertram was deeply touched by the pallid and ghastly countenance of the man (in whose features however there was a wild and licentious expression which could not be mistaken); and he said to him:

"Friend below, if I should have better luck, I will endeavour to execute your commission. Meantime I can swim; and I have now rested myself. Give me your hand. You may come aloft, and I will take a turn in the waters until I am tired. In this way, by taking turn about, possibly both of us may be saved."

"What!" cried the other—"are you crazy? Or are there really men upon this earth such as books describe?"

Bertram convinces him that he is in earnest by assisting him to mount the barrel, and descends himself into the waves; after which the scene proceeds thus:

Meanwhile the storm continued, and the natural darkness of night was now blended with the darkness of tempest. After some minutes, the man, who was at present in possession of the barrel, began thus:

"You fool, below there, are you still alive?"

"Yes: but I am faint, and would wish to catch hold of the barrel again."

"Catch away then:—Do you know any thing of the sea hereabouts?"

"No: it was the first time in my life that I was ever on shipboard."

The other laughed. "You don't know it?" "Well! now I *do*: and I can tell you this: there's no manner of use in our plaguing ourselves, and spending the last strength we have in keeping ourselves afloat. I know this same sea as well as I know my own country: and I know that no deliverance is possible. There is not a spot of shore that we can reach—not a point of rock big enough for a sea-mew; and the only question for us is—whether we shall enter the fishes' maw alive or dead."

"It is still possible," said the other—"that some human brother may come to our assistance."

The other laughed again and said—"Human brother, eh? Methinks, my friend, you should be rather young in this world of ours—and have no great acquaintance with master *man*: I know the animal: and you may take my word for it, that, on such a night as this, no soul will venture out to sea. What man of sense would hazard his life—for a couple of ragamuffins like you and me? and suppose he would, who knows but that it might be worse to fall into the hands of some *men of sense* than into the tender mercies of the sea? But I know a trick worth two of that."

"Tell it then"

"Let us leave fooling: This cask, on which I sit, to my knowledge contains rum; or arrack; which is as good. We can easily knock a hole in it; then make ourselves happy and bouzy—fling our arms about each other like brothers, and go down together to the bottom: after *that*, I think we shall neither trouble nor be troubled, for we shall hardly come up again, if we toddle down groggy."

"Shocking! why that's suicide!"

"Well! is your conscience so delicate and scrupulous? However as you please: for any thing I care, and as you like it better, some dog of a fish may do for us what we might as well have done for ourselves. But now come aloft, my darling, come aloft. I'll take my turn at swimming—as long as the state of things will allow it; and wait for you below." They changed situations.—But even upon the barrel, Bertram began to feel his powers sinking. He clung as firmly as he could. But the storm grew more and more terrific: and many times he grew faint in his wild descents from the summit of some mounting wave into the yawning chasm below: Nature is benign even in the midst of her terrors: and, when horrors have been accumulated till man can bear no more, then his sufferings are relieved for a time by insensibility. On awaking it is true that the horrors will return; but the heart has gained fresh strength to support them.

So it fared with Bertram, who continued

to grow fainter and fainter; until at length in the midst of silent prayer he finally lost all consciousness.

When Bertram next awakens, the scene is changed: the sea is no longer raving in his ears: the wind is silent: nothing is heard but the gentle flapping of a pine tree fire: Bertram's senses begin to clear: he looks up, and by the fitful gleams of the fire he sees the rafters of a rude hut like a Highland shealing; and at length becomes aware that he is lying in a bed. The smoke, which disperses at intervals, discovers to him an old woman—of striking person and countenance—sitting near the fire. This person is styled Gillie Godber, and plays so conspicuous a part in the novel, that we may as well at this point furnish the reader with the key to all that she does. About twenty-four years ago a son of hers, a stripling of seventeen, had been connected with a gang of smugglers; some offence, in which he had participated, made him liable to capital punishment: and, in spite of his mother's agony of intercession, he had actually suffered on the gallows — chiefly through the agency of Sir Morgan Walladmor: a circumstance in this gentleman's history, which is calculated to give a false impression of his character; for he is really a kind-hearted man to all sorts of people except smugglers and the readers of Walladmor; the first of whom he is apt to hang when he can, and the last he takes every opportunity of boring. To this unhappy event succeeds a pitiable effect on the poor mother's mind: she is possessed by a frenzy of grief, and an inmitigable appetite for revenge; to which indeed she dedicates her life; and Sir Morgan has long suspected that in one instance she had very soon met with an opportunity of gratifying her vindictive appetite, and had not let it slip. Be that as it might—under this terrific conflict of passion the poor woman's wits had unsettled; and she is frequently quite out of her mind. In her cottage Bertram, whilst supposed to be asleep, is witness to a dreadful spectacle; misinterpreting it, he is alarmed for his own safety; and the next morning about sun-rise makes his escape: but Mrs. Gillie Godber, soon after appearing behind him with a couple of bull-dogs, peremptorily orders him to go back: which he does: and, for a hero, somewhat too tamely. She again alarms him, when lying apparently asleep, by attempting to strip his shirt sleeve above his elbow—for a purpose which the reader first understands when he comes to the end of the novel. In the end however Bertram is put on board a smuggling brig commanded by a sort of Dirk Hatteraick (who does not however support his brief part with much spirit), and soon after is put ashore in some part of Wales. But where? Aye, where indeed? With all respect for our German friend, we must take the liberty of laughing a little at his theories on the subject of Wales and the Bristol Channel. Welsh hydrography and Welsh geography, are not his *fort*. No Vincent will ever investigate Mr. Bertram's *Periplus* of the Bristol Channel: no Strabo (to borrow a pun from Dean Swift, which he is very welcome to have back again) will ever track our stray beau through the principality. To him, who would determine the latitude and longitude of the place at which he is now put ashore, be it known that the following are the conditions of the problem. It is a place in South Wales; on the Bristol Channel; not very far from Manchester (which is stated to be on the borders of Wales); near Bath and the Isle of Anglesea; and within an easy morning's ride of Snowdon and Bristol.—Well, we know all these places; even Manchester and her portico; and very pleasant places they all are (though some of them rather smoky), and very pleasant it is to us to see so many old friends brought acquainted with each other. However, all these things are trifles: and our German friend is welcome to laugh in his turn at our geography of the Hartz forest (which by the way he does at p. 174, vol. ii.); for we dare to say that it is to the full as absurd as his map of Wales.

On leaving the boat, he asks the road to M*** the nearest town; and, just as it falls dark, sets off on a mountain-road which "appeared dangerous in more respects than one"—in quest of a lodging for the night; "which according to the usages of this country it was not likely that he would find it easy to obtain, both be-

cause he was on foot and because he carried his own portmanteau." The darkness deepens as he quits the sea-shore to enter the gorge of a mountain ravine through which the road lies; and he is disposed to despair; when suddenly he fancies that he hears a voice behind him, and he is soon after joined by a suspicious-looking person wrapped up in a cloak, and carrying a bludgeon. What crime lay hid in this man's appearance, that he should be considered so "unfreundlich" (unpromising) an object before he had spoken a word, we do not learn: except indeed the great crime of poverty, which Bertram contrives to make out in the darkness; *that* excepted, and the bludgeon, he is pretty much on a level with Bertram himself. However some grounds of suspicion do certainly arise from his conversation, which wears a very Gad's-hill air.

"Why did not you answer me, when I shouted?" said Bertram: "you must have heard me."

"Heard you? yes; I heard you well enough: but who in his senses goes shouting at night-time up and down a bye-road on a smuggler's coast, as if he meant to waken all the dogs and men in the country."

"Who? why any man that has a good conscience: what difference can the night make?"

"Aye, that *has*. But take my word for it, friend a man that comes ashore from Jackson's brig may as well go quietly along and say as little as possible about his conscience. In this country they don't mind much what a man *says*: many a gay fellow to my knowledge has continued to give the very best character of himself all the way up the ladder of the new drop, and yet after all has been nonsuited by Jack Ketch when he got to the top of it for wanting so little a matter as another witness or so to back his own evidence."

"Well, but, I suppose, something must be *proved* against a man.—some overt act against the laws, before he can be suspected in any country: till that is done, the presumption is that he is a respectable man: and every judge will act on that presumption."

"Aye, in books perhaps: but when a running-fire of cross examinations opens from under some great wig, and one's blood gets up, and one does n't well remember all that one has said before,—I know not how it is, but things are apt to take a different turn."

"Well, my rule is to steer wide of all temptation to do ill; and then a man will carry his ship through in any waters."

"Will he? Why, may be so; and may be not. There are such things as sunk rocks: and it's not so easy to steer wide of *them*: constables for instance, justices of peace, lawyers, juries."

"But how came you to know that I was put on shore from Jackson's brig?"

"Why, to tell you a secret, it was I that lay at the bottom of the boat, whilst your learned self were writing notes in a pocket-book.—But hush! what's that?"

He stopped suddenly; looked cautiously round; and then went on:

"It was nothing, I believe. We may go on; but we must talk lower: in these cursed times every stone has ears. Here we must cross the brook, and double the rock on the left."

Whilst Bertram went on, he loitered a few steps behind, and then cried out—"Do you see any body?" On receiving an answer in the negative, he advanced; turned the corner, and then began again:

"You are going to M * * *; and you want a guide to show you the road and to carry your portmanteau: Now I'll do both on cheap terms; for all I ask in return is this—that, up to the inn-door, if we meet any body that asks unpleasant questions, you will just be so good as to let me pass for your servant whom you have brought from abroad. What say you? Is it a bargain?"

"My good friend,—according to the most flattering account I have yet received of your morals (which is your own), they are rather of a loose description; and with all possible respect for your virtue that the case allows, you will admit yourself that I should be running some little risk in confiding my portmanteau to your care: for I know not who you are; and, before I could look round, you might be off with my whole property; in which case I should certainly be on a 'sunk rock.' Some little risk, you must candidly allow?"

"No," said the stranger—"No, not at all: I'll convince you of it in a moment. Now just look at me (there's a little starlight just now). Don't you think I'm rather a stouter man than yourself?"

"Oh! doubtless."

"And perhaps this bludgeon would be no especial disadvantage to me in a contest with an unarmed man?"

"I must acknowledge it would not."

"Nor this particular knife? according to your view of my 'morals,' as you call them, I suppose it would not be very difficult for me to cut your throat with it, and then pitch you into one of these dark mountain ravines—where some six weeks hence a mouldering corpse of a stranger

might chance to be found, that nobody would trouble his head about?—Are my arguments forcible? satisfactory, eh?"

"Undoubtedly. I must grant that there is considerable force in your way of arguing the case. But permit me to ask, what particular consideration moves you to conduct me and my portmanteau without hire to M * * *? It seems too disinterested a proposal, to awaken no suspicion."

"Not so disinterested as you may fancy. Suppose now I happen to have left a few debts behind me in this country: or suppose I were an alien with no passport:—or suppose any other little supposes you like: only keep them to yourself, and talk as low if you please as convenient."

"Well, be it so: here's the portmanteau: take care you don't drop this little letter-case."

Bertram's alarms are not altogether dissipated; for he considered that

"Even by his own account the man wore rather a suspicious character; and what made it most so in the eyes of Bertram was the varying style of his dialect. He seemed to have engrafted the humorous phraseology of nautical life, which he wished to pass for his natural style, upon the original stock of a provincial dialect: and yet at times, when he was betrayed into any emotion or was expressing anger at social institutions, a more elevated diction and finer choice of expressions showed that somewhere or other the man must have enjoyed an intercourse with company of a higher class. In one or other part it was clear that he was a dissembler, and wearing a masque that could not argue any good purposes. Spite of all which however, and in the midst of his distrust, some feeling of kinder interest in the man arose in Bertram's mind—whether it were from compassion as towards one who seemed to have been unfortunate, or from some more obscure feeling that he could not explain to himself."

Whatever might be Bertram's opinion of his guide, the latter had or affected to have no better of *him*; and in this parting colloquy they "reciprocate" on this subject very frankly and very merrily:

"The road now wound over a rising ground; and the stranger pointed out some lights on the left which gleamed out from the universal darkness.

"Yonder is M * * *, if *that* is to be our destination. But, if the gentleman's journey lies further, I could show him another way which fetches a compass about the town."

"It is late already and very cold: for what reason then should I avoid M * * *?"

"Oh, every man has his own thoughts and reasons: and very advisable it is that he should keep as many of them as possible to himself. Let no man ask another his name, his rank, whither he is bound, on what errand, and so forth. And, if he does, let no man answer him. For under all these little matters may chance to lurk some ugly construction in a court of justice—when a man is obliged to give evidence against a poor devil that at any rate has done *him* no harm."

"Aye," said Bertram, "and there are other reasons which should make the traveller cautious of answering such questions: for consider—how is he to know in what dark lane he may chance to meet the curious stranger on his next day's journey? Though to be sure you'll say that, for a man with no more baggage than myself, such caution is superfluous."

The stranger laughed heartily, and said: "True, too true, as the gentleman observes: and indeed the gentleman seems to understand how such matters are conducted very well. However, after all, I would strongly recommend it to the gentleman to avoid the town of M * * *."

"But why so? Is it a nest of thieves?"

"Oh! lord bless us! no: quite the other way: rather too honest, and strict, you understand."

"Well, and for what reason then avoid making the acquaintance of so very virtuous a town?"

"Why, for *that* reason. It's unreasonably virtuous. In particular there is a certain magistrate in the neighbourhood, who hangs his 12 men *per annum*: and why? For no other cause on God's earth than because their blood is hotter than his own. He has his bloodhounds for tracking them, and his spies for trepanning; and all the old women say that he can read in the stars, and in coffee grounds, where contraband goods come ashore."

"Why, my pleasant friend, what is it you take me for?"

The stranger turned round, pressed his companion's hand; but, not finding the pressure returned, he laughed and said in a significant tone:

"Take him for? I take the gentleman to be as respectable and honourable a gentleman as any that ——— frequents the highway by night. You are come from abroad: at school you had read flattering accounts of this famous kingdom of England and its inhabitants; and, desiring to see all this fine vision realized, you did not let the distance frighten you. And to a young man I take it *that* is some little credit."

"Well, Sir, well?"

"Before you left home, your purse had been emptied at some watering place, we'll say by gamblers, sharpers, black legs, &c.; but no matter how: there are many ways of emptying a purse; and you are now come over to our rich old England to devise means for filling it again. All right. He, that loses his money at one sort of game, must try to draw it back by some other."

"So then you do really take me to be an adventurer—a fortune-hunter?"

"Oh, Sir, God forbid I should take a man for any thing that it is not agreeable to him to be taken for; or should call him by any name which he thinks uncivil But the last name, I think, is civil enough: for I suppose every man is a fortune-hunter in this world. Some there are now that hunt their fortunes through quiet paths where there is little risk and much profit: others again" (and here he lost his tranquil tone, and his self-possession) "others hunt a little profit through much danger, choosing rather to be in eternal strife and to put their hopes daily to hazard than to creep and crawl and sneak and grovel: and at last perhaps they venture into a chase where there is no profit at all—or where the best upshot will be that some dozen of hollow, smiling, fawning scoundrels, who sin according to act of parliament, and therefore are within the protection of parliament, may be——"

He paused suddenly, and made a fierce gesture which supplied the ellipsis to his companion: but the latter had little wish to pursue such a theme, and he diverted the conversation into a different channel.

Different indeed! For he proceeds to explain that in fact he has not come to Wales upon any swindling ideas, but simply in search of the picturesque, and the "enormous ruins of Bangor * Abbey," and all that sort of thing:—Not loaded dice, but crayons and Indian ink—not pistols, but pencils—are his pocket companions. Not "Gad's-hill" stations, but Mr. Pennant's stations, are the stations for him. The stranger, who is highly diverted, prepares to quiz Mr. Bertram unmercifully—and (to borrow a phrase from the streets of London) to "go it" in fine style. Mr. Bertram, on his part, sees no joke,—but surrenders himself with admirable *bonhommie* to his caustic friend. "I know them all"—says the stranger—"Drumwaller—Arthur's table—Cairwarnak: you shall see them all, my dear friend. And perhaps the gentleman would like to see a few old churches in the moonlight—ivy, moonshine, wall.—"

"Undoubtedly I shall," said Bertram; "and I understand that Wales is particularly rich in ruins; and I've seen beautiful sketches of some taken by moonlight."

"Aye, bless your heart, but did you ever see Griffith ap Gauvon?"—

And he proceeds to astound Mr. Bertram with a flaming description of ap Gauvon "in the eastern ravines of Snowdon;" and the chapter winds up in this way.

"I protest," said Bertram, "you make my head giddy with your description."

"Aye, but don't be giddy just yet: for we are now going over a narrow path; and there's a precipice below. Here, give me your hand So!—Now turn to the right: now two steps up: and now take my arm; for it's so dark under these walls—that you'll be apt to stumble."

Both advanced in this way for some hundred paces, when suddenly the guide stopped, and said:

"Here we are at last: and my term of 'service' is out. This is the *Walladmor Arms*; and it is the best inn in the town; for there is no other."

If any courteous reader has ever in the bloom of youth made a pedestrian tour among the northern or western mountains of our island, he will understand what was in Bertram's mind at this moment—a vision of luxurious refreshment and rest after a hard day's fatigue, disturbed by anxious doubts about the nature of his reception. In this state he laid his hand upon the latch; and perhaps the light of the door-lamp, which at this moment fell upon his features, explained to his guide what was passing in his mind; for he drew him back for one moment, and said——

"One word of advice before we part: even the 'servant' may presume to counsel his 'master' as he is quitting his service. The landlord within is not one of

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* This little anachronism often recurs in the novel; whether intentionally *as* an anachronism (and for the same purpose of fun as leads him to cite mottoes to his chapters from "Old Play,") we know not. However, many a German tourist in North Wales, we doubt not, will in future be found peering about for the ruins of Bangor. Bangor Abbey was not, as the author imagines, at the Bangor in Caernarvonshire which we all know—but at another Bangor in Flintshire; flourished during the Saxon heptarchy; and was a ruin before *that* was a ruin. This we happen to recollect; having written a tragedy in our 13th year on a certain Ethelfrid—a Cæsar Borgia sort of person—who cut the throats of the abbot and all his monks.—*Reviewer.*

those landlords who pique themselves on courtesy: and the gentleman tourist, with submission be it said, is not one of those tourists who travel with four horses,—or even by the stage-coach: and foot-travellers in England, especially in the winter-season, do not meet with 'high consideration.' Which premises weighed,—if you were to ask for a night's lodging at your first entrance, I bet ten to one that you will get none; no, not though the house were as empty as it is probably full by the infernal din. But do what I tell you: Call for ale, porter, or wine, the moment you enter. As fast as your reckoning mounts, so fast will the frost thaw about the landlord's heart. Go to work in any other way, and I'll not answer for it but you'll have to lie in the street."

With full determination to pay attention to his advice, Bertram again laid his hand upon the latch; opened the door; and made his appearance for the first time in his life upon that famous stage in the records of novelists a British inn.

In the bar of the *Walladmor Arms* are assembled a mixed party, of whom the most interesting person to the novel is Mr. Dulberry, a decayed tradesman and "alderman" of Manchester, and a radical reformer. He is also somewhat of a relation to Dogberry: for he tells Bertram that it never has gone well with old England since *Brevia Parliamentaria*, or "Short Parliaments" as he translates it, went out of fashion; and is much surprised to hear that his substantive in the above piece of erudition was suspected to be an adjective, and his adjective a substantive: however the main interest of his part is derived from the unseasonable parade of his constitutional principles: Runnymead, the Bill of Rights, Act of Settlement, "Castlereagh's hussars," "hoofs of dragoons," and "Manchester massacres," are the notes upon which he rings his changes: he is a purist and a rigorist: treading on his toes he views from the high station of Magna Charta: as much as possible he evades all taxes; indirect taxes even he evades by drinking only smuggled brandies: and with all this he combines a ludicrous ostentation of committing suicide as befitting a patriot, though uniformly taking his measures so as to provide himself with some excellent interruption or apology for delay. This gentleman calls the attention of the company upon himself by setting the "Courier" on fire, which he does under horror at a paragraph stating that an Englishman had been arrested in the Isle of Wight for political offences by the emissaries of Government. "What Government, the company exclaim," the French Government? "No: the English Government." And he proposes that all present should unite in some strong remonstrance to Government on the case. But, as it soon turns out that the prisoner was charged with having taken part in the Cato-street conspiracy, the whole room decline any interference on his behalf. This brings up the subject of the prisoner, who is called Nichols or Nicholas in the newspaper—and turns out to be a person well known in that neighbourhood for his daring character, great powers of mind, and romantic exploits, both as a commander of Rotterdam smugglers and as a pirate. Several striking anecdotes are told of his hair-breadth escapes, and the singular address and presence of mind which he had displayed in that very bar in baffling his pursuers: and the whole picture is finished by a suggestion that his brain had latterly been crazed by his passion for a young lady of that neighbourhood (the niece of Sir Morgan Walladmor): the notion of Nichols in love is treated with ridicule by the coarser part of the company: though it is urged in proof, that the sanity of his actions had latterly been so much affected by his attachment to Miss Walladmor, that the Rotterdam merchants had refused any longer to confide their interests to his management, and had displaced him for Captain le Harnois. All present, strangers or not, are now anxious to know more of the newspaper paragraph: this had been reduced to ashes: but, on Dulberry's report, the "*Courier*" had gone on to state that Nichols had been shipped in the Halcyon for the coast of Wales, where he was to take his trial for some rencontres with the revenue officers, on which a verdict of guilty was more certainly anticipated than on his transactions in Cato-street. This naturally brings up Bertram, who informs the company of the fate of the Halcyon—and transfers upon himself a good deal of the interest which had before settled upon Nichols.

The next day but one is St. David's day: every man appears with a leek in his hat: and an annual procession to the church, which passes the inn with much antique pomp and ceremony, serves to introduce Sir Morgan Walladmor, of Walladmor Castle, who presides as the great territorial proprietor of the neighbourhood, MP., and so forth. Sir Morgan Walladmor rides in the procession along with his beautiful niece: and both are described as exhibiting the traces of deep mental suffering in their countenances. Sir Morgan is elaborately costumed; and, but for a double cloud of grief which sate upon his mind, appears to be constitutionally a very jovial person; a great whig; a violent persecutor of radicals and smugglers; and, as we hinted once before, of the reader: but otherwise as worthy a man as one could wish. By the way, on the subject of *Bore*,—that weighty office (so necessary in every well-regulated novel as a constitutional check upon the levity of the other characters) is usually lodged in one sole autocrat or despot: but in Walladmor the author has thought fit, upon considerations of human mortality, to vest it in two persons—a sort of Roman consulship: and the reader may take our word for it that it is no consulship of Cæsar and Bibulus: no sinecures are allowed here. These worthy Duumviri are Dulberry and Sir Morgan: both in fact are mad: Dulberry from commercial losses and politics; Sir Morgan upon the topics of astrology and genealogy. This madness of the baronet's, the reader sees, is Janus-faced, looking forwards and backwards. Welsh genealogy however is the great *fundus* (as the critics express it) from which Sir Morgan draws. He descends in quest of his game as low as one Rhees-ap-Meredith, who lived it seems 1821 years before Ann. Domini 1. It is a fact: 1821 years below the Christian æra does this worthy magistrate send down his bucket for pure extract of bore: and as we happen to be in the corresponding year above that æra, we may say of Sir Morgan, considered in his functions of bore, that he is like Virgil's oak:

Quantum vertice ad auras,

We forget the exact words, but the *ἀπόδοσις* is—*tantum radice ad Tartara** *tendit.*

But we must check our wit, and proceed:—Agreeably to ancient custom, Sir Morgan on returning from church holds a court for redress of grievances, petitions, &c. No appellant presents himself but one, a Dutchman who on the part of young Le Harnois applies for permission to carry the body of the deceased Captain Le Harnois, "descended from the Montmorencies," to a Catholic burying ground, and a dispensation from the indignity of having the hearse searched by the Excise-officers. As a magistrate, Sir Morgan flatly refuses: but on a dexterous application to his weak side as a genealogist, he grants his warrant. Bertram is persuaded to attend this funeral: on its road such tumultuous scenes of indecorum occur, that the reader begins to suspect the contents of the hearse: many of the mourners, it is clear, suspect: and finally, in spite of Sir Morgan's "*permit*," the Excise suspect; and a party of officers stop the procession at a turnpike-gate, which they have barricadoed. Then comes forward the chief mourner, a young man of fine person and apparently in deep grief: but all fails to move the hard heart of the Excise; and at last the funeral train are obliged to storm the barriers. In one of the tempestuous scenes which follow Bertram, who stood aloof, receives a note ill-spelt but well-expressed, desiring him to meet the writer that evening at the ruins of ap Gauvon. Leaving the funeral, he sets off over a wild country to this "well-known" abbey. On his road he springs a covey of five old women, sitting under a wall, whom he takes for witches, but who in fact are dispersing smuggled claret over the country: then meets Mrs. Godber: and at length, as night falls, with much difficulty reaches ap Gau-

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* In fact literally *ad Tartara:* for Rhees ap Meredith is there; and comes out this very year by benefit of an arrangement made with a Welsh "apostle," which grants to some act of Welsh virtue the power of liberating from Tartarus in every year of our æra all Pagan Welshmen who descended thither in the corresponding year on the other side of our æra.

von. A blazing fire in one of the vaults attracts him to the window. He overhears a conversation, in which one of the speakers is repeatedly addressed as Nicholas; his foot slips; and he is tumbling head foremost into the vault and in imminent danger of being shot as an intruder, when a torch reveals his features to the leader of the party, who turns out to be the writer of the little billet which had drawn him thither. This person entertains him with dinner, and claret; and then dismisses all the rest of his followers. After which comes a succession of scenes which we shall translate—as unfolding the chief characters in the novel, and preparing all that follows down to the dénouement.

Our first extract is from a conversation between Bertram and his unknown acquaintance in the vault:

"And is it your opinion that every body would pass the same keen judgment on me?"

"Ay, if not a harsher: but do you know, Mr. Bertram, that at first sight, I knew your profession by your face, and what your destiny is in this life.

"And which of my unhappy features is it that bears this unpleasant witness against me?"

"Unhappy you may truly call them," said the other, smiling bitterly—"unhappy indeed; for they are the same as my own. I rest a little upon omens and prefigurations; and am superstitious; as all those are who have ventured upon the sea, and have risked their all upon the faith of its unsteady waves. It will mortify you (my young friend) to confess, (but it is true) that much as storm, sun, passion, and hardships, may have tanned and disfeatured my face, nevertheless it is still like thy gentle woman's face, with its fair complexion and its overshadowing locks; and when I look back upon that inanimate portrait which once an idle artist painted of me, in my 16th year, I remember that it was one and the same with thine. Kindred features should imply kindred dispositions and minds. The first time I observed you closely, on that evening when sunk in reverie, you came on shore from Jackson's brig, you meantime thinking, if indeed you thought of me at all, that I was asleep; then did I behold in your eye my own; read in your forehead all the storms that too surely have tossed and rocked the little boat of your uneasy life; saw your plans, so wide and spacious—your little peace—your doubts about the end which you were pursuing—your bold resolves—bold, and with not much hope."

"Oh stranger, but thou knowest the art, far above thy education, of reading the souls of others."

A smile passed over his countenance whilst he replied: "Education! oh yes, I too have had some education: oh! doubtless education is a fine thing, not to run in amongst gentlemen of refinement like a wild beast, and shock the good pious lambs with coarse manners or ferocious expressions. Oh yes, education is of astonishing value: a man of the wildest pursuits, and the nature of a ruffian, may shroud himself in this, as a wolf in sheep's clothing—and be well received by all those accomplished creatures whom fortune brought into this world, not in smoky huts, but in rich men's rooms decked with tapestry. I too have stolen a little morsel of education amongst a troop of players; and if my coarse habits will sometimes look out, why that's no fault of mine, but of those worthy paupers that thought proper to steal me in my infancy. There are hours, Bertram, in which I have longings, longings keen as those of women with child—longings for conversations with men of higher faculties—men that I could understand—men that could answer me—aye, and that *would* answer me, and not turn away from the poor vagabond with disdain."

"And you have chosen me for such a comrade?"

"As you please: that rests with yourself. But, Bertram, at any rate, I rejoice to find amongst my equals one that does not—as others do of the plebeian rout—live the sport of the passing moment,—one that risks his life, yet in risking it knows what life is—that has eyes to see—thoughts to think,—feelings——but such a dissembling hypocrite as you (and here he smiled) will laugh when he hears a ruffian talk of feelings."

"Your wish is, then, to find some well-educated comrade, who, when your conscience is troublesome, may present your crimes under their happiest aspect—may take the sting out of your offences, and give to the wicked deed the colouring of a noble one?"

Nicholas knit his brows, and said with a quick and stern voice:

"What I have done I shall never deny: neither here nor there above—if any above or below there be. I want nobody to call my deeds by pretty names, neither before they are executed nor after. What I want is a friend; one to whom I could confide my secret thoughts without kneeling as before a priest—or confessing as to a judge; one that will rush with me like a hurricane into life, till we are both in our graves; or one that refusing to

do this, and standing himself upright, would yet allow the poor guilty outcast to attach himself to his support, and sometimes to repose his weary head upon a human heart."

Bertram stared at him, which the other observed, and said smilingly:

"You wonder at my pathos: but you must recollect that I told you I had once been amongst players"

"Speak frankly—what is it you wish of me?"

"This I wish: will you either run joint hazard with me—and try your fortunes in this country;—or will you take your own course, but now and then permit me, when my heart is crazed by passion, by solitude, and unparticipated anguish,—to lighten it by your society?"

"Once for all I declare to you with respect to your first proposal that I will enter into no unlawful connexions."

"Be it so: that word is enough. You refuse to become an adventurer like myself? I ask not for your reasons; your will in such a case is law enough. But then can you, in the other sense, be my friend?"

"Rash man! whence is it that you derive such boundless confidence in me?"

Nicholas stepped up to the young man nearer than before - looked him keenly but kindly in the eyes—as if seeking to revive some remembrance in him; then pressed his hand, and said—

"Have you forgotten then that poor wretch in the tumult of the waves, to whom, when he was in his agony, thou, Bertram, didst resign thy own security—and didst descend into the perilous and rocking waters? Deeply, oh deeply, I am in thy debt; and far more deeply I would be in thy debt, when I ask for favours such as this."

"Is it possible? Are you he? But now I recollect your forehead was then hidden by streaming hair: convulsive spasms played about your lips; and your face was disguised by a long beard."

"I am he; and but for thee should now lie in the bowels of a shark, or spitted upon some rock at the bottom of the ocean. But come, my young friend, come into the open air: for in this vault I feel the air too close and confined."

By this time we presume that the reader will have discovered for himself that the central figure in four distinct scenes—the present, the funeral of Captain Le Harnois, the mountain night-walk from the sea-shore to M * * *, and the hurricane in the Bristol Channel, is one and the same person; that James Nichols, Niklas, Nicholas, or Nicolas,† whose daring character and exploits had furnished so much matter for conversation in the bar-room at M * * *. The scene, which follows immediately after the one we have just translated, serving still further to unfold the character of Nicholas,—we give this also:—

After referring us to "Miss Ratkliff's" Romances for a description of a Gothic convent better than any novelist can paint "who has hitherto passed his days amidst the hills and vales of our Scotland less bounteously endowed with these solemn buildings—buildings of sullen exterior, such as well expresses the horrors within, just as a bad sign over a public house announces bad fare and a bad landlord;" and after deprecating any comparison of Griffith ap Gauvon with the more extensive ruins of "Bangor" the author proceeds thus:

Owls and other night birds which had found an asylum here, disturbed by the steps of the two nightly wanderers, now soared aloft to the highest turrets. At length after moving in silence for some minutes, both stepped out through the pointed arch of a narrow gate-way into the open air upon a lofty battlement. Nicholas seized Bertram's hand, with the action of one who would have checked him at some dangerous point;—and, making a gesture which expressed—"look before you!" he led him to the outer edge of the wall. At this moment the full moon in perfect glory burst from behind a towering pile of clouds, and illuminated a region such as the young man had hitherto scarcely known by description. Dizzily he looked down upon what seemed a bottomless abyss at his feet. The Abbey-wall, on which he stood, built with colossal art, was but the crest or surmounting of a steep and monstrous wall of rock, which rose out of depths in which his eye could find no point on which to settle. On the other side of this immeasurable gulph lay in deep shadow—the main range of Snowdon—whose base was perhaps covered with thick forests,‡ but whose summit and declivities displayed a dreary waste. Dazzled by the grandeur of the spectacle, Bertram would have sought re-

† Out of this bunch of names, for he is called by all (in turn), we choose the name of Nicholas; for indeed he is one of the "clerks of St. Nicholas" (see *Henry IV.*) *on à peu près*.

‡ No: not at present, or since the time of Giraldus Cambrensis—but we will not answer for the Ap Gauvon side.—*Reviewer*.

pose for his eye by turning round: but the new scene was, if not greater, still more striking. From his lofty station he overlooked the spacious ruins of the entire monastery, as its highest points silvered over by moonlight, shot up from amidst the illimitable night of ravines, chasms, and rocky peaks that form the dependencies of Snowdon. Add to these permanent features of the scene the impressive accident of the time—midnight, with an universal stillness in the air, and the whole became a fairy scene, in which the dazzled eye comprehended only the total impression, without the separate details or the connexions of its different points. So much however might be inferred from the walls which lay near with respect to those which gleamed in the distance—that the towers and buildings of the abbey had been for the most part built upon prominent peaks of rock. Those only which were so founded had resisted the hand of time: while the cross walls which connected them, wanting such a rocky basis, had all fallen in. Solemnly above all the chapels and turrets rose, brilliantly illuminated by the moon, the main tower. Upon a solitary crag that started from the deeps, it stood with a boldness that seemed to proclaim defiance on the part of man to nature and victorious efforts of his hands over all her opposition. Round about it every atom of the connecting masonry had mouldered away and sunk into heaps of rubbish below—so that all possibility of reaching the tower seemed to be cut off. But beyond this tower high Gothic arches rose from the surrounding crags; and in many places were seen pillars springing from two dissevered points of rock—rising higher and higher—and at last inclining towards each other in vast arches; but the central stones that should have locked the architraves of the mighty gates were wanting; and the columns stood to a fanciful eye like two lovers, whom nature and pure inclination have destined for each other, but whom some malicious mischance has separated for ever. Bertram shut his eyes, before the dazzling spectacle: when he opened them again, his guide said with a tranquil voice—in which however a tone of exultation might be distinguished,

"This is Griffith ap Gauvon, of which I lately spoke to you."

Directly after the scene proceeds thus; and as it brings out the ferocious jacobinism of Nicholas—his disordered pride, his frantic struggles with his own conscious degradation,—his love, his despair, and his craziness—we give this also.

Here, Bertram, do I often stand on the giddy precipice; and I look down upon the dread tranquillity of the spectacle; and then often I feel as though I wanted no friend; as though nature, the mighty mother, were a sufficient friend that fulfilled all my wishes—a friend far better and wiser than any which the false world can offer. But, Bertram, come a little further! He led him, sideways, from that part of the building out of which they had issued by the little portal about 100 yards further. The wall, scarce three feet wide, stood here nearly insulated: and was on the one side bounded by the abyss just described, and on the other by what might have been an inner court—that lay however at least three stories deep below. Nothing but a cross-wall, which rose above the court towards a little tower, touched this main wall. At the extremity of this last, where it broke off abruptly, both stopped. Hardly forty steps removed from them, rose the great tower, which in past times doubtless had been connected with the point at which they stood, but was now divided by as deep a gulph as that which lay to the outside wall. "Further there is nothing." said his guide: "often have I come hither and meditated whether I should not make one step onwards, and in that way release myself from all anxiety about any future steps upon this earth."

"But the power and the grandeur of nature have arrested you and awed you?"

"Right. Look downwards into the abyss before us:—deep, deep below, trickles along, between pebbles and moss and rocky fragment, a little brook: now it is lit up by the moon;—and at this moment it seems to me as if something were stirring; and now something is surely leaping over:—but no—it was deception: often when I have stood here in meditation, and could not comprehend what checked me from taking one bold leap, a golden pillar of moonlight has met me gleaming upwards from the little brook below—(brook that I have haunted in happier days); and suddenly I have risen as if ashamed—and stolen away in silence."

"Nicholas, do you believe in God?"

"Will you know the truth? I have lately learnt to believe."

"By what happy chance?"

"Happy!" and his companion laughed bitterly. "Leagued with bold and desperate men, to rid the world of a knot of vipers, for months I had waited for the moment when they should assemble together, in order to annihilate at one blow the entire brood. Daily we prayed, if you will call *that* praying, that this moment would arrive: but months after months passed: we waited; and we despaired. At length, on a day,—I remember it was at noon—in burst a friend upon us and cried out—'Triumph and glory! this night the King's ministers all meet at Lord Har-

rowby's.' At these words many stern conspirators fell on their knees; others folded their hands—hands (God knows!) but little used to such a folding: I could do neither: I stretched out my arms and cried aloud—There is a Providence!"

"Dreadful!"

"Spare your horrors, and your morality. Providence, we know, has willed it otherwise; the honourable gentlemen, at whom we had levelled, flourish in prosperity and honour; and my friends moulder beneath the scaffold."

"Having this origin, I presume that your faith in a Providence is at present ——"

"Unshaken: my dagger was meant for Lord Castlereagh; and, although he has escaped my wrath, yet I know not how, but a curse seems to cling to my blade, that whomsoever I have once devoted to it with full determination of purpose, that man —— ——"

Bertram shuddered, and said, "So then it was a conspirator from Cato-street that I delivered from death?"

"Well, push the conspirator over the wall, if you repent."

"But what carried you amongst such an atrocious band? What could you reap from the murder of the English ministers—no merchant from Amsterdam stood with a full purse in the back ground.

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"Just as the other day Mr. Somebody's great porter-vat went to wreck in London and deluged all the streets about it, so would lawless mobs soon have overflowed the bounds of order: order once extinct, that deadly enemy of all my purposes, then—"

"Then? you hesitate."

"One step brings on another, and the rage of licentious mobs cannot be stopped until it has consumed itself. Upon the smoking ashes of the old palaces, between the overladen scaffold on one side and the charnel house on the other, blood from each side floating the slippery streets,—then is man's worth put to proof; then it is tried not by his prattling, which he calls eloquence—or by his overloaded memory which he calls knowledge; then comes into play the arm, and then the head:"

"And what would you have gained as chief of a maddening populace?"

"What should I have gained? That sort of consideration I leave to the 'learned' and to 'ministers' and such people: my part is—to resolve and to execute as the crisis arises."

"So then it was mere appetite for destruction that drove you on? For that I should scarce have thought your misanthropy sufficient."

"Call it rage, call it frenzy, call it what you will—but something higher it was that stood in the back ground. A beautiful picture it was when I represented to myself all the great leaders, headless—and in that point on a level with the poor culprit that has just ascended the scaffold for stealing some half a pound of trash. This it was that allured me; and the pleasure of being myself the decapitator! Then worth should have borne the sway and merit."

"Merit? What sort of merit?"

"You think a blood-hound has none," —said Nicholas, with eyes that shot fire:—"but he can acquire it. Heaven and Earth! he that has such marrow—such blood in his veins—such a will—such an unconquerable will—he can begin a new life: he can be born again. Bertram, do not mock me when I tell you—passionate love has crazed my wits. See, here is a handkerchief of hers! For *her* sake do I curse my former life; for her sake, I would sink its memory into the depths of ocean! Oh that I *could!* that all the waters of the ocean could cleanse this hand! that I could come up from the deep sea as pure though I were as helpless as an infant! Once upon a dreadful night—But stop! what was that? Did you hear no whispering from below? Once upon a dreadful night——: Steps go there! hush! hush!"

Bertram's companion here suddenly drew his cloak from his shoulders—rolled it up under his arm—caught his coat-skirts under both arms—and stood with head and body bent forwards, whilst his eyes seemed to search and traverse the dark piles of building from which they had issued; his attitude was that of a stag, that with pointed ears and with fore-feet rising for a bound, is looking to the thicket from which the noise issues that has startled him. Bertram too threw his eyes over the walls as far as he could to the lower part of the ruins; and remarked that, if any hostile attack were made, they should be without deliverance; they were shut in; and no egress remained except that which would be pre-occupied by their assailants.

"I believe I was mistaken," said Nicholas, drawing his breath again, just as Bertram fancied he saw a stirring of the shadow which lay within the gateway at the further end. He was on the point of communicating what he observed to the other, when suddenly a shot was fired. In that same instant Nicholas had thrown his cloak into the abyss; and without a word spoken ran straight, with an agility and speed that thunderstruck Bertram, to the archway; from which figures of armed men were now seen to issue apparently with the intention of intercepting the fugitive. Bertram now expected to see a struggle, as Nicholas was running right into the mouth of the danger. But in the midst of his quickest speed he checked—turned to the left about—leaped down with the instinctive agility of a

chamois upon the wall below, which, bisecting the inner court, connected the main wall with the outer, and then ran along upon the narrow ridge of this inner wall, interrupted as it was by holes and loose stones. At every instant Bertram expected to see him fall and never rise again. But the danger to Nicholas came from another quarter. The pursuers, it would seem, had calculated on the intrepidity and agility of their man, and another group of men faced him on the opposite side. No choice appeared left to the fugitive—but to surrender, or to leap down. Suddenly he stood still, pulled out of his belt a brace of pistols—fired one in each hand upon the antagonists who stood near to him; and, whilst these shrank back in sudden surprise, though no one appeared wounded, with incredible dexterity and speed he sank from the eyes of Bertram—and disappeared. In a moment after Bertram thought he heard a dull sound as of a heavy plunge amongst the rubbish below. All was then still. ——

"One has burst the net," exclaimed the men, "but there stands his comrade: and, if he prove the right one, no matter what becomes of the other." So saying, both parties neared cautiously to possess themselves of Bertram.

What Bertram will do in this case, we all know: he is all civility, and anticipating submission; and drops like ripe fruit into the hands of the constables. Doubts however remain whether he is the right man: Bertram's face and his resemblance to Nicholas prove now in good earnest unfortunate; for an Irishman, one M'Kilmary, is called upon; he holds up a torch to Bertram's face, and instantly declares that he is Nicholas.

A reward of 500*l.* being offered for the capture of Nicholas,—his captors are in high spirits. The night is severe: their watching had been long; and they had captured from one of the old women a basket of the contraband wine. With these "elements" of a carouse it was not to be supposed they should miss it. They light a fire in front of the abbey: and such is the elevation of their spirits that they even comfort the prisoner; Sampson, a constable, assuring him that in his youth he and others of the party had been near to the gallows; and yet, for all that, they were now "virtuous" as he saw—and men of credit in the state. As the wine operates they quarrel about their claims in the future division of the 500*l.* Bertram meantime is busy with the picturesque; wishing that Merlin or some other Welsh wizard would call up Salvator Rosa from his grave to sketch the fine composition arranged by the prodigious shadows of Snowdon—the moonlight and the armed men carousing by their pine-wood fire within the gloomy shades of the abbey,—when his attention is drawn by the heat of the quarrel.

"What the d——: rank and precedency has nothing to do in this: that's settled, and we are all to share alike."

"D—— your bloody eyes," cried Sampson—"Social distinctions in all things: it's as clear as sunlight in October that I, as leader and the man of genius, am to have 300*l.*; and you divide the other 200*l.* amongst you."

"What?" said the Irishman: "200*l.* amongst eight men?"

"Why, as for you, M'Kilmary, you get nothing. You stayed behind and wouldn't venture yourself upon that wall."

"No: Red-hair, you sheer off," exclaimed all the rest: but Red-hair protested against this; and almost screamed with wrath:

"By rights I should have half," said M'Kilmary; "for it was I that told who he was."

"Not a farthing more than according to merits and then your share will come short."

M'Kilmary leaped up and clenched his fist: "May the great devil swallow——." But scarce had he uttered a word, when a shot was fired—then a second—a third—a fourth; and a wild shout arose at a little distance of ——

"Cut them down!"

Sampson had fallen back wounded: but full of presence of mind, he called out to the Irishman—"Seize him, M'Kilmary! seize the prisoner, or he'll escape."

But M'Kilmary had been the first to escape himself; some others had followed: two of more resolution were preparing to execute the orders of the constable; but suddenly they received such severe thrusts that one tumbled into the fire, and the other rolled over the wounded constable. An uproar of shouts and curses arose: and in this tumult Bertram found himself seized by two stout fellows who hurried him off before he had time to recollect himself—into the shades of a neighbouring thicket. Here, when nobody could discover them by the light of the fire, they made a halt for a moment, and cut the cords that confined the prisoner.

"Take breath for a moment," said one of his conductors, "and then away with us

through thick and thin, if we escape the hounds."

Who it is that conducts this rescue, we need not say.

"We must now see how we can steal through the mountains," said Nicholas, and accordingly over hill and through thicket—lanes—and channels of pebbly brooks, they creep along. Coming at length to a wide heath lit up by the moon, Nicholas thinks it advisable that they should separate, and gives Bertram directions very much *à la Tony Lumpkin:* he points out a black spot on the heath. Thither he must go: then turn to the left; then, when he comes to the peat-ditch, to the right; and, a mile beyond he will see a little inclosure: and there dwells —— who, reader? one Mr. Valentine Skimble-skamble: at his house Bertram will find a lodging. Mr. Skimble-skamble's Bertram is not destined to reach, nor indeed ever to see Mr. Skimble-skamble except in his dying moments. What follows is an interesting scene of night-rambling in a wild country, snow coming on; and reminds us so much of a youthful adventure of our own near Snowdon (and therefore, we suppose, near Griffith ap Gauvon), and contains beside so amusing a piece of impertinence about Sir Walter Scott—that we must give it. Bertram misses the road to Mr. Skimble-skamble; but (as if again to assure him that he was not born to be drowned) he finds the road to the gallows. This gallows appears to be constructed upon German principles, something in fact like a stand upon a race-course: for he runs "up stairs;" and who should be at the top but old Mrs. Gillie Godber? She, poor old soul, is cooling her heels—croaking and playing the witch as usual, but again draws pity by her raving after her blooming boy who had been executed at this very gallows 25 years ago.

In her craziness she insists on mistaking Bertram for her son: he however declines the connexion; in fact he takes her for a ghost, and takes himself to his heels as fast as possible: for at best we know that his exchequer of courage was not very rich, and it had long ago stopped payment: the author frankly says that his courage had been long buried (untergraben) under the events of this night: with but small prospect, we fear, of resurrection from any events that are to follow.

He took himself, as we said, to his heels; but, as the author goes on:

"Mrs. Gillie Godber was as nimble as he, and caught him by his coat-lap, at the same time uttering these words in a heart-rending tone:" But we will not introduce the affecting apostrophes of the poor heart-broken mother in this ludicrous connexion; and we go on to say that "while the poor creature left her hold of his coat to throw her withered arm about his neck, Bertram disengaged himself sprang at two steps down the gallows'-stairs—and ran off winged by fear." With or without her bull-dogs Mrs. Godber seems destined to have the better of Mr. Bertram. The crazy woman cried after him from the scaffold, her hair streaming upon the wind: "Gregory, my love—my boy! come back! The wind is high and stormy: and the snow flakes are driving—driving—driving. Come back, my boy—my darling!"

Bertram's situation was now really somewhat alarming; he had fled from imaginary terrors to real ones; all things considered, a braver man would have felt nervous. The moonlight was gone,—thick snow-clouds had muffled the sky; the snow-storm had fairly set in; all traces of road or path had perished: the little knowledge he had ever had of his bearings had totally gone to wreck in his fright at the gallows: he was on a wide moor filled with turf pits; and the ice, which had borne a man's weight before, now began to give way under its covering of snow. Ever and anon he sank up to the knee: he was overpowered with cold, hunger, thirst, fatigue, and terror; ghosts and premature gibbets were on one side, "virtuous" constables and blunderbusses on another. In fact he was in the condition of Bunyan's Mr. Ready-to-sink. In such a situation now what shall a wise man do? The learned differ: Mr. Bertram's opinion was eccentric: it occurred to him that the best plan would be to lie down—wet as he was—and allow himself to be snowed up; not doubting that, after he was once fairly "tucked in" by the snow, he should have a

good night's rest, and wake in very comfortable condition; breakfast no doubt, and the Morning Chronicle lying by his side. At this crisis an accident occurred to restore his spirits, which with some persons might have been apt to cool them. Driving with his head cowering through the storm—and blinded by the snow, he plunged into a peat-ditch knee-deep at first; but in striving to get out—up to his shoulders. This cold bath "again stimulated the freezing powers of life;" and to recover some warmth he began to run. His head was held slanting; and at length, to his great satisfaction, he runs this head of his "plenum sed" (to borrow a classical expression from a youthful friend, i. e. learned reader, *full butt*) against a high pole; Why it gave him "satisfaction" to do this, the reader may guess: Bertram knew that he had reached an inclosure; and that man was in his neighbourhood. What follows is pretty from its picturesque touches as a sketch of a mountain hamlet in a snowy night.

It was a lofty pole, such as is ordinarily erected upon moorish or mountainous tracts against the accidents of deep snow. Bertram's hopes were realized. At a little distance he found a second pole, then a third, and a fourth, &c. until at length he dropped down upon a little cluster of cottages. He saw indeed neither house, nor tree, nor hedge before him: for even a whole village at such a time—its low roofs all white with snow—would not have been distinguishable: but he heard the bleating of sheep. Seldom had his heart throbbed with such a sudden thrill of gladness as at this sound. With hurried steps he advanced, and soon found a low hedge which without hesitation he climbed; he felt the outer wall of a house, but could not find the door. Close to the house however was a wooden barn, from which issued the bleating which had so much gladdened the poor wanderer.

Now, good public, listen to this prince of hoaxers:

Many a reader, when he runs over this chapter by his warm fire-side, or possibly in summer, will not forbear laughing. But whosoever, led by pleasure or necessity, has in winter roamed over a heath in the Scotch Highlands, and has been fairly mist-foundered,—knows what a blessed haven for the weary and frozen man is a reeking sheep-cote. The author of this novel speaks here feelingly from personal experience: upon a romantic pedestrian excursion from Edinburgh to the western parts of Strathnavern he once lost his way in company with his friend Thomas Banley, Esq. who departed this life about ten years ago, but will live for ever in his tender recollection. After wandering for several hours in the thickest mist upon this *Novembry* heath, and what by moorish ground—what by the dripping atmosphere being thoroughly soaked, and stiffening with cold, the author and Thomas Banley, Esq. discovered on a declivity of the bleak Mount Patrick a solitary hovel. It stood apart from all houses or dwellings; and even the shepherd had on this particular night stolen away (probably on a love-tryst): however, if the shepherd was gone, his sheep were not: and we found about fifty of them in the stall, which had recently been littered with fine clean straw. We clambered over the hurdle at the door; and made up a warm cozy bed for ourselves amongst the peaceful animals. Many times after in succeeding years Thomas Banley, Esq. assured me—that, although he had in India (as is well known to the public) enjoyed all the luxuries of a Nabob whilst he served in those regions under Sir Arthur Wellesley, yet never had any Indian bed been so voluptuous to him as that straw-bed amongst the sheep upon the wilds of Mount Patrick.

We perfectly doat upon this gay fellow—with his airy impudence and his "Thomas Banley, Esq."—But to return to Bertram:

To his great delight, Bertram found the door of the barn only latched: without noise he opened it just wide enough to admit his person, and then closed it again cautiously, climbing over the great hurdle which barricadoed the entrance. Then he groped along in a stooping posture—feeling his way on the ground, as he advanced with his hands; but, spite of all his precaution, the sheep were disturbed; they fled from him bleating tumultuously, as commonly happens when a stranger intrudes amongst them, and crowded to the furthest corner of the barn. Much greater was his alarm however when all at once he stumbled with his hands upon a long outstretched human body. He shrank back with sudden trepidation; drew in his breath; and kept himself as still as death.

Thomas Banley, Esq. would not have liked such strange flesh as this amongst his mutton.

But observing by the hard and uniform breathing that it was a man buried in profound sleep, he stepped carefully over him, and sought a soft and warm bed in the remotest corner of the barn. Luckily he found means to conciliate the aboriginal tenants of the barn; and in no long time two

fleecy lambs couched beside him; and he was forced to confess that after the fatigues of such a day no bed could have been more grateful or luxurious.

We are not sure of *that*: on the night of *our* snowy wanderings about Snowdon, except the gallows and Mrs. Godber, we had most of Mr. Bertram's calamities: but it strikes us that we had a far better bed; bed-fellows as innocent, and no such guilty neighbour as Mr. Bertram will be found to have. Cold and perishing we crept about midnight into a lair where two little *human* lambs were couching,—little things of five and six years old, with rosy lips and snowy arms which they curled about our neck (which was also snowy, more so indeed than we could have wished). Think what a heaven of luxury on a winter's night for a man who had been buffeting for six hours with a snow storm,—to have two such little warm mountaineers nestling about him, that never dreamed what a wolf of a reviewer they had between them. However we had not commenced reviewing at that day: nor can they, we fear, at this day be lambs: for it was twenty-two years ago! and they are now but phantoms in our memory, and have long since passed into the equipage of our dreams.—At this same cottage perhaps it was that Mr. Bertram slept: but *he* slept in the barn: and possibly had as good a night as ourselves, though it would have troubled his rest, if he had known all that we know: for that same "long human body," which is stretched on the ground, to our certain knowledge belongs to a murderer; and one too that has recently committed a murder. Luckily for his peace, Mr. Bertram knew not then, nor perhaps did he ever know, what companion he had: the murderer slept harmlessly under the same roof, and had departed long before Mr. Bertram was ready for turning out.

The next morning's scene is natural and interesting. The males of the family, all but one imbecile old man, are absent: the women and children are standing about Bertram and gazing upon him with looks of pity and surprise, but blended with a lurking terror and suspicion which alarm him. The fact is that a faithful dog has been found killed in the morning; and the family reasonably charge this savage act upon Bertram. The children, who mourn for their favourite, view Bertram with an eye of aversion: but the women, as women will do in such cases, suffer their compassion for his youth and his distress to prevail; and, though shy, are hospitable and kind. After breakfast, Bertram makes signs that he is going: on which a whispering and symptoms of opposition arise: which in fact proceed from the reluctance of the women, in spite of their displeasure, to allow him to run into a snare: but Bertram explains their behaviour in the very opposite sense, and persists in departing: upon which an ill-looking fellow from the neighbourhood, who had dropped in a little before, and had been eyeing him keenly, offers himself as guide to M***. Bertram, who had marked his scrutiny, can find however no decent pretext for declining his services; and they depart together. Turning suddenly round upon his guide, Bertram detects him applying a measure to his footmarks. When we mention that this guide was Kilmarey who had tracked Bertram's night rambles through the snow to the barn door, and was now engaged in identifying the two sets of footsteps, we suppose every reader will guess the sequel. At a signal from Kilmarey a body of mounted constables appear, who again make Bertram their prisoner. From the rude style in which they carry him off, it would seem that they were disposed to anticipate the gallows: but at the top of the next hill they find an open carriage and a magistrate on the box waiting for the prisoner. This magistrate is Alderman Gravesand, and a person of some little consequence in the novel. Naturally energetic and inclining to a "vigor beyond the law," he determines to parade his contempt for the radical populace of M*** by carrying his prisoner through the centre of the town, instead of sending for horses to meet him in the outskirts, and taking a bye road suggested by a constable of cooler judgment. The mob see through his meaning; and are on other accounts favourably disposed to the prisoner, whom they believe to be in custody for smuggling. Here then commences a

furious riot, in which Dulberry figures in all his glory: he harangues the mob from the inn window, whilst the horses are changing: and, a drunken man having laid himself across the middle of the street, he conjures them all to follow his example; for that "by Magna Charta every Englishman was entitled to stretch himself in the mud where and when he would; the 'bill of rights' said nothing to the contrary: and at his peril be it, if the magistrate presumed to drive over them." Dulberry is not much listened to: but the work proceeds: brick-bats begin to fly; the traces of the barouche are cut: the constables are attacked: the riot act is read; and the stern Alderman himself is alarmed, and disposed to treat. But Dulberry is again destined to be disappointed in his dearest hopes, and the Alderman again restored to his system of vigor, by the "hoofs of dragoons:" the scenes which follow, until the final consignment of the prisoner to a dungeon, showing considerable spirit in the selection of circumstances,—we translate:—

In this crisis thinking it prudent to suspend his natural love of violence and domineering, the Alderman had resorted to gentler methods, and was most awkwardly playing the gracious conciliator, and amiably expostulating with an infuriated mob that would not listen to a syllable he said. Fortunately for him his security depended on arguments a little more efficacious. At this moment a trampling of horses was heard; words of command could be distinguished in military language; and amidst a general cry of "The red coats! the red coats!" a squadron of dragoons was seen advancing rapidly along the street. The mob gave way in a moment, and retired into the houses and side alleys. Just at this moment a bold fellow had knocked the wounded constable backwards, and was in the act of seizing firm hold of Bertram,—when the commanding officer rode up and with the flat of his sabre struck him so violently over the head and shoulders that he rolled into the mud, but retained however presence of mind enough to retire within a party of his friends.

In a few minutes the officer had succeeded in restoring order: he now took the prisoner from the carriage and mounted him behind a dragoon. His hands, which had hitherto been tied to his back, were for a moment unfettered—in order that he might clasp the dragoon's body; which done, they were again secured by ropes to the pommel of the saddle. These arrangements made,—the whole cavalcade accompanied by two constables drew off at a rapid pace to the city gates. Under this third variety in the style of his escort, Bertram began to experience great fatigue and suffering. Without any halt, or a word speaking, the cavalry proceeded at a long trot for two hours along a well-beaten road. On reaching a wretched pot-house however, necessity obliged them to make a short halt and to take such refreshments as the place afforded. To the compassion of a dragoon Bertram was here indebted for a dram; and he was allowed to stretch himself at length on the floor of the house and to take a little sleep. From this however he was soon roused by the gingling of spurs; roughly shaken up; and mounted again in the former fashion behind the dragoon. It was now dark; a night-storm was beginning to rise; and it appeared to the prisoner as though the road were approaching the coast. The air grew colder and colder, the wind more piercing, and Bertram—whose situation made all change of posture impossible—felt as though he could not long hold out against the benumbing rigor of the frost. So much was his firmness subdued, that he could not forbear expressing his suffering by inarticulate moans. The dragoon, who rode before him, was touched with compassion and gave him a draught out of his rum flask. The strength given by spirituous liquors to a person under the action of frost, is notoriously but momentary and leaves the sufferer exposed to an immediate and more dangerous reaction of the frost. This effect Bertram experienced: a pleasant sensation began to steal over him; one limb began to stiffen after another; and his vital powers had no longer energy enough to resist the seductive approaches of sleep. At this moment an accident saved him. The whole troop pulled up abruptly; and at the same instant a piercing cry for help, and a violent trampling of horses' hoofs, roused Bertram from his stupefaction.

The accident was this: a trooper had missed the line of the road, and was in the act of driving his horse over a precipice which overhung the sea-coast; but the horse clung by his fore-feet, which had fortunately been rough-shod,* to a tablet of hanging rock which had fortunate-

* *Rough-shod*, in the original "*beschlagen.*" The technical term, amongst the gentlemen of the stable-yard in England, is—"*sharped.*" We doubt whether there is any classical term extant for this operation, so familiar to horsemen in frosty weather.

ly been smooth-shod with an enamel of ice. His comrades immediately deliver the pendulous dragoon. But the shock had roused Bertram; and he is still further roused by the character of the road on which his eyes open from his brief slumber. A picturesque sketch of this, which closes the chapter and carries us just half-way through the novel, we shall extract:—

The road, as Bertram now became aware, wound upwards along the extreme edge of the rocky barrier which rose abruptly from the sea-coast. In the murky depths below he saw nothing but lights tossing up and down, gleaming at intervals, and then buried in sudden darkness—the lights probably of vessels driving before wind and weather in a heavy sea. The storm was now in its strength on the sea-quarter. The clouds had parted before the wind; and a pale gleam of the moon suddenly betrayed to the prisoner the spectacle of a billowy sea below him, the iron barrier of rocky coast, and at some distance above him the gothic towers and turrets of an old castle running out as it were over the sea itself upon one of the bold prominences of the cliffs. The sharp lines of this aerial pile of building were boldly relieved upon the sky which now began to be overspread with moonlight. To this castle their route was obviously directed. But danger still threatened them: the road was narrow and steep; the wind blustered; and gusty squalls at intervals threatened to upset both horse and rider into the abyss. However the well-trained horses overcame all difficulties; at length the head of the troop reached the castle; and the foremost dragoon seizing a vast iron knocker struck the steel-plated gate so powerfully, that the echo on a more quiet night would have startled all the birds in the adjacent woods for two * miles round.

The ceremonies of reception are given; after which comes the scene which follows:—

Passing through a long and winding gate-way, feebly illuminated by two lanthorns, they stood at the edge of a deep abyss. It was apparently a chasm in the rock that had been turned to account by the original founder of the castle, as a natural and impassable moat; far beyond it rose a lofty wall studded with loop-holes and towers—that necessarily overlooked and commanded the whole outer works through which they had passed. At a signal from the old man a draw-bridge was dropped with a jarring sound over the chasm. Crossing this they entered a small court, surrounded by a large but shapeless pile of building, which gave little sign externally of much intercourse with the living world; here and there however from its small and lofty windows, sunk in the massy stone-work, a dull light was seen to twinkle; and, as far as the lanthorn would allow him to see, Bertram observed every where the marks of hoary antiquity. Here the officer quitted them, having first given some orders to the two dragoons in an under voice.

The termination of their course was not yet reached. The warden opened, at the further end of the court, a little gate; through this, and by a narrow arched passage which the dragoons could only pass by stooping, they reached at length a kind of guard-room which through two holes pierced in the wall received some light—at this time but feebly dispensed by the moon. This room, it was clear, lay near to the sea-shore; for the wind without seemed as if it would shake the foundations of the walls. The old man searched anxiously in his bundle of keys and at length applied an old rusty key to the door-lock. Not without visible signs of anxiety he then proceeded to unlatch the door. But scarce had he half performed his work, when the storm spared him the other half by driving the door in upon him and stretching him at his length upon the floor.

Below them at an immense depth lay the raging sea—luridly illuminated by the moon which looked out from the storm-rent clouds. The surf sent upwards a deafening roar, although the raving of the wind seemed to struggle for the upper hand. This aerial gate led to a little cell which might not unjustly have been named the house of death. From the rocky wall, upon which the guard-room stood, ran out at right angles into the sea a curtain of granite—so narrow that its utmost breadth hardly amounted to five feet, and resembling an artificial terrace or corridor that had been thrown by the bold architect across the awful abyss to a mighty pile of rock that rose like a column from the very middle of the waves. About a hundred feet from the shore this gallery terminated in a circular tower, which—if the connecting terrace had fallen in—would have looked like the work of a magician. This small corridor appeared the more dreadful, because the raging element below had long since forced a passage beneath it; and, the breach being continually widened by the equinoctial storms, it was at length so far undermined that it seemed to hang like an archway in the air; and the narrow cause-

* The German "translator" adds in a note—"two *English* miles." A very necessary caution: for two German miles would have made the knocker equal to Tom of Lincoln.

way might now with some propriety be termed a sea-bridge.

The rude dragoons even looked out with awe upon the dreadful spectacle which lay before and below. One of them stepped with folded arms to the door-way, looked out in silence, and then shaking his head said—

"So then *that's* the round house he must be carried to?"

"Aye," said the old man (who had now raised himself from the floor;) "desperate offenders are always lodged there."

"By G—," replied the dragoon, "at Vittoria I rode down the whole line of a French battalion that was firing by platoons: there's not a pin to choose between such service as *that* and crossing such a d—d bridge in a gale of wind like this. Nothing but a miracle can save us."

"What the h—ll!" said the other dragoon,—"this fellow is to be killed at any rate; so he's out of the risk: but must we run the hazard of our lives just to clap a fellow like him in prison? I'm as bold as another when I see reason; but I'll have some hire, I'll have value down, if I am to stand this risk."

"Oh! it's impossible," cried the first constable—"no man can stand up against the wind on such a devil's gallery: it has no banisters, you see."

"Shall we pitch the fellow down below?" said the second constable.

"I have nothing to say against it," replied one of the dragoons.

"Nor I," said the other, "but then mind—we must tell no tales."

"Oh! as to that, you know," said the first constable, "we shall say the wind carried him out of our hands; and I suppose there's no cock will crow against us when the job's done."

"And besides it is no sin," observed the second; "for hang he must; that's settled; such a villain as him can do no less. So, as matters stand, I don't see but it will be doing him a good turn to toss him into the water."

Unanimous as they were in the plan, they differed about the execution; none choosing to lay hands on the prisoner first. And very seasonably a zealous friend to Bertram stepped forward in the person of the warden. He protested that, as the prisoner was confided to his care, he must and would inform against them unless they flung *him* down also. Under this dilemma, they chose rather to face again the perils of Vittoria. They fetched stout ropes, and fastened them about themselves and the extremity of the door-post. That done, the constables stepped out first, the old man in the centre, and after them the two dragoons taking the prisoner firmly under their arms. Some blasts of wind were terrifically violent; and Bertram, as he looked down upon the sea which raged on both sides below him, felt himself giddy; but the dragoons dragged him across. The old man had already opened the tower, and Bertram heard chains rattling. They led him down several steps, cut the ropes in two which confined him, but in their stead put heavy and rusty fetters about his feet and swollen hands. The five agents of police then remounted the steps; the door was shut; and the sound of bolts, locks, and chains, announced to the prisoner that he was left to his own solitary thoughts.

This, by the way, is somewhat of a libel upon human nature: if four men could with so much levity dispose of a prisoner to whom they had no enmity, what becomes of those prisoners to whom they have a national hatred? British dragoons besides are not usually suspected of declining any service on the plea of danger; which, great as it was, did not (as the reader soon finds) deter a timid young lady from crossing the same gallery on the same night. Bertram has fallen asleep, and is dreaming of spring and green fields; when he is suddenly wakened by the dreary howling of the wintry wind: to his astonishment he perceives a dim light in his cell, and a young lady wrapt up in furs standing at a little distance; her he recognizes as the same whose beauty and touching expression of grief had drawn all eyes on St. David's day. She, who believes him to be Nicholas, and has not light enough to discover her error, comes to return a letter of frantic passion which she had lately received from that lawless person—to furnish him with money—and to conjure him to think of her no more, and to use the means of escape which she will do her best to put in his way. Before he has time to answer, she opens the door where an officer appears waiting to conduct her across the bridge, and vanishes. To this officer, Sir Charles Davenant, she confides her distress and her wishes. Sir Charles has too much honour to betray her, but declines to interpose between the gallows and one whom he thinks so well fitted to adorn it. In her anguish she addresses herself to her own maid, an amiable girl, who calls upon her lover to assist. He who has deep obligations and attachment to Nicholas would have needed no such stimulus to such a service: but

he happens secretly to know that the prisoner is not Nicholas. Mr. Bertram therefore stands a fair chance for a long confinement: but is delivered in consequence of a scene which would be very effective in a melodrama. For this the way is paved by a previous scene of high "fun." Dulberry has taken it into his head to stroll up to the castle gate: his usual Jeremiades about "Castlereagh's hussars," "Manchester massacres," and "hoofs of dragoons" are not likely to recommend him to the present garrison: the dragoons issue, and get to all sorts of pleasant games with the poor reformer. They form a ring, and send round this shining light of politics from hand to hand like so many λαμπαδηφοροι. Dulberry's piercing invocations of the "Habeas Corpus Act" alarm the castle, and Sir Morgan himself issues on the battlements above. And now "great deeds would have ensued" we were in hopes,—the two bores having at length met as for a solemn engagement. But this engagement is short. Each however has time to launch his respective piece of insanity at the other. Dulberry from below lodges his complaint against the dragoons, adding that they had tossed his white hat into the sea—and had also violated the Great Charter by preventing him from drowning himself. Upon which the baronet from above replies that he had no objection to his drowning himself, none at all, but will never allow that a ragged Manchester radical shall pollute the water at his castle gates which had been hallowed by so many of his illustrious ancestors, who had there been used to precipitate themselves or their great Saxon prisoners. He therefore approves what the dragoons had done. Dulberry rejoins by accusing Sir Morgan of high treason upon a certain statute of the Second of Queen Elizabeth made in behalf of "those of the reformed faith," which he applies to the benefit of the Manchester reformers. All present are scandalized at such language addressed to the old Walladmor on his own castle walls: both dragoons, and Sir Morgan's household, join in snowballing Dulberry, and a scene of uproarious fun succeeds: every soul in the castle has issued to witness or partake in these "high jinks" with Dulberry: it is dusk: the castle-gates are left unguarded; and a stranger muffled up in a cloak slips in to a long saloon where he finds Sir Morgan alone. Sir Morgan, seeing a dusky figure standing in silence, is at first disposed to take it for the ghost of Rhees ap Meredith: but the stranger explains that he comes to vindicate the innocence of Bertram, and to demand his liberation, for that he is not the true Nicholas, however strikingly he resembles him. "But what vouchers," Sir Morgan asks, "can he give for all this; what security?"

"Security!—You would have security? Well, you shall. Do you remember that time, when the great Dutch ship was cruizing off the coast, and the landing of the crew was nightly expected?"

"I remember it well; for at that time I had beset the coast with faithful followers: and once or twice I watched myself all night through."

"True: and on the 29th of September you were lying upon your arms behind Arthur's pillar. About midnight a man in the uniform of a sea-fencible joined you: and you may remember some conversation you had with him?"

Had Sir M. Walladmor been addicted to trembling, he would now have trembled: with earnest gaze, and outstretched arms, he listened without speaking to the stranger, who continued: "You talked together, until the moon was setting; and then, when the work was done Sir Morgan—when the work was done, a shot was fired: and in the twinkling of an eye up sprang the sea-fencible, as I do now—and he cried aloud, as I do now, Farewell! Sir Morgan Walladmor!" And so saying the stranger threw open his cloak, discovering underneath a dirk and a brace of pistols; and at the same time, with an impressive gesture, he raised his cap from his head.

"It is Nicholas!" exclaimed the baronet.

"At your service, Sir Morgan Walladmor. Do you *now* believe that your prisoner is innocent?"

Sir Morgan threatens to detain him: but Nicholas has the command of the door, and convinces Sir Morgan that he has taken his measures well.

"Grey hairs I reverence: and to you in particular, least of all men, do I bear malice: though oft, God knows, in my young days, old Sir, you have cost me an ague-fit."

He folded his cloak; looked once again

upon the old man: and with an aspect, in which some defiance was blended with a deep sorrow that could not be mistaken, he turned away slowly with the words—"Farewell!—Gladly, Sir Morgan, I would offer you my hand: but *that* in this world is not to be: a Walladmor does not give his hand to an outlaw!"

Sir Morgan was confounded: he looked on whilst the bold offender with tranquil steps moved down the whole length of the saloon, opened the folding doors, and vanished. Sir Morgan was still numbering the steps of the departing visitor, as he descended the great stair-case: and the last echo had reached his ear from the remote windings of the castle chambers, whilst he was yet unresolved what course he should pursue.

Bertram is now set at liberty; becomes the guest and favourite of Sir Morgan: and Nicholas is no more heard of for some months. At length spring comes on, and Nicholas is again on the scene. He suspects that Bertram is making love to Miss Walladmor; becomes more frantic than ever from jealousy; writes a letter to Bertram, and tells him that—if that were true—it would cancel a thousandfold all obligations to him; and finally, having now a staunch party of smuggling lads under him, meditates an attack on Walladmor Castle. Sir Morgan has this intention betrayed to him whilst he is on a sea excursion: he returns hastily; is in some danger of a sea-fight; and in a heavy gale of wind, which comes on at dusk, loses one of his boats. Miss Walladmor's maid perishes in spite of the fearless exertions of her lover to save her—(by the bye, having so few young women in his novel, the author should have been more careful of them): but Miss Walladmor herself is saved by Bertram: which enables us to make a classical allusion to Tooke's Pantheon, viz. that as Antæus recovered strength in his 'turn-up' with Hercules by touching his mother earth, so doth Mr. Bertram, whose vocation otherwise is not heroism, never fail to resume his courage and generosity when he is fairly drenched in salt water.

Sir Morgan finds that an attack has taken place in his absence, through some error in the information of Nicholas, and has been defeated. A second attack is known to be meditated in a few hours. But, on this same evening, Nicholas falls in with and engages a body of dragoons commanded by Sir Charles Davenant. The action is sharp and bloody, but Sir Charles defeats him, and almost annihilates his party. The consequence is that about midnight Nicholas presents himself at the gate of Walladmor castle—knocks—is admitted—walks into the midst of Sir Morgan's guests banqueting in the great hall, and in a robber-Moor-like scene, the groupes and attitudes of which are well studied for effect—surrenders himself, as a man now without hope and careless of life.

Next comes down a special commission to try him; the morning is come: all the world are flocking to his trial: the judge has robed; the court is set: the jury are sworn: there is not room left for a bodkin to be wedged into the crowd: smugglers even and pirates have ventured into the audience; and Captain le Harnois himself has risen from the dead, and is supposed to be in court. At this point the author takes upon him to quiz some of our English foibles: Betting goes on in open court: 15 to 1 are offered that Nicholas does not "show the white feather," and various odds upon other contingencies. How the indictment is laid, we are not very clearly informed: but from the speeches of counsel it is manifest that some case of treason (whether Cato-street is not said) is the main count. The counsel for the prisoner, who is called "Master Pritchard,"* makes a very long speech; so long—that, if any-

* In general the author is better read in Hollinshed, &c. than in books of more modern costume. By the way, Master P. quotes Æschylus: and we observe that the author approves of this—on the ground that it tended to throw dust in the eyes of the court—"not one of whom, as ill natured Leumund asserts (*der böse Leumund*), understood a word of what he was saying." We know not Mr. Leumund (i. e. English reader, Mr. Sneer,) nor Mrs. Candor his sister; nor much desire to know him; but we suppose he has read some story of Parson Adams and Æschylus. Things are changed however since then: amongst other improvements in England since the days of Parson Adams, we observe that Swedish turnips have improved—Welsh geography has improved—and Greek has

thing should happen to either of the consuls, he will be a very proper candidate for "surrogation." However, his defence is very fair; and he does well to insist much on the madness of Nicholas. He tells the jury that it was notorious that a passionate attachment to a distinguished young lady in the neighbourhood had turned the prisoner's brain; regrets that he was not allowed to call for her evidence and that of her uncle; and that he had it not in his power to *subpœna* certain persons from the Continent who could have given decisive testimony to the insanity of the prisoner for some time back. Here the Judge interrupts him, and begs him not to proceed on a topic which without evidence could be of no service to the prisoner, and inflict fresh wounds on an eminent family whose peace of mind had already suffered too deeply. At this moment an out-break of frenzy from Nicholas, on the allusions to Miss Walladmor, whose name he wishes to keep clear of all attaint, does something to support the statements of his counsel: which he fails not to press upon the jury. At length Master Pritchard has perorated: the prisoner has made his bold defence, in which the only thing that looks like a disposition to conciliate the jury is a slight allusion to his own unhappy breeding amongst pirates which had taught him little respect for human laws. Night is come, and the jury have retired to consider of their verdict. Betting now recommences with great spirit: any odds that Nicholas is game to the last step of the gallows ladder, if indeed he should come thither: but a young nobleman offers a 100 guineas to 100 that the jury acquit him: we are not told whether the judge takes this bet. All this in open court: close behind the prisoner goes on this little conversation:

"A stout fellow! by G—: he'll need no stones in his pocket to tighten the noose."

"Is his body sold?"

"Oh no! he's to be dissected here."

"Dissected? Oh that's all my eye. Maybe they'll cut a little into the skin just to comply with the law: but take my word for it, he'll be sent to London: the Londoners wouldn't miss such a sight for something. And his skeleton will be kept in the British Museum."

"Aye, but I hear," said a third, "that the Fressological * Society of Edinburgh has bought him."

"*Fressological!* You mean *Phrenological*: I know it very well: Sir Walter Scott's the president."

"Well, fress or phrenological, for aught I care: but I hear they say that he has got the organ of smuggling in his skull, and was born to be hanged."

Shift the scene, reader, before the jury bring in their verdict, to Walladmor castle. Here is Sir Morgan sitting alone, having already on certain accounts a deep interest in Nicholas, and some misgivings. At this moment steals in Gillie Godber: all is now accomplished: *her* day is come at last, the day she has been preparing through 25 long years: and the luxury of her vengeance is perfect. Knowing that it is now too late for Sir Morgan to interfere, she gives him satisfactory proof that Nicholas is his son—whom she had stolen in the very hour of his birth, and had delivered to the captain of a smuggling vessel. At the same moment enters Sir C. Davenant: "What is the verdict?" exclaims Sir Morgan, "Guilty!" judgment has passed: the prisoner is to be executed on the following morning: and, to prevent a rescue, the sheriff has resolved to lodge him for this night in Walladmor castle. Sir Morgan bears all with dignity and apparent firmness; and resolves not to see his son until after his death.

Now then we come to the winding up. And the question is—how shall we dispose of the bold criminal? Shall he die?—We have had one obstinate attempt on his life by drowning in the first chapter: and here in the last volume we have 12 men

improved. So that, as betting is the fashion, and supposing the case to admit of any decision, we would gladly stake 10 guineas to 1 with our German friend that out of the first 12 barristers we should see in Westminster Hall we would produce 4 that should work through a chorus of the Agamemnon; not so well as Mr. Symmons, or Mr. Von Humboldt; but yet *taliter qualiter*: and one of the four perhaps that would puzzle as good an editor as Mr. Schütz.

* "*Fressological*:" there is a sort of joke in this mistake to German ear, which it is scarcely worth while to explain.

combining in another attempt upon his life by hanging: shall this be tolerated? The scenes which follow are so tumultuous and full of action that we have no space left for them. Suffice it to say that Nicholas is for this night safely lodged in the "house of death"—before he can escape, he has the aerial corridor to pass, and the guard room full of dragoons; and the sheriff flatters himself all is safe. "The ides of March are come:" saith he: yes, Sheriff, but not passed. More than one heart still clings to the guilty Nicholas: steps are moving in the darkness for his deliverance; and hands are at his service (to use the language of a metrical romance) "more than either two or three." There is an old prophecy attached to Walladmor Castle:

When black men storm the outer door,*
Joy shall come to Walladmor.

How that should be, the reader will think it hard to guess. All, we shall say, is this: that, as the sheriff of Nottingham in well-known days was often foiled, we see no reason why a Welsh sheriff should hope for eternal success; that the British Museum is quite rich enough to bear a single disappointment; and that the Phrenological Society of Edinburgh may chance, like Mecca waiting for her caravan, to "sicken at the long delay." There are such things as smuggling vessels full of men from every climate under heaven: and even amongst enemies there may be some friends: and Sir C. Davenant and his dragoons may chance to find more work than they can manage: and we are in the hands of a fine scenical artist for arranging grand situations; and he may contrive, just as all things hasten to a conclusion, to give us another great discovery or ἀναγνώρισις; and he may bring all his people upon the stage together, and groupe them in the finest attitudes for parting and forgiveness; and show South America in the back ground for any bold man that has a character to whitewash; and then drop the curtain upon us all, and call upon us for a "Plaudite!" with three times three for the gay hoaxer and for "Walladmor!"

Thus, mounted sometimes *en croupe* behind the novelist in character of translator, sometimes flying on the wings of abridgment,—we have given a rapid sketch of the German novel. We are now expected perhaps by some readers to put on the black velvet, and pronounce judgment. But the truth is this: novel reading is so purely a piece of sensuality (elegant sensuality no doubt), that most readers resent the impertinence of criticism in such a case, as much as he who sits down to a carouse of immortal wine resents a medical intrusion: the day *after* he may bear it; but not when he is imbibing the nectar, preparing to imbibe it, or having *just* imbibed it. In any of these cases it is prudent in the medical friend to keep out of his way. The reader sees, without our telling him, that there is great life and stir in the movement of the story; much dramatic skill in devising situations; and an interest given to some of the characters, beyond the mere interest of the action, by the passions which move them. Two indulgencies however we must suggest to the reader: 1st with regard to Cato-street, he must consider that distance of place has the mellowing effect of distance in time; and that what might be bad taste or coarseness, in any of us—is less so in a German who did not stand so near to it as we, and to whom imperfect knowledge abstracts many of those circumstances which make the recollection of it to us painful or revolting. Secondly we must allow for errors of manners, or feelings, in costuming the parts: these are not at all greater than in many of our own novels of high credit: though more obtrusively forced upon our notice, because the manners painted happen to be our own. And all this it will be the translator's duty to remove. As to the anachronisms, we doubt whether they are not designed. Sir C. Davenant of the year 1822 is said to be the son of the celebrated Sir William Davenant: consequently, he is (according to ancient scandal) by possibility the grandson of Shakspeare, who died in 1616: either son, or papa therefore, must have had a tolerable allowance of life. Bangor Abbey we have noticed:

* Gate properly (*thor*); but, for rhyme's sake, door.

already. And there is a battle (not in the story of the novel, but in one of Sir Morgan's long stories) in which we verily believe as many different centuries take a part as in the famous drama of the Antijacobin. The Templars are there; all sorts of Saxons and Welshmen are there: Rhees ap Meredith is there: (and we all know whereabouts he dates:) and a very conspicuous part by the way is played by two Earls of Chester and *Slop*. Now the Earl of Chester (God bless him!) is still a prosperous gentleman in this world; we read of his Lordship daily in the Morning Herald: and he generally *does* bring a very considerable weight to any side he takes in the battles of this world. But who is his cousin of Slop? Is he by syncope for *Salop*, i. e. Lord Shrewsbury—some bold Talbot or other? If not, we fear he has long been spilt and wiped up by the Muse of history. However, all these things are trifles: nobody cares about such things in a novel, except pedants.

But now, dear German hoaxer, a word or two to you at parting. And mistake us not for any of those dull people "qui n'entendent pas la raillerie:" on the contrary, we are extravagantly fond of sport: *la bagatelle* is what we doat on: and many a time have we risked our character as philosophers by the exorbitance of our thirst after "fun" Nay we patronize even hoaxing and quizzing, when they are witty and half as good as yours. But all this within certain eternal limits; which limits are good nature and justice. And these are a little trespassed on, we fear, in the following case:—we put it to our readers. There is a certain Mr. Thomas Malbourne in this novel, of whom we have taken no notice, because he is really an inert person as to the action—though busy enough in other people's whenever it becomes clear to his own mind that he ought not to be busy. This Mr. Malbourne, being asked in the latter end of the book—who and what he is, solemnly replies that he is the author of Waverley. "Author of Waverley!" says Bertram, "God bless my soul! is it possible?" "Yes, Sir," he rejoins, "and also of Guy Mannering, the Antiquary, Tales of my Landlord," and so he runs on. "Author of Guy Mannering!" says Bertram, "Do I hear you right?" "Yes, Sir, and likewise of Kenilworth, the Abbot, the Pirate," &c. and away he bowls with a third roll-call. Now thus far all is fair, and part of the general hoax. But, when we add that this Mr. T. Malbourne conducts himself very much like a political decoy or trepanner—makes himself generally disagreeable by his cynical behaviour—and condescends to actions which every man of honour must disdain (such as listening clandestinely to conversations, &c.)—it will be felt that our pleasant friend has here been led astray by his superabundance of animal spirits: this is carrying the joke too far; and he ought really to apologize to Sir Walter Scott by expelling the part from his next edition. A second point which we could wish him to amend in his next hoax is the keenness of his satirical hits at us the good people of this island. We like quizzing immensely, as we have said: (we have quizzed *him* a little here and there:) and we like even to *be* quizzed. Nay, we could muster magnanimity enough to subscribe to the keenest pasquinade upon our own worthy self, provided it had any salt of wit (for something it *should* have): and we would never ask after its precise number of falsehoods. But in our national character we *do* ask a little after this: and the more willing we are to hear of our faults, the more we expect that they shall be our *real* faults. We will not suspect that he does not like us: for we like *him* monstrously. Yet, if we were to set Capt. Fluellen or Capt. M'Turk upon his book, we fear that either of those worthy Celts would exalt his nostrils, begin to snuff the air, and say, "Py Cot, I pelieve he's laughing at us." And Celtic ground, whether Welsh or Gaelic, is not the most favourable for such experiments on the British temper. But let this be reformed, good hoaxer! Do not put quite so much acid into your wit. Come over to London, and we will all shake hands with you. Over a pipe of wine, which we shall imbibe together, you will take quite a new view of our character: and we in particular will intro-

duce you to some dear friends of ours, Scotch, Irish, and English; who will any of them be glad to take a sixteenth in your next hoax, or even to subscribe to a series of hoaxes which we shall assist to make so witty that (to quote Sir Charles Davenant's grandfather) they shall "draw three souls out of one weaver," shall extort laughter from old Rhees ap Meredith in Tartarus, and shall call out "Lord Slop" from his hiding place. Now, turning back from the hoaxer to the hoax, we shall conclude with this proposition. All readers of Spenser must know that the true Florimel lost her girdle; which, they will remember, was found by Sir Satyrane—and was adjudged by a whole assemblage of knights to the false Florimel, although it did not quite fit her. She, viz. the snowy Florimel,

——— exceedingly did fret:
And, snatching from her hand half angrily
The belt again, about her body gan it tie.

Yet nathemore would it her body fit.
Yet natheless to her, as her dew right,
It yielded was by them that judg'd it.

"*By them that judged it!*" and who are they? Spenser is here prophetic, and means the Reviewers. It has been generally whispered that the true Florimel has latterly lost her girdle of beauty. Let this German Sir Satyrane, then, be indulgently supposed to have found it: and, whilst the title to it is in abeyance, let it be adjudged to the false Florimel; and let her have a licence to wear it for a few months, until the true Florimel comes forward in her original beauty, dissolves her snowy counterfeit, and reclaims her own "golden cestus."

ON DYING FOR LOVE.

To turn stark fools, and subjects fit
For sport of boys and rabble-wit.—*Hudibras.*

Dying for love is a very silly thing. It answers no one good end whatsoever. It is poetical, romantic, perhaps immortalizing; but nevertheless it is silly, and oftentimes exceedingly inconvenient. I have been pretty near it myself six or seven times, but thanks to my obstinacy! (for which, indeed, I ought to be thankful, seeing I possess a very considerable portion of that unyielding essence,) I have contrived to keep Death from the door, and Despair from the sanctuary of my thoughts. I cannot, in fact, believe that half of those who have the credit (*I* should say *dis*credit) of dying for love have really deserved it. A man fixes his affections on a piece of cold beauty—a morsel of stony perfection—or on one far above him in rank and fortune—or on an equal, who has unfortunately a lover whom she prefers. Well! he becomes melancholy, takes cold upon it, and dies. But this proves nothing; he might have died if his passion had been returned, or if he had never loved at all. The fate of my friend R—— is a case in point. He was deeply enamoured of a very beautiful but adamantine lady, and, as a matter of course, grew very low-spirited and very miserable. He did not long survive; and, as another matter of course, it was given out that he died for love.

As the world seemed to think it sounded better than saying, that his death was occasioned by drinking cold water immediately after walking ten miles under a burning sun, I did not contradict the report, although I had good grounds for so doing, and it became very generally believed. Some aver that Leander died of love, "because," say they, "if Hero had not been on the other side of the Hellespont he would not have been drowned—*argal*, he died for love."* These are your primary-cause-men! your wholesale deduction-mongers! Now I am a plain-spoken fellow, and am more apt to draw natural than romantic conclusions—*argal*, I say

* See As you like it. Act iv. S. 1.

he died of the cramp, or from being carried away by the rapidity of the stream: although, I know at the same time that this is not the *current* opinion. I am no poet, and therefore take no poetic licences: the romantic *do;* and I am quite willing to let Common Sense decide between us. Let me, however, not be misunderstood; I argue not on the impossibility, but on the folly and inconsistency of dying for love. That it has occasionally happened I am well aware. I remember Marian T——, when she was as lovely and lively a girl as ever laid a blushing cheek on a snowy pillow, and sank into dreams of innocence and joy. I remember her, too, when the rose was fading from her cheek, and solace and happiness had vanished for ever from her forsaken heart. There was the impress of blighted hope upon her brow—the record of a villain's faithlessness upon her sunken cheek. Her eye told of long suffering, and her constant but melancholy smile evinced how patiently she endured it. Day by day the hue of mortality waxed fainter and fainter; her beautiful form wasted away, and she became at last like a spirit of heaven dwelling among, but scarcely holding communion with, the sons and daughters of the earth. The latter part of her life seemed an abstraction—a dream—an unconsciousness of what was passing around her. The sister of S—— (of S—— who had broken the vows that were pledged with such seeming fidelity to Marian) abhorred her brother's perfidy, and was fonder than ever of the poor heart-broken girl. She sincerely pitied her—

For pitee renneth sone in gentil herte;

and sought by every means in her power to revive her past energies, and recall her to lost happiness and peace. But it was too late; although she complained not, her spirit was broken for ever: and in the effort of raising herself to give a last kiss to her friend, she sank back and died without a struggle or a sigh. There were some lines in a periodical work, shortly after her death, evidently written by a person acquainted with the parties, which, I think, may not improperly be inserted here.

To G—— S——.

There's a stain on thee that can never fade,
Tho' bathed in the mists of future years,
And this world will be but a world of shade,
Of sorrow, and anguish, and bitter tears.
Thou hast seen a flow'ret pine away,
That, loved by thee, would have blossom'd fair,
And thou shalt meet with a worse decay,
And wither and die in thy soul's despair.

Like the summer's breath was the gentle tale
With which thou told'st of thy love and truth,
But thy falsehood came, like the wintry gale,
And blighted the flow'ret in its youth.
It has sunk to earth, but nor tear nor sigh
Has e'er betray'd thy bosom's pain,
Yet a day will come when thou would'st die
To call it back from the grave again.

Had'st thou cherish'd it with the smile that won
Its fadeless love in Spring's blooming hour;
Had thy love beam'd o'er it like the sun,
Whose rays are life to the drooping flow'r;—
It had still been fair, and thou had'st now
Been calm as the lake that sleeps in rest;
But the ray of joy shall ne'er light thy brow,
Nor pleasure dwell in thy lonely breast.

For the lovely one whom thou left'st forlorn,
A deep lament shall be;
But no heart will sigh, and no bosom mourn,
And no eye e'er weep for thee.
Thou wilt pass away to the realms of death
In solitude and gloom;
And a curse will cling to thy parting breath,
As awful as thy doom.

But this, and a few other extreme cases, I consider as mere exceptions to my general rule. Now, supposing, as I have said before, that a man dotes upon a beauty without a heart: What, in the name of reason, should induce him to die for one who does not care a rush for him? There may be others who would have more feeling, and less coquetry, with quite as many personal charms. Or supposing that he is attached to one far above him, either in fortune or rank, or in both. What then! Must he therefore waste away, and become the mere shadow of himself? A child may long to catch a star as he does a butterfly, or to turn the sun round as he is accustomed to turn his hoop, but his non-success would not, as nurses call it, "be the death of him" Again: let us imagine that a man places his affections on an equal, and that she has a stronger yearning towards another. Still, I say, there is no harm done. Let him think (as I should do) that there may be other females with quite as many outward attractions, and more discernment. I have no notion of dying to please any one. I have had too much trouble to support existence to think of laying it down upon such grounds. I should deem it quite enough to perish for the sake of one who really loved me: for one who did *not*, I should be sorry to suffer a single twinge of the rheumatism, or the lumbago. I have read of a man who actually fancied he was fading away—"a victim to the tender passion,"—but who afterwards discovered that his complaint was caused by abstaining too long from his necessary food This was a sad fall from the drawing-room window of romance into the area of common sense, and real life; but he was forced to make the best of it: so he took his meals oftener and thought no more about it. He afterwards actually became a suitor to another, was married, and now, I have no doubt, thinks just as I do on the subject of dying for love.

Ere I part with you "my readers all!" take notice of these my last words, and farewell directions, which I give in sincerity of heart, and out of anxiety for your welfare. Ye who have never been in love, but who are approaching insensibly towards it—Corydons of sixteen! "Apollines imberbes" come home for the holidays! take heed! Ye are entering on a little known and perilous sea. Look to your bark lest she founder. Bring her head round, and scud away before the wind into the port of Indifference. There is danger in the very serenity that sleeps upon the waves: there is faithlessness in the lightest breath that curls them. Ye who are in love—ye who are already on the deceitful ocean—listen to me! Look out for squalls!—Beware of hurricanes!—Have a care of approaching storms! There may be an enemy's ship nearer than you wot of. Just give a salute, and sheer off to Bachelor's harbour. And ye, the last and most pitiable class of all—ye, who fancy yourselves dying for love, make a tack! about ship! and, above all, keep plenty of good wine a-board; so that when a sigh is rising in the throat you may choke it with a bumper, and, in case of tears flowing, depend upon it that port will prove the best eye-water.

IDEA OF A UNIVERSAL HISTORY ON A COSMO-POLITICAL PLAN.

BY IMMANUEL KANT.

Whatsoever difference there may be in our notions of the *freedom of the will* metaphysically considered,—it is evident that the manifestations of this will, viz. human actions, are as much under the control of universal laws of nature as any other physical phenomena. It is the province of History to narrate these manifestations; and, let their causes be ever so secret, we know that History, simply by taking its station at a distance and contemplating the agency of the human will upon a large scale, aims at unfolding to our view a regular stream of tendency in the great succession of events; so that the very same course of incidents, which taken separately and individually would have seemed perplexed, incoherent, and lawless, yet viewed in their connexion and as the actions of the human *species* and not of independent beings, never fail to discover a steady and continuous though slow development of certain great predispositions in our nature. Thus for instance deaths, births, and marriages, considering how much they are separately dependent on the freedom of the human will, should seem to be subject to no law according to which any calculation could be made beforehand of their amount: and yet the yearly registers of these events in great countries prove that they go on with as much conformity to the laws of nature as the oscillations of the weather: these again are events which in detail are so far irregular that we cannot predict them individually; and yet taken as a whole series we find that they never fail to support the growth of plants—the currents of rivers—and other arrangements of nature in a uniform and uninterrupted course. Individual men, and even nations, are little aware that, whilst they are severally pursuing their own peculiar and often contradictory purposes, they are unconsciously following the guidance of a great natural purpose which is wholly unnoticed by themselves, and are thus promoting and making efforts for a great process which, even if they perceived it, they would little regard.

Considering that men, taken collectively as a body, do not proceed like brute animals under the law of an instinct, nor yet again, like rational cosmopolites, under the law of a preconcerted plan,—one might imagine that no systematic history of their actions (such for instance as the history of bees or beavers) could be possible. At the sight of the actions of man displayed on the great stage of the world, it is impossible to escape a certain degree of disgust: with all the occasional indications of wisdom scattered here and there, we cannot but perceive the whole sum of these actions to be a web of folly, childish vanity, and often even of the idlest wickedness and spirit of destruction. Hence at last one is puzzled to know what judgment to form of our species so conceited of its high advantages. In this perplexity there is no resource for the philosopher but this—that, finding it impossible to presume in the human race any *rational* purpose of its own, he must endeavour to detect some *natural* purpose in such a senseless current of human actions, by means of which a history of creatures that pursue no plan of their own may yet admit a systematic form as the history of creatures that are blindly pursuing a plan of nature. Let us now see whether we can succeed in finding out a clue to such a history; leaving it to nature to produce a man capable of executing it. Just so she produced a Kepler who unexpectedly brought the eccentric courses of the planets under determinate laws; and afterwards a Newton who explained these laws out of a universal ground in nature.

PROPOSITION THE FIRST.

All tendencies of any creature, to which it is predisposed by nature, are destined in the end to develope themselves perfectly and agreeably to their final purpose.—External as well as internal (or anatomical) examination confirm this remark in all animals.

An organ which is not to be used, a natural arrangement that misses its purpose, would be a contradiction in physics. Once departing from this fundamental proposition, we have a nature no longer tied to laws, but objectless and working at random; and a cheerless reign of chance steps into the place of reason.

PROPOSITION THE SECOND.

In man, as the sole rational creature upon earth, those tendencies which have the use of his reason for their object are destined to obtain their perfect developement in the species only and not in the individual.—Reason in a creature is a faculty for extending the rules and purposes of the exercise of all its powers far beyond natural instinct, and it is illimitable in its plans. It works however not instinctively, but stands in need of trials—of practice—and of instruction in order to ascend gradually from one degree of illumination to another. On this account either it would be necessary for each man to live an inordinate length of time in order to learn how to make a perfect use of his natural tendencies; or else, supposing the actual case that nature has limited his term of life, she must then require an incalculable series of generations (each delivering its quota of knowledge to its immediate successor) in order to ripen the germs which she has laid in our species to that degree of developement which corresponds with her final purpose. And the period of this mature developement must exist at least in idea to man as the object of his efforts: because otherwise his own natural predispositions must of necessity be regarded as objectless; and this would at once take away all *practical* principles, and would expose nature—the wisdom of whose arrangements must in all other cases be assumed as a fundamental postulate—to the suspicion of capricious dealing in the case of man only.

PROPOSITION THE THIRD.

It is the will of nature that man should owe to himself only every thing which transcends the mere mechanic constitution of his animal existence; and that he should be susceptible of no other happiness or perfection than what he has created for himself, instinct apart, through his own reason.—Nature does nothing superfluously: and in the use of means to her ends does not play the prodigal. Having given to man reason, and freedom of the will grounded upon reason she had hereby sufficiently made known the purpose which governed her in the choice of the furniture and appointments, intellectual and physical, with which she has accoutred him. Thus provided, he had no need for the guidance of instinct, or for knowledge and forethought created to his hand: for these he was to be indebted to himself. The means of providing for his own shelter from the elements—for his own security, and the whole superstructure of delights which add comfort and embellishment to life, were to be the work of his own hands. So far indeed has she pushed this principle, that she seems to have been frugal even to niggardliness in the dispensation of her animal endowments to man, and to have calculated her allowance to the nicest rigor of the demand in the very earliest stage of his existence: as if it had been her intention hereby to proclaim that the highest degree of power—of intellectual perfection—and of happiness to which he should ever toil upwards from a condition utterly savage, must all be wrung and extorted from the difficulties and thwartings of his situation—and the merit therefore be exclusively his own: thus implying that she had at heart his own rational self-estimation rather than his convenience or comfort. She has indeed beset man with difficulties; and in no way could she have so clearly made known that her purpose with man was not that he might live in pleasure; but that by a strenuous wrestling with those difficulties he might make himself worthy of living in pleasure. Undoubtedly it seems surprising on this view of the case that the earlier generations appear to exist only for the sake of the latter—viz. for the sake of forwarding that edifice of man's grandeur in which only the latest generations are to dwell, though all have undesignedly taken part in raising it. Mysterious as this appears, it is however at the same time necessary, if we once assume a race of rational animals, as destined by means of this characteristic reason to a per-

fect developement of their tendencies, and subject to mortality in the individual but immortal in the species.

PROPOSITION THE FOURTH.

The means, which nature employs to bring about the developement of all the tendencies she has laid in man, is the antagonism of these tendencies in the social state—no farther however than to that point at which this antagonism becomes the cause of social arrangements founded in law.—By antagonism of this kind I mean the *unsocial sociality* of man; that is, a tendency to enter the social state combined with a perpetual resistance to that tendency which is continually threatening to dissolve it. Man has gregarious inclinations, feeling himself in the social state more than man by means of the developement thus given to his natural tendencies. But he has also strong anti-gregarious inclinations prompting him to insulate himself, which arise out of the unsocial desire (existing concurrently with his social propensities) to force all things into compliance with his own humor; a propensity to which he naturally anticipates resistance from his consciousness of a similar spirit of resistance to others existing in himself. Now this resistance it is which awakens all the powers of man, drives him to master his propensity to indolence, and in the shape of ambition—love of honor—or avarice impels him to procure distinction for himself amongst his fellows. In this way arise the first steps from the savage state to the state of culture, which consists peculiarly in the social worth of man: talents of every kind are now unfolded, taste formed, and by gradual increase of light a preparation is made for such a mode of thinking as is capable of converting the rude natural tendency to moral distinctions into determinate practical principles, and finally of exalting a social concert that had been *pathologically* extorted from the mere necessities of situation into a *moral* union founded on the reasonable choice. But for these anti-social propensities, so unamiable in themselves, which give birth to that resistance which every man meets with in his own self-interested pretensions, an Arcadian life would arise of perfect harmony and mutual love such as must suffocate and stifle all talents in their very germs. Men, as gentle as the sheep they fed, would communicate to their existence no higher value than belongs to mere animal life; and would leave the vacuum of creation which exists in reference to the final purpose of man's nature as a rational nature, unfilled. Thanks therefore to nature for the enmity, for the jealous spirit of envious competition, for the insatiable thirst after wealth and power! These wanting, all the admirable tendencies in man's nature would remain for ever undeveloped. Man, for his own sake as an individual, wishes for concord: but nature knows better what is good for man as a species; and she ordains discord. He would live in ease and passive content: but nature wills that he shall precipitate himself out of this luxury of indolence into labors and hardships, in order that he may devise remedies against them and thus raise himself above them by an intellectual conquest—not sink below them by an unambitious evasion. The impulses, which she has with this view laid in his moral constitution, the sources of that antisociality and universal antagonism from which so many evils arise, but which again stimulate a fresh reaction of the faculties and by consequence more and more aid the developement of the primitive tendencies,—all tend to betray the adjusting hand of a wise Creator, not that of an evil spirit that has bungled in the execution of his own designs, or has malevolently sought to perplex them with evil.

PROPOSITION THE FIFTH.

The highest problem for the human species, to the solution of which it is irresistibly urged by natural impulses, is the establishment of a universal civil society founded on the empire of political justice.—Since it is only in the social state that the final purpose of nature with regard to man (viz. the developement of all his tendencies) can be accomplished,—and in such a social state as combines with the utmost possible freedom, and consequent antagonism of its members, the most rigorous determination of the boundaries of this freedom—in order that the freedom of such individual may coexist with the free-

dom of others; and since it is the will of nature that this as well as all other objects of his destination should be the work of men's own efforts,—on these accounts a society in which freedom under laws is united with the greatest possible degree of irresistible power, i. e. a perfect civil constitution, is the highest problem of nature for man: because it is only by the solution of this problem that nature can accomplish the rest of her purposes with our species. Into this state of restraint man, who is otherwise so much enamored of lawless freedom, is compelled to enter by necessity—and that the greatest of all necessity, viz. a necessity self-imposed; his natural inclinations making it impossible for man to preserve a state of perfect liberty for any length of time in the neighbourhood of his fellows. But, under the restraint of a civil community, these very inclinations lead to the best effects: just as trees in a forest, for the very reason that each endeavours to rob the other of air and sun, compel each other to shoot upwards in quest of both; and thus attain a fine erect growth: whereas those which stand aloof from each other under no mutual restraint, and throw out their boughs at pleasure, become crippled and distorted. All the gifts of art and cultivation, which adorn the human race,—in short the most beautiful forms of social order, are the fruits of the anti-social principle—which is compelled to discipline itself, and by means won from the very resistance of man's situation in this world to give perfect developement to all the germs of nature.

PROPOSITION THE SIXTH.

This problem is at the same time the most difficult of all, and the one which is latest solved by man.—The difficulty, which is involved in the bare idea of such a problem, is this: Man is an animal that, so long as he lives amongst others of his species, stands in need of a master. For he inevitably abuses his freedom in regard to his equals; and, although as a reasonable creature, he wishes for a law that may set bounds to the liberty of all, yet do his self-interested animal propensities seduce him into making an exception in his own favor whensoever he dares. He requires a master therefore to curb his will, and to compel him into submission to a universal will which may secure the possibility of universal freedom. Now where is he to find this master? Of necessity amongst the human species. But, as a human being, this master will also be an animal that requires a master. Lodged in one or many, it is impossible that the supreme and irresponsible power can be certainly prevented from abusing its authority. Hence it is that this problem is the most difficult of any; nay, its perfect solution is impossible: out of wood so crooked and perverse as that which man is made of, nothing absolutely straight can ever be wrought. An approximation to this idea is therefore all which nature enjoins us. That it is also the last of all problems, to which the human species addresses itself, is clear from this—that it presupposes *just notions* of the nature of a good constitution—great *experience*—and above all a *will* favorably disposed to the adoption of such a constitution; three elements that can hardly, and not until after many fruitless trials, be expected to concur.

PROPOSITION THE SEVENTH.

The problem of the establishment of a perfect constitution of society depends upon the problem of a system of international relations adjusted to law; and, apart from this latter problem, cannot be solved. To what purpose is labor bestowed upon a civil constitution adjusted to law for individual men, i. e. upon the creation of a commonwealth? The same anti-social impulses, which first drove men to such a creation, is again the cause—that every commonwealth in its external relations, i. e. as a state in reference to other states, occupies the same ground of lawless and uncontroled liberty; consequently each must anticipate from the other the very same evils which compelled individuals to enter the social state. Nature accordingly avails herself of the spirit of enmity in man, as existing even in the great national corporations of that animal, for the purpose of attaining through the inevitable antagonism of this spirit a state of rest and security: i. e. by wars, by the immoderate exhaustion of incessant preparations for war, and by the pressure of evil conse-

quences which war at last entails upon any nation even through the midst of peace,—she drives nations to all sorts of experiments and expedients; and finally after infinite devastations, ruin, and universal exhaustion of energy, to one which reason should have suggested without the cost of so sad an experience; viz. to quit the barbarous condition of lawless power, and to enter into a federal league of nations, in which even the weakest member looks for its rights and for protection—not to its own power, or its own adjudication, but to this great confederation (*Fœdus Amphictyonum*), to the united power, and the adjudication of the collective will. Visionary as this idea may seem, and as such laughed at in the Abbé de St. Pierre and in Rousseau (possibly because they deemed it too near to its accomplishment),—it is notwithstanding the inevitable* resource and mode of escape under that pressure of evil which nations reciprocally inflict; and, hard as it may be to realise such an idea, states must of necessity be driven at last to the very same resolution to which the savage man of nature was driven with equal reluctance—viz. to sacrifice brutal liberty, and to seek peace and security in a civil constitution founded upon law. All wars therefore are so many tentative essays (not in the intention of man, but in the intention of nature) to bring about new relations of states, and by revolutions and dismemberments to form new political bodies: these again, either from internal defects or external attacks, cannot support themselves,—but must undergo similar revolutions; until at last, partly by the best possible arrangement of civil government within and partly by common concert and legal compact without, a condition is attained which, like a well-ordered commonwealth, can maintain itself in the way of an automaton.

Now, whether (in the first place) it is to be anticipated from an epicurean concourse of efficient causes that states, like atoms, by accidental shocking together, should go through all sorts of new combinations to be again dissolved by the fortuitous impulse of fresh shocks, until at length by pure accident some combination emerges capable of supporting itself (a case of luck that could hardly be looked for):—or whether (in the second place) we should rather assume that nature is in this instance pursuing her regular course of raising our species gradually from the lower steps of animal existence to the very highest of a human existence, and *that* not by any direct interposition in our favor but through man's own spontaneous and artificial efforts (spontaneous, but yet extorted from him by his situation), and in this apparently wild arrangement of things is developing with perfect regularity the original tendencies she has implanted:—or whether (in the third place) it is more reasonable to believe that out of all this action and re-action of the human species upon itself nothing in the shape of a wise result will ever issue; that it will continue to be as it has been; and therefore that it cannot be known beforehand but that the discord, which is so natural to our species, will finally prepare for us a hell of evils under the most moral condition of society such as may swallow up this very moral condition itself and all previous advance in culture by a reflux of the original barbaric spirit of desolation (a fate, by the way, against which it is impossible to be secured under the government of blind chance, with which liberty uncontroled by law is identical, unless by underlaying this chance with a secret nexus of wisdom):—to all this the answer turns upon the following question; whether it be reasonable to assume a final purpose of all natural processes and arrangements in the parts, and yet a want of purpose in the whole? What therefore the objectless condition of savage life effected in the end, viz. that it checked the developement of the natural tendencies in the human species, but then, by the very evils it thus caused,

* During the two last centuries (i. e. from the date of the scheme for organizing Christendom for some common purpose, no matter what, by the first of the Bourbons, Henry IV. of France, down to the late congresses at Aix la Chapelle and Verona) the human species have been making their first rude essays—putting forth their feelers as it were—towards such an idea.—*Translator*.

drove man into a state where those tendencies could unfold and mature themselves—namely, the state of civilization;—that same service is performed for states by the barbaric freedom in which they are now existing—viz. that, by causing the dedication of all national energies and resources to war—by the desolations of war—and still more by causing the necessity of standing continually in a state of preparation for war, it checks the full developement of the natural tendencies in its progress; but on the other hand by these very evils and their consequences, it compels our species at last to discover some law of counterbalance to the principle of antagonism between nations, and in order to give effect to this law to introduce a federation of states and consequently a cosmopolitical condition of security (or police) ——corresponding to that municipal security which arises out of internal police. This federation will itself not be exempt from danger, else the powers of the human race would go to sleep; it will be sufficient that it contain a principle for restoring the equilibrium between its own action and re-action, and thus checking the two functions from destroying each other. Before this last step is taken, human nature—then about half way advanced in its progress—is in the deepest abyss of evils under the deceitful semblance of external prosperity; and Rousseau was not so much in the wrong when he preferred the condition of the savage to that of the civilized man at the point where he has reached but is hesitating to take the final step of his ascent. We are at this time in a high degree of *culture* as to arts and sciences. We are *civilized* to superfluity in what regards the graces and decorums of life. But, to entitle us to consider ourselves *moralized*, much is still wanting. Yet the idea of morality belongs even to that of *culture*; but the use of this idea, as it comes forward in mere *civilization*, is restrained to its influence on manners as seen in the principle of honor—in respectability of deportment, &c. Nothing indeed of a true moral influence can be expected so long as states direct all their energies to idle plans of aggrandizement by force, and thus incessantly check the slow motions by which the intellect of the species is unfolding and forming itself, to say nothing of their shrinking from all *positive* aid to those motions. But all good, that is not engrafted upon moral good, is mere show and hollow speciousness—the dust and ashes of morality. And in this delusive condition will the human race linger, until it shall have toiled upwards in the way I have mentioned from its present chaotic abyss of political relations.

PROPOSITION THE EIGHTH.

The history of the human species as a whole may be regarded as the unravelling of a hidden plan of nature for accomplishing a perfect state of civil constitution for society in its internal relations (and, as the condition of that, by the last proposition in its external relations also) as the sole state of society in which the tendencies of human nature can be all and fully developed.—This proposition is an inference from the preceding. A question arises upon it—whether experience has yet observed any traces of such an unravelling in history. I answer—some little: for the whole period (to speak astronomically) of this unravelling is probably too vast to admit of our collecting even the form of its orbit or the relation of the parts to the whole from the small fraction of it which man has yet left behind him; just as little as it is possible from the astronomical observations hitherto made to determine the course which our sun together with his whole system of planets pursues amongst the heavenly host; although upon universal grounds derived from the systematic frame of the universe, as well as upon the little stock of observation as yet accumulated, enough is known to warrant us in asserting that there *is* such a course. Meantime our human nature obliges us to take an interest even in the remotest epoch to which our species is destined, provided we can anticipate it with certainty. So much the less can *we* be indifferent to it, inasmuch as it appears within our power by intellectual arrangements to contribute something towards the acceleration of the species in its advance to this great epoch. On this account the faintest traces of any approximation in such a direc-

tion become of importance to us. At present all states are so artificially inter-connected, that no one can possibly become stationary in its internal culture without retrograding in power and influence with respect to all the rest; and thus if not the progress yet the non-declension of this purpose of nature is sufficiently secured through the ambition of nations. Moreover, civil liberty cannot at this day any longer be arrested in its progress but that all the sources of livelihood, and more immediately trade, must betray a close sympathy with it, and sicken as *that* sickens; and hence a decay of the state in its external relations. Gradually too this liberty extends itself. If the citizen be hindered from pursuing his interest in any way most agreeable to himself, provided only it can co-exist with the liberty of others, in that case the vivacious life of general business is palsied, and in connexion with that again the powers of the whole. Hence it arises that all personal restriction, whether as to commission or omission, is more and more withdrawn; religious liberty is established; and thus by little and little, with occasional interruptions, arises *Illumination*; a blessing which the human race must win even from the self-interested purposes of its rulers, if they comprehend what is for their own advantage. Now this illumination, and with it a certain degree of cordial interest which the enlightened man cannot forbear taking in all the good which he perfectly comprehends, must by degrees mount upwards even to the throne, and exert an influence on the principles of government. At present, for example, our governments have no * money disposable for national education, because the estimates for the next war have absorbed the whole by anticipation: the first act therefore, by which the state will express its interest in the advancing spirit of the age, will be by withdrawing its opposition at least to the feeble and tardy exertions of the people in this direction. Finally, war itself becomes gradually not only so artificial a process, so uncertain in its issue, but also in the after-pains of inextinguishable national debts (a contrivance of modern times) so anxious and burthensome; and, at the same time, the influence which any convulsions of one state exert upon every other state is so remarkable in our quarter of the globe — linked as it is in all parts by the systematic intercourse of trade,—that at length, those governments, which have no immediate participation in the war, under a sense of their own danger, offer themselves as mediators—though as yet without any authentic sanction of law, and thus prepare all things from afar for the formation of a great primary state-body, or cosmopolitic Areopagus, such as is wholly unprecedented in all preceding ages. Although this body at present exists only in rude outline, yet already a stirring is beginning to be perceptible in all its limbs—each of which is interested in the maintenance of the whole; even now there is enough to justify a hope that, after many revolutions and re-modellings of states, the supreme purpose of nature will be accomplished in the establishment of a cosmopolitic state as the bosom in which all the original tendencies of the human species are to be developed.

PROPOSITION THE NINTH.

A philosophical attempt to compose a universal history † in the sense of a cosmopolitical history upon a plan tending to unfold the purpose of nature in a perfect civil union of the human species (instead of the present imperfect union) is to be regarded as possible, and as capable even of helping forward this very purpose of nature. — At first sight it is certainly a strange and apparently an

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* "*No money disposable*," &c. The reader must remember that this was written in Germany in the year 1784, and in the midst of petty courts (which are generally the most profligate). In England, and even elsewhere, there is now the dawn of a better system.—*Translator.*

† The reader must remember what Kant means by a *universal history*: in the common sense, as the history of the whole world in its separate divisions, such a history exists already in many shapes that perhaps could not be essentially improved. But in Kant's sense, as a history of the whole *as* a whole, no essay has been made towards it. *Translator.*

extravagant project—to propose a history of man founded on any idea of the course which human affairs would take if adjusted to certain reasonable ends. On such a plan it may be thought that nothing better than a romance could be the result. Yet, if we assume that nature proceeds not without plan and final purpose even in the motions of human free-will, this idea may possibly turn out very useful; and, although we are too short-sighted to look through the secret mechanism of her arrangements, this idea may yet serve as a clue for connecting into something like *systematic* unity the great abstract of human actions that else seem a chaotic and incoherent *aggregate*. For, if we take our beginning from the Grecian history—as the depository or at least the collateral voucher for all elder or synchronous history; if we pursue down to our own times its influence upon the formation and malformation of the Roman people as a political body that swallowed up the Grecian state, and the influence of Rome upon the barbarians by whom Rome itself was destroyed; and if to all this we add, by way of episode, the political history of every other people so far as it has come to our knowledge through the records of the two enlightened nations above-mentioned;* we shall then discover a regular gradation of improvement in civil polity as it has grown up in our quarter of the globe, which quarter is in all probability destined to give laws to all the rest. If further we direct an exclusive attention to the civil constitution, with its laws, and the external relations of the state, in so far as both, by means of the good which they contained, served for a period to raise and to dignify other nations and with them the arts and sciences, yet again by their defects served also to precipitate them into ruin, but so that always some germ of illumination survived which, being more and more developed by every revolution, prepared continually a still higher step of improvement:—in that case, I believe that a clue will be discovered not only for the unravelling of the intricate web of human affairs and for the guidance of future statesmen in the art of political prophecy (a benefit which has been extracted from history even whilst it was regarded as an incoherent result from a lawless freedom of will),—but also such a clue as will open a consolatory prospect into futurity, in which at a remote distance we shall discover the human species seated upon an eminence won by infinite toil where all the germs are unfolded which nature has implanted—and its destination upon this earth accomplished. Such a justification of nature, or rather of providence, is no mean motive for choosing this cosmopolitical station for the survey of history. For what does it avail to praise and to draw forth to view the magnificence and wisdom of the creation in the irrational kingdom of nature, if that part in the great stage of the supreme wisdom, which contains the object of all this mighty display, viz. the history of the human species—is to remain an eternal objection to it, the bare sight of which obliges us to turn away our eyes with displeasure, and (from the despair which it raises of ever discovering in it a perfect and rational purpose) finally leads us to look for such a purpose only in another world?

My object in this essay would be wholly misinterpreted, if it were supposed that under the idea of a cosmopolitical history which to a certain degree has its course determined *a priori*, I had any wish to discourage the cultivation of *empirical* history in the ordinary sense: on the contrary, the philosopher must be well versed in history who could execute the plan I have sketched,

* A *learned public* only, that has endured unbroken from its commencement to our days, can be an authentic witness for ancient history. Beyond that, all is *terra incognita*; and the history of nations who lived without that circle must start from time to time as they happened to come within it. This took place with the Jewish people about the time of the Ptolemies, and chiefly through the Septuagint translation of the Bible; apart from which, but little credit should be given to their own insulated accounts unsupported by collateral evidence. From this point we may pursue their records upwards, and so of all other nations. The first page in Thucydides, says Hume, is the only legitimate commencement of all genuine history.

which is indeed a most extensive survey of history, only taken from a new station. However the extreme, and, simply considered, praiseworthy circumstantiality, with which the history of every nation is written in our times, must naturally suggest a question of some embarrassment. In what way our remote posterity will be able to cope with the enormous accumulation of historical records which a few centuries will bequeath to them? There is no doubt that they will estimate the historical details of times far removed from their own, the original monuments of which will long have perished, simply by the value of that which will then concern themselves—viz. by the good or evil performed by nations and their governments in a *cosmopolitical* view. To direct the eye upon this point as connected with the ambition of rulers and their servants, in order to guide them to the only means of bequeathing an honorable record of themselves to distant ages; may furnish some small motive (over and above the great one of justifying Providence) for attempting a Philosophic History on the plan I have here explained.

MEMENTO MORI,

INSCRIBED ON A TOMBSTONE.

When you look on my grave,
And behold how they wave—
The cypress, the yew, and the willow—
You think 'tis the breeze
That gives motion to these,—
'Tis the laughter that's shaking my pillow!

I must laugh when I see
A poor insect like thee
Dare to pity the fate thou must own;
Let a few moments slide,
We shall lie side by side,
And crumble to dust, bone to bone!

Go weep thine own doom!
Thou wert born for the tomb,
Thou hast lived, like myself, but to die;
Whilst thou pitiest my lot,
Secure fool! thou'st forgot
Thou art no more immortal than I!

THE LIFE AND REMAINS OF THE REV. EDWARD DANIEL CLARKE, LLD.*

Of all popular writers, perhaps a writer of travels is the most popular. He is at once the historian and the hero: he addresses us with the frankness of an intimate correspondent, and appeals directly to our sympathy with the air of one who knows that it will not be withheld. We give up our faith to him on easy terms. It is the least return we can make for the obligations under which we are laid by one who enables us without

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* The Life and Remains of the Rev. Edward Daniel Clarke, LL.D. Professor of Mineralogy in the University of Cambridge. London, Cowie, 1824.

stirring a step from our chimney corner to mineralize in Siberia and botanize in Kamchatcha.

He travels and I too: I tread his deck;
Ascend his top-mast; through his peering eyes
Discover countries; with a kindred heart
Suffer his woes and share in his escapes;
While fancy, like the finger of a clock,
Runs the great circle, and is still at home.

If poor Barry were alive, he would undoubtedly introduce Dr. Clarke in his picture of the Thames, floating among the Naiads behind Dr. Burney, with three goodly quartos under each arm. Have the phrenologists examined his brows? If they have not laid their finger on the organ of *space*, we predicate the downfal and the death-blow of the system. He was marked out from infancy as an explorer of earth's surface, her cities, her ruins, and her deserts, and a discoverer of her hidden treasures. The learned augured ill of him, and even now stand helpless and astounded at the fallacy of their prognostications and the miracle of their pupil's fame. He had real learning, and such as they wot not of. He kept aloof from the spell of "Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, virorum:" he tarried not in amorous dalliance with the triangles: lines equilateral and figures curvilinear sought in vain to entangle him in their embracements. His heart was with the products of the mine: with the "cedar of Lebanon and the hyssop on the wall:" among medals blue with the rust of centuries, and marbles, which the finger of past generations had traced with barbaric characters. His destination coincided with the bent of his nature. He seems a personification of the locomotive energies inherent in man: "he puts a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes:" we see him in Italy; he is off to the Hebrides and Highlands: turns up in Lapland: looks in at Moscow: baits at Constantinople: is seen again on the plain of old Troy: we catch a glimpse of him in the holy sepulchre: he dodges us again at the great Pyramid: we seek him at Cairo, but "ere he starts a thousand steps are lost:" he is already at Vienna, and lights on Montmartre: credulity itself is staggered when we find him at last settled down into a Benedict and living "in a cock-chafer box, close packed up with his wife and children."

Bodily activity and animal spirits were not all that he carried with him. The mind was busy, the fancy alive, the heart warm, the pen eloquent. He describes with the graphic stroke of a master artist: he notes down his traits of men and their manners with the humour of a Smollett: we do not mean his *ill*-humour. The travels in Russia were thought not civil enough: not reverential enough, we should rather say; there was a great stock of admiration then in the country as respected the character and customs of the Muscovites. To find fault with their clothes or their cookery was to give room for a shrewd suspicion of a man's loyalty. Perhaps we have a little recovered out of this warm fancy: if we have not, the time will come. There was confessedly a tendency to the satirical in Dr. Clarke. We remember we thought him rather hard on the table-manners of the Greeks: their mode of washing after dinner: the fine airs of their ladies in displaying their well-rounded arms during the ceremony, &c. "They who have glass windows," the proverb is somewhat musty: but there was scarcely a circumstance—nay, there was positively not a single one, which in the hands of a smart French traveller might not have been paralleled, with a very slight shade of difference, in the manners of a London table; and this has actually taken place.* From a personage who so nearly arrived at the secret of ubiquity as Dr. Clarke, we should naturally have looked for a tolerant indulgence of the customs of foreigners, or even barbarians. His heart, however, was in the right place: he would not have hurt a hair of a Greek's head. These sarcastic details were prompted by a talent for biting humour, not always indicative of a narrow benevolence, and by that keen perception of the ludicrous, which is found to

* Compare with Dr. Clarke's description of a Greek dining-room the dinner of Mr. D. in "Quinze jours à Londres."

reside with a volatile imagination. All doubt of Dr. Clarke's loyalty, arising out of his want of fondness for Russians, must, we think, be wholly removed by his sturdy denial of any good being effected, either in *posse* or in *esse*, by "those demons the democrats;" as well as by the passage containing an eulogium on the character of the English clergy and the religious qualities of our late sovereign, to which we cheerfully subscribe; but which the editor, for some unaccountable reason, has chosen to place in staring capitals, as if it were a discovery dragged up by means of a pully from the bottom of that well, in which they say truth resides. Were we to indulge a poetic flight, we might calculate on Clarke's spirit being soothed by the check now so happily given to the fiendish officiousness of republican innovators, particularly in Italy: the blood of St. Januarius, the God of Naples, continues to be liquefied without interruption, and the royal pig-hunt proceeds in peace.

The biographer, Mr. Otter, has shown his judgment in making the bulk of the book consist in extracts from Clarke's journals and correspondence; and in what respects the particulars of his private life, he has exercised a delicate, and even sensitive, impartiality. Perhaps there is a little too much of lamentation at his friend's "truant disposition," and a little tediousness bestowed upon the reader in weighing the *pro* and *con* of college erudition. Vicesimus Knox, the popular essayist and the master of Tunbridge school, was Clarke's tutor: he was one of those who, as may be seen from one of his essays, prodigiously over-rated the value of classical attainments. It is not surprising that he shook his head at the discouraging progress of a boy, whose abilities were yet sufficiently great to puzzle his prognostics and interest his concern. That the report of his deficient application should, as the editor thinks, appear extraordinary to "many of those who have witnessed the laborious habits of his latter days," is very probable; it will not appear so to those who recollect that Samuel Johnson was an idle lounger in the sunshine, with ragged shoes and a circle of truant hearers. We do not quote such instances as safe examples: but it is in science and learning as in war—success is the test. All *a priori* reasoning is invalid when we can argue from facts and place our foot on the terra firma of experience. The biographer talks indeed of the "precious years of boyhoodand of youth," which are usually dedicated to the acquisition of fundamental truths and to the establishment of method and order in the mind, being "by him wasted in unseasonable pursuits:" but how is it proved from the results that they *were* unseasonable? That Clarke himself "felt sensibly, and regretted most forcibly the disadvantages accruing to him in after life from the neglect in his earlier years of the ordinary school studies," are mere formal words of course that prove nothing: no man is the best judge of that educational process which would best have suited him. Of the alleged "defective knowledge of principles" we can say nothing, for we do not know what is meant: still less can we comprehend how such a deficiency should be "an error singularly aggravated by the analytical process he usually adopted in all the acquisitions both in language and science:" the process, in short, by which, and by which alone we can arrive at truth. Notwithstanding the continued uneasiness of the editor of Clarke's Remains at "his little progress in the appropriate studies of the place," we can see much that is "seasonable," because adapted to the sphere in which nature had destined him to move, in the studies to which he voluntarily applied himself, and which embraced history, ancient and modern, medals, antiquities, and natural philosophy, especially the mineralogical branch. One of his recreations at Cambridge was the constructing and sending up a splendid balloon to the admiration of his brother collegians and his own delight. Sad fellow! the truth was, he was always agile and earnest in the pursuit of science, and left the word-conners to their "As in præsenti." It may be difficult to conjecture with the editor "what might have been the effect of a different training upon such a mind;" we may, perhaps hazard a guess, that instead of looking out on the sea of Azoff, he would have pored himself half-blind in an inge-

nious re-construction of the Greek choral metres.

Let us see how nature set to work with him.

"Having upon some occasion accompanied his mother on a visit to a relation's house in Surrey, he contrived, before the hour of their return, so completely to stuff every part of the carriage with stones and other natural productions of that country, then entirely new to him, that his mother, upon entering, found herself embarrassed how to move, and, though the most indulgent creature alive to her children, she was constrained, in spite of the remonstrances of the boy, to eject them one by one from the window. For one package, however, carefully wrapped up in many a fold of brown paper, he pleaded so hard, that he at last succeeded in saving it; and when she opened it after he had gone to sleep, it was found to contain several greasy pieces of half-burnt reeds, such as were used at that time in the farmers' kitchens in Surrey instead of candles; which he said, upon inquiry, were specimens of an invention, that could not fail of being of service to some poor old woman of the parish, to whom he could easily communicate how they were prepared.

Another childish circumstance, which occurred about the same time, is worthy of recital, as it only became in a great degree the real prevalence of the passion which we have alluded to, the constant accounts in [illegible] measure of the extraordinary interest he took throughout his life in the manners and the fortunes of [illegible]. At this period, his eldest brother was residing with a relation at Chichester, and as his father's infirm state of health prevented him from [illegible] company, persons of his house, Edward was permitted frequently to wander [illegible] in the neighbourhood, attended only by a favourite dog called Sp[illegible]. One day, when he had stayed out longer than usual, an alarm was given that he was missing; search was made in every direction, and hour after hour elapsed without any tidings of the child. At last his old nurse, who was better acquainted with his haunts, succeeded in discovering him in a remote and rocky valley, above a mile from his father's house, surrounded by a group of gypsies, and deeply intent upon a story which one of them was relating to him. (P. 20.)

What those attractive objects were which thus engrossed the attention of Edward [illegible] the [illegible] inquiry of his classic [illegible] difficult to [illegible] know [illegible] learned to [illegible] and electricity [illegible] intended [illegible] [illegible] him [illegible] which he [illegible] to [illegible] holiday, to [illegible]

sometimes to the dismay, of the neighbours and servants, who were always called in, upon those occasions, to witness the wonders of his art. In the pursuit of these experiments, it is remembered that he used, in spite of the remonstrances of the cook, to seize upon tubs, pots, and other utensils from his father's kitchen, which were often seriously damaged in his hands, and that, on one occasion, he surprised his audience with a thick and nauseous cloud of fuming sulphureous acid, insomuch that, alarmed and half suffocated, they were glad to make their escape in a body, as fast as they could. It does not appear, however, that his attachment to these sedentary pursuits prevented him from partaking in the active pleasures and amusements which were suited to his age, and in which his light and compact figure, uniting great agility with considerable strength, was calculated to make him excel. Every sort of game or sport, which required boldness of spirit and exertion, he was ever foremost to set on foot, and ever ready to join, but in running, jumping, and swimming, he was particularly expert." (P. 32.)

Such was his education. The results are the volumes of his Travels and the invention of the Gas Blow Pipe.

We shall not draw up a dry biographical memoir. The reader is referred to the book itself for dates and genealogies. One curious fact we shall mention, that as it was said of a noble house, "all the sons were brave, and all the daughters virtuous," it may be affirmed of Clarke's ancestry that they were all eminent for letters. His great grandfather was Wotton, the author of the Essay on Ancient and Modern Learning. Dr. Clarke was born in 1769, at Willingdon in Sussex, and died in 1822. He may be said to have felt the ruling passion strong in death, for his dissolution seems to have been accelerated by the chemical experiments in which he employed himself preparatory to a course of lectures in mineralogy. A bust of him was executed by Chantry, and prefixed to this volume there is a spirited etching from a painting by Opie.

The facilities which Dr. Clarke enjoyed, in visiting Scotland and the Continent, were opened to him as is well known, by his filling the situation of private tutor to the Honourable Berkeley Paget, and subsequently to Mr. Cripps. He had, however, previously visited Italy as a companion to Lord Ber-

wick. The present work traces his several tours by his own notes and letters, which, as containing many incidents and descriptions not included in the published travels, are properly supplementary to them. Some of the extracts are not at all inferior to his best and liveliest sketches. We are tempted to give one; it is in a letter to his mother, dated from Enontakis, in Lapland, July 29, 1799.

We have found the cottage of a priest, in this remote corner of the world, and have been snug with him, a few days. Yesterday I launched a balloon, eighteen feet in height, which I had made to attract the natives. You may guess their astonishment, when they saw it rise from the earth.

Is it not famous to be here, within the frigid zone? More than two degrees within the arctic, and nearer to the pole than the most northern shores of Iceland? For a long time darkness has been a stranger to us. The sun, as yet, passes not below the horizon; but he dips his crimson visage behind a mountain to the north. This mountain we ascended, and had the satisfaction to see him make his curtsey, without setting. At midnight the priest of the place lights his pipe, during three weeks in the year, by means of a burning-glass, from the sun's rays.

We have been driving rein-deer in sledges. Our intention is to penetrate, if possible, into Finmark, as far as the source of the Alten, which falls into the icy sea. We are now at the source of the Muonio in Tornea Lapmark. I doubt whether any map you can procure will show you the spot. Perhaps you may find the name of the place, Enontakis. Well, what idea have you of it? Is it not a fine town?—sashed windows, and streets paved and lighted — French theatres — shops — and public buildings? I'll draw up the curtain —now see what it is! A single hut, constructed of the trunks of fir-trees, rudely hewn, with the bark half on, and placed horizontally, one above another; here and there a hole to admit light: and this inhabited by an old priest, and his young wife and his wife's mother, and a dozen children and half a dozen dogs, and four pigs, and John, and Cripps, and the two interpreters, and Lazarus, covered with sores, bit by mosquitoes, and as black as a negro. We sleep on rein-deer skins, which are the only beds we have had since Tornea.

We have collected minerals, plants, drawings, and, what is of more importance, manuscript maps of countries unknown, not only to the inhabitants of Sweden, but to all the geographers of Europe. The best maps afford no accurate idea of Lapland. The geography of the north of Europe, and particularly of the countries lying to the north of the Gulf of Bothnia, is entirely undetermined. I am now employed in tracing the topography of the source of the Muonio. We are enabled to confirm the observations of Maupertuis, and the French missionaries, respecting the elevation of the pole, and the arctic circle. I shall bring a piece of it home to you, which stuck in my boot, as I stepped into the frigid zone. It will serve as excellent leaven and be of great use in brewing; a pound of it being sufficient to ferment all the beer in the cellar, merely by being placed in my cabinet.

The wolves have made such dreadful havock here, that the rich Laplanders are flying to Norway. One of them, out of a thousand rein-deer, which he possessed a few years ago, has only forty remaining. Our progress from Tornea has been entirely in canoes, or on foot, three hundred and thirty miles. There are no less than one hundred and seven cataracts between this place and Tornea. We live on rein-deer flesh, and the arctic strawberry: which is the only vegetable that has comforted our parched lips and palates for some time. It grows in such abundance, near all the rivers, that John gathers a pail full whenever we want them. I am making all possible exertion to preserve some for you. Wheat is almost unknown here. The food of the natives is raw fish, ditto rein-deer, and sour milk, called pijma. Eggs, that great resource of travellers, we have not. Poultry are never seen. Had I but an English cabbage, I should feast like an alderman. (P. 356.)

We could wish that Mr. Otter, in another edition, would cancel the foot-note, at page 646, including Pope's vulgar snarling epigram against literary women. Dr. Clarke's old bachelor habits (for he married late) might plead his apology: but there is no reason, that we can see, for blazoning this opinion (however well suited to a college-room) as something partaking equally of novelty and philosophy. We should have thought that *Angelica* (she appears to deserve her name) would have taught her husband better. "Reading, writing, arithmetic, accurate spelling, with a LITTLE *common* geography," these are the Doctor's allowance as the sum of attainment in young women. We should call it *bar-maid's* allowance. Yet is he "positive," notwithstanding his residence in Turkey, that young women "have souls:" for he permits them to read the Bible. He seems to hint that they have no

need to read any thing else; but if they read that, it is not clear to us that young women *will* be content to sit down in a state of quiescent ignorance. We should be glad to know, if this sort of sampler education had been the lot of Miss Aikin and Miss Edgeworth, whether we should have possessed the "Age of Elizabeth" and the delightful tales, which have laid, for girls and boys alike, the foundation of moral prudence and intellectual activity? Who would willingly do without these works? Not we. "As to mathematics," ejaculates the traveller, "the very idea of such a study for Laura *is enough to turn one's brain.*" Who or what Laura is or might have been, we have no means of conjecturing: but if Laura be taken as the representative of her sex, we beg to demur as to the rationality of the Doctor's apprehensions. Observe—he regards "music and dancing as *essential* for women." So a poor girl is to stand up in everlasting quadrilles, though her feet "take no more note of time" than the stockings which dangle alternately from a laundress's line, and is to be pinned down, seven hours a day, to the pianoforte, (independent of the stern whisper, which, in general parties, will frequently accompany the persuasive suavity of smile in the mother, whose self-love is gratified by a daughter's exhibition of her vocal powers,) although the hobgoblins of her dreams are made up of minims and crotchets: but, if omnipotent nature have given to a girl's brain a bias towards geometry, the male parent steps in with a prohibition; and is to think it something gained if he can say to a stranger, while passing an eulogium on his right-spelling daughter,

Nor deals, thank God for that! in mathematics.

Dr. Clarke's dread of *mathematics* is something like his old tutor Dr. Knox's dread of *metaphysics*: whose paper on the subject is so clearly and cleverly refuted in Belsham's Essays. We have heard of compressing a young lady's waist with stays till it resembled a wasp's in tapering fineness; and in China they break the joints of female toes and double them up under the foot. Either practice is foolish and barbarous: but it is neither half so barbarous nor so foolish as the rule that limits the faculties of the female mind, lest some drunken booby, who pretends to take his wife as a companion, should find himself outdone in the powers of conversation.

We do not like to end with censure or objection: we shall therefore state that the interest of the book is much increased by the addition of some letters of Mr. Burckhardt, who, like Dr. Clarke, was a traveller and a man of science, and who died at Cairo in 1817. There is also a letter from Lord Byron, which will be read at the present time with peculiar interest, though the subject is purely literary.

RAISING THE DEAD.

THE MIGHTY MIRACLE; OR, THE WONDER OF WONDERS AT WINDMILL-HILL.

Miss Barbara O'Connor has kicked up a mighty dust lately with her enchanted elbow, and the Surgeon-General of all Ireland has written a book to prove that there is nothing miraculous in miracles, and that patients may be cured of their diseases, in spite of physicians, by the mere force of imagination. This I think comes fairly under the old saying, "Great cry and little wool, as the man said when he shaved his pig!" If the case be coolly considered, I think it will appear that Prince Hohenlohe is not half so great a witch as he pretends to be. I am not quite sure whether our informant was in earnest or no, when he alluded (in the last number of the London Magazine) to this royal miracle-worker having raised a certain Padre B—— from the grave. But even if he was, and if Prince Hohenlohe did really, as he asserts, disappoint the devil of a roast priest and pickles for supper, this was not after all such an extraordinary performance. Restoring the dead to life is a common recreation amongst the *Illuminati* of Germany. We all

saw Mr. Wallack perform the same feat last year at the English Opera-house. He brought Mr. T. P. Cooke to life, several times; and the latter gentleman was so good as to die many nights successively for the express purpose of repeating the operation. I do not mean to assert that Mr. Wallack *bonâ fide* deals with the devil; but only at second-hand, the Author of Frankenstein (a lady, by the way) having been more immediately concerned in that diabolical piece of business. But on turning over some of my dustiest volumes, I find that even in our own country, this species of miracle (as perhaps one of the easiest) is not without a precedent. The following is a proclamation which was issued about the beginning of last century, in order to draw a sufficient number of witnesses, who might attest this stupendous event.

THE MIGHTY MIRACLE!!

OR, THE WONDER OF WONDERS AT WINDMILL-HILL, &c. &c. !!!

The town having been busied with apprehensions of wars in the north, and the affairs of state; having almost suffered our late Doctor Emms to be buried in oblivion, as well as in his grave near Windmill-hill; and so by consequence he may rise alone, or as we term it vulgarly, in hugger-mugger, without any to witness the wonder. But let me acquaint you that as such miracles are not common, it is fit they should be proclaimed aloud by Fame's trumpet; neither have all men the gift of raising the dead, nor hath it been known for many ages.

Esquire Lacy * has published a relation of the dealing of God with his unworthy servant since the time of his believing and professing himself inspired; which befel him the first of July, 1707. His agitations coming upon him without the working of his imagination, upon what he saw in others, and proceeding from a supernatural cause separate and distinct from himself; whereby his arm, leg, and head have been shaken, his limb twitched, the respiration of his breath has for sundry days beat various *tunes of a drum*, and his voice has been so strong, clear, and harmonious, that his natural one could never furnish. He has been carried on his knees several times round a room, swifter than he could have gone on his feet. Sir Richard Buckley has been cured of an hospital of diseases, by a promise thereof made through his mouth,† under the operation of the Spirit; and by the same means a man purblind has been cured; and a woman of a fever; Mr. Preston of a carbuncle; and another of a deep consumption. Therefore Esquire Lacy, with the rest of the inspired prophets, gives notice for the satisfaction of the unbelieving that according to their prophecy (who cannot err) that on the twenty-fifth of May, they repair to Bunhill-fields, and there in that burying-place, commonly called Tindal's ground, about the twelfth hour of the day, behold the wonderful Doctor fairly rise; and in two minutes' time the earth over his coffin will crack, and spread from the coffin, and he will instantly bounce out, and slip off his shroud (which must be washed, and with the boards of his coffin be kept as relics, and doubtless perform cures by their wonderful operation), and there in a trice he dresses himself in his other apparel (which doubtless hath been kept for that intent ever since he was interred), and then there he will relate astonishing matters to the amazement of all that see or hear him.

Likewise, for the more convenient accommodation of all spectators, there will be very commodious scaffolds erected throughout the ground, and also without the walls in the adjacent fields, called Bunhill-fields, exceeding high, during this great performance. The like may never be seen in England hereafter. And, that you may acquaint your children and

* Restoring to life seems to be a kind of hobby with persons of this name. Our friend *John*, in his "Letters to the Dramatists of the Day," speaks of "revivifying Melpomene," though there are not two bones of her ladyship sticking together.

† This is exactly similar to Prince Hohenlohe's performances; except that we never heard of his curing an "hospital of diseases" at a blow.

grand-children (if you have any), that you have seen this mighty miracle, you are advised not to neglect this opportunity; since it is plainly evident that of all the shows or wonders that are usually seen in holiday-time, this must bear the bell; and there it is published in all news, that the country may come in; the like never performed before. It is likewise believed that gingerbread, oranges, and all such goods exposed to public sale in wheelbarrows will doubtless get trade there, at this vast concourse: therefore, for the benefit of poor people, I give them timely notice, since it is a bad wind blows none no profit. But, besides this admirable wonder of this strange and particular manner of his resurrection, he is to *preach a sermon;* and lest it should not be printed you are invited to be ear-witnesses thereof, as well as eye-witnesses to see his lips go, in the pronunciation thereof: all which will be matter of great moment, filling you all with exceeding amazement and great astonishment; his voice will be loud and audible that all may hear him, and his doctrine full of knowledge; undoubtedly you will return home taught with profound understanding. Which miracle, if you chance to see or hear, you will not forget; and so by consequence, for the future, be endowed with sound judgment, and most excellent wisdom, most eloquent expressions, and what not.

Then neglect not this great and most beneficial opportunity, but for that time set all your affairs aside. And take this advice from Mr. Lacy, and the inspired prophets, together with Mrs. Mary, of Turnmill-street, a *she-prophetess,* and the young woman who sells *penny-pies,* who, in hopes of obtaining all your company, remains yours; not questioning but to give you all content with this rare show.

Such is the proclamation. Now, I think, if Prince Hohenlohe were to get up a "raree-show" of this description in England, and herald it by such a promising manifesto, it would do much more towards converting bad Protestants into good Catholics,* than all the miracles he has hitherto performed, in holes and corners, on the fair sex, to whom his services are chiefly devoted. Suppose, for instance, he were to convene an assembly of the English and Irish bishops, and in their presence raise from the dead some celebrated character lately defunct, such as the Emperor Napoleon, or Billy Waters; or if the worms have made away with too much of these cotemporary meteors, the Irish Surgeon-General would probably have no objection to die for a few minutes, especially as by his own theory he would only have to *imagine* himself alive again, and be so. For my own part, I have been so far convinced by Dr. B——'s† reasoning, that although I am but a sorry kind of a heretic, if I could only see a trifling miracle of the above sort performed, it would go near to make me shave my head, put on a hair-shirt, and, like Simon Stylites, betake myself to the top of London column, where I might live out the rest of my days in penitence and obscurity. Until that be done, however, I think it better to stick to my old sect, and support the Antipope (his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury).

I should particularly advise Prince Hohenlohe, in case he adopts my notion of raising the dead, that whether it be the Emperor Napoleon, Billy Waters, or the Irish Surgeon-General, the resurgend should be previously enjoined to *preach a sermon* (in conformity with the above proclamation) before he quits the ground,—in his *grave clothes* too, as the most solemn and suitable to such an occasion.

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* A bad Spaniard it is said makes a good Portuguese.

† I have forgotten the Doctor's name; I mean the professional gentleman who authenticated Prince Hohenlohe's first *English* miracles.

WASHINGTON IRVING'S NEW WORK.

To the Editor of the London Magazine.

September 25, 1824.

My dear Sir,—I need not tell you how much your request flatters me, nor how willing I am to comply with it. Having reflected a good deal on the character of Washington Irving's writings, a very few hours have enabled me to adjust my ideas with respect to his last work; nor can I add much to my letter of the 7th ult. on this subject. Though written without any view to your particular consideration, or any notion that my private *ipse dixit* would ever be deemed of weight sufficient to occupy a place in your MAGAZINE, I have always, after Lord Strafford's instructions, so accustomed myself to write even upon the most trivial subjects as if they were of the utmost importance, that you need not have been at the trouble of requesting me *not* to make any alterations in my former letter. I have merely added such remarks as I thought necessary towards completing it into a kind of familiar review, and it was for the sole purpose of duly connecting these additional remarks with those in the said letter that I asked you to return it. My expressions, whether with regard to matter or manner are as much beyond my own power to improve, after my pen has once committed them to paper, as they would be after my lips had once committed them to air. You have therefore my full permission to insert, word for word, my correspondence of the 7th ult. (of which you say you have preserved a copy), ushering it in with this little piece of egotism, by way of preface, if you choose, and subjoining the few additional observations which I now enclose you.

I have looked forward to the publication of Geoffrey Crayon's new work with much greater anxiety than to that of a new novel from the indefatigable pen of the Great Unknown. Geoffrey (said I), does not write against time, as the novelist does. He pays his readers more respect and does himself more justice. He loves fame as well as money. Besides, even when the G. U. was chary of his reputation, and leaned but lightly on his feather, I do not know that so much value (taking the *utile* and the *dulce* together) was derivable from any of his works as from those of our transatlantic brother, Geoffrey. At least, speaking for myself, who always wish to combine in my reading profit with pleasure, the perpetual insinuation of stories or passages where the strain of reflection is so deep as to amount almost to philosophy,—the insinuation of such stories or passages amongst those of a more purely amusive kind, will ever render such works as the Sketch Book much more acceptable to me than novels like those of the Author of Waverley, which are wholly devoted to entertainment. I read the latter, as it were, against my conscience. When I have finished one, and another, the question inevitably recurs—What have I gained by such an expense of time and eyesight? Am I wiser? Very little. Or better? Not much. What have I gained, then? Why, so many hours' amusement. And is this all? All: what would you more?—Instruction. I do not ask a sermon, or a philosophical essay; but instruction of some kind or other, an accession to my previous stock of knowledge, something which I can chew upon, digest, and turn to my own aggrandizement, I must have, or I would nearly as soon spend my time at a billiard table. Indeed altogether as soon; for a good game of billiards invigorates the body, whilst a novel, such as I speak of, debilitates the mind. The imagination being pampered, we have no energy of appetite for the simple fare of reason and wisdom which other books set before us. That is a higher kind of writing which, in however small a degree, addresses the heart or the understanding as well as the fancy. I do not, however, mean to be taken as one who condemns romantic or imaginative works; I merely say that those not wholly so are better. It would be hard upon readers as well as writers to prohibit (were that possible in effect) all works of mere en-

tertainment; there are many who can read only such works, and some who can write none other. Yet perhaps it is unjust to say so: there are probably few readers who would not willingly imbibe the lessons of wisdom if they were sufficiently few and concise, if they were agreeably displayed and happily illustrated; there are probably few writers who could not impart such lessons, if they took half the pains to deserve their own approbation that they do to merit the applause of others.

To instruct by delighting is a power seldom enjoyed by man, and still seldomer exercised. It is in this respect that Homer may be called the second of men, and Shakspeare the first. The wisdom of the Greek was not so universal as that of the Briton, nor his genius so omnipotent in setting it forth attractively. From the several works of the latter, a single work might be compiled little less worthy of divine sanction than any other extant, and by the beauty of its nature, far more secure of human attention. But Shakspeare has done so much in this way, so nearly all that is sufficient,—he has made the laws of the decalogue and all their corollaries so familiar, he has exhibited the passions and propensities, the feelings and emotions, incident to humanity, so freely, and as I might say, graphically,—that another such artist would be superfluous. Nature might create a second Shakspeare, but it would be bad economy. What the first has left undone, may be completed by a much less expense of Promethean fire than would go to the creation of a second. We are therefore not to look for a similar being, at least until we acquire new attributes, or are under a new moral dispensation. Spirits of an inferior order, a Milton, a Pope, or a Cowper, are potent enough to disseminate the remaining or minor truths of natural morality amongst the people, or rather to repeat, illustrate, and impress them on our hearts and memories. Writers of this class whom we may call the lay ministers of the Deity, to teach from the press instead of the pulpit, in the closet instead of the church, we may expect; and with them should we be satisfied. Though we cannot reasonably hope for another high prophet of profane inspiration to re-communicate to us the lessons of divine wisdom which are already to be found in Shakspeare. it is no presumption to hope that the spirit of illumination will descend upon humbler poets, and make them our secular guides in morality. This is the office which should be sought by every writer, and for which he ought to prepare himself, as the will to become is (independent of genius) one and the same with the power to be. In this case it is not God who chooses what priests shall serve him, but the priests who choose whether they will serve him or not.

The preceding exaltation of the poetic character into something of a sacred nature, the designating poets, as it were,—a temporal order of moral teachers,—may astonish those who have been accustomed to degrade poetry into a mere collection of sounding words and glittering images. But a great poet is always a philosopher and a moralist; such also, in some degree, is every poet who is worthy of that name. The moral state of a nation may be judged of by its poetry, and it is its poetry which chiefly influences its morals. For one man on whom a moral lesson is impressed by a sermon, there are at least an hundred on whom it is much more deeply impressed by a poem. No one who ever read can forget—

I dare do all that may become a man,
Who dares do more is none.

But we hear every Sabbath many more maxims than we care to remember. A nation's poetry is then its immediate Scripture, and the digest of its practical wisdom and morality. A nation's poets are the best moral teachers of its people. In ancient times, when the priesthood was not so separate an order as at present, the task of instructing the people devolved almost wholly on the poets; especially on the dramatic writers. And hence we find the Greek and Roman dramas so replete with maxims, precepts, pious exhortations, and moral sentiments.

But to combine the poet and the philosopher is not given to every one. To instruct and delight at the same time is, as I before observed, not within the power of every author;

at least, in this respect, there is a great difference in different authors. In the single province of amusing they are more on a level both with each other, and with the professors of many less intellectual arts, —the painter, the musician, the actor, and the buffoon. But he who can, at once, improve our hearts, expand our minds, and entertain our fancy, is a far superior genius to him who can do but one of these. It is in this general faculty that I think Washington Irving excels his cotemporaries. This is the age of "deep feeling," but of little else. Few authors endeavour to merit the reputation of being as wise as they are passionate. The author of Waverley is certainly a more powerful writer than the author of the Sketch Book; that is, his subjects are more lofty, his imagery is more daring, and his language is, if I may so express myself, much louder and more vehement. But though a more powerful, he is not a more effective writer. He agitates the heart more, but he does not more forcibly persuade it towards his object. And he would as soon think of putting on band and cassock as of addressing the reason instead of the fancy of his readers. I say not this to disparage the author of Waverley; by no means. His line of writing may not admit of such a proceeding. His talents may lie in another direction, and, powerful as they are, they may not be universal. I merely wish to point out in what I conceive Washington Irving's superiority to consist. He is certainly the only author I can now recollect, who, in the present day, largely intermingles moral reflection with the poetry of composition. This is the consummation devoutly to be wished by readers, and devotedly to be sought after by writers. The author of the Sketch Book is, in my opinion, a model for that class of writers to whose works the multitude chiefly resorts for its mental recreation, apprehensible by almost every age, sex, and condition, yet not beneath any. He unites much of the solid with more of the splendid; a certain degree of reflection with a greater degree of imagination; considerable power and will to instruct, still more considerable power and will to delight. But such unions are rare; unions by which Nature sometimes endeavours to make compensation for the myriads of fools whom she brings every day into the world.

How beautifully, for instance, does the story of "The Widow and her Son," in the Sketch Book, intervene between "The Country Church" and "The Boar's Head Tavern!" How much sweet and unobtrusive wisdom is inculcated by the sketch of "Westminster Abbey" and several others in these volumes! How frequently does the author lead us unwarily into a train of reflection! and in the midst of his liveliest stories how often do we meet with sentences and passages of gentle admonition or instructive remark, a maxim or a moral, tending to make us better or wiser, disclosing a new truth, or impressing an old one!—But of this beautiful and most praiseworthy introduction of moral reflection into works of entertainment, "Rural Funerals" is the happiest example. The subject is interesting to the most insensible reader; the language is some of the sweetest I have ever met with; and the sentiments are of that deeply impressive moral kind, pregnant with feeling, simple, yet full of thought,—composing a master-piece of its kind, which it is almost vain for me to recommend to imitation; for it can scarcely be imitated with success, perhaps by the author himself. The last page or two where he speaks of "the sorrows for the dead" are worthy of perpetual study and eternal remembrance. They are at once beautiful and sublime; instructive and delightful. To them I would chiefly point my reader's attention, as exhibiting that degree of reflection, and that measure of instruction, which I am anxious to see all our general authors impart to some portions of their writings. I am not an admirer of didactic composition; but I confess it is not without some compunction that I sacrifice my time to the perusal of works where the imagination alone is pampered, and the reason altogether starved. Idle meditation would be a more profitable employment than such reading.

With these pre-dispositions in Mr. Irving's favour, and with these expectations from his forthcoming work, you may judge, my dear sir,

of my disappointment, when instead of the qualities I have mentioned as raising *him* so far above his cotemporaries, I found little in his Tales of a Traveller, but the style, to admire. Here is scarcely a gleam of *his* playful and Addisonian wit; nothing of his vivid delineation of character. But this is not the worst. The Tales of a Traveller are a number of short stories comprised in two volumes of about the same size as his former works. *Not one* of these stories is of the reflective character. In not one of them does the author indulge that fine strain of sentiment and moral feeling which makes his Sketch Book such a family-treasure,—even for the space of an ordinary paragraph. Some of the tales are, to be sure, of a serious nature; serious as any one of those hundred thousand frightful little stories of ghosts and Italian banditti that appal the midnight milliner,—and just as worthy of any other reader's admiration. Except in beauty and grace of language they are not a whit superior to an equal number of pages torn from the innumerable garbage-novels which Paternoster pours upon us every publishing week. It is curious enough too, that the author in his preface actually makes a boast of the "sound morality" inculcated by each of his stories; not by *some* of them, observe, but by *each* of them. Now I beg leave to put the question to Mr. Irving,—Where is the "sound moral" of the following stories, viz. The Great Unknown, The Hunting Dinner, The Adventure of my Uncle, The Adventure of my Aunt, The Bold Dragoon, The German Student, The Mysterious Picture, The Mysterious Stranger, i. e. *all* the stories of Part I, except the last? Is there one of the stories in Part III which contains more "sound morality" than banditti stories generally do? The impression left on my mind by Mr. Irving's fascinating description of these heroic ruffians is rather in *favour* of robbing. I don't know but that if I possessed a good villanous set of features, and the tact of dressing myself *point device* in the "rich and picturesque jackets and breeches" of these Italian cut-throats, I should be tempted into the romance of taking purses amongst the Abruzzi mountains, were it for nothing but to pick up some of that "sound morality" which Mr. Irving says is to be found there. But to be serious: it will be very evident to all who read these volumes, that in the two Parts I have specified (i.e. half the book), the morality is either evil or exceptionable.

I have reason to believe that Mr. Irving received a very liberal sum from his publisher for this work; and if this be really the case I am sorry for it. Should I be asked wherefore? I answer; that (not to speak of fame) it is much to be feared his own interest, as well as that of the public, will eventually suffer by it. Irving will now perhaps begin to "write against time" as others do, and destroy his own credit with his readers, as others have done. Being myself a man of no superfluous wealth, I shall certainly reflect maturely before I give four-and-twenty shillings for his next work, whatever it may be. And how does the interest of the public suffer? Why in this manner: the author, as I may say, defrauds us of the deeper riches of his mind, putting us off with the dross which lies nearest the surface, can be more easily gotten together, and more readily delivered over to the task-master, his publisher. The Tales of a Traveller seem to tell one more tale than the author would wish to make public,—viz: that Geoffrey Crayon knows something of "The Art of Bookmaking" beyond the mere theory. They bear unequivocal marks of having been composed for Mr. Murray, and not for the public. Whilst reading them, I was perpetually haunted by a singular vision; I fancied that I saw the author at his writing-desk, armed with a goose-quill and other implements of literary husbandry, whilst the aforesaid eminent bibliopolist stood at his elbow, jingling a purse of sovereigns, from which a couple descended into the author's pouch according as he finished every page of foolscap. Hasty composition is written in palpable yet invisible letters on the face of the whole work. The subjects chosen are most of them common-place; and the manner of treating them is not very original. There is in these volumes, as I have said, nothing of that sweet and solemn reflection, no traces of that fine rich vein of melancholy meditation, which

threw such an air of interest over his first and best work, which infused such a portion of moral health into the public constitution.* Yes, there is one passage of this nature, and it is the best in the whole work. It is the description of a wild and reckless youth who returns, after many wanderings, to visit the grave of the only being he had loved on earth, his mother. Geoffrey Crayon wrote this passage. We may perceive, also, traces of the other end of his pencil in the humorous Dutch stories which form Part IV of his collection. The pun has some truth in it which asserts that Mr. Irving is *at home* whenever he gets among his native scenes and fellow countrymen. Though even in this Part the touches of humour are fewer and less powerful than of old; faint flashes of that merriment which were wont to set his readers in a roar. Rip Van Winkle and Sleepy Hollow are stories beyond the inspiration of Albemarle-street. Of the remaining Tales in these volumes, the author of Bracebridge-hall may have written some,—and any other "gentleman of the press" (only borrowing Mr. Irving's easiness and grace of language) might have written the rest. One or two *Americanisms*, and a general dearth of those peculiar beauties in thought and expression which overspread his former works, indicate the same negligence and haste which I have remarked as comparatively distinguishing these volumes. At least I had rather impute these faults to those causes than to a mind worn out, or a genius broken down. The author may possibly have written this work at the feet of Fame, not under the eye of Mammon; but if so —Farewell! his occupation's gone! Geoffrey Crayon *was* Mr. Irving, but Mr. Irving *is not* Geoffrey Crayon.

As to delineation of character, I could scarcely persuade myself that he who drew the admirable portrait of Master Simon could err so lamentably as our author has, in attempting to depict several miniatures in the present volumes. A "worthy fox-hunting old baronet" tells a most romantic love-tale, with all the sensibility of a disciple of Della Crusca, and an officer of British dragoons is made to speak in the following style, so very characteristic of that order of gentlemen: "Oh! if it's ghosts you want, honey," cried an Irish captain of dragoons, "if it's ghosts you want, you shall have a whole regiment of them. And since these gentlemen have given the adventures of their uncles and aunts, faith and I'll even give you a chapter out of my own family-history." To be sure this officer had the ill-luck to have been born in the same country with Burke, Sheridan, and Grattan; he was, it must be confessed—an Irishman; and it is past doubt that Irishmen in general can never wholly divest themselves of a certain mellifluous elongation of tone called the *brogue*, nor perhaps of a greater breadth of pronunciation than our English nicety of ear can digest; but although my experience has lain pretty largely amongst gentlemen of that nation, I must in justice say that I never yet met with one whose idiom in any degree approached the plebeian model here brought before us. Mr. Irving, judging probably from the "rascal crew" whom crime, or vagabondism, has driven to his country, that common *refugium peccatorum*, conceives it necessary to make an Irish gentleman express himself like an Irish American; or perhaps he has taken Foigard and Macmorris for his *beau-ideal*. To me, who have kept better company than Mr Irving probably met with in Hiberno-America, his delineation of an Irish *gentleman*, as we must presume every dragoon-officer to be, appears offensively unnatural. Being moreover put forth as a general characteristic description (which, with Mr. Irving's seal to it, must necessarily have its influence on foreign opinion), the gentry of that nation cannot but consider it as an insult and an injustice which the ignorance that dictated it can alone excuse.

In the L'Envoy to the Sketch Book Mr. Irving speaks of the "contrariety of excellent counsel" which had being given him by his critics. "One

* It is ungenerous I acknowledge, but I cannot help wishing that the author of the Sketch Book had remained a little longer under the pressure of that misfortune (whatever it may have been) which seemed to have dictated those pathetic and deeply-affecting little stories, that form the principal charm of his maiden work.

kindly advised him to avoid the ludicrous, another to shun the pathetic." If the turn of an author's genius is to be determined from the line of writing which he seems most to indulge, *humour* is certainly the reigning quality of Mr. Irving's mind. Bracebridge-Hall, much and the best part of the Tales of a Traveller, are written in the humorous vein On the other hand, if the turn of genius is to be estimated by the felicity of execution, we should perhaps say that our author's forte was the pathetic. But in truth, the fine melancholy shade which was thrown over the Sketch Book seems to have been only the effect of sorrow's passing cloud,—and to have past with it. Could not Mr. Irving manage to be humorous and pathetic at the same time, and give us another Sketch Book? He would thus please both parties, instead of neither.

To conclude: it is an usual complaint with the authors of one popular work that their succeeding efforts are ungraciously received by the public; but the inferiority of the Tales of a Traveller to Mr. Irving's preceding works is so palpable, that I am sure he himself must acknowledge the sentence that condemns it as unworthy of his talents to be just.

I am, &c. &c.

FACETIÆ BIBLIOGRAPHICÆ

OR,

The Old English Jesters.

No. IX.

A BANQUET OF JESTS. OR CHANGE OF CHEARE, &c. THE FOURTH IMPRESSION, WITH MANY ADDITIONS. LONDON, PRINTED FOR RICHARD ROYSTON, AND ARE TO BE SOLD AT HIS SHOPPE IN IVIE-LANE NEXT THE EXCHEQUER-OFFICE 1634 Duodecimo, containing 234 pages, besides 14 of preliminary matter, and 12 more of contents or index.

This is another and later edition of the curious little volume recorded in our last number, (p. 285.) and we are again tempted to introduce it to the notice of our readers in a very short article, because the additions are so numerous as to make it almost a distinct publication from its predecessor, and some of the jests are not unworthy of revival.

The first edition consists of 195 articles, the fourth of 261; out of which number 91 are altogether new, 26 of them being substitutions for the same number originally given in the copies of 1630, but subsequently withdrawn.

There was probably an edition between the sixth of 1610 and that of 1660 mentioned by Granger; for in "A catalogue of some books printed for Richard Royston, at the Angel in Ivie-lane, London and some formerly printed at Oxford," appended to Lyford's "Plain Man's Senses exercised to discern both good and evil," London, 1655, in quarto; we find *The Banquet of Jests, new and old, in* 12.

Since our last, we are also indebted to a friend for looking through the registers of the Stationers' company; and from his information, we learn that the first book entered in Royston's name was *January* 26, 1628 (1629) *An Elegie upon the Fate of the most hopefull young Prince Henry, eldest Sonne to his Matie of Bohemia*, so that it would appear he commenced business nearly a year and a half preceding the appearance of our jest book, and when he was about the age of 28. The jests were entered May 10, 1630. In 1633 he had a partnership with Allot (the editor of England's Parnassus, and the publisher of the second Shakspeare) and others in Withers' Emblems, in folio, a book which must have required no small capital from the number and beauty of the engravings.

We promised to be brief, and will keep our word by concluding with a few of the witticisms added to the present edition, although we do not presume to say with the original printer:

Since, reader, I before have found thee
 kinde
Expect this fourth impression more refinde.

Of Peter Martyr. (31.)

One Peter Martyr a great schollar and very famous in his time, had beene a long suitor for a bishoprick, but was still crost in his suit; at the last foure fryers confessors were preferred together to foure vacant seas, and he not remembred: which being told him, hee said, *Me thinks amongst so many confessors, one martyr would not have done amisse.*

Of one for favour made a Master of Art. (91.)

Two gentlemen meeting, saith one to the other, Would you believe that such a man, being late at Oxford, had the courtesie done him to be made master of art? to whom the other answered; O yes; *without question.*

Of a Divine. (102.)

A divine in his sermon praying for the Lords spirituall and temporall, desired heartily in his prayer thus; that the Lords spirituall might be made *lesse temporall*, and the Lords temporall *more spirituall.*

An Office in Reversion. (182.)

A great man in this kingdome being of a temperate and spare dyet, and using to take much physick, had the reversion of another man's office, who was exceeding fat and corpulent, and loved to drink deepe and to feed high, to whom being invited to dinner and finding his stomack sickly and weake, forbore to eate at all; which the other observing, Sir, saith he, you take too much of the apothecary's physick, and too little of the kitchin's, and I care though you are my executor for my place, yet I may outlive you. The other taking up a pure Venice glasse that then stood before him, made him this answer: *I question that, Sir, for this brittle glasse which you see, being well and carefully kept, may last as long as your great brasse kettle.*

Of a moderate Drinker. (234.)

A gentleman of a very temperate dyet sitting at table where there was great plenty of wine, drunke very sparingly; which observed by another, who then sate over against him; Sir, saith he, if none in the world would drinke more than you, wine would bee cheape: to whom he replyed, "Nay rather, if all men did drinke as I doe, it would make wine very deare, *for I drinke as much as I can.*"

An Epitaph upon a Scolding Woman. (246.)

Wee lived one and twenty yeare
 Like man and wife together;
I could no longer have her heere,
 Shee's gone, I know not whether.
If I could guesse, I doe professe
 (I speake it not to flatter)
Of all the women in the world,
 I never would come at her.
Her body is bestowed well,
 A handsome grave doth hide her,
And sure her soule is not in hell,
 The fiend could not abide her.
I think shee mounted upon hie,
 For in the last great thunder
Mee thougt I heard her voyce on hie
 Rending the clouds in sunder.

Of a Woman that was Beaten by her Husband. (260.)

A country fellow had an idle housewife that did use to sit slothfull at home, and settle her selfe about nothing that belonged to any housewifery, but suffered all things to goe (as the old proverbe is) at sixe and seven. Upon a time comming from his labour, and finding her to sit lazing by the fire he tooke a holly wand, and began to cudgell her soundly; at which she cryed out aloud, and sayd, Alas! husband, what doe you meane? you see I doe nothing, I doe nothing. I, marry wife, saith hee, I know that very well, and that is the reason for which I beat thee.

We have before said, that Archee, who is held forth as the editor of the latter editions of this volume, had in all probability nothing to do with the publication. In the edition of 1640, is one jest which does not appear in the preceding copies, and which is the only passage throughout the volume that has any allusion to him.

Arche over-reached. (p. 11.)

Our patron Arche, the king's jester having before fooled many, was at last well met withall: for comming to a nobleman to give him good morrow upon new yeare's day, he received a very gracious reward from him: twenty good pieces of gold in his hand. But the covetous foole expecting (it seemes) a greater, shooke them in his fist, and said they were too light. The nobleman tooke it ill from him, but dissembling his anger he said, I prethee Arche, let mee see them againe, for amongst them there is one peece I would be loath to part with. Arche supposing hee would have added more unto them, delivered them backe to my lord, who putting 'em up in his pocket, said well, "I once gave money into a *foole's* hand, who had not the *wit* to keepe it."

This extract is curious, as it corroborates the accounts given in some of the writers of that day, of the profusion and extravagance of the new year's gifts, and it will easily account for the wealth said to be amassed by Armstrong whilst he

held the situation of royal fool. To prove that he saved money, and laid it out in the purchase of landed property, we have met with a contemporary authority in an uncommonly rare tract printed in duodecimo 1636, and entitled, *The fatall Nuptiall, or Mournfull Marriage.* This is a metrical account of a lamentable accident that occurred in the preceding year, on Windermere Water, when forty-seven persons (among them a young married couple with their friends and relations going to keep the wedding) were drowned. The anonymous poet (a very bad one by the way) meaning to enforce the uncertainty of life and the liability of all ranks to a similar disaster, introduces Archee, who was probably well known in the neighbourhood of the accident.

Is't so, that wee in hourely danger stand,
Whether wee saile by sea, or goe by land?
That wee to th' world but one entrance have,
But thousand meanes of passage to our grave?—
And that the wise shall no more fruit receave
Of all his labours, then the foole shall have—
For th' politick Hun must yeeld to swelling Humber,
As well as th' least of his inferiour number,
And Archee, that rich foole, when hee hast dreames,
For purchast lands, must be possest of streames.

Archee, however, took care not to endanger himself on the water: he married a wife, enjoyed his property, and died, at a good old age, in his bed, in the year 1672.

NOW AM I HAPPIER THAN A KING!

Now am I happier than a king!
My goblet flows with wine,
And round my couch the gay girls sing,
And all their love is mine!
My brow is bound with ivy pale,
And tendrils of that tree
The best that grows on hill or dale,—
At least the best to me!

My bower is wreathed of myrtle green,
The lily, and the rose,
Whose red bud blushes to be seen
'Mid lilies fair as those!
Thus am I happier than a king!
My goblet flows with wine,
And round my couch the gay girls sing,
And all their love is mine!

And Myra laughs, and Daphne smiles,
And Galatea tries
To win me with her witching wiles,—
And gentle Thyrza sighs!
Thus am I happier than a king!
My goblet flows with wine,
And round my couch the gay girls sing,
And all their love is mine!

Then fill my bowl, and bind my hair
With fresher wine and flowers:
To-morrow may belong to Care,—
To-day! to-day is ours!
Now am I happier than a king!
My goblet flows with wine,
And round my couch the gay girls sing,
And all their love is mine!

WALK TO PAESTUM, LEUCOSIA, &c.

PART II.*

We took up our lodging at a wretched *taverna*, one of the few houses within the walls of Paestum, and having reposed a little, went forth to examine the temples.

How *grandiosi*, how imposing, how sublime are these old edifices—ruins they can hardly be called, they have still such a character of firmness, of entireness! These "firm-set" columns seem to be rooted in the earth—to have grown from it—mysterious, eternal, they seem almost productions of other energies than those of man! How inadequate are models or drawings to convey the grand characters of architecture! How we felt the fact, when our eyes took in the magnitude of the proportions, the grandeur of the *ensemble* of these structures! And so great a charm exists in their wild solitary situation—this wide—wide plain seems to reserve itself exclusively for their basis, this circus of mountains, and this sea form so appropriate a frame for them—the silence of man seems here the silence of reverence, and the tinkle of the sheep-bell, the distant low of the ox, the rustle of the green lizard, and even

———————i stridi ingrati
Delle cornici squallide e de' corvi——

are sounds consonant to the hoary antiquity, to the obscured but venerable glories of the edifices. We have no wish (probably because we have no means) of adding much to the volumes of description that already exist, of these remains—so be not frightened, gentle editor—we here serve up our few observations with a brevity that must excuse their illogical disorder.

Padre Paoli must have been mad, or curst indeed with a *Borrominesco* taste in architecture (as Paolini observes), when he said that the style of these temples was *rozzo e goffo* (rude and clumsy), condemned by all persons that loved delicacy; his supposing them to be works of the Etruscans, and in the Etruscan order, was bad enough; his career of ignorance might have stopped there—the barbarous old monk ought to have been confined to his cell a year for his contumacy!

Mr. Forsyth was certainly right in curtailing the antiquity of the Paestum temples, and Mr. Eustace's assertion, that "from the solidity or heaviness of their forms, we must conclude that they are the oldest specimens of Grecian art now in existence," can hardly be made good. "The proportions of an order," says the former gentleman, "are but a matter of convention: they often vary in the same country, nay in the same edifice; and surely a Phidias working in the metropolis of Grecian art, with its two best architects and the Pentelic quarry at his command, might well produce more elegance than contemporary, or even later artists, who were confined to the ruder materials and tastes of a remote colony." In support of this opinion we would observe that the *materials*—the very coarse, porous, and at the same time, very brittle stones, of which the temples are built, are such as adapt themselves more agreeably to large masses than to fine light pieces. These stones were undoubtedly formed and found at Paestum itself; they are hard coralline petrifactions: the brackish water of the river *Salso* that runs by the walls of the town, and in different branches across the plain, has so strong a petrifying virtue that you can almost follow its operation with the eye; the waters of the neighbouring Sele have always been remarkable for the same quality: in many places where the soil had been removed, we perceived *strata* of stones similar to those which compose the temples, and we would almost venture to say, that the substratum of all the plain, from the Sele to Acropoli, is of the like substance. Curious petrifactions of leaves, pieces of wood, insects, and other vegetable and animal matters, are observed in the materials of the columns, walls, &c.

The *cyclopean* walls of the city are pretty well preserved, except on the side towards the sea; on the eastern

* See vol. ix. p. 122. for the first part.

side they have suffered little, and fragments of towers, which seem to have flanked the walls at regular distances, yet exist. The gate in this part, called *La Porta della Sirena* (from a small rudely sculptured figure, which looks more like a dolphin, over the arch) is very perfect, but mean and small, and here the aqueduct which conveyed the water from the mountains behind Capaccio is traced for some distance. Near the hollow, called the Amphitheatre, we perceived the figure of a gladiator, seated with a shield on his arm, executed in bold relief, on a large block of fine white stone, which had been but lately discovered. It may serve to strengthen the rights of the "scooped out space" to its title of amphitheatre.—Yet if this hole was the *arena* of an amphitheatre, what a diminutive one it must have been! Did not the Roman taste for that amusement take so deeply among the Paestans, as among their other colonies and conquests? And yet the coin most frequently found here, bearing the Latin epigraph *Paest.*, has the figure of a gladiator on one side and of a wild beast on the other.

We did not quit the interesting ruins until evening closed in. Our quarters at *O Si Pepe's* were not particularly good; his hostelry consisted of a stable and pig's-sty on the ground floor; upstairs a good sized room that was kitchen, tap, parlour, and dining-room, a bed-room for the whole family behind, and on one side a *spence* about ten feet square, in which they had shaken down two sacks of straw for us. Comfort we could not expect, but we were very merry withal: the few inhabitants of that secluded spot met at *Si Pepe's* to spend the evening in jollity befitting the season (you remember it was Easter Sunday); an old man played the Spanish guitar, and a boy beat a tabor; the landlord's children (*ne avera una bella provista*) danced the *tarantella*, while the older bystanders beat time and cracked their fingers for castanets. We contributed our portion to the amusement by treating them to supper and wine, and this had so good an effect that we were soon in as gay a circle as can be imagined. The joke, the story, the rustic song went round, one peal of laughter followed another, although rough and noisy, their mirth was not at all gross or offensive. We made the singers repeat slowly three or four of their songs, which, like ancient oral traditions are spread from mouth to mouth, and without ever being committed to the custody of ink and paper, enjoy a circumscribed, tiny immortality, in the town or village where they were produced; we wrote them down, they are exceedingly simple, but not without prettiness—how figurative—how eastern is this passage!

Figliuola con quisto pietto palombino,
Luci più della luna di Yennaro,
'Sta buccuzza vostra yetta fiori,
Le labruzze son coralli naturali;
Quanno ti metti 'sta tovaglia bionna,
Mi pari un antenna in auto mare!

Maid with the dove's breast,
Thou shinest brighter than the moon of January,
This mouth of thine throws forth flowers,
Thy lips are natural corals;
When thou puttest thy brown napkin o'er thy head
Thou seemest to me a sail in the high sea!

Admire, we beseech you, the *orientality* of the simile, "when thou puttest thy brown napkin over thy head, thou seemest to me a sail in the high sea." No northern imagination, less than Macpherson-Ossian can come up to this!

When our merriment was at its height, it was interrupted by loud cries across the plain, and the barking of dogs: a boy came in saying, "*sono calati i lupi*" (the wolves are come down), and we all ran to the door: the noise, however, waxed weaker and weaker, and soon ceased. This incident introduced a long conversation on the privation of fire-arms, on wolves, and shooting. On the reintegration or pristination (the latter is the favourite word now) of King Ferdinand's government after the fall of the constitution, the people were disarmed, punishments decreed against such as concealed their arms, and many obstacles placed in the way of obtaining licences, especially for such as had been, or were suspected of having been *Carbonari*. This was felt as a dreadful evil all over the kingdom, and the inhabitants of this part of the country had strong and particular motives of discontent. "The mountains around are full of wolves," said our host, "they come down in troops and attack our flocks, and even our colts

and mares before our eyes, and we can do nothing but shout and throw our sticks at them; the rogues have found out we have no guns, and the next thing they will do will be to come and eat us in our houses." But, besides affording this protection, a gun was a great provider; the plain abounds in game, and, be it said *in confidenza*, now and then an unruly wild boar, or a silly fat buck or so, would wander from the royal woods of Persano, to places where he had no business, and the country people (always preserving *la distanza di rispetto* towards the game-keepers, who are numerous), would now and then take the liberty of bringing him down and eating him.

We remembered that the Epicurean Horace speaks somewhere with satisfaction of supping on a Lucanian boar, but we had no idea of the savouriness of a Lucanian wolf: here, however, we learned that the peasants are accustomed to eat that flesh, and that they think it very good. *Su di questo proposito* our host told us a delightful story: a short time after his marriage he took a wolf and gave a dinner to some of his neighbours; his spouse, who was a *forestiera*, and not endowed with the Paestan predilection for wolf-flesh, ate of it heartily without knowing what it was; as soon as the repast was ended, the frolic began by the company's imitating the *ululare* of the wolf, which harmonious noise, they said, proceeded from the animal they had eaten—she felt rather qualmish at the time, but ever since has had no objection to a bit of the monster. The following *membra disjecta* of the evening's lucubrations are too precious to be lost.

"Wolves are kings—true kings, for they eat of the best, and take any kind of meat they like without paying for it."

"Our King Ferdinand cares more for a wild boar or a brace of *beccacej* than a subject. The last time he was down here, a number of us surrounded him, begging for a testimony of his generosity." "Go and take your zappe" (a sort of hoe), said he, "and work—you are better off than I am."

"We were all Carbonari here about (*perchè era la moda*), because it was the fashion!"

One of the peasants on entering the back-room of the host, which was ornamented with numerous pendant flitches of bacon, gazed round with delight and exclaimed, "*Evviva o sì Pepe, sta proprio come uno dio!*" "O bravo master Pepe, he is as well off as God Almighty."

Our night's rest was not over luxurious; our sacks of straw were stony hard and too short; the cloaks that covered us retained the pungent odours of bad tobacco; this closet too was hung with bacon, the smell of which we abhor, and moreover there was a cackling hen and brood of chickens in one corner. Yet it was delicious to look through the shattered window of this filthy cell upon the glorious ruins rising up in the clear moonlight from the silent dusky plain. The next morning, escorted by two peasants, we set out for a grand *festa*, that is held on Easter Monday at Capaccio Vecchio, a town that rose on the mountain hard by, when Paestum was destroyed by the Saracens, and which has been, now for a long time, deserted in its turn and in ruins. A walk of about two miles brought us to the foot of this mountain, and to *Capo di fiume*, the source of the river *Salso*, which bathes the walls of Paestum. The water, strongly impregnated with salt, bubbles out very copiously from a marshy flat; in the middle of the stream, close to the source, is a small island, strewed with ancient fragments—three bases of pillars are standing at three of its corners—this water was prized for its medicinal qualities, and here, perhaps, stood a little edifice for the convenience of bathers or drinkers. Other antique fragments are traced along the banks of the stream, and seven mills, that form a small village, stand near the source. As we were sauntering here we heard a loud chaunt of many voices, and turning in the direction whence the sound proceeded, we saw a lengthened procession winding two by two along a rugged path on the mountain side, high above our heads, towards the ruined town: the singing, the few flaunting banners distributed along the line, the slowly moving figures, the rough hill, the grey ruins, the rapid tolling of a church bell, produced the most romantic of effects,

and we watched them with a mute pleasure until they had all disappeared behind projecting rocks, and their chaunt had sunk to a melancholy murmur.

From *Capo di fiume* we toiled up a very precipitous path to Capaccio Vecchio. On a small flat which we found very much crowded stands the church and an hermitage attached to it, the only buildings not in ruins; several gay flags were flying by the church door, within they were celebrating mass, and the wide nave was covered with kneeling women, for the most part very pretty, and dressed in the same costume. We saw the object of the devotion and the *festa* in a hideous wooden gilt statue of a *madonna*, holding a pomegranate in one hand; besides this treasure the church contains an old marble pulpit and a marble urn, in which, according to tradition, reposed the bones of a certain San Matteo, until the wealth or power of the Salernitans transported them to the cathedral of Salerno, where they have ever since remained, and work a miracle annually, even unto this day.

According to old chronicles, the inhabitants of this town, safe in their situation, and the walls and fortresses with which they had strengthened it, lived peacefully and happily, while the towns in the plains and on the sea coast were continually devastated by the Saracens and other enemies. This happiness at length came to a fatal termination in 1218, when the Count of Capaccio, who had joined a rebellion of the Barons against the Emperor Frederic II. was obliged to retreat and defend himself in this, his last stronghold, and after a long and obstinate resistance to surrender to an enraged enemy. The popular tradition says, the place was taken through the treachery of an old woman, to whom the conquerors *emphatically* expressed their detestation of her crime—a crime by which they had succeeded, by throwing her from the loftiest of the towers down a tremendous precipice. How alike are these stories in all ages and in all countries! they proceed from sentiments which are natural, and do honour to man. It appears that the Emperor's troops destroyed the town and castles, and that the portion of the population that escaped repaired to a neighbouring village called *San Pietro*, which thenceforward assumed the name of *Capaccio Nuovo*. The punishment inflicted on the conspirators was barbarous and *bizarre* at the same time; each was sewed in a sack with a dog, a monkey, a cock, and a viper, and so thrown into the sea; their relations even to the fourth and fifth remove, were burned after having their eyes scooped out, and only one, a boy nine years old, was saved from that horrid fate, by the fidelity and craft of a servant. The ruins of the town, which are very considerable, show it to have been surrounded by high walls, strengthened by a number of towers; large parts of these, as well as of the main castle or keep, are yet standing, the stone work of a number of little houses is almost entire—they have been deserted for centuries, and yet they seem as if they had been inhabited but the other day.

When the devotional exercises in the church were terminated, the scene assumed the character of a country fair; there were little stalls exposing coarse laces, ribbons, *corone* (rosaries), pictures of saints, and madonnas, wine-barrels, shoes, fox and badger skins, and a variety of other articles for sale: there were stalls of bread, wine, and fruit, and little cook-shops with fires in the open air, frying meat, boiling maccaroni, *minestra verde* and other good things. We procured a dish of eels, taken in the river *Salso* below, a boiled fowl, and a little meat—we had providently brought a *boraccio* of good wine from our host *O Si Pepe's*, and about noon we sat down with our two conductors on the brow of the hill, to dinner. The picture was peculiarly pleasing and exhilarating—the day was lovely; not a single spot dimmed the cerulean canopy—a playful zephyr mitigated the heat of the sun, and wafted to us the sweets of flower and herb, of shrub and blossoming tree; before us spread the wide Paestan plain, specked with its grand edifices and scattered farms, and bounded majestically by the blue Mediterranean, and the lofty irregular Apennines—our eyes could make out through the light silvery vapours of noon the white mass of Salerno and several other towns—we marked

the position of Amalfi of Posidonia, and other places built on the precipitous sides of the promontory, where they seem as if they were about to slip into the sea—the rugged cliff of Capri just peeped out beyond the Capo Campanella, and the Siren rocks showed themselves sleeping in the shade of the lofty coast. Around us groups of peasants were seated on the declivities of the hill, or mingled [illegible], eating, drinking, and laughing, and so gay—so full of life. And then the women smiling so prettily from under their modest head drapery. All reflected rays of so much happiness warmed our hearts; there was no resisting, and in spite of sundry laudable resolutions not to make too free with the rosy God, we smiled at our *fiasco* so heartily and so frequently that it waxed low; it was again filled and again devoutly emptied, and we protested with the jolly Bishop, the worthy Monsignor Forteguerri, that

Dentro ai ben che ci ha dato Iddio
N[illegible] miglior quello del vino.
[illegible]

About three o'clock the company began to disperse and depart, and in different directions; some to Capaccio Nuovo, some to Eboli, some to Trentinara—to Acropoli, and some to the plain. We joined a few stragglers, to pass through the last of these places. We have seen many popular *festas*, we are fond of them—we like to see nature in its broad, unveiled colours—we would rather go to one than to a ball, a masquerade, or a new opera; but in justice we must acknowledge we never saw one equal to this. It offered us satisfactory and consoling scenes of rustic life, and impressed us with a very favourable opinion of the peasantry of these parts; there was a deal of genuine simplicity, cheerfulness, kindness and affection throughout, and among the women a degree of personal beauty that in all our wanderings we have rarely seen surpassed in people of this class, and certainly never equalled in this kingdom. Their costume was such as is common in the south of Italy; a large piece of white linen cloth (frequently fringed) was folded in a curious manner over the head, it dropped down behind, and fell upon the neck, concealing the hair, except a few wandering tresses, but forming a simple, pretty frame, to the oval, well complexioned face, the large dark eye, the fine lined nose, the little mouth and white teeth, and the firm round chin, and setting off at the same time the Guido-Madonna-like expression of modesty, ingenuousness, and good nature that characterized the whole. A *vest* closely embraced the firm but not inelegant bust; this was the neatest part of the apparel; it was commonly of cloth, either blue, or red, or green, laced in front and trimmed with knots of gay ribbons at the shoulders and wrists, in some a little lace ran round the bosom, but we did not observe any of the galloon, or spangles, or gaudy frippery that the Neapolitan peasantry generally bedeck themselves with; the petticoat of some sober colour, also for the most part of cloth, fell in rich folds so long as almost to touch the earth. All the women were dressed alike as to form; the only difference being in the quality or colour of the material; and the same uniformity existed in the dress of the men. These costumes are, at least to us, affecting; they seem to unite people in one vast family, to form a bond of union, to draw closer the ties of society.

Afternoon, having descended along the sides of the mountain, we conducted ourselves to Capaccio Nuovo, which is about two miles from the ruined city. We had learned at the *Fair* that there was a Franciscan monastery here, and to this we repaired forthwith to secure a lodging. The old Guardiano at first received us rather coarsely, and stated difficulties, alleging that theirs was a miserable monastery, that they had no beds, and nothing fit to be eaten by persons of our quality; we, however, set forth the modesty of our demands, and overruled all his difficulties, and at length he agreed to receive us, and to treat us as well as he could. The society contrived, after great exertion, to furnish [illegible] one coarse bed; the interest of the superior in the town procured another, and on these we reposed soundly until a short time after night-fall, when an old monk came with a lamp in his hand to conduct us to supper. We found the community consisting of eight individuals besides

the Guardiano, already assembled in the refectory, a large hall, wainscoted and painted, dimly lighted by a lamp pendent in the centre. A sallad of wild herbs, some eggs fried with cheese, some sweet bread, a little *ricotta* and a bottle of wine, light, but clear and spirited, furnished our supper. After our frugal meal we repaired with the old Guardiano into the vast gloomy kitchen, where the monks assembled round a large wood fire: they were as romantic a looking group as might be desired; with one or two exceptions, old, solemn, and taciturn. The Superior improved on acquaintance, and became very loquacious; among other things, he spoke of two English artists who had resided six weeks or two months in his monastery the preceding year; he had forgotten their names, but if by chance these gentlemen meet with this letter, they may learn with pleasure that the monks of Capaccio retain a grateful remembrance of their kind, amiable manners.

We passed four days very agreeably in this secluded spot; our food, it is true, was not very choice, but the fine mountain air and exercise made it savoury and softened our poor hard beds; the conversation of the monks was ignorant and limited, but ingenuous and characteristic; the residence was dilapidated and melancholy, but was thus so much the more romantic; and, besides, it was an excellent point for those wild mountain excursions we are so fond of. We can form volumes in our own minds of the numerous little incidents, imaginings, and sentiments, that occurred to us in this short space, but as they would be difficult to express and would have little interest to those who have not shared our situation, we shall with all possible conciseness relate only one or two of them. The monastery, we have said, is dilapidated; it was once a well-built extensive edifice, sufficient for the comfortable residence of thirty or forty monks; but it is now fast hastening to its ruin: the stout oak doors are falling from their hinges, most of the windows and lattices are broken, the roof in several places lets in water, and many other symptoms of decay are visible. "You see," said the indignant Guardiano, "what dogs I have fallen among; the buildings their forefathers—their pious forefathers erected, they permit to fall to ruins before their eyes! Ah! they are sad wretches, they are all *miserabili e carbonari* and have no fear of God in them—our *cerca* produces almost nothing, although we go for miles with the *bisaccie di San Francesco*—Judas and not Jesus has passed this way! I have now been here several years (woe the while! for I came from the flourishing and well supplied monastery of Castellamare) I have done what it has been possible to do—the last Guardiano was a *ciuccio* (i. e. an *ass*) and neglected the affairs of the community. Would you believe it! when I came here there were only three starved pigs and four fowls, the garden was only fertile in weeds, the cistern was full of dirt, and there was no pulley to the well: now I have increased the number of pigs from three to twelve, and the fowls from four to forty, I have laid by a stock of wine, have improved the garden and the cistern, bought four brass candlesticks for the altar to supply the place of those that had been stolen, and I have done a great many other things which will make future Guardiani and monks mention me with respect. Ah! they will say when I am dead and gone, Padre Onorato was the flower of Guardiani; he put things on a good footing, poor old man!—and yet *Signori*, would you believe it, all the monks are not satisfied with my administration, but that gives me little concern, as they are idle and ignorant, and I remember that even the Saviour of men could not please all men—that one among his disciples was even found to betray him." Oh love of fame! how general thou art! through what a variety of vistas dost thou entice thy devotees! thou charmest alike the conqueror of a nation, the author of a poem, and the breeder of pigs!

The garden is a large piece of ground exceedingly well cultivated, and solely laboured by the monks. This industry and the good effects it produces is owing to the poverty or want of devotion in the neighbourhood; for the monks find it more agreeable to circulate the *bisaccie di San Francesco,* than to labour the earth; and in more favoured regions, where there is a little land attached to the monastery, it is always either

let out or cultivated by hired hands. For our parts, we think it would be well if these mendicant orders had every where to struggle with the same difficulties that exist here; the monks would then be obliged to contribute their share to the general stock, and instead of living on the bread extorted from poverty and superstition, might support themselves by their honest, independent labour: tracts of uncultivated land (abundant in this kingdom) might be subjected to the plough and the spade, and more substantial benefits than the chaunting of masses and the mumbling of prayers, might thus be conferred on society.

As we were passing behind the church, in the garden, we stopped to look through a low barred window; it gave us a view of the interior of a vault in which are deposited the remains of the monks who die in the monastery. It is a small square chamber, with recesses or niches projecting from the walls; opposite to the window are four niches; from three of these the bodies that once occupied them have slipped down in the course of decay, and now lie on the floor; but in the other, a monk in his cowl and usual dress, remains in a sitting posture reclining against one side of the recess; his naked legs stick out from his dress and seem of an extraordinary length from their thinness, the flesh being shrivelled up to the bone; on the tawnied face is still a sort of expression—the hands are closed as in prayer. The Guardiano assured us that that dead monk had been "*un eccellentissimo cuciniere*," (a most excellent cook), and that they long lamented his loss. On the top of the niches, which form a sort of shelf, lies another monk; he is stretched out and on his side, and though dead a long time, is so well preserved as to look like one sleeping; the floor is strewed with skulls, bones, fragments of dress and some broken wooden crosses — no disagreeable smell announced the slow, but loathsome decomposition going on within. As we were turning away from this "narrow house" which the gay, warm light of day streaming through the narrow grating, illumined in a striking manner, an old monk said coolly "*Questo è Signori è la posta nostra;*" (this, gentlemen, is our post) the Guardiano ordered a lay brother to tear up the weeds, that had grown thickly in front of the window, in order that the monks as they passed, might kneel down, and see the interior and say a prayer, which he warmly recommended them to do, "The thread of life is of a mingled yarn." We had scarcely left this spot, which, in us at least, had elicited serious and melancholy musings, than we met with a scene ludicrous in the extreme. One of the monks had skulked into the garden after dinner, and just as we turned a corner he was consoling himself with the rare luxury of a few early figs. The Guardiano no sooner descried this marauder than he cried out with a voice, stronger than we should have thought his lungs capable of furnishing, to know what he meant; the poor monk was unhappily deaf, and so could not profit by his Superior's warning; nay, though two young sturdy lay-brothers bawled out in concert, all their vocal efforts were thrown away, the poor offender could hardly have heard thunder, and having his back towards us, he was quite unconscious of being overlooked, and continued eating and pocketting in the greatest tranquillity. At this spectacle the rage of the Guardiano vented itself in a shower of reproachful terms—*mariuolo, birbone, ladro, assassino*, &c. One of the lay brothers began to throw stones at the delinquent, but being too far to reach him, he ran towards him throwing stones and hallooing all the way; even this was in vain, and the fig-eater never stopped until the young man caught hold of his arm as he was in the act of plucking the precious fruit, and cried out "*Nè questo stai facendo—stai rubando i fichi?*" (ah! this is what you're about—you are stealing the figs). The poor sinner, taken by surprise, was too much confused to concert a reasonable excuse, and took refuge in a downright denial, answering as boldly as he could "*che dicite! chi ha la toccato!*" (what do you say? who has touched them?) and though there were so many witnesses against him, and though the figs were found in his sleeve, he barefaced it out, that he had not picked any, but that he had just found one or two on the ground, and that when we saw him, he was

only taking away the worms from the tree.

One of our walks from Capaccio was to *Capo d'Acqua*, the source of the water, which, by means of an aqueduct supplied the ancient Paestum; it is about two miles from the monastery, higher up the mountains and under the elevated little town of Trentinara. The water, which is exceedingly good, rises from three copious springs near each other; the cuniculus is in some parts covered with a coat of soil, but is always near the surface; it is very strongly built with hard stones and cement still harder; the channel for the water is about two feet wide and three deep, it straggled down the mountain, and ran across the plain to Paestum (a distance of six miles) and entered the walls of that city by the side of the Siren gate, where, as we have before-mentioned, it is still traced for some distance. The aqueduct has been broken in its course, and the water now escapes and runs to waste in numerous directions; a very inconsiderable expence of labour would restore it; and, scanty as the population of Paestum and its neighbourhood now is, if those men had any spirit they would do the work, for all the water in the plain is disagreeably brackish and unwholesome. It was near the close of day when we were at the "rising of the waters," the mild, lovely close of a glorious day! we sat there on the broken aqueduct, deeply enjoying our solitary situation for some time; the last rays of the sun, that seems more brilliant and more warm when about to leave us, that

——— Vivida Soave
Luce d' amore——

beamed up the hollow of the mountains through the thick woods before us; nothing was seen but a solitary wood-man hastening through the glades, nothing heard but the twitter of a few birds, the sheep bells, the calls of a distant shepherd, or the notes of a lonely *zampogna* far up the hills.

We had heard of a little work on the Paestan antiquities, written by a certain Canonico Bamonte, a Canon of Capaccio, and the day before we left the monastery, we sent to purchase it of the author. We received, with the book, an invitation from the reverend man of letters. When we waited upon him, we found him to be a pompous pedantic creature, with a right foot of monstrous dimensions; he was extremely civil, gave us some bad coffee, and some indifferent information interlarded continually with "questo poi ritroverete luminosamente esposto nella mia opera"—"questo anche ho riportato nella mia opera"—"pure questo ho indicato." He showed us a large collection of ancient coins, medals, and other objects discovered at and near Paestum; part, or the whole of which, he would gladly sell to any collector. We must in courtesy give a word of recommendation to his book—we promised as much, and indeed, silly as the greatest part of it is, it is worth the traveller's 6 *carlini*, as it contains sundry little notices of discoveries, visits, &c. &c. not to be found in the usual guides or authors who have written on Paestum, besides a tolerable topographic plan.

We left the Franciscans early one fine morning to prosecute our journey to Acropoli and Leucosia.

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG GIRL.

Beauty and Virtue crown'd thee!
Death in thy youth hath found thee!
Thou'rt gone to thy grave
By the soft willow-wave,
And the flowrets are weeping around thee!

The sun salutes thee early,
The stars be-gem thee rarely,
Then why should we weep
When we see thee asleep
'Mid a world that loves thee so dearly?

MONTGOMERY'S MISTRESS.

Modernized from the Poems of Alexander Montgomery, Author of the Cherrie and the Slae.

O NATURE lavish'd on my love
Each charm and winning grace,
It is a glad thing to sad eyes
To look upon her face;
She's sweeter than the sunny air
In which the lily springs,
While she looks through her clustering hair
That o'er her temples hings—
I'd stand and look on my true love
Like one grown to the ground;
There's none like her in loveliness,
Search all the world around.

Her looks are like the May-day dawn,
When light comes on the streams;
Her eyes are like the star of love,
With bright and amorous beams;
She walks—the blushing brook-rose seems
Unworthy of her foot;
She sings—the lark that hearkens her
Will evermore be mute;
For from her eyes there streams such light,
And from her lips such sound —
There's none like her in loveliness,
Search all the world around.

Her vestal breast of ivorie,
Aneath the snowy lawn,
Shows with its twin born swelling wreaths
Too pure to look upon.
While through her skin her sapphire veins
Seem violets dropt in milk,
And tremble with her honey breath
Like threads of finest silk.
Her arms are long, her shoulders broad,
Her middle small and round,
The mould was lost that made my love,
And never more was found.

C.

THE LATE MAJOR-GENERAL MACQUARIE.

AMONGST the great and the good who have lately been called from this world of care and anxiety, we regret to have to record the name of Lauchlan Macquarie, Esquire, of Jarvisfield, in the Island of Mull, a Major-general in the army, and late Governor and Commander in Chief of His Majesty's colony of New South Wales and its dependencies. Few have died more regretted by a large circle of friends and acquaintances, and none more beloved or respected. Gen. Macquarie was born in the island of Mull on the 31st of December, 1762,—was lineally descended from the ancient family of Macquarie, of Macquarie, and nearly allied to the chief of that warlike and loyal clan. His mother was the sister of the late Murdoch Maclaine, of Lochbuy, than whose a more ancient or distinguished fa-

mily does not exist in the Highlands of Scotland. At the early age of fifteen (9th April, 1777) he was appointed an ensign in the late 84th, or Royal Highland Emigrant regiment, raised in America by his relation, Sir Allan Maclean, and young as he was, he joined the corps immediately on his appointment, and served with it in Nova Scotia, under the command of Generals Lord Clarina, Francis Maclean, and John Campbell, till 1781, when he got his lieutenancy in the late 71st regiment. This regiment he joined in South Carolina, where he served under the orders of the late General, the Hon. Alexander Leslie, till 1782, when the 71st, with other regiments, being sent to Jamaica, he remained there till the conclusion of the American war. At the peace of 1783, the 71st regiment was ordered home from the West Indies, and finally disbanded at Perth in 1784.

Lieutenant Macquarie remained on half-pay till December 1787, when he was appointed to the present 77th regiment, then raising, and of which, from his standing in the service, he became the senior lieutenant. He accompanied his regiment to India in the spring of 1788, and arrived at Bombay in the month of August of that year, where he was appointed Captain-Lieutenant in December; and for seventeen years he continued to serve in the Presidency of Bombay, and in different parts of Hindostan, under the respective commands of Marquis Cornwallis, Sir William Meadows, Sir Alured Clarke, Lord Harris, Sir Robert Abercromby, Lord Lake, James Balfour, James Stuart, and Oliver Nicolls. Having purchased his company in the 77th, he received the brevet rank of Major in May 1796, and the effective Majority of the 86th regiment in March 1801, with the brevet rank of Lieutenant-Colonel on the 9th of November of that year. In the year 1805 he got the Lieutenant-Colonelcy of the 73d, then a Highland regiment. In 1810 the rank of Colonel in the army, and in 1813 was made a Major-General. He was present at the first siege of Seringapatam in 1792, and at its capture in 1799. He was also distinguished at the captures of Cannanou in 1790, Cochin in 1795, and Columbo in the island of Ceylon in 1796. In 1801 he accompanied Sir David Baird and the Indian army to Egypt with the distinguished rank of Deputy Adjutant-General — was present at the capture of Alexandria, and final expulsion of the French army from Egypt. In 1803 he obtained leave of absence and came to England, where he was immediately appointed to the home staff, and served as Assistant Adjutant-General to Lord Harrington, who commanded the London district. In 1805 he returned once more to India, where he continued for two years, and then came home overland. He arrived in October 1807, and joined the 73d regiment, then quartered at Perth, in 1808.

In 1809, when his regiment was ordered to New South Wales, Col. Macquarie stood so high in the estimation of his King and of the Ministers, that he received the appointment of Governor in Chief in and over that colony. He held this high office for a period of twelve years; and, whatever may be said by those who envy what they cannot imitate, and are at all times anxious to detract from the merits of their cotemporaries, posterity will form a different estimate of his character, and be able to appreciate the soundness of those measures to which the colony owes its present prosperity, and upon which will depend its future greatness. Indefatigable in business, and well qualified, from his intimate knowledge of mankind, to judge of the character of those with whom he came in contact: he conducted the affairs of his government with a prudence and steadiness which few, however gifted, will ever equal, and none, we venture to affirm, can ever surpass. One of the maxims which he appears to have had constantly in his view was, to raise to something like respectability in the scale of society those who had expiated their crimes and follies by a life of good conduct and regularity in that country to which they had been transported, and thus, by the countenance and support which the well-behaved were sure to meet with, he stimulated others to follow their good example; a conduct much more likely to prove beneficial, than if the

repentant criminal had been left to his hapless fate, in a society where it required all the support of a Governor-in-chief to give him a status in that society, and maintain him in it. Yet this Christian-like conduct was one of the few errors that were imputed to General Macquarie in the discharge of his duty as governor of the colony.

Having been superseded by Major-General Sir Thomas Brisbane, General Macquarie returned to England in 1822, and retired for a short time to his estate in the island of Mull. While in India, he married a Miss Jarvis, sister of Lieutenant-Colonel Jarvis, now of Dover in Kent. But this lady did not live to accompany him to England, and left no issue; and in the beginning of 1809 he was married a second time to Miss Campbell, daughter of Donald Campbell, Esq. of Aird, and sister to the present Sir John Campbell of Ardnamurchan, Baronet. By this lady, who survives him, he has left one son, Lauchlan, who was born in Australia, and is now about nine years of age.—Having served for upwards of forty-seven years, General Macquarie a few days before his death, was advised, under the new regulation, to sell his lieutenant coloneley. During the winter of 1822-3, he travelled on the Continent for the benefit of Mrs. Macquarie's health; but in the autumn of last year he retired once more to his estate in Mull, where, as he states in a letter addressed to the writer of this short memoir, he intended to rusticate for a few years, until his son was prepared to enter Eton College.

But alas! how vain are the determinations of man.—In April last General Macquarie came up to town, with the view of getting his colonial accounts finally settled, and to ascertain the determination of Ministers in regard to the remuneration to which he had become entitled by his long and faithful services as Governor of New South Wales. His accounts, being regularly and correctly kept, were soon brought to a close; and his merit so fully allowed, that a pension for life, of a thousand a year, was granted him; and as he states in a note from Duke-street in the end of June last, his cares were now at an end. In four short days from the date of that note they were indeed at an end for ever. Dining at a friend's house about the beginning of June, he was unable to procure a hackney coach, and as the rain had nearly ceased, he ventured to walk home to his lodgings. He was immediately seized with a suppression of urine, which in the end baffled the skill of the most eminent of the profession to remove or alleviate, and on the 1st July he breathed his last. Mrs. Macquarie, impressed with some impending misfortune, and from information from a faithful black servant that had been many years the attendant of the General, fortunately left Mull to join her husband in London, and arrived a few days before his death, so that she had the consolation, though a melancholy one, of witnessing the last moments of him whose loss is irreparable, but who died as he had lived, a hero and a Christian. General Macquarie was ever more desirous of a good name than of riches; he returned to England in 1822, a much poorer man than he had left it in 1809. He did not live to enjoy his pension a single day, so that the regulated price of a Lieutenant-Colonelcy of Infantry was all that he received for a faithful service of nearly half a century. We have little doubt, however, that when his merits become fully known to his Majesty, and are fairly appreciated by his country, as one day they must be, that some permanent mark of Royal favour will be granted to his orphan son. And upon whom could a baronetcy be more worthily bestowed than upon the son and only descendant of such a man? General Macquarie has left one brother, a distinguished officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Macquarie, who retired from the service a few years ago on account of bad health, and is now resident upon his property in his native isle. The General's remains were sent down to Scotland for interment, and have been deposited in the family vault of the Macquaries, at Iona.

Aug. 9, 1824. A. H.

THE DRAMA.

THE ENGLISH OPERA-HOUSE.
Jonathan in England.

Mr. Mathews has at length, with the courage of a traveller who has resolved never to revisit the country of which he speaks,—given a loose to his humour about the Americans;—and we are no longer taught by him to believe that on the other side of the Atlantic, all is constancy, generosity, and hospitality. Either our inimitable actor in his original sketch meditated a second trip to the Land of Liberty, and was therefore tender in touching too roughly on the frailties of his friends,—or else he was under the restraint of some American intimate or visitor, whose national prejudices were to be consulted, and whose home feelings were to be studied. Very certain it is that Mr. Mathews was upon his best behaviour in the first narration of his adventures in Boston and New York;—and we English, old and new, were repeatedly admonished to love each other, and to cherish mutual kindnesses, as though the actor were fearful, lest he should by some unhappy slip of the tongue set the two countries together by the ears. The time, however, has now arrived when Mr. Mathews is "a pretty damned deal" less particular about the nice feelings of the Yankees. And whether it is that he has abandoned all intention of again crossing the Atlantic,—or whether he has lost the quelling spirit that sat *night-maring* his humour,—is of little consequence to an English audience;—the change is thoroughly for the better—and Jonathan in England is as unvarnished a caricature of the impudence, stubbornness, and *freedom* of a Yankee, as a lover of the ridiculous would desire to see.

The idea of this little farce is well conceived, and does great credit to the ingenuity of the inventor. Jonathan W. Doubikins, our old friend with the straw hat, fowling piece, and snuff-coloured surtout, arrives in England with a letter of introduction from his uncle Ben,—dear uncle Ben,—every body's uncle Ben! He reaches Liverpool with his Nigger Agamemnon, — and the first act passes at the Waterloo Hotel from which he is ejected, and at a little inn on the outskirts of the town where he sleeps for the night. At the latter place a good night scene is contrived, where a pair of long and short ostlers in meagre trim, sneak in to rob the pantry through a pannel in the Yankee's room. One of the ostlers, meagre, miserable, and poor, is about to go to London to better himself—and has a letter to an alderman, recommending the bearer as a postilion,—which by mistake he changes for Jonathan's letter of introduction to the same person. The second act brings Jonathan W. to London, and ushers him, with his post-boy character, before Sir Leatherlip Grossfeeder:—of course, the ostler also appears with his American letter of introduction, and the blunders and pleasantries which arise from these mixed letters are excessively humorous. The character of the alderman is written with a pen dipped in mock turtle!

The dialogue and the incidents are broad, and much is left to the actor to fill up;—but as Mathews has been measured with a nice hand his American character fits him admirably. All the follies of all the odd characters throughout America, appear to be huddled together in this one part, and the jumble is therefore considerably more humorous than natural. Perhaps the happiest scene is that in which Jonathan discourses upon liberty in the kitchen with the political butler,—seasoning his remarks with the offer of his *Nigger* for sale.

All the performers played with good-will, and good sense and spirit, from Mr. Tayleure down to Mrs. Grove. Keeley is too slow, but he is truly natural. Mr. Sloman played Agamemnon with a *genuine* humour—and Bartley, as the Alderman, was as hearty as good living and swan-hopping could make him. His sketch of a river excursion to Richmond was most happily conceived and executed.

This little piece is, we understand,

from the hands of Mr. Peake, who, without doubt, is the cleverest writer to order, of any dramatist of the day. He can, if he pleases, make an actor; and the less activity there is in the object he selects to work upon, the more he achieves. He built up Wilkinson out of some very raw materials,—and it has also pleased his authorship to erect Mr. Keeley into something like an acting shape. We only wish Mr. Peake would patronize a few other sleepwalkers; he would do an incalculable service to the theatres.

THE BASHFUL MAN.

This is a very clever dramatic sketch, for it is no more; and all our readers who remember the story in Cumberland's *Observer*, will recognize the original on which this piece is founded. Mr. Moncrieff is the author, and he is fortunate enough to have once more hit the town a masterly blow; having with his Tom and Jerry, Giovanni in London, Monsieur Tonson, and other pieces, succeeded in planting some tolerably hard hits heretofore. Mathews plays the Bashful Man, and though the part is not suited to him, and other performers might be found who would make more of it, still he exhibits a very ludicrous picture of the miseries of a constitutionally timid man. His bow is nervous and gentlemanly,—but he is only near sighted at intervals. Elliston, or Jones, or Liston, would perhaps better fit the part than Mathews; who, since the *solos* he has been of late years accustomed to play on the stage, has acquired habits of conferring with himself, or with the audience only, which much perplex the other performers.

There is little plot. Mr. Blushington, by the death of a rich uncle, suddenly comes into a large property, which appears to be settled upon his nerves for life, with no "remainders over." His college habits having increased his constitutional timidity, he is well fitted to come trembling forth into society. All is agitation, diffidence, confusion, error, mischance. He sees a young lady at church whom he should like to love. The father of the girl, descrying the tender and fearful affection, and not perceiving any objectionable poverty to make the match undesirable, determines on wooing the young gentleman into the family. Blushington is asked to dinner at Friendly Hall—he accepts the invitation and becomes alarmed. He goes—blunders a set speech, intended for the Baronet, to his butler; reaches down the wooden Xenophon, upsets the ink and his own three grains of trembling self-possession, bows down a bust of Socrates, wipes up the ink with his white handkerchief; and goes, thus tuned in every nerve-string, to the dinner table, where he lays waste every moveable object! He throws down the butter-boat, scalds his mouth with burning soup, spills the salt, and drinks to his young lady in vinegar; wipes his flushing face with the inked handkerchief, and then, amid the laughter of all the *Friendly* family, jumps up with the table-cloth in his button-hole, and accomplishes a finished clearance. He returns home; but the Friendly's (determined not to lose their prize) follow him, and invite themselves to dinner at his house. We do not see this second feast, but we see its effects, for he comes in fuddled yet frightened, has an interview with his lady, who contrives a good fainting fit in his arms, and finally with wine and kisses he is sobered into a fit state for marriage. The intoxication, though well acted, is awkwardly introduced, and as awkwardly got rid of, for the curtain falls before he has well done staggering.

The laughing in the front of the house is true Mathews-made laughter—noisy and incessant! There are some rugged puns and antiquated jests, but the piece on the whole is one of the most amusing we have seen for many seasons.

THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

Harley and Liston have been for the past month acting their favourite characters at this house with success; and several of the stock comedies have been revived to admit of Farren playing his best old men. In the Hypocrite he makes but a hard, and not an insinuating Doctor Cantwell,—Methodism, like Noyau, is an oily cordial, and has nothing tart or effervescent in its nature; it is drunk in quiet, and wets the heart through in sober sadness. The Country Girl, in a clip-

ped state, to suit the summer evenings, has been revived for the sake of a new Peggy. The name of Mrs. Jordan rises upon our thoughts; but we must overcome recollections of her, so ruinous to her successors!—The young lady who has now appeared is indeed a young lady, but she is extremely lively, with brilliant eyes, an arch expressive countenance, and a capability for catching the passing humours of the scene rarely to be met with in one so inexperienced as we understand this debutante to be. She played throughout the comedy with an untired spirit; and when the curtain fell, the audience were evidently charmed with the new suitor for their favour, and roundly applauded her. She will, with a little care and experience, settle down into a very clever little actress, we think. She is not yet *named* in the bills.

The comedy, with the foregoing exception, was but indifferently acted.—And if any of the old stage-goers, who love to talk of Dodd and King, happened to witness this performance, they were furnished with food for lamentation sufficient to gratify their most inveterate recollections.

HYMN TO THE MONAD.

Intended to illustrate the Pythagorean Doctrines.

Shine forth! shine forth! with every beam renew'd,
Oh brightest image of the fair and good!
Shine on my soul with all the flood of light
Which fill'd the Samian's liberated sight,
When, bless'd with happy boldness, he withdrew
The veil that Hyle o'er thy beauty threw.
Shine forth! but ah, the boon would be in vain
While sin's pollutions in my soul remain—
For dark as hell the chaos of my mind,
Each thought unyoked, each passion unconfined,
Bound down to earth with all the chains of clay,
With strength to ask, but none to seek thy ray.
Yet may I trace, though thus degraded still
In the inconstant tide of human ill,
Some vestige of the forms which Hyle shrouds,
Like mountain shadows on the fleeting clouds.
Half-seen the torch of heavenly beauty gleams
E'en through the twilight of this land of dreams;
And oft-times, in the chance that mortals own,
The finger of eternal power is shown.
  Yet weak the power, and false the voice of sense,
Truth's birth-place far, and far her dwelling hence:
For, as was chaos to the laughing earth
When love first smiled and nature had her birth,
So they to thee—their place to *thy* abode,
Unchanging symbol of the perfect God!
Thine are the thunders, and the throne of Jove;*
The bow, the quiver, and the shafts of love;†
Thine sacred Vesta's unpolluted fire;‡
And all the echoes of Apollo's lyre.§
The supermundane Gods receive thy rays,
Surround thy throne, and celebrate thy praise;

* Simplic. de Coel.—Procl. in Plat. de Rep. &c.
† Martian Capell. &c.
‡ Plut. in Num.
§ Nicomach. Procl. in Plat. Porphyr. Vit. Pythag. &c.

And if one beam in many ages fall
On the dark surface of this nether ball,
Then is the triumph of the good and sage,
Then the new era of a golden age!
But Hyle's reign returns, and fainter grow
The traces of thy rays in all below;
Mind cleaves to earth, and shuns the genial light,
Yearns after sin, and glories in the night.
Yet are there souls, by Hyle less confined,
That still can wave the fetter'd wings of Mind.
Oh, yield them strength, Eternal! Highest! Best!
Oh, grant them light to seek the realms of rest!
Bid the bright spheres ring out a louder chime
To cheer the struggle they maintain with crime.
Hark—Dian lifts her anthem to the stars—
Gods bend responsive from their burning cars—
The earth is full of deities, the sea—
Yea every wave hath its divinity—
I see them rise—I hear the ecstatic song
The lofty diapason swell along—
I feel the Bacchic fury in my veins—
I rend the veil—I struggle with my chains—
Oh, God! oh, Heaven! no more in night I roam,
I see the day—I hasten to my home! S.

REPORT OF MUSIC.

Our article in the August Magazine contained a relation of the Bath and Cambridge festivals. The series has been since continued by the Salisbury, Worcester, and Norwich meetings; and at the very close of September, comes that of Newcastle. Never were grand demonstrations of art so numerous in the provinces of England. At the Salisbury meeting Madame Catalani had her share with Mr. Corfe; and a pretty large share it was, as she is known to have netted something more than 700*l*. There were six performances; three sacred, commencing on the morning of Wednesday, August 18, on Thursday and Friday; and three in the evenings, the first and last being concluded by a ball. Madame Catalani, Mrs. Salmon, Miss George, Mr. Harrington, Mr. Rolle, Mr. Sapio, and Mr. Bellamy, were the principal singers. The band was wretched for such a meeting, and we look in vain to the selections for the least particle of novelty. At the first performance were present 762 persons, at the second 425, at the third 1200, at the fourth 482, at the fifth 884, and at the last 642.

From Salisbury, Madame Catalani *chasseed* to Portsmouth, where she not only enlivened the town by a festival, but by an aquatic fête, for which she furnished the prizes. There were two evening concerts and one morning. The singers were the great undertaker herself, Miss Goodall, Messrs. Harrington, Forster, and Rolle. The only remarkable trait was, that between the first and last parts of *the Messiah* was given an act of miscellaneous selection. Madame sang no fewer than five songs each night, but Miss Goodall had all the *encores*. Neither was there a note of Italian except from Madame Catalani. Verily the Portsmouth and Portsea audiences are more national or less advanced than the rest of the country. But then they had Rossini to English words; which, amongst those who know nothing of the original language, will answer all the same purpose. These Concerts were thronged. And here Madame Catalani had all the management, and all the profit. There was no "soft charity" to "repair."

The first of these performances took place on Aug. 24th, and we find this

rapidly itinerant musician in another fortnight at Southampton, giving two Concerts, with the aid of her old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Bedford, with whom she last year traversed the north and west, Mr. Loder, with Mr. Bishop at the pianoforte. Here in addition to *Non più andrai, Rode's air with variations, Rule Britannia, and the National Anthem* (a new piece of titular affectation), *Sweet Home* was added to the list of Madame Catalani's wonders. Having descended to the simple English ballad, style has no more variety for her. These Concerts did not take so well as the others. The first produced *only 97l.* *Her next appearance will be at Newcastle, where, in truth,* there will be a most extraordinary list of principal singers. There are Madame Catalani, Mrs. Salmon, Miss Stephens, Mrs. Bedford, and Madame *Ronzi* de Begnis, Messrs. Braham, Terrail, Bedford, Phillips, Sapio, and *Signor de Begnis.* The heavy charge thus incurred will lay a tremendous expense upon the festival, of which "several of the charitable institutions of Northumberland, Durham, and Newcastle," are said to be the objects. Sir George Smart conducts, and he is to have a chorus and a band of about fifty performers under his orders. There will be six concerts and a ball.

The Worcester meeting, the first of a second century, since the three choirs of Gloucester, Hereford, and Worcester first established this annual junction of their forces, commenced on the 15th of September. Competition and example have, it seems, inspirited the managers to enlarge their plan; for this year *double* the usual number of instrumentalists were engaged, and the vocal strength included not only Mrs. Salmon, Miss Stephens, and Miss Travis, Mr. Knyvett, Mr. Vaughan, and Mr. Bellamy, but also Signor and Madame Ronzi de Begnis, and Mr. Braham. Every one is aware that there are a certain number of standard compositions, in sacred performances especially, which must be given for the simple reason that their intrinsic dignity and excellence cannot be replaced by any others. Thus it is that Handel occupies so vast a portion of the bills of fare. There are no songs of simple majesty and pure expression like his. There are no chorusses that even approach the magnificence of his combinations. *The Messiah* is held in such respect, that the very religion of the country as it were dictates its performance at every festival. Hence there will of necessity be a certain sameness in the selections. This sameness has of late been varied by the introduction of Italian music, and we must do the Italians the justice to say, that they were anxious to increase their stock by as many additions as the genius of their countrymen will enable them to make: our modern musicians, conductors and singers, composers and *instrumentalists, are all ready enough to complain of the increasing in*fluence of foreigners; but when we look at the bills of their festivals, it almost ceases to be a matter of wonder. Here we have on the first night as concerted English pieces, *There is a bloom that never fades* (so it should seem), *Peace to the souls of the heroes,* and *'Tis the last rose of summer.* Among the single songs is Mr. Vaughan's never dying *Alexis.* This worthy gentleman has not sung more than half a dozen songs in Concerts (we exceed the number) for the last twenty years, and yet he probably wonders that he is likely to be superseded! The music of the Tempest, —very good—but just as antique as Purcell, and almost as threadbare as poor Vaughan's *Alexis.* Nor are we vastly struck with the good taste of his competitor, Mr. Braham, who repeats *Kelvin Grove, Smile again my bonnie lassie,* and such trash *ad nauseam.* We are not at all surprised that singers should be anxious to introduce what they know they sing well, what *has* pleased, and therefore what may please again, besides *it spares them the labour of thought and practice.* But we marvel exceedingly at committees and conductors, who ought to have some feeling in the matter, as they surely have some character at stake. But the taste of the inhabitants of Worcester is, it is to be presumed, for variety; and they must have no slight personal powers; for after a morning and evening performance of no less than seventy pieces, tossing all the recitatives into the bargain, there was a ball. Pretty strong appetites for pleasure they must have, to say nothing of the

"thews and sinews" of the males, or the nerves of the ladies: we recommend the conductor to open his next festival with the appropriate chorus of Philistines in Samson "*To song and dance we give the day,*" and if he can introduce "the night" also, it will make the description the more complete. There is little to be said about the execution of these concerts. They are much alike in all places, allowing something for the more practised skill of a metropolitan conductor. The meeting of the choirs, however, has been eclipsed by the superior magnitude and splendour of Birmingham, Liverpool, and York; and this year, by Norwich, where the attempt being new was made with the proportionate energy that usually attends novel enterprises. Wakefield, Newcastle, and Edinburgh, are yet to come with such little interludes as Madame Catalani thinks right to introduce at every town which presents a chance of tolerable remuneration. Thus the diffusion of music will this year be astonishing, and when we regard the magnitude and excellence of the preparations, at the great meetings especially, we can hardly believe that England, unmusical as the foreigners repute her, can be the patron of such numerous and such vast enterprises in the art. Be it owing to example, be it owing to fashion, be it increasing opulence, or be it what it may, the experiment of propagation is now in the most energetic progression, and the question is, will it make the country more or less musical? In so far as money is concerned, these festivals will have an extraordinary effect. An expenditure of at least thirty thousand pounds may be taken as a fair estimate in any town where they are held; and in some cases, York, Birmingham, Liverpool, and Norwich, for example, even much more money will change hands. The London professors will earn much more than in any other preceding year of their lives, for nearly the same names are to be found in every band according to its proportionate strength.

The record of these transactions in the provinces occupies so much of our space, that we have not now room to write upon the various speculations afloat, relative to the music of the metropolis in the ensuing season, at any length. The absolute suspension of the Oratorios, and the total embarrassment of the affairs of the King's Theatre, would leave it yet very uncertain whether the public will be gratified with the one very cheap and the other most costly entertainment. But we look upon the absolute cessation of the opera to be impossible. The world of fashion could not get on without such an instrument to promote the various pleasures and intrigues that depend altogether upon this place of elegant resort, to say nothing of the interests which are involved in the opening of the house. An Oratorio may probably be taken up by the proprietor of one or other of the great houses, But this depends upon circumstances.

In the meanwhile we cannot fail to notice one scheme, which has for some little time been before the town, and which promises immense things, and is, we are told, though we scarcely know how to credit the fact, to be tried with some modifications. The scheme is for "Sunday sacred music assemblies," and the outline of it is as follows:

"The expenses, which will be very great, are to be defrayed by the subscription tickets, and *limited* to *four hundred* in number; and to ensure 'the SELECTNESS of the company,' the admission tickets are to be transferable to such as are *domestically* one family, and not *generally*. A house is to be taken for the express purpose. Signor de Begnis is to procure from Italy a classical collection of Oratorios and other sacred music, at present totally unknown in this country. Mr. Braham, Signor de Begnis, and Sir G. Smart, are engaged, and every *fourth Sunday* an *Oratorio entire* will be performed." Three fancy balls are to be given during the season, the first on the third Thursday in March, the second on the last Thursday in April, and the third on the last Thursday in May. The terms of subscription for the season are,—Tickets for single gentlemen, 30 guineas each; married persons taking two tickets, 25 guineas; for the daughters of a family, where more than two tickets are taken, 20 guineas. The Assemblies will commence on the second Sunday in February next, terminate on the last Sunday in

June, and be continued annually. The performances will begin precisely at 10 o'clock, and a suite of apartments on the ground floor will be appropriated for refreshment rooms. No less than 30 principal singers are enumerated, and the list indeed includes every name of eminence, both foreign and English. Sir George Smart is to have the direction, and to preside at the pianoforte.

It is to be questioned whether an academy upon so extensive a scale will find supporters; but perhaps this very circumstance, and the novelty of a Sunday evening performance, may give a new stimulus to our already over-stimulated aristocracy. "To close with an innocent and moral as well as delightful entertainment the day set apart for religious exercises (says Mr. Robinson, the projector) is the chief object," and he moreover avows that "the project has received the highest eulogiums of many individuals, as deservedly esteemed for their private virtues, as they are eminently distinguished by their elevated rank in life!" *Nous verrons.* We foolishly thought that nothing more extravagant could well be contrived than these enterprises, which have ruined their conductors, but Mr. Robinson has shown us our mistake.

NEW MUSIC.

Un Jour de l'Automne, a divertimento for the pianoforte, by J. B. Cramer.

Mr. Cramer is, perhaps, most successful in this species of composition, and in this instance he has been more than usually fortunate. The title brings his Midsummer Day to our recollection, and when we say it will bear a comparison with that elegant lesson, we can hardly give it a better recommendation. We have seldom seen a more beautiful subject than the theme of the second movement, and the rest of the piece has almost equal claim to our admiration. If graceful melody, united to smooth and elegant passages, be the right attributes of the divertimento (and surely we may translate this word *diversion*), then has Mr. Cramer fulfilled the promise of amusement his title page holds out.

Le Départ du Grenadier, a favourite air, with variations for the harp, by Naderman, is recommended by its spirit and vivacity. It is well adapted to the instrument, while the observance of regular harp passages is by no means strict: it is too limited as to difficulty.

Nos. 5 and 6 of *Les Petits Amusements*, by Calkin, evince the same judgment as the preceding numbers.

Mr. Bruguier is continuing his publications, the Dramatic Divertimentos, and the Popular Melodies, the former containing *Crudele Sospetto*, and *Oh Quanto Lagrime*; and the latter, the most favourite airs of Storace, Shield, Reeve, &c.

The arrangements are Weber's overture to Der Freischutz, arranged as a duet, by Latour; and also the airs for the pianoforte and flute; a selection from Ricciardo e Zoraide, for the harp and pianoforte, with accompaniments, and the same for the harp and flute.

SKETCH OF FOREIGN LITERATURE.

FRANCE.

History, Memoirs, and Biography.—A work lately published is said to give some curious information, relative to the families of the Greek princes. It is an Essay on the Phanariots, with some reflections on the present state of Greece, by M. P. Zallony; but we have not been able to see it.—M. Barante's third and fourth volumes of the History of the Dukes of Burgundy have now appeared. The success of the work appears to increase; but the critics in the journals are divided in their opinions on its merit; the greater number are in raptures with the author's style, and say he has the same kind of talent as Sir Walter Scott, and that his book has all the charm of a romance; but others pretend that this style is not suited to history.—The Memoirs of the notorious Fouche, Duke of Otranto, in one volume, 8vo. have given rise to some controversy, the family of the author disclaiming them, and declaring that he never wrote any memoirs. The publisher, however, positively affirms that they are authentic, though the family, for very intelligible reasons, disavows them; the public, in general, are inclined to give him credit. The memoirs are certainly very curious and interesting. They end with the marriage of Napoleon: the second part, to 1815, is not to be published till a later period.—The Biographie des

Contemporains has reached the 15th volume. The 14th contains the article Napoleon, by M. Norvins, who has treated his subject with ability, and with as much impartiality perhaps, as can yet be expected in speaking of this remarkable man.—The different editions of M. Michaud's History of the Crusades being out of print, the author has spent two years in rendering the work still more worthy of the favour of the public. Though M. Michaud has spent fifteen years of his life on this work, he was fully sensible that it was susceptible of great improvement; he was not deterred by the difficulty of the task; the second volume, which contains the History of the Kingdom of Jerusalem, the crusades of Louis VII. and Conrad, that of Richard Cœur de Lion and Philip Augustus, is entirely re-written; and the first volume, unfolding the grand drama to the Crusade of Godefroy, has been enriched with important additions; the same care will be bestowed by the author on the remaining volumes. Besides the six volumes of the history, M. Michaud has undertaken to compose a Library of the Crusades, consisting of extracts from the contemporary Latin and French chronicles, the diplomatic documents, the Greek, Arab, and other historians. This new work, consisting of two very large volumes (900 pages each), may be had detached from the history. These volumes, and the first two volumes of the history, will be published in January, and the remaining volumes in two livraisons, at intervals of three months.

Some liberal writers have lately taken upon themselves to write miniature histories of various countries, such as the history of the United States, by C. O. Barberoux; of England by Felix Bodin; and of Portugal by Alphonse Rabbe. The object of these writers seems to be, to advocate *per fas et nefas* the principles of their party. The collection is to make 40 or 50 little volumes, under the general title of Resumé de l'Histoire de tous les Peuples, anciens et modernes, par une Société de Publicistes Litterateurs. Among these authors we find, besides the above-mentioned, Cauchois—Lemaire, Chatelain, and other well-known names.—The first volume of the History of the Mongols, from Gingis Khan to Tamerlane, has been published, and the second and last is to appear shortly. The materials for this work are chiefly taken from Arabic and Persian manuscripts in the King's Library.—A M. Fabre d'Olivet has written what he pleases to call a Philosophical History of the Human Race. This philosophical history certainly never existed but in the ravings of the author's imagination. It is a rhapsody, equally at variance with common sense and revelation. Thus, according to him, Orpheus, Moses, and Fo, were all equally inspired; and the various religions they preached, however different from each other, were perfectly adapted by Providence to the several nations to which they were given. As M. F. d'Olivet is a man of learning who has published many books, we have judged it worth while to notice this new production, which however is not likely to do any harm, as very few people will have courage even to read more than a few pages; and those who do will be bewildered by its absurdity, or disgusted by its blasphemy.—Of the historical collections which we formerly noticed, that of the Memoirs (of the Revolution) has reached the 17th livraison, containing those of Rivarol, and the Political and Military Memoirs of Carnot: the Memoirs relative to the History of France, the 10th volume, and the works of Froissart, the 7th volume. The success of the numerous collections already commenced has induced the eminent bookseller, Panckoucke, to undertake a new one of still greater extent, viz. Translations of all the Greek, Latin, Italian, English, Spanish, German, &c. Classics.

Voyages and Travels.—Some numbers of the Natural History belonging to Freycinet's Voyage round the World have been published, but no part of the Narrative of the Expedition.

Fine Arts.—M. Duchesne, sen. is going to publish an Essay on the *Nielles*, or engravings of the Goldsmiths of Florence in the fifteenth century. The author came to England last year for the purpose of seeing the unique specimens in the collections of the late Sir M. Sykes, of the Duke of Buckingham, and other amateurs. His work will form a volume in 8vo. of 300 pages. M.

Hittorff, the King's Architect, who has made a considerable stay in Sicily, has been uncommonly successful in his researches into antiquities, and made a great number of valuable drawings; he is expected to publish the contents of his rich portfolio.

Novels.—*La Mère Frivole*, four vols. 12mo. by Madame Dejoüye Desroches, is spoken of by all the journals in the highest terms; the first edition was sold in ten days. The second volume of the Hermits at Liberty, by Messrs. Jouy and Jay, is published; though this is a work of fiction, it should properly be placed under the head of Politics, being written entirely with a political view. In truth, but for the kind of reputation which M. Jouy has acquired, we should hardly have noticed this publication at all. It seems to us that the adversaries of M. Jouy and his principles may be well pleased if they are never assailed by more powerful arms. The extravagant encomiums on the prosperity and liberty enjoyed under Buonaparte, and the lamentations on the tyranny of the present government, are ridiculous. "This youth of 20 years of age recollects that, when he was a child, he heard only of victories, patriotism, national greatness, acquired knowledge, philosophical virtues; but he looks round him, and the objects he beholds offer only images of defeat, corruption, fanaticism, and ignorance. What a contrast. Voltaire and the Abbé de La Mennais! Ships of the line, and the Auxerre coach! Pretty women and the Jesuits! Light and darkness! Philosophy and superstition! Liberty and the Gendarmes!" Was the French marine then so flourishing under Buonaparte, that the sea was covered with ships of the line, and is it now so wretched as to be comparable only to the Auxerre Diligence? Was there liberty under Buonaparte and no Gendarmes; and under Louis XVIII. nothing but Gendarmes and no liberty? There may be more Jesuits than formerly, but surely there are not fewer pretty women? From M. Jouy the transition to *Politics* is natural; but we might have almost spared ourselves the introduction of this article, did we not think it necessary to mention a small pamphlet by Viscount Chateaubriant on the death of the King. Though only what the French call a *Pièce de Circonstance*, it is deserving of some notice, both as coming from the pen of so eminent a writer, and as speaking the sentiments of a large party. An anonymous writer has published "Reflections on the present State of South America, and on the Arrival of M. Hurtado, the Agent of Colombia, at Paris." The author is decidedly hostile to any recognition of the independence of the Spanish colonies. The question is of such great importance, that all parties interested will find it worth their while to listen to the arguments of those whose opinions are different from their own.

Divinity.—"A friendly Discussion on the Anglican Church, and in general on the Reformation, dedicated to the Clergy of all the Protestant communions, drawn up in the form of letters, 2 vols. 8vo. by the Bishop of Aire," was printed in London, when the writer, with thousands of his brethren, were enjoying in England an asylum from persecution. We do not understand whether a new edition has been published in France, but it appears to be now first noticed by the French journals, and for that reason we mention it here. The object of the author is to show that the Reformation was not necessary, that it did not remedy the abuses and corruptions which were the alleged motives for it, and that the re-union of the churches is not only desirable, but would be possible.

GERMANY.

Our German correspondence affords us hardly any thing worth notice this month. The third and fourth volumes of Raumer's History of the House of Hohenstaufen are published, and the remaining two promised by the end of the year. The second volume of the Travels in Brazil, by Drs. Spix and Martius, is, we fear, delayed, as we see no advertisement respecting it. The authors seem to be much occupied with the publication of the Natural History of Brazil, and this is probably the reason of the delay of the narrative. We do not mean to say that the German press is idle. Numerous botanical works, new editions of the Latin and

Greek Classics, translations from the ancient and modern languages, are now as abundant as ever.

HOLLAND.

The attention of the public in the Netherlands has been attracted to the Ancient Chronicles; and a Collection of Memoirs, relative to the History of the Low Countries, is announced for publication, by M. de Reiffenberg, who has commenced his useful undertaking by giving to the world the Memoirs of Jacques Du Clercq, from the hitherto inedited manuscripts of the King's Library. Though much inferior to Comines, these volumes are interesting and important. They relate part of the wars between France and England; the flight of the Dauphin, son of Charles VII, into the Belgic provinces; the ambitious views of Philip, the good Duke of Burgundy; the violence of the Count de Charolais; the seditions of the Flemings; the beginning of the reign of Louis XI.; and the dreadful catastrophe of the Liegeois. M. de Reiffenberg, who has bestowed laudable pains on his author, intends, we understand, to publish Molinet, Dinterus, Antoine de Lalain, and several other Chroniclers, whose works have never yet been printed.

VIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

We have to record this month the death of a King and the execution of an Emperor, events which in a less marvellous age than ours has been, would have been deemed remarkable enough; but Kings and Queens in this day have been created with as much facility and shuffled away with as little concern as their motley representatives on a pack of cards. Louis XVIII. has departed to the same bourne with the exile of St. Helena, and Iturbide has followed with remarkable similitude the fate of the unfortunate Murat. Although Louis died a natural death on the morning of Thursday the 16th of September, he was put out of the world on the preceding Monday very circumstantially and unanimously by our exclusive intelligencers of the London journals. The day after they had formally announced his decease, a bulletin arrived stating that he had "taken broth" three times within a few hours—a fact, which, if our brethren of the daily press can establish their account, will furnish a very striking proof of a person after death indulging vigorously in the propensities of his life-time. The statement, however, certainly does seem to require confirmation. It is not our intention to give the daily or rather hourly bulletins with which the French physicians prepared the people for this event; they clearly show that nature had been for a long time almost exhausted, and that for the last months of his existence at all events the royal sufferer was merely the creature of medicine. That he endured much pain is clear from the expression in the dispatch of the English Ambassador who styles his complaint "a protracted agony;" and that he endured it firmly and piously, it is only justice to him to state that all accounts concur in representing. The first public declaration of his danger was contained in the following notification from his physicians dated at the Tuilleries, September 12, "six in the morning." "The old and permanent infirmities of the King having sensibly increased for some days past, his health has appeared extremely impaired and has been the subject of more frequent consultations. The constitution of his Majesty, and the attention that is paid him, have maintained for some days the hope of seeing his health restored to its habitual state, but it cannot now be dissembled that his strength has considerably declined, and that the hope that was entertained must be also weakened." This was signed by four physicians, and by the Comte de Damas, First Gentleman of the Chamber, and was sufficiently expressive of the event which, we have seen, took place in four days after. On the 13th the danger became so imminent that the King received the holy viaticum and the extreme unction, solemn rites of the Catholic church which are never administered except when the patient is considered as just departing. At

five minutes after eight, say the French papers, the Grand Almoner entered the chamber of the King, accompanied by the Bishop of Hermopolis, First Almoner, and one of the clergy of the chapel. His Royal Highness Monsieur, the Duke d'Angoulême, Madame and the Duchess of Berri, attended the sacramental ceremony, carrying the lighted tapers. The Prince de Castelcicala, the President of the Council, the Ministers, the Grand Officers of the household, and generally all the persons in the service of his Majesty and their Royal Highnesses, were present at this august and affecting service! Such a concourse around a death-bed might in our mind have just as well been spared, unless it was imperatively demanded by some state necessity. Private details indeed concur in stating that Louis, though eminently pious throughout, showed great aversion to this public reception of the priesthood. After this service had ended, the Princes and Princesses of the Royal Family heard a mass in the chapel on acts of mercy. They then returned to the King, and received on their knees his blessing—his Majesty said, "Adieu, my children, may God be with you." They then heard mass for the sick, and again returned to the Royal chamber at the request of his Majesty, who raised his hand from the bed, saying, "In bidding you adieu, I wish to give you my blessing—may God be with you." Louis evinced throughout this scene remarkable calmness. Subsequently to this, the King's strength continued to decline, and at times the crisis became so alarming, that all around thought death inevitable at the moment; it is said, however, that he himself predicted the day of his dissolution. On the morning of the 15th he desired that the prayers for the dying might be recited, and being unable verbally to deliver the responses, he told those around him that he would do so mentally. He requested that a crucifix might be given him, which he kissed repeatedly. When the Grand Almoner arrived to receive his confession, the King, turning to his successor, said, "My Brother, you have affairs which claim your presence—I have also duties to fulfil." The French journals, which are perfectly rhapsodical at Louis's conduct, compare this expression to that used by Henry the Fourth to his confessor during the ceremony of the Queen's coronation, "I am thinking of the last judgment and of the account which we must render to God." Really it does seem to us no very flattering compliment to crowned heads to consider such thoughts or expressions coming from them as laudatory. We know of no king who is not quite as much interested in the "last judgment," as the very meanest of his subjects. It cannot be denied, however, that the final conduct of the late King of France eminently became him; were we obliged to point out the passage in his life which reflected on him most credit, we should select the period subsequent to the belief in his approaching dissolution. Immediately after the fatal event, the new King Charles the Tenth, the Dauphin, the Dauphiness, and the Duchess of Berri, set out for St. Cloud. The manner in which the French papers speak of the late King and the present one is highly amusing and characteristic; they are peculiarly careful that their panegyrics on the dead shall show the survivor that they have some still to spare. The following is a fair specimen, or rather epitome of the entire: "How glorious, how holy is the agony of the most Christian King! Monarchs of the earth come and learn how to die. Sorrow is spread among the people; the father of the family is dying—*weep all—weep*. A new reign approaches; the noble son of France—the model of honour and loyalty is called to the throne—Frenchmen—*let us console ourselves*." To say the truth of them, the good people of Paris are very facile of consolation—they were consoled by the Bourbons when Napoleon went to Elba—consoled by Napoleon when Louis went to the Holy Allies—consoled by Louis when Napoleon went to St. Helena, and no doubt, now that Louis and Napoleon are gone on the same journey, they will be as thoroughly, as tenderly, and as truly consoled by the Count d'Artois. About the personal character of the late monarch, there was nothing at all conspicuous, except his great appetite and proportionate digestion.

During the early years of the Revolution, he had, as is said, the ambition to become Regent, and he headed an opposition to Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette—he failed, and fled to Coblentz, of which flight he has left a bad literary but characteristic account; he attempted to organize the emigrants, but failed also; wandered about, occasionally a pensioner of Russia and Prussia, and an outcast of both; and then became a guest of England, from which dependant situation he was rescued by the madness of Napoleon and the winter of 1811. The most remarkable circumstance which occurred to him during his dethronement, and a remarkable one certainly it is, is that at an obscure inn near Uloa, in Germany, his forehead repelled a horse pistol ball which was fired against it from an opposite window! There was not even a mark left upon his legitimate os frontis. His chief vanity, was an ambition of literature and mistresses—that the Muses fairly jilted him, his own publications are proof, and there certainly has been published nothing to prove any success in his less spiritual devotion: Madame du Cayla was his last avowed favourite, she was an acquisition subsequent to his restoration, which, having been accomplished at the age of sixty, it is only fair to her to say that in all probability her chief sin was its ostentation. Politically there is nothing to be said of Louis; his faults and his merits were adopted or rather dictated—the creation of the Holy Alliance: he had neither the power nor the inclination to rebel against those who created him, and therefore perhaps the sarcasm that "he learned nothing and forgot nothing," is more severe than just. Upon the whole, we sincerely hope we may never see a worse King either in France or elsewhere. The Christian fortitude of his death is undoubtedly an example to all men. Nothing has occurred in Paris since the death, except the ceremonies consequent upon every royal demise in France—the closing of the public places, the court mourning, the sprinkling of the corpse with holy water, &c. &c. There has been as yet no intimation anticipatory of any political change; indeed, there has been scarcely time for any. On the Sunday preceding the King's death, Villele is reported to have said in his saloon, "France is menaced with a great misfortune; she is going to lose her king; but Monsieur is in *the secret of state*, and every thing is so arranged that there will be no change or commotion." No commotion there certainly has been, and that there may be no change we as certainly give Monsieur Villele the full credit for wishing; we never knew a minister who did wish for any, but whether there will be any or not, does not quite depend upon his ipse dixit. His opponents are hard at work, each in their vocations; for instance, Decaze has burst into the chamber of the late king, thrown himself upon the dead body, bathed it in tears (a good set-off against the holy water) and been carried away in the extreme of Parisian sensibility! Chateaubriant has published a pamphlet, lauding the late king as a paragon of creation, only surpassed by the man who was to succeed him, and has done it so effectually that he was received with open arms at the new court, warmly welcomed by the Duchess d'Angouleme, and even smiled on through his sorrow by the new made monarch. It requires more than even M. Villele's philosophy to predict what all this will end in. Charles X. has been of course proclaimed, and has received several of the public functionaries and bodies, to whom he has declared his intention of following in the footsteps of his predecessor; he has also declared his intention of presiding in person twice a week in his council, and therefore he will not make any subject president. Charles is in his sixty-seventh year; he is said to be a devotée, which is not unlikely, recollecting as we do what he was in his youth, and therefore the clergy anticipate good tidings; but the clergy should recollect two things: France *is* greatly changed, and princes are apt to change greatly also when they become kings; it is not impossible that the clergy and M. Villele may both find themselves mistaken in their calculations. Paris is changeable both in its silks and its statesmen. Some of our readers may perhaps wish to see how the succession in the Bourbon family stands at present; we give the male succession of course,

the Salique law in that country excluding females from the throne.

Louis is succeeded by his brother Charles Philippe Count d'Artois

Louis Antoine, Duc d'Angoulême, his son (Dauphin) born Aug. 6, 1775.

Henry, Duc de Bourdeaux, (son of the Duc de Berri), born Sept. 29, 1820.

Louis Philippe, Duc d'Orleans, born Oct. 6, 1773.

This last prince has five sons, the eldest born in 1810, and the youngest in 1822. The ninth in succession is the Duc de Bourbon, the father of the unfortunate Duc d'Enghein, nearly 70 years of age; there is an anecdote told of him which is worth relating. His proper title is Condè, and when his father died, it of course devolved on him—he had no children left and refused to assume it. "No," said he, "I am not worthy to be the last of the Condè's." It is a pity that such a family should cease. Grand arrangements are spoken of in Paris with respect to the funeral of the late King and the coronation of the new one—the sooner the one follows the other the better; a sudden transition from grief to joy will not much embarrass the Grand Nation.

We shortly noticed in our first sentence the failure of Iturbide, and the consequent death of that adventurer. There never perhaps was so senseless or hopeless an expedition. Our readers are aware, that early in May last, Iturbide sailed from this country in the English brig, Spring, in company with his wife and two children, and a foreigner of the name of Beneski. He had been exiled from Mexico by the Congress, after his abdication, and allowed a large pension on condition of his residing with his family in Italy: after a short time he left Italy and came to England, upon information of which event the congress stopped his pension. His excuse for leaving Italy was, that the Counter-revolution in Spain rendered his residence there unsafe; it seems, however, that after his arrival here, he wrote to Congress detailing the circumstances of his departure, describing the accounts which he had received of the distracted state of Mexico, and offering his services there as a mere soldier and citizen to restore the peace of the country. The Congress no sooner received this communication than they immediately issued a decree, declaring him a traitor from the moment he might land in the Mexican territory, and appointing General Bravo, dictator, to act in the emergency of the Republic. On the 11th July, the Spring arrived at Loto Marina, and Beneski landing, applied to General Garcia, the Commander in the province, New Santander, for passports for himself and another person, representing that they were come to the country on a mining speculation, deputed by some eminent houses in Ireland, who had also commissioned them to make purchases of land to a large extent. Garcia granted Beneski a passport, but refused to grant the second until he saw the person for whom it was intended. Next day, the General was informed that Beneski, after returning to the ship, had again landed with two other persons and proceeded to the interior. A party was immediately dispatched after them, and they were overtaken a few leagues from the place where they landed; Iturbide was of course instantly discovered by General Garcia, who had, it seems, been one of his old military comrades. The decree of the 28th of April, authorizing his execution as a traitor the moment he landed on the Mexican territory was read to him, but Garcia not choosing to act strictly up to its letter, dispatched him to abide the decision of the Congress of the State, Taumalipa. The Congress instantly ordered him to be shot, and their order was accordingly carried into force on the very evening of his arrival at Padilla. Thus has terminated this extravagant and Quixotic adventure. So far as it has been disclosed, Iturbide seems to have acted in the most senseless way possible. There does not appear to have been any previous plan, or the slightest notice of his intention given to any of his partisans in Mexico, so that his landing, discovery, and death, were without commotion, and almost simultaneous. The same post apprised his friends of his arrival and death. A document has been since published in a London paper, purporting to be a proclamation issued by him upon his landing; it does not appear, however, that he himself ever put forth this paper, so that in all probability it is but the copy of an original, which circum-

stances did not allow of his distributing abroad according to his intentions. He lost little by its suppression; it is a jejune, meagre, ill-conceived production, which could not have imposed on the credulity of a less intelligent people than those it was composed to deceive. In this proclamation, published here without a date, he pretends that he comes as a mere citizen and soldier, with no views of personal aggrandisement, but merely to serve his country by giving her the benefit of the information he had acquired in Europe, and counteracting the combined plans of French and Spanish policy. It is quite unnecessary to comment on such a production—independent of the personal character of Iturbide, who proved himself, when in power, to be neither more nor less than a mere military despot; it is a fact, that his departure from England was publicly spoken of in M. Villele's coteries at Paris as being in contemplation a month before it happened; so that he seems to have kept up a pretty good understanding, at least with one of the parties whose policy he would persuade the Mexicans he landed to counteract. His death can be considered in no other light than as a national blessing to Mexico; for, while he lived, his name would have been a rallying word to the ambitious and disaffected. As it is, the catastrophe seems highly popular with the country at large; public rejoicings every where took place, and the city of Mexico was illuminated on receipt of the intelligence. The national exultation at the loss of a signal enemy has had in it nothing of inhumanity; on the contrary, the very first deliberation of the Congress after Iturbide's death was the settlement of a provision on his family, and with a liberality which does them infinite honour an annual pension of 8000 dollars was settled upon his widow. "He was ambitious, and they slew him," but their subsequent conduct shows that the ambition to overthrow such a government was mere selfishness, and deserved its fate. Some circumstances consequent upon this event disprove many previous accounts which we have received as to the state of the interior of the country. Even in the most remote district from the metropolis, the persons in authority did their duty promptly, and the intelligence was transmitted throughout the state with a rapidity which proves that the roads are not so infested with banditti, as to impede for a moment the means of communication. Indeed, the chief of these bands, Gomez, who commanded 300 men, and who was considered a partisan of Iturbide's, had proposed the terms of surrender. There can be no doubt that this event will give additional stability to the Government, and therefore must prove satisfactory to the friends of freedom. Bolivar is still in Peru, and report assigns to him the recapture of Lima and Callao; this intelligence rests merely on report, and reports in which the Stock Exchange is so manifestly interested should be received with caution: we shall be most happy next month to be enabled to publish their confirmation.

Having just detailed the fate of one ambitious enemy to the cause of freedom, we turn with pleasure to the contrast which the arrival of the friend of freedom in the same hemisphere produces. We might fill an entire number with the compliments paid to General La Fayette on his landing in America. The whole population received him with open arms; and his progress through the country has been one continued triumph. The account of his meeting with the few surviving soldiers of the revolutionary war is peculiarly affecting. La Fayette seems to be considered in fact as the guest of the whole nation—a nation of which he may be said to be one of the parents. What, and how enviable, now must be his sensations! A few years since he found her a petty province, struggling fearlessly, but almost hopelessly, against oppression—he now revisits her, free and flourishing, a mighty nation, likely to retrieve and transmit all that is valuable amongst men! How much better and nobler would it be to have died attempting this, than to have lived and achieved the enterprise of Iturbide! As their objects have been different, so happily has been their success.

We copy from one of the late French papers the following piece of refreshing information. "On Thursday the 9th inst. at eleven o'clock, *conformably to orders transmitted to the Ambassador*

of Great Britain, a funeral service will be solemnized in the parish church of St. Germain-en-Laye by the Bishop of Cybistra, coadjutor of Edinburgh, *on the occasion of the translation of some mortal remains of James II.!* The subjects of his Britannic Majesty are invited to attend." When we saw this, we conceived it a piece of Parisian pleasantry, and only wondered how such a badinage upon legitimacy escaped the censorship. The feeling, however was very different, when we found by next day's post that the disinterment had actually taken place, that a grand procession of priests had performed a solemn mummery on the occasion, and that the rotten bones of this old bigot had been almost all but canonized. One part of it, however, we must still take the liberty of doubting, and that is, that any portion of this impiety was committed by any order from our Sovereign. It does appear to us to be an impudent libel. The living carcase of this crowned enemy was ejected from the throne and the kingdom, and we cannot see how the worms can have qualified its mouldering remnant for any posthumous honour! James was a tyrant in England—a coward in Ireland, and a bigot in both—we know of no virtue by which his vices were redeemed, or of no vice even sufficiently respectable to mitigate the contempt in which kings and people should alike hold his memory. The farce was in all probability got up by some of the superstitious dotards, who crawl in the train of the old Catholic regime.

The only news from Spain is what might have been expected and what must be expected as long as the present system continues. A band of Constitutionalists, who had taken refuge in Gibraltar, manned an expedition and succeeded in seizing the fortress of Tarifa with a part of the garrison, of which they are said to have been in communication. The assistance of the French troops was obliged to be called in, O'Donnell and his adherents not being considered sufficient to retake it. The fortress was retaken by the French after a formal bombardment, and though some of the Constitutionalists were taken, many escaped. Ferdinand has been busy ever since in distributing medals and orders to the French soldiery. Another Constitutional expedition landed on the Spanish coast, higher up the Mediterranean, and proceeding in the direction of Malaga will probably furnish him with an opportunity for a fresh distribution. It is quite clear from all this, that the French must either keep perpetual possession of the country, or that where they go, it would be very prudent for the beloved Ferdinand to take a trip along with them. As it is, he seems afraid even to trust his own Spanish troops about his person, having engaged for his own especial service, a troop of Saxon body guards. The principal part of the Spaniards engaged under Valdes in the affair of Tarifa escaped to Tangier after its re-capture by the French.

We are glad, in our present number, to be enabled to afford to the friends of Greece some consolation for the dismal intelligence which we were reluctantly compelled to convey to them in our last. Ipsara, whose capture by the Turks under such complicated circumstances of treachery and cruelty we were obliged to announce, has been retaken, and with a terrible re-action. Soon after the discovery of the Albanian perfidy, as many of the Ipsariots as were able quitted the island, and appealing successfully for assistance to the people of Hydra and Spezzia, returned and made a gallant attack upon the Turkish fleet, which they succeeded in almost totally disabling. The remnant of the Turkish naval force fled, leaving some thousands of their troops upon the island; these the Ipsariots totally destroyed and became once more masters of their island. There was one act of heroism performed during this re-capture so eminently conspicuous that we cannot mingle with the mere general details of that day's bravery. A body of Ipsariots under the command of a Greek named *Maroakhi*, finding themselves unable to defend the fortress of Nicholo which had been entrusted to their protection, hoisted a flag on which was inscribed 'Liberty or Death,' and immediately blew up the fort, involving themselves and about twelve hundred Turks in instant destruction; this noble band, worthy of Thermopylæ, amounted to about eighty. Surely such a people, however tem-

porarily enthralled, cannot be held in permanent subjection. Letters from Constantinople state that the fleet of their Capitan Pacha has been renovated, and will take signal retribution; they also declare that the force of the Pacha of Egypt is very formidable. The season is, however, now far advanced, and we hope their efforts will be impeded—This noble people are a reproach to Christian Europe, and their fate, if they perish, will go down so to the latest posterity—they will not share however the opprobrium of their age, of which we fear even their heroism cannot afford any redemption.

News had been received at the Brazils of the late commotions in Portugal which quite lulled all the apprehensions of an invasion which they fully expected, and to repel which they had made very spirited preparations. A grand expedition had, however, sailed under the command of Lord Cochrane to repress some insurrection which was in progress on the coast. A report was in circulation, that his Lordship was about to return home, and was likely to receive some mark of Royal favour. This had been since contradicted by his friends.

The domestic news of this month is meagre, as might have been expected at the season of the year. London is dull and quite deserted. Even the Cabinet Ministers are all out of town, and the Lord Chancellor is now decreeing the fate of partridges and pheasants. Mr. Canning has taken advantage of his leisure to visit Dublin, where he has not been received with much distinction—he is too liberal for the Orangemen and too constitutional for the Catholics, of whom 'all or nothing' seems to be now the motto. Perhaps the Foreign Secretary need not wish a better panegyric than this evasion of extremes—his safest, wisest, and most honourable course is to heed neither faction and do his duty.

Parliament stands further prorogued to the 4th of November, and there are some rumours that it will then shortly meet for the dispatch of business and be dissolved immediately. A very general canvass is going forward in Ireland, and it has begun in some parts of this country.

We regret much to state that the respectable Banking house of Marsh, Stracey, and Graham, has appeared in the Gazette. This melancholy, and we fear, far spreading failure, has been attributed to Mr. Fauntleroy, one of the junior partners, who is in custody under very serious charges. This event has excited a considerable sensation amongst all ranks in the Metropolis.

The harvest, which is very abundant, has been almost universally gathered in without any damage.

We are sorry to announce the death of Major Cartwright, the Veteran reformer. He was 87 years of age, and to the last ardent in his favourite cause.

AGRICULTURE.

The harvest now approaches very near its universal conclusion, and the weather may fairly be said to have been on the whole propitious. There are, indeed, some farmers who, either from want of activity or foresight, have been somewhat injured by the late rains, but generally speaking these cannot be said to have been the cause of much evil. The crop is allowed to be excellent, and the sample of a fair quality. But notwithstanding this almost universally allowed excellence of the crops, the farmers are making their annual complaints of wheat carried too soon and in a damp state—of the immense quantity of black barley—and of the crop not being so heavy as was generally anticipated. These we observe to be the usual grievances which are always related about this period of the year, and we believe they receive the little credit they deserve. The barley crop, perhaps, is not an average one, and some of it may be a little stained, but the opening of the ports will have the effect of lessening the demand for this article, and therefore of lowering the price, since it is said the distillers will use oats in preference. The merchants are reported to be extremely anxious to buy, both on account of the smallness of their stocks, and because old wheats are said to be not worth buying. But it is very much to be doubted whether the merchant is so low in his stock as the farmers generally represent, when compared with former years. It seems, upon a reference to the accounts of the last two years, that the difference in the arrivals of wheat, barley, and flour, and in the sales of the two former, is extremely small, and not in favour, as it appears to us, of this rumour. We have taken the two weeks at the end of August; and the two first in September were as follows:—

Arrivals.

	Wheat.	Barley.	Flour.
1822.	26,258	2,574	31,135
1823.	25,212	2,019	30,686
1824.	27,925	1,184	29,161

Sales.

	Wheat.	Barley.
1822.	37,116	2,066
1823.	36,610	1,729
1824.	31,778	1,280

From the foregoing statement it does not appear that there is any sufficient difference in the arrivals or the sales to lead to the supposition of a great demand on the part of the merchants. By the number of quarters sold over and above the quantity arrived last, there does appear to have been some demand in consequence of the supposed failure of the crop and the expected rise. The late fall in the price of flour also gives reason to suppose, that the demand for that article is small, or that the millers have taken advantage of the abundance of water, and sent a large quantity into the market. The average prices of the different years are rather more at variance, this year being considerably the highest. But although this might indicate a demand, some slight demand on the part of the merchants is still much more likely to arise from the power of the farmers to hold their stock, and thus to create an advance. If any great advance in the price of grain was anticipated there would be ground for supposing that some anxiety to buy would display itself, but it is scarcely probable that in the face of an acknowledged productive harvest—knowing that even last year, with a deficient crop, and with a demand greater by 3000 quarters than during the same period this year—knowing that although the same quantity of flour has come into the market during the same period this year as during last, and that the price has fallen,—it is scarcely probable that the merchants would in the face of all these facts be very anxious to purchase.

The turnip crop has been greatly improved by the late rains, and those late sown will be forwarded with such rapidity that they promise most abundantly.

The averages are for wheat 57*s.* 8*d.* barley 32*s.* 1*d.* and oats 23*s.* 2*d.*

The hop picking is now general, and the quality is said to be good. Prices sold from 100*s.* to 120*s.* but few pockets came to market.

For beef and mutton there was a free demand in Smithfield.—Lamb is however a heavy sale.—The highest for beef is 4*s.* and for mutton 4*s.* 4*d.* and for lamb 5*s.* 2*d.*

COMMERCE.

Sept. 21, 1824.

We do not find that any thing particularly affecting the foreign commercial relations of the United Kingdom has transpired within the last month. Russia has, however, been obliged, it should seem, to relax in some degree its rigorous system of prohibitions and heavy import duties. An Ukase, signed some time back, but only lately published, allows the importation, duty free, of white calicoes, for the purpose of being printed upon; no white calicoes at all suitable for the purpose being manufactured in Russia. The negociations for a commercial treaty with the Netherlands are still pending.

Cotton.—The business done in the cotton market during the last month has been very trifling, and as far as East India descriptions are concerned, is nearly at a stand, awaiting the result of the sale at the India House, which will take place on Friday the 24th. The prices at the commencement of this month, and which have hardly varied since, were as follows:—By private contract, Bengals 5¼*d.* to 5⅜*d.*; Surats 5⅝*d.* to 6¼*d.*; Madras 5⅞*d.* to 6¼*d.*; Paras 9½*d.*; Boweds 7¼*d.* to 8*d.* all in bond; and by public sale, Carthagenas 6½*d.* and 7⅛*d.* duty paid, 6⅜*d.*; Boweds 8⅛*d.*; Orleans 9⅞*d.* in bond.

The sales at Liverpool in four weeks have been 32,910 bags; the arrivals 30,835 bags.

Sugar.—In the last week of August little was done, and the holders being disposed to sell, prices declined a little. Full prices were paid for lumps for the Hamburgh market. In the following week the buyers were much inclined to purchase, and would have taken large parcels if the holders would have given way 6*d.* or 1*s.* per cwt. but they were very firm, and few sales were reported. There were considerable deliveries from the West India warehouses. Foreign sugars were in demand, and considerable sales were effected; good white Havannah 36*s.* to 38*s.*; yellow 28*s.*; brown Brazil 22*s.* Last week the demand for Muscovades increased, and some of the holders being disposed to sell a shade lower, to induce buyers to come forward, considerable purchases were reported. Very little has been done this morning. the buyers wishing to see the result of the public sales; 200 hogsheads of St. Lucca sold heavily at prices 1*s.* per cwt. under the previous market currency, 52*s.* 6*d.* to 57*s.*; 130 casks of Barbadoes sold at the previous sales, 55*s.* to 67*s.* 6*d.* In the refined market, the fine descriptions are neglected; the low are in request, and sell at full prices; 127 bags of Mauritius sugar sold on Friday, fine yellow at 23*s.* 6*d.* to 24*s.*; fine brown 22*s.*; molasses remain at 25*s.* 6*d.*

Coffee.—In the last week of August prices advanced 2*s.* to 3*s.* per cwt. and the finer descriptions 4*s.* to 6*s.* per cwt. Though

there have been some fluctuations the prices have in general kept up, only such large parcels of Jamaica were brought forward that a reduction of 1*s.* per cwt took place. Other descriptions supported the late currency, but the market this day week was without briskness. The public sales of coffee last week went off very heavily, and all the ordinary descriptions of British plantation and foreign were 1*s.* to 2*s.* per cwt. lower; all the qualities from middling to fine maintained the former currency, and sold freely; St. Domingo, of middling quality, sold 61*s.* 6*d.* There were two public sales of coffee this forenoon, 163 casks British plantation, 583 bags foreign; the latter good ordinary pale St. Domingo, rather mixed, 61*s.* to 61*s.* 6*d.* and 62*s.* The British plantation coffee went off steadily at the prices of last week; the middling and fine continue to sell at exceedingly high prices. Generally of the coffee market to-day, there is more appearance of firmness than for some time past.

Spices on the whole have been in good demand, especially Pimento. Nutmegs are in request at 2*s.* 11*d.* to 3*s.* 1*d.* Pimento of good quality 8½*d.* Black pepper rather heavy. White pepper has advanced 1*s.* per lb owing to the loss of a vessel with a large quantity on board, and the East India Company having none in their warehouses.

Saltpetre at a public sale this forenoon, no refraction, 3[illegible] ons, sold 21*s.* to 21*s.* 6*d.*

Oils.—Little has been doing, in expectation of news from Davis' Straits; but it is now generally apprehended, that the accounts will be very bad; it is thought the vessels may have ventured too far to the north, or into Lancaster Sound, and perhaps be shut in by the ice. The prices are nominal Greenland new parcels 23*l.* Seed oils rather lower.

Silk.—The silk trade continues very brisk, Bengals and Chinas at the advance of 1*s.* to 1*s.* 6*d.* per lb. on the late India House sale prices, and the request extensive at the improvement.

Hemp, Flax, and Tallow.—The tallow market has been very heavy; yellow candle tallow of 1823 quoted 31*s.* 3*d.* and new 34*s.* 9*d.* and for August and September shipments 34*s.* 9*d.* The last letters from Petersburgh state, the prices of 100 roubles; Exchange 9⅜*d.*—Hemp is a shade lower. —In Flax there is no alteration.

There appears some revival in the demand for Tallow this morning, and Tallow of 1823 may be quoted 34*s.* 9*d.*; 1824, 35*s.* 6*d.*—Hemp is also in more request, and rather higher.

Rum, Brandy, and Hollands.—The accounts from France respecting the vintage are very unfavourable; the prices of Brandy are from 4*d.* to 6*d.* per gallon higher than in London: the quantity here prevents any advance, but the market is evidently firmer; the nominal price of Brandy housed 2*s.* 7*d.*; the state of the trade, from the late failure, prevents any transactions in Spirits.—Rum remains nominally the same as we have lately quoted, but the purchases lately reported are quite inconsiderable—For the Geneva on the quay 1*s.* 10*d.* is asked, but there are as yet no purchases.

The first sale of Brandy for some time is just reported, housed at 2*s.* 7*d.*

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The following works are in the press:—

Walladmor: freely translated from the English of Walter Scott;—re-translated from the German. In Three Vols. Post 8vo.

Memoirs of the Life and Writings of the late Rev. Edward Williams, DD. with an Appendix, including Remarks on important Parts of Theological Science. By Joseph Gilbert. One Vol. 8vo.

A new Edition of the late Dr. Fawcett's Essay on Anger; to which is prefixed, a Brief Sketch of the Memoirs of the Author. One Vol. 12mo.

My Children's Diary, or the Moral of the Passing Hour, a Tale for Young Persons not under Ten Years of Age. One Vol. 12mo.

The History of Origins, forming a Collection of Antiquities, important Historical Facts, singular Customs, Political and Social Institutions, and National Rites and Peculiarities, combining a copious Fund of Amusement and Instruction.

An additional Volume of Letters by Anna Seward, to which will be prefixed, an Essay on Miss Seward's Life and Literary Character. By W. Harral.

Amaldo, or the Evil Chalice, and other Poems. By the Author of Lyrical Poems, The Siege of Zaragoza, Childe Harold's Pilgrimage to the Dead Sea, &c.

Mr. Forbroke, Resident Surgeon at Cheltenham, is about to publish some Observations on the Treatment of Deafness on improved Principles, illustrated by one Case of 20 Years, and others of long standing, successfully treated.

Vol. I. of the Lectures of Sir Astley Cooper, Bart. on the Principles and Practice of Surgery, as delivered at St. Thomas's and Guy's Hospitals. With additional Notes and Cases, by Frederick Tyrrell, Esq. Surgeon to St. Thomas's Hospital.

The Second Number of a new Series of Original Sketches, after the style of Morland. By M. Campion. Intended as easy and progressive Lessons in the Art of Sketching Rustic Figures, Animals, Landscapes, &c.

Der Freischütz, or the Seventh Bullet, a Series of Twelve Illustrations of this popular Opera, drawn by an Amateur, and etched by George Cruikshank, with a Travestie of the Drama.

Saint Baldred of the Bass, a Pictish Legend; the Siege of Berwick, a Tragedy; and other Poems and Ballads, descriptive of East Lothian and Berwickshire. By James Miller. In One Vol. 8vo.

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The Doctrine of Election, viewed in Connection with the Responsibility of Man as a Moral Agent. By the Rev. William Hamilton, DD. of Strathblane. In 12mo.

The Works of the Rev. John Newton, AM. late Rector of St. Mary Woolnoth, &c. With a Life and View of his Character and Writings. By the Rev. Richard Cecil, AM. a new Edition. In 6 Vols. 8vo.

The fourth Volume of Grant's History of the English Church and Sects, bringing down the Narrative to 1810.

Poems, entitled Dublin University Prize Poems, with Spanish and German Ballads, &c. By George Downes, Author of Letters from Mecklenburgh.

A Practical Treatise on Fruit Trees, and a Description of all the best Fruits in Cultivation. By Mr. Bliss.

Brief Practical Remarks on the Management and Improvement of Grass Land, as far as relates to Irrigation, Winter Flooding and Draining. By C. C. Western, Esq. MP.

Old Heads upon Young Shoulders, a Dramatic Sketch, in One Act. By Thomas Wilson, Teacher of Dancing, Author of The Danciad, &c. Price 1*s*.

In One Volume 4to. Joannis Miltoni Angli De Doctrinâ Christianâ Libri duo posthumi, nunc primum Typis Mandati; edente C. R. Sumner, MA. In One Vol. 4to.; and at the same time will be published, uniform with the above, A Treatise on Christian Doctrine. By John Milton. Translated from the Original by Charles R. Sumner, MA. Librarian and Historiographer to His Majesty, and Prebendary of Worcester.

WORKS LATELY PUBLISHED.

History and Biography.

The Life and Diary of Lieut.-Colonel John Blackader, of the Cameronian regiment, who served under King William and the Duke of Marlborough, in the Wars of Flanders and Germany, and afterwards in Scotland, during the Rebellion of 1715, when he was appointed Deputy Governor of Stirling Castle. By Andrew Crichton, Author of the Memoirs of the Rev. John Blackader. 1 Vol. 12mo. Price 7*s*. 6*d*.

The Two Mothers, or Memoirs of the last Century. 12mo. 5*s*.

Medicine and Surgery.

The London Dispensatory. By A. T. Thomson, FLS. 8vo. 15*s*.

Observations on the nature and cure of Dropsies. By John Blackall, MD. Fourth Edition, 8vo. 10*s*. 6*d*.

Miscellanies.

The Spirit of Partridge, or the Astrologer's Pocket Companion. Part I. 2*s*.

Exercises on the Globes and Maps; interspersed with some Historical, Biographical, Chronological, Mythological, and Miscellaneous Information; on a New Plan. To which are added, Questions for Examination, designed for the Use of Young Ladies. By the late William Butler. Tenth Edition. With an Appendix, by which the Stars may easily be known. By Thomas Bourn, Teacher of Writing, Arithmetic, and Geography. 12mo. 6*s*. boards.

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BIRTHS.

Aug 14 —At Mellington Hall, Montgomeryshire, the lady of J Bilder, Esq a son

Sept 4 — At Beaulieu Lodge, Winchmore Hill, the lady of Frederick Cass, Esq. a son

10 At Charlecote the lady of George Lucy, Esq MP son and heir

12 At Rushall Wilts, the lady of the Rev Wm Ramsden a daughter

14 In Upper Wimpole street, the lady of F H Mitchell Esq a son

— At Upper Homerton, the lady of Thos Pares, Jun Esq MP a son

15 At Ealing, the lady of the Rev Henry Harvey, MA a son

19 In Upper Baker street, Portman Square, the lady of James Locke, Esq Surgeon, a son and daughter

21 Lieut Col Rolt, CP and KTS of the Second or Queen's Royals, to Anne youngest daughter of George Caswall, Esq of Sacombe Park, Herts

IN IRELAND

At Castle Ward, in the county of Down the lady of Edward Wolstenholme, Esq a son

ABROAD.

At Florence, the lady of John Craufurd, Esq. of Auchinames, a son

MARRIAGES.

Aug 16 —At Cranford, the Hon Grantley Berkeley, son of the Earl of Berkeley, to Caroline, youngest daughter of the late Paul Benfield, Esq

28 At Reynoldston, Glamorganshire, John Nicholas Lucas Esq eldest son of John Lucas, Esq of Stout Hall in the same county, to Letitia, youngest daughter of the late Nicholas Loftus Tottenham, Esq many years Member for the county of Wexford and grand daughter of the late Sir James May, Bart of Mayfield, in the county of Waterford, and cousin to the Marquisses of Ely and Donegal

31 At Lambeth the Rev Bernard John Ward, third son of the Right Hon Robert Ward of Bangor Castle, in the county of Down, to Isabella Frances, youngest daughter of the late Robert Phillips Esq of Longworth, in the county of Hereford

— At St. George's, Hanover Square, Lieut. Col. Allen, late of the 23d Lancers, to Miss Mitchell, eldest daughter of the late Col. Campbell Mitchell, and niece to Lady Fletcher, of Ashley Park, and to Lady Leith.

— At Mary-le-bone Church, by the Rev. C. Sheffield, the Rev. Henry J. Neave, second son of Sir Thomas Neave, Bart. to Agnes Ann, eldest daughter of the late Rev. Sir Robert Sheffield, Bart.

Sept. 1.—At St. George's, Hanover Square, Wm. Adair Carter, Esq. to Elizabeth Hyde, only sister of Joseph Hayne, Esq. of Haddon, Jamaica, and of Burdrop Park, Wilts.

— At Shrewsbury, Richard, son of Bryan Smith, Esq. of Liverpool, to Mary Anne, daughter of W. Egerton Jeffreys, Esq. of Coton Hill, Salop.

6. At Swansea, by the Rev. Thos. Morris, the Rev. George Wm. Fauquier, to Caroline, sister of Sir John Morris, Bart. of Sketty Park, in the county of Glamorgan.

8. At Lanchester, Durham, the Hon. and Rev. Edward Grey, brother to Earl Grey, to Miss Elizabeth Adair, niece to Lady Clavering, of Axwell Park, in the same county.

— William Warren Hastings, Esq. of Gray's Inn, to Sophia, eldest daughter—and John Nelson, Esq. at Doctor's Commons, eldest son of the late R. A. Nelson, Esq. Secretary of the Navy, to Caroline, second daughter—of Dr. Burrows, of Gower street, Bedford Square.

— At Manchester, Lieut. Col. Sir Thomas Reade, to Agnes, eldest daughter of Rich. Clogg, Esq. of Longsight Lodge.

9. At Caversham Park, by special license, Sir Thomas Elmsley Croft, Bart. to Sophia Jane, only child of the late Richard Latewood, Esq. of Ealing Grove, Middlesex.

11. At St. Margaret's, Westminster, by the Bishop of Chichester, John Mitchell, Esq. M.P. to Eliza, eldest daughter of John Elliot, Esq. of Pimlico Lodge.

— At St. Mary's, Lambeth, James W. Cooper, Esq. of the Treasury, to Harriet Augusta, daughter of Thomas Evans, Esq. of Park Place, Kennington.

14. At Kirkdeighton, John Evans, Esq. of Tavistock Square, to Mary Anne, youngest daughter of the Rev. Dr. Geldart, of Barnewell Priory, Cambridgeshire, and Rector of Kirkdeighton, in the county of York.

15. By special license, at Rear Admiral Digby's, Harley-street, by the Bishop of Bath and Wells, Lord Ellenborough, to Jane Elizabeth Digby, only daughter of Rear Admiral Digby and Viscountess Andover, and grand-daughter of T. W. Coke, Esq. M.P. of Holkham, Norfolk.

16. At Burnley, the Rev. W. Thursby, second son of John Hervey Thursby, Esq. of Abington Abbey, Northamptonshire, and of Harding-stone in the same county, to Eleanor Mary, eldest daughter of John Hargreaves, Esq. of Ormerod house, Lancashire.

16. At Bolton Percy, by His Grace the Archbishop of York, Georgiana, youngest daughter of Archdeacon Markham, to George Baillie, Esq. eldest son of George Baillie, Esq. of Jerviswode, Scotland.

DEATHS.

Aug. 16.—In Upper Gower-street, Lady Elizabeth, wife of Lord Maurice Drummond.

20. In Green street, Grosvenor-square, Thomas Trevor Hampden, Viscount Hampden, and Baron Trevor of Bromham. His Lordship was born Sept. 11, 1746, and succeeded his father, August 22, 1783. He was twice married, first (June 13th, 1768) to Catherine, only daughter of General David Graeme; secondly (July 12th, 180[illegible]), to Mrs. Brown, sister of Lady Wedderburn. He was succeeded by his brother, who is since dead. (See Sept. 9.)

24. At the residence of his son, in the Vale of Neath, the Right Hon. the Earl of Dunraven, aged 72.

29. Mr. Patrick, Surgeon, of Devonshire-street, Queen square.

30. At Brighton, the Hon. Mrs. Frances Wall, daughter of the late Lord Fortrose, and sister to the Earl of Seaforth.

Lately, at Blythe Hall, Warwickshire, Lady Georgiana West.

Sept. 2.—Jeffery Foot, Esq. of the Holly Park, one of the aldermen of the city of Dublin.

— After an illness of three days, in his 40th year, Mr. J. H. Bohte, of York street, Covent Garden, Foreign Bookseller to His Majesty.

3. At Welbourn, the Hon. Mrs. Seymour, wife of Henry Seymour, Esq. and daughter of the late George Viscount Torrington.

4. In Tavistock place, aged [illegible], Jesse Gregson, Esq. of Moor house, Hawkhurst, Kent.

— Aged 54, Catherine Lady Lawson, wife of Sir Henry Lawson, Bart. of Brough Hall, in the county of York.

6. At Linsted Lodge, Kent, aged 57, the Right Hon. John Roper, Lord Teynham. His Lordship dying unmarried, is succeeded by his first Cousin, Henry Francis Roper Curzon, eldest son of the late Hon. Francis Roper. His remains were interred at Linsted on the 16th.

— At Brompton, Huntingdonshire, in his 90th year, William Palmer, Esq. one of the Directors of Greenwich Hospital, and upwards of 30 years one of His Majesty's Commissioners of the Navy.

7. At Cranbrook, Kent, Mrs. King, wife of Mr. King, banker of that place.

9. At his residence in Berkeley square, in his 76th year, John Viscount Hampden, who had succeeded to the title only a few days. The title and estates now devolve upon the Right Hon. George Earl of Buckingham. See above.

10. At Scarborough, Gawin Taylor, Esq.

12. New Southampton, in his 73d year, the Rev. Sir Charles Rich, Bart.

15. At Kentish-town, aged 66, Dr. Clough, of Berners street.

16. In Baker street, aged 70, Lieut. General Andrew Anderson, of the Hon. East India Company's service, on their establishment of Bombay.

19. At Newbold Conyers, Warwickshire, the residence of her nephew, Edward Willis, Esq. Susanna, the Lady of Sir Robert Peel, Bart. [illegible]. 22d year.

23. At his house in Burton Crescent, having completed within a few days his 85th year, Major John Cartwright, a strenuous friend of civil and religious liberty. He was third son of William Cartwright, Esq. of Marnham, Notts. He entered the Navy in 1756, under Lord Howe, being then 18 years of age; in the ensuing year he was at the siege of Cherbourg, and in the next in the action where Sir E. Hawke defeated Conflans. Major Cartwright was the author of several Political Treatises, of which the earliest were those written during the American war, in favour of the independence of that country. In 1780 he was the original mover of a meeting in the county of Notts, for Parliamentary Reform, in behalf of which he continued, until a very late period, to exert himself most warmly, constantly attending all public meetings connected with that object.

— At his house in Bedford square, Thos. Leverton, Esq. one of His Majesty's Justices of the Peace, for the counties of Surrey, Kent, and Middlesex, and for the city of Westminster.

IRELAND.

Fanny, daughter of William Armstrong, Esq. of Mohalliffe, in the county of Tipperary, and grand daughter of the late Archbishop of Tuam.

SCOTLAND.

At Dairsie, Fifeshire, the Rev. Robert M'Culloch, DD. Minister of that parish, in the 85th year of his age, and the 58th of his ministry.

ABROAD.

Sept. 16.—At four o'clock in the morning, His Most Christian Majesty Louis Stanislaus Xavier XVIII, King of France. He was born at Versailles, Nov. 19th, 17[illegible]; in 1771, he married Maria Josephine Louisa of Savoy (who died in 1810); he succeeded as King in 1795, and was restored in 1814. He is succeeded by his brother the Count d'Artois, now Charles X.

At Zante, on his return from Athens, Edward, third son of Christopher Blackett, Esq. of Wylam, Northumberland.

THE

LONDON MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1824

CONTENTS.

LONDON.

PRINTED FOR TAYLOR AND HESSEY

THE LION'S HEAD.

We have received the following letter.

Sir,—To the many ludicrous objections which your Irish Correspondent Mr. O'Rourke has brought forward against the system of MACADAMIZATION may be added another of a really serious nature. "Old woman-killing" is not the greatest fatality to be apprehended from paving our streets with small stones and shingles. Much more efficient members of the community will be in all probability sacrificed at the shrine of the *Paving Goddess*,—to wit, young and middle-aged people of both sexes. This is an alarming assertion; but the fact is, it is a result of experience and medical calculation that *consumption* is diminished in the ratio of four to five-and-a-half by the substitution of *pavement* for what I will denominate (for convenience) *road-ment*. Those who are in anywise naturally disposed to consumption and asthma will inspire or inhale dust in sufficient quantities either to create the positive disease if it be not already developed in the system, or greatly to augment its strength if it does exist to any degree. Freedom from dust is one of the chief causes why cities are not so much subject to pulmonary complaints as otherwise their confined and unhealthy atmosphere would lead us to suppose. On the other hand, persons who by their situations are in the habit of breathing air impregnated with dusty particles, often create, often nourish within themselves, pulmonary diseases to which they become premature sacrifices. It would be needless to adduce proofs and authorities for what I have asserted; every intelligent physician will confirm it. The advocates for Macadamization had better therefore think well before they assimulate the atmosphere of the city to that of a *Needle-manufactory* by generalizing the system throughout the metropolis.

October 29, 1824. I am, Sir, yours, &c. MEDICUS.

Let us hope that the fears of our correspondent Medicus are unfounded: the balance of dust in favour of consumption must be very small, we presume, if the roads are well watered—in that case, however, he will perhaps say, that the vapours exhaling from the moist road will have a tendency to create or aggravate the same disorder. Ah, well! it will be all the same to us a hundred years hence: and in the mean time it is no slight advantage to get rid of the copper-smiths.

We know not how to account to E. R. for our silence respecting the little fragment with which she favoured us last month; but if she could see the leaves of MS. which strew our table, thick as Mr. Milton's leaves, she would not be surprised if we now and then overlooked a Correspondent. We are sorry that in the present instance our neglect should have fallen upon a lady. The verses have merit, but they are not so good as some we have seen from the same pen.

F. may be assured that we are not easily "shocked," we have read better paraphrases and worse. But respectable poetry is like a respectable actor, very unobjectionable, and very dull.

J. M. G. encloses us "a sort of Episode," which he thinks may be of more interest if published now, than "if postponed till the publication of

the poem, *which may never take place.*" This we doubt. He adds that "N. B. They (the Episode) are the productions of a young man, who has *now just turned the corner on his first year of maturity.*" The Episode is a long and hard allegory, in which Lord Byron figures away as an oak tree:—Lion's Head, however, objects to the oak being called "the Monarch of the Woods" as a violation of his own imperial rights. The printed specimens are not much better than the MSS.

Palmerin's lines are before us, with his notes, stating "that a *line* in Lion's Head will be thankfully received;" we are sorry we cannot oblige him with one of his own composition.

The contribution of "a Subscriber" is received, but we dare not indulge in enigmas from a fear of that termagant, the Lady's Almanack.

We have received a very pretty packet of poetry from a young gentleman, with a note, commencing thus, "A youthful adventurer in the regions of poesy humbly solicits permission to plant a little flower of his own in the regions governed by Lion's Head." We are extremely sorry to be compelled to act like Selim in the Bride of Abydos, and "refuse his little flower."

G. F.'s verses are under consideration.

The Westminster Review has erred in stirring up every tender writer to crave money for his Musings. The Essay of O. would not, if printed, bring him profit enough to pay his way into St. Paul's.

Q. Q. Q. We are reluctantly compelled to refuse, and he may have his paper again at any time. He is evidently young and inexperienced as a writer, though we think he may grow up into a very pleasant contributor in the course of time.

The Calais Trip is done with considerable humour and quaintness.—but we cannot accept it.

Councillor's Essay "may be recovered on application at our Publishers." Lion's Head is too good-natured to growl at an intended kindness.

Several papers are left in the hands of Messrs. Taylor and Hessey for the respective writers,—amongst which are "the Sonnet of a Stripling"—and the Contributions of A. G. G.,—James the 2d,—Z.,—Orlando,—T. T.,—A Contributor,—Reginald Dalton, and P. W. L.—We wish we could accept all that is sent to us.

THE

London Magazine.

NOVEMBER, 1824.

CONVERSATIONS OF LORD BYRON.*

Every account of Lord Byron which pretends to the least degree of authenticity has been rendered valuable in the eyes of the public, by the injudicious, and, we will add, unwarrantable destruction of his Memoirs. Whether it was mere folly, or puritanical squeamishness, or (as is most probable) a wish to conceal the reputation of some half dozen fashionable delinquents, which dictated that measure, its effect has been to deprive us of more needful information than any other source can supply. That blind and fatal deed has been every way injurious. It has defrauded a present and a future world of so much intellectual gratification as was to be derived from those Memoirs. It has left even the author's published works under a cloud of obscurity, which no commentary, but such as the Memoirs themselves furnished, could dissipate. It has surrendered his fame and that of many of his cotemporaries, to his enemies, and theirs, respectively: the tongue of slander is now busy on both sides; he himself, his nearest relatives, and his most distant acquaintances, are now all and equally liable to any and every foul aspersion which calumny may invent, and credulity swallow. It was not fair to the living; it was most unjust to the dead. No excuse that can be set up for it can maintain itself an instant. There is one question to which there is no answer, and which therefore leaves the advocates, agents, and abettors of the destruction guilty at the least of supreme folly, of inexcusable temerity. Why were not the objectionable parts of the Memoirs expunged, and the remainder published? Was there a page, was there a sentence, was there a *line* in the whole Memoirs of an unexceptionable nature?—and if so, why was not even that page, that sentence, that line given to the public? What! was the whole work *Satanic*? Was every page inspired by the Genius of Evil? Was every period rounded by the eloquent Belial, the god of Byron's idolatry? Was every *line* written underhand by the Devil? And unless the agents of destruction are prepared to assert this, on what principle, let us ask, did they dare commit such an act of injustice to *us* and to the author? Who is there that has a right to cheat the nation of any portion of that genius to which she gave birth, by devoting its records unsparingly to the flames? Who is it that has a right to rob us of our interest and property in that which was *bequeathed to us* by our countryman and brother? Unless a paramount reason be assignable,—No one! Equity, if not law, pronounces this judgment; and though we cannot take legal, we will have literary revenge; if we cannot punish by fine or imprisonment, we will punish by reprobation and pub-

* Journal of the Conversations of Lord Byron: noted during a Residence with his Lordship at Pisa, in the Years 1821 and 1822. By Thomas Medwin, Esq. of the 24th Light Dragoons, Author of "Ahasuerus the Wanderer." 4to. London. Colburn, 1824.

lic censure. In the name of our fellow-countrymen we characterise the total destruction of Lord Byron's Memoirs as rash, unjustifiable, and reprehensible in the extreme,—a private injustice and a public injury.

It is manifest *à priori* that there must have been *some* portion of the Memoirs worthy salvation; that they were not *all* of such a nature as to merit being delivered into the hands of the common hangman, to be burnt by him like heretical tracts or libels. But in the publication we are now about to notice, there is an after-proof of this which is not to be gainsaid. Captain Medwin's book is a Journal of Conversations held by Lord Byron, conversations of the most familiar kind, uttered in the fullest confidence of friendship, and evidently without the least caution or prudential reserve; yet, after certain retrenchments (which ought to have been made) it would still furnish a valuable, an interesting, and a morally uninjurious volume. Why were not the Memoirs made such a work as Captain Medwin's Journal might have been? Is it credible that Lord Byron would sit down and deliberately utter in manuscript what he would not utter in private conversation unrestrained as this? If there was not a page in the Memoirs but deserved the infamous death which is apportioned to infidel works and scandalous publications, how does it happen there are so many in his Conversations worth preserving? though the latter, from their very nature, must have been more thickly interspersed with objectionable phrases, —satirical remarks, unguarded and inconsiderate ebullitions of anger against living persons, allusions to family concerns, disclosures of faults, frailties, peccadilloes, &c. It is ridiculous to assert after this that the Memoirs were not sacrificed for a few unhappy paragraphs, which alone merited the fate that was dealt to the whole. We wish Mr. Moore who read them would stand forward, and boldly avow whether this was or was not the case. Let us hear the noble author's own opinion on the subject:

"I have not the least objection to their being circulated; in fact they have been read by some of mine, and several of Moore's friends and acquaintances; among others, they were lent to Lady Burghersh. On returning the MS. her Ladyship told Moore that she had transcribed the whole work. This was *un peu fort*, and he suggested the propriety of her destroying the copy. She did so, by putting it into the fire in his presence. Ever since this happened, Douglas Kinnaird has been recommending me to resume possession of the MS., thinking to frighten me by saying that a spurious or a real copy, surreptitiously obtained, may go forth to the world. I am quite indifferent about the world knowing all that they contain. There are very few licentious adventures of my own, or scandalous anecdotes that will affect others, in the book. It is taken up from my earliest recollections, almost from childhood,—very incoherent, written in a very loose and familiar style. The second part will prove a good lesson to young men; for it treats of the irregular life I led at one period, and the fatal consequences of dissipation. There are few parts that may not, and none that will not, be read by women.

Another time he said:

"A very full account of my marriage and separation is contained in my Memoirs. After they were completed, I wrote to Lady Byron, proposing to send them for her inspection, in order that any misstatements or inaccuracy (if any such existed, which I was not aware of,) might be pointed out and corrected. In her answer she declined the offer, without assigning any reason; but desiring, if not on her account, for the sake of her daughter, that they might never appear, and finishing with a threat. My reply was the severest thing I ever wrote, and contained two quotations, one from Shakspeare, and another from Dante. I told her that she knew all I had written was incontrovertible truth, and that she did not wish to sanction truth. I ended by saying, that she might depend on their being published. It was not till after this correspondence that I made Moore the depositary of the MS."

Now it is more than probable that the original MS, if published in its integral form, would not have been found quite so innocuous as the author asserts; but surely he could not declare in the face of the fact, that there were few parts "which might not be read by women" if the *whole* were only fit for the fire. Lady Burghersh read and transcribed it. Yet what her ladyship studied with such fervour, and copied with such avidity, was afterwards judged of so highly immoral and flagitious a nature that it would have put the innocent people of England to the blush, and corrupted the purity of

the Continent, had it been published! Verily we fear there was something more than simple anxiety for public morals at the bottom of this transaction; some unpleasant truths "were to be sanctioned," we suspect, and in the hurry to suppress these, the whole MS. was precipitated into the flames. But it is useless to regret this measure; we hope it will not be useless to reprobate it. Such a case will most probably not soon recur; if it does, we expect there will be a little more compunction displayed before it is resolved to sacrifice the national property in this wholesale way to the caprice or nervous apprehensions of a few individuals. Perhaps indeed, reflection upon the consequences of this hasty action may prevent its repetition. Ever since the destruction took place the press has teemed with histories, letters, reports and allusions, as scandalous as they are spurious, but to which no contradiction can be given from the impossibility of comparing them with an existing original. Indeed such things would never have appeared but for the intemperate precaution of Lord Byron's friends, by whose instrumentality innumerable [illegible] have been invented and circulated which are a thousand times more injurious to the public than the whole truth could have been. There is nothing which may not be now said of Lord Byron, his family, connexions, and acquaintances, and attributed to him without the least fear of its suppositious nature being detected and exposed.

In the defect of more authentic materials therefore we turn to Captain Medwin's Journal with curiosity. It diminishes, though it certainly does not 'remedy' the evil we complain of. Captain Medwin had an opportunity of studying Lord Byron's character moral as well as intellectual, which he did not let escape him. Indeed, he appears to have made rather too free a use of this advantage; but we will at present speak only of the benefit he has conferred on the world by publishing what he might, and not of the injury he has committed against individuals by publishing what he should not.

Although it is our chief object to elucidate the genius and character of Byron by such extracts from his Conversations as appear to us most suitable to that purpose, we are truer disciples of both Lavater and Gall than to omit the following brief description of his personal appearance.

During the few minutes that Lord Byron was finishing his letter, I took an opportunity of narrowly observing him, and drawing his portrait in my mind. Thorwaldsen's bust is too thin-necked and young for Lord Byron. None of the engravings gave me the least idea of him. I saw a man of about five feet seven or eight, apparently forty years of age: as was said of Milton, he barely escaped being short and thick. His face was fine, and the lower part symmetrically moulded; for the lips and chin had that curved and definite outline that distinguishes Grecian beauty. His forehead was high, and his temples broad; and he had a paleness in his complexion, almost to wanness. His hair, thin and fine, had almost become grey, and waved in natural and graceful curls over his head, that was assimilating itself fast to the "bald first Cæsar's." He allowed it to grow longer behind than it is accustomed to be worn, and at that time had mustachios, which were not sufficiently dark to be becoming. In criticising his features it might, perhaps, be said that his eyes were placed too near his nose, and that one was rather smaller than the other; they were of a greyish brown, but of a peculiar clearness, and when animated possessed a fire which seemed to look through and penetrate the thoughts of others, while they marked the inspirations of his own. His teeth were small, regular, and white; these, I afterwards found, he took great pains to preserve.*

I expected to discover that he had a club—perhaps a *cloven*—foot; but it would have been difficult to have distinguished one from the other, either in size or in form.

Lord Byron's conversation, if resembling at all that which is given as his in this volume, was fully equal to his poetry,—allowing for the different circumstances under which they were severally born. Indeed, this must have been the case, inasmuch as it appears that his poetry was the efflux not the effort of his mind; he

* For this purpose he used tobacco when he first went into the open air, and he told me he was in the habit of grinding his teeth in his sleep, to prevent which he was forced to put a napkin between them.

wrote as quickly as he spoke, seldom blotted a word, and never altered a line.

It may be asked *when* Lord Byron writes. The same question was put to Madame de Stael "*I[illegible] me co[illegible] sur ma cha[illegible] portant*," said she. I am often with him from the time he gets up till two or three o'clock in the morning, and after sitting up so late he must require rest, but he produces, the next morning, proof that he has not been idle. Sometimes when I call, I find him at his desk, but he either talks as he writes, or lays down his pen to play at billiards till it is time to take his airing. He seems to be able to resume the thread of his subject at all times, and to weave it of an equal texture. Such talent is that of an *improvisatore*. The fairness too of his manuscripts (I do not speak of the hand writing) astonishes no less than the perfection of every thing he writes. He hardly ever alters a word for whole pages and never corrects a line in subsequent editions. I do not believe that he has ever read his works over since he examined the proof-sheets, and yet he remembers every word of them, and every thing else worth remembering that he has ever known.

I never met with any man who shines so much in conversation. He shines the more, perhaps, for not seeking to shine. His ideas flow without effort, without his having occasion to think. As in his letters, he is not nice about expressions or words, —there are no concealments in him, no injunctions to secrecy. He tells every thing that he has thought or done without the least reserve, and as if he wished the whole world to know it, and does not throw the slightest gloss over his errors. Brief himself, he is impatient of diffuseness in others, hates long stories, and seldom repeats his own. If he has heard a story you are telling, he will say, "You told me that," and with good humour sometimes finish it for you himself.

He hates argument, and never argues for victory. He gives every one an opportunity of sharing in the conversation, and has the art of turning it to subjects that may bring out the person with whom he converses. He never shews the author, prides himself most on being a man of the world and of fashion, and his anecdotes of life and living characters are inexhaustible. In spirits, as in every thing else, he is ever in extremes.

Such, therefore, as his poetry was, such must have been his conversation, for both were unpremeditated, spontaneous effusions of the perennial spring within his bosom. The only difference was, that he may have been in a higher state of excitement upon the one occasion than upon the other. He was an *English* Improvisatore, and when we say this, we do not mean that he was a mere stringer of musical sentences, but such an Improvisatore as an Englishman might and an Italian could not be. It is, therefore, no wonder that his conversation exhibits marks of genius in every period, more however of the satirical than the sentimental kind, more akin to the spirit of Don Juan than of Childe Harold.

The account which he gives of the date and source to which his poetic inclinations may be primarily referred is deeply interesting, however questionable as to its philosophy.

"I don't know from whom I inherited verse-making, probably the wild scenery of Morven and Loch-na-gar and the banks of the Dee, were the parents of my poetical vein, and the developers of my poetical *boss*. If it was so, it was dormant at least, I never wrote any thing worth mentioning till I was in love. Dante dates his passion for Beatrice at twelve. I was almost as young when I fell over head and ears in love, but I anticipate. I was sent to Harrow at twelve, and spent my vacations at Newstead. It was there that I first saw Mary C——. She was several years older than myself, but, at my age boys like something older than themselves, as they do younger, later in life. Our estates adjoined, but, owing to the unhappy circumstance of the feud to which I before alluded, our families (as is generally the case with neighbours who happen to be relations) were never on terms of more than common civility,—scarcely those. I passed the summer vacation of this year among the Malvern hills, those were days of romance! She was the *beau ideal* of all that my youthful fancy could paint of beautiful, and I have taken all my fables about the celestial nature of women from the perfection my imagination created in her—I say created for I found her, like the rest of the sex, any thing but angelic.

'I returned to Harrow, after my trip to Cheltenham, more deeply enamoured than ever, and passed the next holidays at Newstead. I now began to fancy myself a man, and to make love in earnest. Our meetings were stolen ones, and my letters passed through the medium of a confidante. A gate leading from Mr. C——'s grounds to those of my mother, was the place of our interviews. But the ardour was all on my side. I was serious, she was volatile. She liked me as a younger brother, and treated and laughed at me as a boy. She

however, gave me her picture, and that was something to make verses upon.†

"During the last year that I was at Harrow, all my thoughts were occupied on this love-affair. I had, besides, a spirit that ill brooked the restraints of school discipline; for I had been encouraged by servants in all my violence of temper, and was used to command. Every thing like a task was repugnant to my nature, and I came away a very indifferent classic, and read in nothing that was useful. That subordination, which is the soul of all discipline, I submitted to with great difficulty; yet I did submit to it; and I have always retained a sense of Drury's kindness, which enabled me to bear it and fagging too. The Duke of Dorset was my fag. I was not a very hard task-master. There were times in which, if I had not considered it as a school, I should have been happy at Harrow. There is one spot I should like to see again. I was particularly delighted with the view from the Church-yard, and used to sit for hours on the stile leading into the fields,—even then I formed a wish to be buried there. Of all my schoolfellows, I know no one for whom I have retained so much friendship as for Lord Clare. I have been constantly corresponding with him ever since I knew he was in Italy; and I look forward to seeing him, and talking over with him our old Harrow stories with infinite delight. There is no pleasure in life equal to that of meeting an old friend. You know how glad I was to see Hay. Why did not Scroope Davies come to see me? Some one told me that he was at Florence, but it is impossible.

There are two things that strike me at this moment, which I did at Harrow. I fought Lord Calthorpe for writing 'D—d Atheist!' under my name, and prevented the school-room from being burnt during a rebellion, by pointing out to the boys the names of their fathers and grandfathers on the walls.

"Had I married Miss C——, perhaps the whole tenor of my life would have been different. She jilted me, however, but her marriage proved any thing but a happy one. She was at length separated from Mr M——, and proposed an interview with me, but by the advice of my sister I declined it. I remember meeting her after my return from Greece, but pride had conquered my love, and yet it was not with perfect indifference I saw her.

"For a man to become a poet (witness Petrarch and Dante) he must be in love, or miserable. I was both when I wrote the 'Hours of Idleness;' some of those poems, in spite of what the reviewers say, are as good as any I ever produced.

"For some years after the event that had so much influence on my fate, I tried to drown the remembrance of it and her in the most depriving dissipation; but the poison was in the cup." * * *
* * * * * * * * *

If the death of his happiness was indeed the birth of his poetry, though the world might be a gainer by his sufferings, one could not but lament that so much enjoyment to us had resulted from so much pain to him; but (with Milton and several others in our recollection) we have some doubts whether it be necessary for a man either to be in love or be miserable to make him a poet. We are also but little disposed to agree with the noble advocate of himself, when he asserts that the "whole tenor of his life would have been different" had he been linked to a radiant angel herself; his faults were too hereditary, and had been too much confirmed by a loose education. Is there not an evident inconsistency between the termination of his first paragraph as given above, and the beginning of his fifth?

His judgment in critical matters was more discriminating than we could have legitimately inferred from his perpetual sneers and tirades, whenever the name of Shakspeare or Milton was mentioned. He passed many opinions on the genius and style of his contemporaries, which are for the most part judicious, and often leaning much more to the side of *mercy* than we could have expected, or can (as critics) approve.

"Like Gray," said he, "Campbell smells too much of the oil: he is never satisfied with what he does; his finest things have been spoiled by over polish—the sharpness of the outline is worn off. Like paintings, poems may be too highly finished. The great art is effect, no matter how produced." * * *

"Coleridge is like Sosia in 'Amphytrion;'—he does not know whether he is himself, or not. If he had never gone to

† He had always a black ribbon round his neck, to which was attached a locket containing hair and a picture. We had been playing at billiards one night till the balls appeared double, when all at once he searched hastily for something under his waistcoat, and said, in great alarm, "Good God! I have lost my ——!" but before he had finished the sentence, he had discovered the hidden treasure.

Germany, nor spoilt his fine genius by the transcendental philosophy and German metaphysics, nor taken to write lay sermons, he would have made the greatest poet of the day. What poets had we in 1795? Hayley had got a monopoly, such as it was. Coleridge might have been any thing: as it is, he is a thing 'that dreams are made of.'" * * *

"I knew Madame de Staël in England. When she came over she created a great sensation, and was much courted in the literary as well as the political world. On the supposition of her being a Liberal, she was invited to a party, where were present Whitbread, Sheridan, and several of the opposition leaders.

"To the great horror of the former, she soon sported her *Ultraisms*. No one possessed so little tact as Madame de Staël,—which is astonishing in one who had seen so much of the world and of society. She used to assemble at her routs politicians of both sides of the House, and was fond of setting two party-men by the ears in argument. I once witnessed a curious scene of this kind. She was battling it very warmly, as she used to do, with Canning, and all at once turned round to (I think he said) Lord Grey, who was at his elbow, for his opinion. It was on some point upon which he could not but most cordially disagree. She did not understand London society, and was always sighing for her *coterie* at Paris. The dandies took an invincible dislike to the De Staëls, mother and daughter. Brummel was her aversion; —she, his. There was a double marriage talked of in town that season:—Auguste (the present Baron) was to have married Miss Milbank; I, the present Duchess of Broglio. I could not have been worse *embroiled*.

"Madame de Staël had great talent in conversation, and an overpowering flow of words. It was once said of a large party that were all trying to shine, 'There is not one who can go home and think.' This was not the case with her. She was often troublesome, some thought rude, in her questions; but she never offended me, because I knew that her inquisitiveness did not proceed from idle curiosity, but from a wish to sound people's characters. She was a continual interrogatory to me, in order to fathom mine, which requires a long plumb line. She once asked me if my real character was well drawn in a favourite novel of the day ('Glenarvon') She was only singular in putting the question in the dry way she did. There are many who put their faith on that insincere production

"No woman had so much *bonne foi* as Madame de Staël: hers was a real kindness of heart She took the greatest possible interest in my quarrel with Lady Byron, or rather Lady Byron's with me, and had some influence over my wife, —as much as any person but her mother, which is not saying much. I believe Madame de Staël did her utmost to bring about a reconciliation between us. She was the best creature in the world.

"Women never see consequences—never look at things straight forward, or as they ought. Like figurantes at the Opera, they make a hundred *pirouettes* and return to where they set out. With Madame de Staël this was sometimes the case. She was very indefinite and vague in her manner of expression. In endeavouring to be new she became often obscure, and sometimes unintelligible. What did she mean by saying that 'Napoleon was a system, and not a man?'

I cannot believe that Napoleon was acquainted with all the petty persecutions that she used to be so garrulous about, or that he deemed her of sufficient importance to be dangerous: besides, she admired him so much, that he might have gained her over by a word. But, like me, he had perhaps too great a contempt for women; he treated them as puppets, and thought he could make them dance at any time by pulling the wires. That story of '*Gardez vos enfans*' did not tell much in her favour, and proves what I say. I shall be curious to see Las Cases' book, to hear what Napoleon's real conduct to her was." * * *

"She was always aiming to be brilliant—to produce a sensation, no matter how, when, or where. She wanted to make all her ideas, like figures in the modern French school of painting, prominent and showy,—standing out of the canvas, each in a light of its own. She was vain: but who had an excuse for vanity if she had not? I can easily conceive her not wishing to change her name, or acknowledge that of Rocca. I liked Rocca; he was a gentleman and a clever man; no man said better things, or with a better grace. The remark about the Meillerie road that I quoted in the Notes of 'Childe Harold,' '*La route vaut mieux que les souvenirs*,' was the observation of a thorough Frenchman." * * *

"How could it be otherwise?" said he. "Some of them were called translations, and I spoke in the character of a Frenchman and a soldier. But Napoleon was his own antithesis (if I may say so). He was a glorious tyrant, after all. Look at his public works; compare his face, even on his coins, with those of the other sovereigns of Europe. I blame the manner of his death: he showed that he possessed much of the Italian character in consenting to live. There he lost himself in his dramatic character, in my estimation. He was master of his own destiny; of *that*, at

least, his enemies could not deprive him. He should have gone off the stage like a hero: it was expected of him." * * *

Talking of romances, he said:

"'The Monk' is perhaps one of the best in any language, not excepting the German. It only wanted one thing, as I told Lewis, to have rendered it perfect. He should have made the dæmon really in love with Ambrosio: this would have given it a human interest. 'The Monk' was written when Lewis was only twenty, and he seems to have exhausted all his genius on it. Perhaps at that age he was in earnest in his belief of magic wonders. That is the secret of Walter Scott's inspiration: he retains and encourages all the superstitions of his youth. Lewis caught *his* passion for the marvellous, and it amounted to a mania with him, in Germany; but the groundwork of 'The Monk,' is neither original nor German: it is derived from the tale of 'Santon Barsisa.' The episode of 'The Bleeding Nun,' which was turned into a melo-drama, is from the German."

"Lewis was not a very successful writer. His 'Monk' was abused furiously by Matthias, in his 'Pursuits of Literature,' and he was forced to suppress it. 'Abellino' he merely translated. 'Pizarro' was a sore subject with him, and no wonder that he winced at the name. Sheridan, who was not very scrupulous about applying to himself *literary* property at least, manufactured his play without so much as an acknowledgment, pecuniary or otherwise, from Lewis's ideas; and bad as 'Pizarro' is, I know (from having been on the Drury-Lane Committee, and knowing, consequently, the comparative profits of plays,) that it brought in more money than any other play has ever done, or perhaps ever will do.

"But to return to Lewis. He was even worse treated about 'The Castle Spectre,' which had also an immense run, a prodigious success. Sheridan never gave him any of its profits either. One day Lewis being in company with him, said,—'Sheridan, I will make you a large bet.' Sheridan, who was always ready to make a wager, (however he might find it inconvenient to pay it if lost,) asked eagerly what bet? 'All the profits of my Castle Spectre,' replied Lewis. 'I will tell you what,' said Sheridan, (who never found his match at repartee,) 'I will make you a very small one, — what it is worth.'"

I asked him if he had known Sheridan?

"Yes," said he. "Sheridan was an extraordinary compound of contradictions, and Moore will be much puzzled in reconciling them for the Life he is writing. The upper part of Sheridan's face was that of a God—a forehead most expansive, an eye of peculiar brilliancy and fire; but below he showed the satyr.

"Lewis had been, or thought he had been, unkind to a brother whom he lost young; and when any thing disagreeable was about to happen to him, the vision of his brother appeared: he came as a sort of monitor.

"Lewis was with me for a considerable period at Geneva; and we went to Coppet several times together; but Lewis was there oftener than I.

"Madame de Staël and he used to have violent arguments about the Slave Trade,—which he advocated strongly, for most of his property was in negroes and plantations. Not being satisfied with three thousand a-year, he wanted to make it five; and would go to the West Indies; but he died on the passage of sea-sickness, and obstinacy in taking an emetic." * * *

"'The Fudge Family' pleases me as much as any of Moore's works. The letter which he versified at the end was given him by Douglas Kinnaird and myself, and was addressed by the Life-guardsman, after the battle of Waterloo, to Big Ben. Witty as Moore's epistle is, it falls short of the original. 'Doubling up the *Mounseers* in brass,' is not so energetic an expression as was used by our hero,—all the alliteration is lost.

"Moore is one of the few writers who will survive the age in which he so deservedly flourishes. He will live in his 'Irish Melodies;' they will go down to posterity with the music; both will last as long as Ireland, or as music and poetry." * * *

"Hunt would have made a fine writer, for he has a great deal of fancy and feeling, if he had not been spoiled by circumstances. He was brought up at the Blue-coat foundation, and had never till lately been ten miles from St. Paul's. What poetry is to be expected from such a course of education? He has his school, however, and a host of disciples. A friend of mine calls 'Rimini,' *Nimini Pimini*; and 'Foliage,' Follyage. Perhaps he had a tumble in climbing trees in the Hesperides!' But 'Rimini' has a great deal of merit. There never were so many fine things spoiled as in 'Rimini.'"

Superstition is often the weakness of a strong mind. Cæsar and Napoleon are said to have felt its influence. Goethe, it appears (though we have no intention of classing a poetical old woman with men of strong minds) is subject to the same infirmity; and, authorised by his example, Byron seems to have indulged the same unphilosophical propensity to make the spirits who direct the great wheels of the universe attendants upon his petty concerns,

—to make the grand phenomena of Nature mere prophecies of events, which are to embellish his insignificant history.

During our drive and ride this evening, he declined our usual amusements of pistol-firing, without assigning a cause. He hardly spoke a word during the first half-hour, and it was evident that something weighed heavily on his mind. There was a sacredness in his melancholy that I dared not interrupt. At length he said:

"This is Ada's birthday, and might have been the happiest day of my life: as it is ——!" He stopped, seemingly ashamed of having betrayed his feelings. He tried in vain to rally his spirits by turning the conversation; but he created a laugh in which he could not join, and soon relapsed into his former reverie. It lasted till we came within a mile of the Argine gate. There our silence was all at once interrupted by shrieks that seemed to proceed from a cottage by the side of the road. We pulled up our horses, to inquire of a *contadino* standing at the little garden-wicket. He told us that a widow had just lost her only child, and that the sounds proceeded from the wailings of some women over the corpse. Lord Byron was much affected; and his superstition, acted upon by a sadness that seemed to be presentiment, led him to augur some disaster.

"I shall not be happy," said he, "till I hear that my daughter is well. I have a great horror of anniversaries: people only laugh at, who have never kept a register of them. I always write to my sister on Ada's birthday. I did so last year: and, what was very remarkable, my letter reached her on my wedding-day, and her answer reached me at Ravenna on my birth-day! Several extraordinary things have happened to me on my birth-day; so they did to Napoleon; and a more wonderful circumstance still occurred to Marie Antoinette."

"I told you I was not oppressed in spirits last night without a reason. Who can help being superstitious? Scott believes in second-sight. Rousseau tried whether he was to be d—d or not, by aiming at a tree with a stone: I forget whether he hit or missed. Goethe trusted to the chance of a knife's striking the water, to determine whether he was to prosper in some undertaking. The Italians think the dropping of oil very unlucky. Pietro (Count Gamba) dropped some the same night before his exile, and that of his family, from Ravenna. Have you ever had your fortune told? Miss Williams told mine. She predicted that twenty-seven and thirty-seven were to be dangerous ages in my life.* One has come true."

"Yes," added I, "and did she not prophecy that you were to die a monk and a miser? I have been told so."

That the domestic feelings were powerful in Lord Byron's breast is undeniable, notwithstanding their having frequently yielded to the superior violence of his other passions. His love of his child, his ill-concealed anguish on account of his separation from Lady B. and even his attachment to the Countess *Guiccioli*, are proofs of this. The Note-taker of his conversation says,

Notwithstanding the tone of raillery with which he sometimes speaks in 'Don Juan' of his separation from Lady Byron, and his saying, as he did to-day, that the only thing he thanks Lady Byron for is, that he cannot marry, &c., it is evident that it is the thorn in his side—the poison in his cup of life! The veil is easily seen through. He endeavours to mask his griefs, and to fill up the void of his heart, by assuming a gaiety that does not belong to it. All the tender and endearing ties of social and domestic life rudely torn asunder, he has been wandering on from place to place without finding any to rest in. Switzerland, Venice, Ravenna, and I might even have added Tuscany, were doomed to be no asylum for him, &c.

His platonic *liaison* (if that be its adequate title) was more durable than many legitimate connexions.

Even this picture has its charm, though it certainly is not a moral one.

When I called, I found him sitting in the garden under the shade of some orange-tree with the Countess. They are now always together, and he is now become quite domestic. He calls her *Piccinina*, and bestows on her all the pretty diminutive epithets that are so sweet in Italian. His kindness and attention to the Guiccioli have been invariable. A three years' constancy proves that he is not altogether so unmanageable by a sensible woman as might be supposed. In fact no man is so easily led: but he is not to be driven.

Of the interesting female to whom the latter extract refers there are frequent notices in the volume before us. Though we will not assist in giving currency to the scandalous parts of these Conversations, we consider this subject as within the proper limits of biography.

* He was married in his twenty-seventh, and died in his thirty-seventh year.

The Countess Guiccioli is twenty-three years of age, though she appears no more than seventeen or eighteen. Unlike most of the Italian women, her complexion is delicately fair. Her eyes, large, dark, and languishing, are shaded by the longest eye-lashes in the world; and her hair, which is ungathered on her head, plays over her falling shoulders in a profusion of natural ringlets of the darkest auburn. Her figure is, perhaps, too much *embonpoint* for her height, but her bust is perfect; her features want little of possessing a Grecian regularity of outline; and she has the most beautiful mouth and teeth imaginable. It is impossible to see without admiring—to hear the Guiccioli speak without being fascinated. Her amiability and gentleness shew themselves in every intonation of her voice, which, and the music of her perfect Italian, give a peculiar charm to every thing she utters. Grace and elegance seem component parts of her nature. Notwithstanding that she adores Lord Byron, it is evident that the exile and poverty of her aged father sometimes affect her spirits, and throw a shade of melancholy on her countenance, which adds to the deep interest this lovely girl creates.

"Extraordinary pains," said Lord Byron one day, "were taken with the education of Teresa. Her conversation is lively, without being frivolous; without being learned, she has read all the best authors of her own and the French language. She often conceals what she knows, from the fear of being thought to know too much; possibly because she knows I am not fond of blues. To use an expression of Jeffrey's, 'If she has blue stocking, she contrives that her petticoat shall hide them.'"

Her lover's excuse for her morality, or rather that of her country, is perhaps, the best and only one which can be made.

"The Count Guiccioli, for instance, who is the richest man in Romagna, was sixty when he married Teresa; she sixteen. From the first they had separate apartments, and she always used to call him *Sir*. What could be expected from such a preposterous connexion? For some time she was an Angiolina, and he a Marino Faliero, a good old man; but young women, and your Italian ones too, are not satisfied with your good old men. Love is not the same dull, cold, calculating feeling here as in the North. It is the business, the serious occupation of their lives; it is a want, a necessity. Somebody properly defines a woman, 'a creature that loves.' They die of love; particularly the Romans: they begin to love earlier, and feel the passion later than the Northern people. When I was at Venice, two dowagers of sixty made love to me.—But to return to the Guiccioli. The old Count did not object to her availing herself of the privileges of her country; an *Italian* would have reconciled him to the thing: indeed for some time he winked at our intimacy, but at length made an exception against me, as a foreigner, a heretic, an Englishman, and, what was worse than all, a liberal.

"He insisted—the Guiccioli was as obstinate; her family took her part. Catholics cannot get divorces. But, to the scandal of all Romagna, the matter was at length referred to the Pope, who ordered her a separate maintenance, on condition that she should reside under her father's roof. All this was not agreeable, and at length I was forced to smuggle her out of Ravenna, having disclosed a plot laid with the sanction of the Legate for shutting her up in a convent for life, which she narrowly escaped."

Yet his opinion of women is degrading to the sex and to him; it plainly evinces that he was not capable of a lasting and sincere attachment, either to wife or mistress:

"Women were there, as they have ever been fated to be, my bane. Like Napoleon, I have always had a great contempt for women; and, formed this opinion of them not hastily, but from my own fatal experience. My writings, indeed, tend to exalt the sex; and my imagination has always delighted in giving them a *beau idéal* likeness, but I only drew them as a painter or statuary would do,—as they should be. Perhaps my prejudices, and keeping them at a distance, contributed to prevent the illusion from altogether being worn out and destroyed as to their celestial qualities.

"They are in an unnatural state of society. The Turks and Eastern people manage these matters better than we do. They lock them up, and they are much happier. Give a woman a looking-glass and a few sugar-plums, and she will be satisfied."

We have always held that Lord Byron's poetry was more the result of feeling than of imagination, and his confession in the next paragraph fully bears us out in our opinion.

"I wrote 'The Prophecy of Dante' at the suggestion of the Countess. I was at that time paying my court to the Guiccioli, and addressed the dedicatory sonnet to her. She had heard of my having written something about Tasso, and thought Dante's exile and death would furnish as fine a subject. I can never write but on the spot. Before I began 'The Lament,' I went to Ferrara, to visit the Dungeon. Hoppner was with me, and part of it, the

greater part, was composed (as 'The Prisoner of Chillon') in the prison. The place of Dante's fifteen years' exile, where he so pathetically prayed for his country, and deprecated the thought of being buried out of it; and the sight of his tomb, which I passed in my almost daily rides,—inspired me. Besides, there was somewhat of resemblance in our destinies—he had a wife, and I have the same feelings about leaving my bones in a strange land."

It is curious to observe how willing the noble author was to receive countenance for his faults from our greater poets, yet how slow to afford them his in return. The Note-taker thus relates a conversation which took place between him and his idol.

I asked Lord Byron the meaning of a passage in 'The 'Prophecy of Dante.' He laughed, and said:

"I suppose I had some meaning when I wrote it. I believe I understood it then."

"That," said I, "is what the disciples of Swedenborg say. There are many people who do not understand passages in your writings, among our own countrymen. I wonder how foreigners contrive to translate them."

"And yet," said he, "they have been translated into all the civilized, and many uncivilized tongues. Several of them have appeared in Danish, Polish, and even Russian dresses. These last, being translations of translations from the French, must be very diluted. The greatest compliment ever paid me has been shown in Germany, where a translation of the Fourth Canto of 'Childe Harold' has been the subject of a University prize. But as to obscurity, is not Milton obscure? How do you explain

——"'Smoothing
"'The raven down of darkness till it smiled!'

"Is it not a simile taken from the electricity of a cat's back? I'll leave you to be my commentator, and hope you will make better work with me than Taafe is doing with Dante, who perhaps could not himself explain half that volumes are written about, if his ghost were to rise again from the dead. I am sure I wonder he and Shakspeare have not been raised by their commentators long ago!"

The distinction between Byronian and Miltonian obscurity is this, that the former results, when not from indolence, from an illogical mind, the other, when not from pedantry, from an extravagant imagination. Byron often attempts to express ideas which are above *his* power of expression. Milton often attempts to express ideas which are above *all* power of expression.

One would have thought that he spoke in a kind of prophetic allusion to the fate of his own remains when he uttered these sentiments:

"Of all the disgraces that attach to England in the eye of foreigners, who admire Pope more than any of our poets, (though it is the fashion to under-rate him among ourselves,) the greatest perhaps is, that there should be no place assigned to him in Poet's Corner. I have often thought of erecting a monument to him at my own expence, in Westminster Abbey; and hope to do so yet. But he was a Catholic, and, what was worse, puzzled Tillotson and the Divines. That accounts for his not having any national monument. Milton, too, had very nearly been without a stone; and the mention of his name on the tomb of another was at one time considered a profanation to a church. The French, I am told, lock up Voltaire's tomb. Will there never be an end to this bigotry? Will men never learn that every great poet is necessarily a religious man?—so at least Coleridge says."

"Yes," replied Shelley, "and he might maintain the converse—that every truly religious man is a poet, meaning by poetry the power of communicating intense and impassioned impressions respecting man and Nature."

Shelley himself (if not Lord Byron) refutes Coleridge, and every pious Dr. Drowsy in the kingdom refutes Shelley.

Lord Byron's opinion of his great cotemporary and rival in public favour, Sir Walter Scott, was honourable to both. He says of him:

"He spoiled the fame of his poetry by his superior prose. He has such extent and versatility of powers in writing that, should his Novels ever tire the public, which is not likely, he will apply himself to something else, and succeed as well.

"His mottoes from old plays prove that *he*, at all events, possesses the dramatic faculty, which is denied *me*. And yet I am told that his 'Halidon Hill' did not justify expectation. I have never met with it, but have seen extracts from it."

Upon being asked if he thought the Novels owed any part of their reputation to the concealment of the author's name, he made the following reply, containing desultory remarks upon their author, and affording a good specimen of his conversational and critical powers.

"No," said he, "... I would ... not

gain or lose by it. I am at a loss to know his reason for keeping up the *incognito*,—but that the reigning family could not have been very well pleased with 'Waverley.' There is a degree of *charlatanism* in *some* authors keeping up *the Unknown*. Junius owed much of his fame to that trick; and now that it is known to be the work of Sir Philip Francis, who reads it? A political writer, and one who descends to personalities such as disgrace Junius, should be immaculate as a public, as well as a private, character; and Sir Philip Francis was neither. He had his price, and was gagged by being sent to India. He there seduced another man's wife. It would have been a new case for a Judge to sit in judgment on himself, in a *Crim-Con*. It seems that his conjugal felicity was not great, for, when his wife died, he came into the room where they were sitting up with the corpse, and said 'Solder her up, solder her up!' He saw his daughter crying, and scolded her, saying, 'An old hag—she ought to have died thirty years ago!' He married shortly after a young woman. He hated Hastings to a violent degree; all he hoped and prayed for was to outlive him.—But many of the newspapers of the day are written as well as Junius. Matthias's book, 'The Pursuits of Literature,' now almost a dead-letter, had once a great fame.

"When Walter Scott began to write poetry, which was not at a very early age, Monk Lewis corrected his verse: he understood little then of the mechanical part of the art. The Fire King in 'The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border,' was almost all Lewis's. One of the ballads in that work, and, except some of Leyden's, perhaps one of the best, was made from a story picked up in a stage-coach;—I mean that of 'Will Jones.'

'They boil'd Will Jones within the pot,
And not much fat had Will.'

"I hope Walter Scott did not write the review on 'Christabel;' for he certainly, in common with many of us, is indebted to Coleridge. But for him, perhaps, 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel' would never have been thought of. The line

'Jesu Maria shield thee well!'

is word for word from Christabel."

"Of all the writers of the day, Walter Scott is the least jealous: he is too confident of his own fame to dread the rivalry of others. He does not think of good writing, as the Tuscans do of fever,—that there is only a certain quantity of it in the world."

In speaking of Goethe's Faust and the pretensions of the author to originality, he observes that "the prologue is from Job, which is the first drama in the world, and perhaps the oldest poem. I had an idea of writing a 'Job,' but I found it too sublime. There is no poetry to be compared with it." The Book of Job can borrow no glory from Lord Byron's commendation of it, but the commendation bestows glory upon him.

He also appears to have estimated his own character not inaccurately or unfairly:

"I take little interest," replied he, "in the politics at home. I am not made for what you call a politician, and should never have adhered to any party. I should have taken no part in the petty intrigues of cabinets, or the pettier factions and contests for power among parliamentary men. Among our statesmen, Castlereagh is almost the only one whom I have attacked; the only public character whom I thoroughly detest, and against whom I will never cease to level the shafts of my political hate.

"I only addressed the House twice, and made little impression. They told me that my manner of speaking was not dignified enough for the Lords, but was more calculated for the Commons. I believe it was a Don Juan kind of speech. The two occasions were, the Catholic question, and (I think he said) some Manchester affair.

"Perhaps, if I had never travelled,—never left my own country young,—my views would have been more limited. They extend to the good of mankind in general—of the world at large. Perhaps the prostrate situation of Portugal and Spain—the tyranny of the Turks in Greece—the oppression of the Austrian Government at Venice—the mental debasement of the Papal States, (not to mention Ireland,)—tended to inspire me with a love of liberty. No Italian could have rejoiced more than I, to have seen a Constitution established on this side the Alps. I felt for Romagna as if she had been my own country, and would have risked my life and fortune for her, as I may yet for the Greeks. I am become a citizen of the world. There is no man I envy so much as Lord Cochrane. His entrance into Lima, which I see announced in to-day's paper, is one of the great events of the day. Mavrocordato, too, (whom you know so well,) is also worthy of the best times of Greece. Patriotism and virtue are not quite extinct."

In aid of our attempt to illustrate the genius and character of Lord Byron from his Conversations, we shall subjoin a passage concerning him out of another work lately published, together with a few of his letters. The passage is to be found

in Captain Stanhope's "Greece," p. 96, and is highly characteristic of the impetuous, overbearing, variable, yet noble disposition of Byron

Lord Byron conducted the business in behalf of the Captain. In the evening he conversed with me on the subject I said the affair was conducted in a bullying manner, and not according to the principles of equity and the law of nations His Lordship started into a passion He contended, that law, justice, and equity had nothing to do with politics That may be; but I will never lend myself to injustice His Lordship then began, according to custom, to attack Mr Bentham I said, that it was highly illiberal to make personal attacks on Mr. Bentham before a friend who held him in high estimation He said, that he only attacked his public principles, which were mere theories, but dangerous;—injurious to Spain, and calculated to do great mischief in Greece I did not object to his Lordship's attacking Mr B's principles, what I objected to were his personalities His Lordship never reasoned on any of Mr B's writings, but merely made sport of them. I would, therefore, ask him what it was that he objected to Lord Byron mentioned his Panopticon as visionary I said that experience in Pennsylvania, at Millbank &c had proved it otherwise I said that Bentham had a truly British heart, but that Lord Byron, after professing liberal principles from his boyhood, had, when called upon to act, proved himself a Turk.—Lord Byron asked, what proofs have you of this?—Your conduct in endeavouring to crush the press, by declaiming against it to Mavrocordato, and your general abuse of liberal principles —Lord Byron said, that if he had held up his finger he could have crushed the press —I replied, with all this power, which, by the way, you never possessed, you went to the Prince and poisoned his ear.—Lord Byron declaimed against the liberals whom he knew —But what liberals? I asked; did he borrow his notions of free-men from the Italians?—Lord Byron No; from the Hunts, Cartwrights, &c —And still, said I, you presented Cartwright's Reform Bill, and aided Hunt by praising his poetry and giving him the sale of your works —Lord Byron exclaimed, you are worse than Wilson, and should quit the army —I replied, I am a mere soldier, but never will I abandon my principles Our principles are diametrically opposite, so let us avoid the subject If Lord Byron acts up to his professions, he will be the greatest,—if not the meanest of mankind —He said he hoped his character did not depend on my assertions —No, said I, your genius has immortalized you The [illegible] could not deprive you of fame —Lord Byron. Well; you shall see judge me by my acts When he wished me good night, I took up the light to conduct him to the passage, but he said, What! hold up a light to a Turk!

The letters also display much native vigour of mind and magnanimity of temper, which a whole life of dissipation could not permanently unnerve or break down

Genoa, May 29, 1823

SIR,

At present, that I know to whom I am indebted for a very flattering mention in the "Rome Naples, and Florence in 1817, by Mons Stendhal," it is fit that I should return my thanks (however undesired or undesirable) to Mons Beyle, with whom I had the honour of being acquainted at Milan in 1816 You only did me too much honour in what you were pleased to say in that work, but it has hardly given me less pleasure than the praise itself, to become at length aware (which I have done by mere accident) that I am indebted for it to one of whose good opinion I was really ambitious So many changes have taken place since that period in the Milan circle, that I hardly dare recur to it,—some dead, some banished and some in the Austrian dungeons — Poor Pellico! I trust that, in his iron solitude his Muse is consoling him in part—one day to delight us again, when both she and her Poet are restored to freedom

Of your works I have only seen "Rome" &c., the Lives of Haydn and Mozart, and the *brochure* on Racine and Shakspeare The "Histoire de la Peinture" I have not yet the good fortune to possess

There is one part of your observations in the pamphlet which I shall venture to remark upon;—it regards Walter Scott You say that "his character is little worthy of enthusiasm, at the same time that you mention his productions in the manner they deserve I have known Walter Scott long and well, and in occasional situations which call forth the *real* character —and I can assure you that his character is worthy of admiration—that of all men he is the most *open*, the most *honourable*, the most *amiable* With his politics I have nothing to do they differ from mine, which renders it difficult for me to speak of them. But he is *perfectly sincere* in them, and Sincerity may be humble, but she cannot be servile. I pray you, therefore, to correct or soften that passage You may, perhaps, attribute this officiousness of mine to a false affectation of *candour*, as I happen to be a writer also Attribute it to what motive you please, but *believe* the *truth* I say that Walter Scott is as nearly a thorough good man as can be, because I *know* it by experience to be the case

If you do me the honour of an answer, may I request a speedy one?—because it is possible (though not yet decided) that circumstances may conduct me once more to Greece. My present address is Genoa, where an answer will reach me in a short time, or be forwarded to me wherever I may be.

I beg you to believe me, with a lively recollection of our brief acquaintance, and the hope of one day renewing it,

Your ever obliged
And obedient humble servant,
(Signed) NOEL BYRON.

Translation.

Cephalonia, 2d December, 1823.

Prince,

The present will be put into your hands by Colonel Stanhope, son of Major-General the Earl of Harrington, &c. &c. He has arrived from London for fifty days, after having visited all the Committees of Germany. He is charged by our Committee to act in concert with me for the liberation of Greece. I conceive that his name and his mission will be a sufficient recommendation, without the necessity of any other from a foreigner, although one, who, in common with all Europe, respects and admires the courage, the talents, and, above all, the probity of Prince Mavrocordato.

I am very uneasy at hearing that the dissensions of Greece still continue, and at a moment when she might triumph over every thing in general, as she has already triumphed in part. Greece is, at present, placed between three measures; either to re-conquer her liberty, or to become a dependence of the sovereigns of Europe, or to return to a Turkish province: she has the choice only of these three alternatives. Civil war is but a road which leads to the two latter. If she is desirous of the fate of Wallachia and the Crimea, she may obtain it *to-morrow;* if that of Italy, the *day after;* but if she wishes to become *truly Greece, free and independent,* she must resolve *to-day*, or she will never again have the opportunity.

I am, with due respect,
Your highness's obedient servant,
N. B.

P. S. Your highness will already have known, that I have sought to fulfil the wishes of the Greek government, as much as it lay in my power to do; but I should wish that the fleet, so long and so vainly expected, were arrived, or at least, that it were on the way, and especially that your highness should approach these parts either on board the fleet, with a public mission, or in some other manner.

From Lord Byron to Colonel Stanhope.

Scrofer, or some such name, on board a Cephaloniote Mistice, Dec. 31st, 1823.

My dear Stanhope,

We are just arrived here, that is, part of my people and I, with some things, &c. and which it may be as well not to specify in a letter, (which has a risk of being intercepted, perhaps,) but Gamba and my horses, negro, steward, and the press, and all the Committee things, also some eight thousand dollars of mine, (but never mind, we have more left:—do you understand?) are taken by the Turkish frigates, and my party and myself, in another boat, have had a narrow escape last night, (being close under her stern, and hailed, but we would not answer and bore away,) as well as this morning. Here we are, with sun and clearing weather, within a pretty little port enough; but whether our Turkish friends may not send in their boats and take us out, (for we have no arms, except two carbines and some pistols, and, I suspect, not more than four fighting people on board,) is another question, especially if we remain long here, since we are blocked out of Missolonghi by the direct entrance. You had better send my friend George Drake, and a body of Suliots, to escort us by land or by the canals, with all convenient speed. Gamba and our Bombard are taken into Patras, I suppose, and we must take a turn at the Turks to get them out: but where the devil is the fleet gone? the Greek I mean, leaving us to get in without the least intimation to take heed that the Moslems were out again. Make my respects to Mavrocordato, and say, that I am here at his disposal. I am uneasy at being here; not so much on our account as on that of a Greek boy with me, for you know what his fate would be; and I would sooner cut him in pieces and myself too, than have him taken out by those barbarians. We are all very well. Yours, &c.
N. B.

P. S. The Bombard was twelve miles out when taken, at least so it appeared to us, (if taken she actually be, for it is not certain,) and we had to escape from another vessel that stood right in between us and the port.

As might be expected, the Conversations of Lord Byron, however limited in their present scope, give the lie to many slanderous reports which have long been afloat in society; and we know no reason why Lord Byron's word should not be held as good as that of his enemies. Until we find more cause to doubt his veracity than theirs, we shall, therefore, from

henceforward persist in disbelieving every thing that he has peremptorily disavowed: that he introduced Mrs. Mardyn to his wife's dinner-table, as that he patronised the Manichæan heresy; that he told Lady Byron he married her for spite, as that he wrote the "Verses to Thyrza" on his bear.

Combining our previous knowledge of Lord Byron with the information afforded by this volume of his Conversations, we have little difficulty in coming to what we believe is a fair estimate of his character. As to *mind*, our opinion is,—that he was either the last of the first class, or the first of the second class of poets. As to *morals*, that he would have been a very bad man but for some great redeeming virtues, a very good man but for some predominant vices. That his genius was glorious to his country is beyond doubt; that it was injurious is equally certain. He who balances the profit accruing from its influence on our literature against the loss proceeding from its effect on our morals, will find it hard to determine whether Byron should have lived another age, or not have lived at all.

It remains to speak of the manner in which the Conversations of Lord Byron have been got up for publication. No terms of reprehension are strong enough to express our sense of the impropriety, the indelicacy, and the injudiciousness, of the work in its present form. The very Publisher apologizes for it. He attempts an excuse by saying that he only reprints objectionable passages which had already appeared; which is no more valid than it Clarence were to say that he was guiltless of stabbing Prince Edward because Gloucester had stabbed him before. It amounts exactly to this,—that he knew he was doing wrong, and nevertheless did it. After such an unreserved exposure of private conversation, what security has any man that he, his family, or his friends may not be dragged in the same manner before the eye of a censorious public, and the secrets of his fireside proclaimed in every quarter of the kingdom? Or must he annex a permission or injunction to the end of every sentence he utters, such as,—"that may be repeated," "that may not?" Every great man henceforward will suspect his friend for a Note-taker; confidence will be destroyed, the freedom of social converse will be annihilated. We can conceive a man's idolatry for his *Magnus Apollo* leading him to "take notes" of the God's table-talk and parlour chit-chat, however insipid it may be, though it is a species of piety for which we have no very exalted respect; but we cannot conceive how any one could publish such a compilation, without first suppressing every thing of a scandalous or disgraceful nature. If such injudicious and indecent disclosures are not prohibited by a general condemnation of the practice, that great bond of society,—mutual confidence, will be rent asunder, and suspiciousness become, instead of a mean vice, a necessary virtue.

MY HARP.

FROM HOLTY.

My friends! when I am dead and gone,
Let my harp be laid by the altar-stone;
Under the wall, with dead-wreaths hung
Of maidens who died so fair and young.

The traveller oft at eve shall stand
To gaze on that harp with the rosy band;
The rosy band o'er the small harp flung,
That flutters the golden chords among.

Those chords shall pour low melodies,
Self-utter'd, soft as the hum of bees:
The children, allured from their sports around,
Shall mark how the dead-wreaths stir at the sound.

ORIGINAL LETTER OF JAMES THOMSON.

The following very interesting letter has been recovered from oblivion, or at least from neglect, by our friend Elia, and the public will no doubt thank him for the deed. It is without date or superscription in the manuscript, which (as our contributor declares) was in so "fragmentitious" a state as to perplex his transcribing faculties in the extreme. The poet's love of nature is quite evident from one part of it; and the "poetical posture of his affairs" from another. Whether regarded as elucidating the former or the latter, it is a document not a little calculated to excite the attention of the curious as well as the critical. We could ourselves write an essay-full of conjectures from the grounds it affords both with respect to the author's poems and his pride. But we must take another opportunity, or leave it to his next biographer.

Dear Sir,

I would chide you for the slackness of your correspondence; but having blamed you wrongeously* last time, I shall say nothing till I hear from you, which I hope will be soon.

There's a little business I would communicate to you before I come to the more entertaining part of our correspondence.

I'm going (hard task) to complain, and beg your assistance. When I came up here I brought very little money along with me; expecting some more upon the selling of Widehope, which was to have been sold that day my mother was buried. Now it is unsold yet, but will be disposed of as soon as it can be conveniently done; though indeed it is perplexed with some difficulties. I was a long time living here at my own charges, and you know how expensive that is: this, together with the furnishing of myself with clothes, linen, one thing and another, to fit me for any business of this nature here, necessarily obliged me to contract some debts. Being a stranger, it is a wonder how I got my credit; but I cannot expect it will be long sustained, unless I immediately clear it. Even now, I believe it is at a crisis—my friends have no money to send me, till the land is sold; and my creditors will not wait till then. You know what the consequence would be. Now the assistance I would beg of you, and which I know, if in your power, you will not refuse me, is a letter of credit on some merchant, banker, or such like person in London, for the matter of twelve pounds; till I get money upon the selling of the land, which I am at last certain of, if you could either give it me yourself, or procure it: though you owe it not to my merit, yet you owe it to your own nature, which I know so well as to say no more upon the subject: only allow me to add, that when I first fell upon such a project, (the only thing I have for it in my present circumstances,) knowing the selfish inhumane temper of the generality of the world, you were the first person that offered to my thoughts, as one to whom I had the confidence to make such an address.

Now I imagine you are seized with a fine romantic kind of melancholy on the fading of the year—now I figure you wandering, philosophical and pensive, amidst brown withered groves; whiles the leaves rustle under your feet, the sun gives a farewell parting gleam, and the birds—

Stir the faint note, and but attempt to sing.

Then again, when the heavens wear a more gloomy aspect, the winds whistle and the waters spout, I see you in the well-known cleugh, beneath the solemn arch of tall, thick, embowering trees, listening to the amusing lull of the many steep, moss-grown cascades; while deep, divine contemplation, the genius of the place, prompts each swelling, awful thought.

* *Sic in MS.*

I am sure you would not resign your place in that scene at an easy rate:—None ever enjoyed it to the height you do, and you are worthy of it. There I walk in spirit, and dispoit in its beloved gloom. This country I am in is not very entertaining; no variety but that of woods, and them we have in abundance. But where is the living stream? the airy mountain? or the hanging rock? with twenty other things that elegantly please the lover of Nature. Nature delights me in every form. I am just now painting her in her most luxurious dress; for my own amusement, describing winter as it presents itself. After my first proposal of the subject—

I sing of winter, and his gelid reign;
Nor let a ryming insect of the spring
Deem it a barren theme, to me 'tis full
Of manly charms: to me, who court the shade,
Whom the gay seasons suit not, and who shun
The glare of summer. Welcome, kindred glooms!
Drear awful wintry horrors, welcome all! &c.

After this introduction, I say, which insists for a few lines further, I prosecute the purport of the following ones:—

Nor can I, O departing Summer! choose
But consecrate one pitying line to you:
Sing your last temper'd days and sunny balms
That cheer the spirits and serene the soul.

Then terrible floods, and high winds, that usually happen about this time of the year, and have already happened here (I wish you have not felt them too dreadfully); the first produced the enclosed lines; the last are not completed. Mr. Rickleton's poem on Winter, which I still have, first put the design into my head—in it are some masterly strokes that awakened me—being only a present amusement, it is ten to one but I drop it whenever another fancy comes across. I believe it had been much more for your entertainment, if in this letter I had cited other people instead of myself; but I must refer that till another time. If you have not seen it already, I have just now in my hands an original of Sir Alexander Brands (the crazed Scots knight of the woeful countenance), you would relish. I believe it might make Mis* John catch hold of his knees, which I take in him to be a degree of mirth, only inferior, to fall back again with an elastic spring. It is very [here a word is waggishly obliterated] printed in the Evening Post: so, perhaps you have seen these panegyrics of our declining bard; one on the Princess's birth-day; the other on his Majesty's, in [obliterated] cantos, they are written in the spirit of a complicated craziness. I was lately in London a night, and in the old playhouse saw a comedy acted, called Love makes a Man, or the Fop's Fortune, where I beheld Miller and Cibber shine to my infinite entertainment. In and about London this month of September, near a hundred people have died by accident and suicide. There was one blacksmith tired of the hammer, who hung himself, and left written behind him this concise epitaph:—

I, Joe Pope,
Lived without hope
And died by a rope.

Or else some epigrammatic Muse has belied him.

Mr. Muir has ample fund for politics in the present posture of affairs, as you will find by the public news. I should be glad to know that great minister's frame just now. Keep it to yourself—you may whisper it too in Mis John's ear. Far otherwise is his lately mysterious brother, Mr. Tait, employed. Started a superannuated fortune, and just now upon the full scent. It is comical enough to see him amongst the rubbish of his controversial divinity and politics, furbishing up his antient rusty gallantry.

Yours, sincerely, J. T.

Remember me to all friends, Mr. Rickle, Mis John, Br. John, &c.

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* *Mas?*

MEMOIRS OF ST. HENRY.*

The postman knocked. Jean, who was sedulously employed in brushing off what nap remained on my best coat, uttered the exclamation, "Diable!" and walked as deliberately as possible to open the door. He returned to me with a pacquet, and delivering it with a shrug and a grimace which said exactly this—"A letter from a madman!" (Jean's homely name for an eccentric person),—he retired to his occupation in the wardrobe. From the seal Jean had truly conjectured the author; and the seal was indeed more than enough to condemn any one who used it in the opinion of a sober-minded old domestic, such as Jean Roche; it was—a death's head. I recognized as quickly as Jean, but with a little more charity, my friend's singular emblem, and broke it accordingly. What in the name of Heaven is this?

> Amédée—Come hither and see me die. I am at length where I long have wished to be—at the door of eternity. One farewell-moment with you, and the demon who has hunted me through this world shall persecute me no longer. Come, while I have breath to say,
>
> Your friend—St. Henry.

Five minutes saw me in the diligence, and on the road towards the place where St. Henry was dying. Let me prepare the reader for his introduction (such as it may be!) to this extraordinary young man, by a short memoir of his life and character. It may perhaps serve a still more useful purpose; by studying the conduct of others we may often learn how to direct or amend our own.

Henry Anne de St. Henry† was born about eight and twenty years ago, of parents, both of them descended from noble but decayed families. This similarity was indeed that which bound them together; their families lived contiguous, and neither would permit their children (had the latter wished it) to marry beneath them; yet poverty forbade them to expect obtaining wealth and rank together. Regnault de St. Henry and Ann de Monjoy (he an only son, and she an only daughter) were thus, as it were, driven into each other's arms. Nature certainly, if left to herself, would never have brought them there. They were both young and handsome, at the time of their ill-fated marriage, but there was little further resemblance between them. A lion and a lamb were as like in outward form and inward disposition. Monsieur St. Henry was a man of profound talents rendered wholly unavailable to any useful purpose by the violence of his passions; he was formed to command others, but would not himself obey any one but his own evil Genius. He was a man honoured and hated, for the abilities of his mind and the unamiableness of his temper. Thirty-three years he lived in haughty obscurity, and was followed, I believe, by his dog, to the grave. His wife had died two years before him. Madame St. Henry was as sweet and amiable a woman as I have ever known. She bore her husband's ill-treatment as saints do their earthly injuries, and made him such a wife as all men desire, but few deserve. She had one—fault, shall I call it? No; it was a weakness: her sensibility of disposition was the grave of her happiness. In the days of her romantic maidenhood she had indulged this passion so fatal to the serenity of human life; so that when the blast of the world came she had no strength to resist it. She had formed an idea of the happiness of married life, such as all women of refined and sensible dispositions will form; and she was disappointed, as all such women assuredly will be. So highly wrought had been her feelings that she found no fortitude within herself to sustain this cruel shock. Soon after having given birth to the subject of this memoir she died, and was perhaps glad to get to her grave.

* In this little Memoir, I have chosen, for obvious reasons, to deviate somewhat from the true names of the persons mentioned in them.

† I give the real French Christian names, merely disguising the sirname, which distantly resembles the true one.

The son of these parents inherited most of their qualities. He united many of his father's faults with most of his mother's virtues. Vehement in his temper, yet benevolent in his disposition; haughty, yet elegant, in his manners; the fierceness of his father's spirit was softened in him by something of his mother's gentle nature. He resembled however M. de St. Henry chiefly in his abilities, which were powerful and penetrating; though there was still a refinement of soul and a melancholy sweetness about his calmer moments, which frequently reminded me of his better parent. In person too, though nearly filling the noblest mould of his proper sex, there was an elegance and symmetry in his figure which took something from its robustness, and he had a considerable stoop in his shoulders to which I recollect his mother was inclined. I have seen him when he might have sat for his father's picture,—the same dark and sombre expression of countenance, relieved in conversation by a frequent lightening of the eye, or a tremulous curl of the upper lip, according as his spirit flashed into eloquence, or compressed itself into repartee. Yet, in his silent moods, whilst he gazed as he was wont to do on the visions which rose before the eye of his mind, I thought I could often trace the pensive heart-broken smile of the Countess, which gentleness contending with sorrow had taught her to wear, on the features of her son.

Young St. Henry had been educated at the chateau, an old feudal castle, of which a small part was scarcely habitable, and the rest wholly in ruins. His parents both dying whilst he was yet a child, the Count de Monjoy, his mother's father, became his guardian. The Count was a man of but few feelings and no affections. Besides, he had so abstracted himself from the world in the exercise of his religious duties that the concerns of even his own immediate family had but little interest for him. He took care however to allot the most comfortable suite of rooms in the chateau for the accommodation of a priest, to whose guidance and instruction he had committed his grandson. In doing this he thought he had done all that could be expected from a man so deeply engaged as he was in preparing himself by fasts and mortifications for an interview with his Judge, when the first question would undoubtedly be,—what he had done to deserve the approbation of his Maker? So many fasts in the week, so many prayers in the day, so many vigils, so many crossings, would of course furnish a satisfactory answer. But the result of this his paternal kindness and attention to young St. Henry was, that Father Ambrose slept all day (with the exception of mealtimes, when he became wakeful and lively to a surprising degree) in an easy arm-chair by the library fire; whilst his pupil roamed at will through his patrimonial domains; neither being perhaps once conscious during the whole time that the other was in existence. I mention these particulars because, although I would not wholly excuse the after-errors of my friend's life on the score of his neglected education, I would, and I think fairly may, endeavour to extenuate them by alluding to it.

That there is much of the human disposition innate, that men are naturally proud or meek, courageous or cowardly, of a buoyant or a grave temperament, is I believe universally granted. That there is much of it factitious, or acquired by the circumstances in which we happen to be placed, is equally incontestable. Both nature and accident concurred in forming St. Henry's character; to have rendered it perfect they should have been exactly at issue. I have already mentioned the qualities of mind and disposition to which his birth made him heir; it is evident that his education and manner of early life should have been such as to modify some of these, repress others entirely, and direct them all to their proper end. Instead of this, he was left like a wild shrub to shoot up into whatever form he would. The choicest flower of the garden if neglected becomes, like a weed of the desert, rather a blemish than a beauty in the soil where it flourishes. Under the tutelage of Father Ambrose, it was no wonder if the luxuriance of St. Henry's mind branched forth into numberless irregularities. But in addition to this, there were other peculiar circumstances which conspired to foster and corroborate

his natural disposition. His childhood from its very earliest period had been spent without a companion. There was little or no notice taken of him in the Count de Monjoy's family, who were mostly grown-up persons, too much occupied with their own affairs to think of a boy. From this cause it probably was, that in my friend St. Henry's disposition there was always rather a tendency to misanthropy, which, although in a great measure corrected by the natural goodness of his heart, gave his manners frequently an abruptness, and his conversation a tone of severity, by no means calculated to win him that degree of general favour which most men desire, but which he very possibly despised. It will not appear extraordinary that, on a mind thus disposed both by nature and education, the slightest coinciding cause had a powerful effect. The "Wilderness," as his paternal estate had been called for many years, was one of the grandest scenes of nature, but one of the gloomiest. It lay amongst the Helvetian Alps, where sublimity rarely melted into beauty, and the heart almost sank under the awful pleasure with which the majesty of Nature is beheld. A foaming, impetuous, deep-channeled stream rushed down from the hills, and swept with a deafening roar through the valley which formed the chief part of St. Henry's domain. This turbulent child of the clouds kept the whole neighbourhood in a continual earthquake. I have often stood at the foot of the cataract where the descending flood tumbled from the last cliff down upon the level, and have grown almost dizzy with the motion of the banks, the dashing of the spray, and the tremendous din which was unceasingly raised by the waves. Echo was here in a state of perpetual clamour. Many a time have I endeavoured to shout above the noise of the stream, but I could scarcely hear myself whilst in its vicinity. This was St. Henry's favourite retreat. It was shut out from the view even of his own desolate mansion, and not a living creature beheld his meditations but the eagle that soared silently above him, the Alpine fox that looked out from the rocky caverns on the mountain sides, or the rooks that haunted a forest of tall larch-trees some distance from the fall. It was pleasant to stand near this wood and hear the cawing of these birds mingle with the distant roar of the torrent; but I remarked that St. Henry always drew nearer to the linn whose perpetual agitation and noise seemed to afford him a strange satisfaction. It was possibly but the yearning of a bold and magnanimous spirit for a scene of action where it could display itself. Circumstances, however, not permitting this, the eternal contemplation of such a scene fed his passions till they became nearly as ungovernable as the billows themselves, and exalted his imagination to a pitch of enthusiasm which might well be mistaken for madness. It was impossible but that the daily beholder of such a magnificent yet tempestuous object, as this Alpine fall presented, must imbibe something of its unruly spirit as well as of its grandeur. The remainder of his grounds corresponded with this. They were all rock and river, glen and precipice. They were also for the most part covered with a thick wood of enormous pines, larch, and other lofty trees; so that when a storm blew roughly over them, to a person looking down from the surrounding heights the valley had somewhat the appearance of a sea of dark-green billows raging round a few scattered islands that heaved up their rocky heads through the waste of waters. This was another point of view which St. Henry frequently chose when the day was blustry—the top of a pinnacle from which he could see the whole sheet of foliage in commotion heaving and rolling like a lake in a storm. When we walked at the bottom of the valley, the darkness occasioned by these trees being so closely matted overhead was in some places so profound that the ground could scarcely be discerned till you actually trod on it, and a stranger might possibly conjecture that he was threading some vaulted passage far below the surface of the earth. One precipitous descent seemed to lead down to the Shades themselves which poets have feigned to exist near the centre. Along the base of this declivity, and in the lowest part of the valley, the river, here only distinguishable by its noise, and con-

fined by a bank equally steep at the other side, raved like a congress of living creatures lashed and tormented into madness. A little farther on, the irregular arch of an enormous cavern was just visible, into which the waves plunged headlong, mounting one over the other, and shouldering like a pack of wolves driven by the hunters, or rather a crowd of human beings pursued by some implacable demon to the very gates of destruction. From the noise which the billows made whilst the cavern swallowed them, and which not a little resembled the barking or howling of dogs mingled with human screams, St. Henry denominated this frightful gulf—the Mouth of Hell. It well deserved the name. For my own part, I never willingly descended there; but my fears for St. Henry frequently made me accompany him whilst I remained on a casual visit at the Wilderness. He seemed to be drawn by an unaccountable species of fascination towards this place, and I have seen him even stretch over the brink of the whirlpool where it was sucked down into the cave, as if hesitating whether he should cast himself in. We are all aware of the strange feeling which impels us, when we look from an elevation into a depth below, to throw ourselves forwards; there was, however, I suspect, something more than this involuntary propensity in my friend's mind. He never visited this spot but in his gloomiest moods; and the paleness of his features and evident agitation when he returned indicated that many terrible thoughts had been passing over his mind.

This leads me to speak more particularly of his character as I saw it when he was about nineteen years of age. The misanthropical tendency to which I have alluded, added to some disappointments which I shall speak of hereafter, had early given him a disgust to the world and to life; whilst he had derived nothing from his education to counteract this unhappy disposition. The mild spirit of religion, which teaches us to bear patiently the sorrows of our present state, and infuses into our minds so much of benevolent feeling towards our fellow creatures,—which soothes the passions and tranquillizes the emotions of our bosoms, so sure to dominate if they are not subdued,—this he had never an opportunity of imbibing. His guardian and kinsman had sent him, to be sure, a girdle-full of theological erudition in the person of Father Ambrose,—what could he do more? Father Ambrose would joyfully discuss the question concerning *homoousians* and *homoiousians*, or describe with learned eloquence the miracles performed by St. Martin of Tours, had he been asked at any one hour out of the twenty-four, save and except those between noon and eleven the next morning, during which time he was much more importantly engaged in the grateful transactions of eating or sleeping. What could Father Ambrose do more?—Even the imperfect philosophy of the schools St. Henry had never studied. His reading, which from the insatiable appetite of his mind for action was considerable, lay chiefly amongst those works most congenial to a youthful and enthusiastic fancy. The wild fictions of romance, traditionary tales, fabulous travels, and extravagant productions of all kinds, with a most undue proportion of poetry,—these were the only furniture of his mind. Temperaments the most sober would have been gradually inebriated by this kind of reading; but in such a temperament as St. Henry's, in itself naturally fervid, restless, and prone to extravagance, insanity itself was the mildest result to be expected from such a course of study. He must have possessed, along with his ardent imagination, a large stock of sound reason to have withstood such an accumulation of untoward circumstances,—any one of which was almost enough to have overwhelmed the understanding of an ordinary person. I am only surprised that fatuity itself did not supervene,—something beyond mere frenzy. Yet it was only such ignorant and superficial observers as Jean Roche, who would ever confound his impetuous and in some respects eccentric character with madness. It is not easy to define exactly the boundary that separates sanity from insanity; in my opinion, he was no more mad than a citizen who takes it into his head to wear shoe-buckles or a pig-tail after the fashion has gone by a century. The most that is ever said of the latter is, that

he acts somewhat differently from his neighbours, that he is an eccentric or an oddity, and this is all that I think should in justice be said of my friend St. Henry. His singularities took a somewhat nobler turn, but they were in no wise more irrational

I alluded to certain disappointments which he met with in early life He had formed by accident a very close intimacy, when about seventeen years of age with the son of a neighbouring gentleman This intimacy took its rise from the following circumstances In one of his solitary rambles having ascended the hills which enclosed his estate, he was suddenly roused from meditation by the cries of some one in distress Looking downwards he perceived a young man in a hunting dress sitting on the ledge of a steep cliff midway between its base and summit, from which perilous situation he appeared unable to extricate himself St Henry immediately descended to his relief and being better accustomed to these places, or possessing more strength and courage, finally helped him to reach the top of the cliff from which it appeared he had fallen The young gentleman was very grateful, and, being of a prepossessing demeanour and withal of an intelligent mind, he and St Henry became from that day inseparable companions. A year or two after this my friend formed another and a tenderer connexion There was a young lady on a visit with the Count de Monjoy's family, whom in one of his chance and rare meetings with his relations he had seen This lady, from all I have been able to collect regarding her, was as beautiful and amiable as the best women are,—but no more, she was not absolutely perfect She repaid St Henry's admiration with her love, and in a short time had gained such an ascendancy over him that he totally sacrificed his beloved solitude for her society. Young Servigne (St Henry's friend) saw this mutual attachment with pain, for he himself had been enslaved by the young lady's attractions He wrote her an anonymous letter, accusing his friend and preserver of faithlessness to his mistress, being (as he asserted) engaged in the prosecution of another suit with his own (Servigne's) sister. This information was too credulously admitted by the lady, she received her lover at their next meeting with coldness and reserve instead of her usual smiles and affectionate confidence With all the pride and impetuosity of his character he instantly demanded an explanation, it was given him By the testimony of Mademoiselle Servigne, and by that of her perfidious brother whom he compelled to own the fraud, he cleared himself to the entire satisfaction of his mistress,—but he never would see her again He had the pleasure of hearing her with tears and sighs express her regret for her innocent error, and with smiles of joy court him once more to her side, but he received her concession in haughty silence and rejected her advances with indignant coldness — he never would see her again She had once doubted his honour and nothing on earth could persuade him to renew his addresses to one who had even for a moment suspected his truth, though she suspected it no longer This was a singularity in my friend's temper he could not bear even an imputation from her whom he had so tenderly loved and so wholly trusted That which to another would have been the signal of reconciliation was to him the signal for an eternal farewell I do not attempt to defend this part of my friend's conduct it was unreconcileable and unjustifiable But his high notions of honour, and his opinion often expressed to me that they who truly loved *could not* doubt their lovers were the source of his present conduct and most of his future misery He retired into his wilderness deeply impressed with the falsehood of man and the frivolity of woman he became now a confirmed misanthrope

About a year after this happened, in travelling through the south of France I saw the lady who had once been loved by St. Henry There were no traces of beauty in her countenance, she was a mere shadow, her complexion ghastly, her cheeks sunken, her lips withered, and her eyes fixed and lustreless; she was evidently within a short stage of the grave I had become intimate with St. Henry a few weeks before their separation, and as I now passed the chair in which she sat gazing va-

cantly at the crowd, she uttered a faint scream, and methought I saw the chill shudder of death convulse her frame as she was borne in by her attendants.

On my next visit to the Wilderness, whither indeed I was led rather by my friendship for St. Henry, than by his express invitation, he welcomed me with the true sneer of a cynic, muttering something about "another Servigné." I turned on my heel, and was making my way from his presence as fast as possible, when he clutched me by the hand and drew me forcibly back. I looked at him stedfastly. His countenance put me in mind of a dark cloud from which the sun was endeavouring to burst in all his brightness. He was labouring to repress the natural kindness and warmth of his feelings, and to preserve the same morose, bitterly sarcastic expression with which he had received me. But it would not do: his mother triumphed in his heart, and throwing himself upon my neck, he burst into a flood of tears. I saw, however, during my stay with him, that his dislike of the world had settled into a feeling little less intense than positive hatred. That is, hatred in the abstract; he would not have practically injured a human being. Nay, he would have sacrificed his own interests to advance those of another; of this I am certain. But his feelings of love and friendship were seared; he told me himself that he had "shut up his heart," and would never trust his affections with another. He could not, however, wholly expel nature: I was about to join my regiment which was on its route to Spain, and he expressed his determination to solicit a commission in the same corps. Perhaps, indeed, his anxiety for death, which was now apparent both in his conduct and conversation, may have been the sole motive; I flattered myself, however, that there was still *one* whose society he esteemed. A commission was shortly obtained, and we set out together for Bayonne where our regiment then lay. As soon as we had entered upon actual service, St. Henry's object became manifest. He sought every opportunity of dying, and his reckless behaviour in the field, which was not so much the effect of courage as of despair, would soon have found its wished-for termination, when a peace was concluded and the armies were recalled. He accompanied me to a little cottage which I possessed near Lyons (it was on the road to the Wilderness), and in a fever of disappointment, misanthrophy, and despair, betrayed symptoms of derangement by no means equivocal in the opinion of Jean Roche and the neighbours. I, who knew the secret strength of his mind, had no fears upon the subject, though many of his acts were not a little alarming. He never went to bed at night, and was heard raving very incoherently at the dead hours when others are generally at rest. Thunder storms were at that season frequent and fatal in our neighbourhood. Whilst the whole heavens were in a sheet of flame, and the oaks shattered and blackened from top to trunk by the lightning, he would walk deliberately to the ridge of a bare hill which lay behind the cottage, and, taking off his hat, opening his breast, and choosing the most exposed situation, would stand there for hours tempting destruction, and presenting himself to every thunderbolt. I remonstrated with him frequently; but he always replied that "death was inevitable, and might as well come now as henceforward; that he should like to die suddenly and violently in a convulsion of nature; and that he knew of no death so enviable as that by a thunderbolt, which blasted at once—none so noble, for it was death by the direct hand of God." This last expression of his gave me a clue to the remedy for his disease: I asked him if he thought that God, though he did blast him with a thunderbolt, would judge him less guilty of his own death on that account; I asked him what distinction there was between putting a pistol to his own head and putting his head to a pistol fired by another person; and whether it was not as punishable suicide to court death in a thunder storm as to stretch himself at full length on the shore of a flowing sea till the waters covered him: the only difference was, that in the first case death might probably come, and that in the last it certainly would; but the *will* to destroy himself was the same in both. This rebuke had its proper effect: though

St. Henry had never been duly educated in the lessons of religion, he had too much natural reverence for the divinity to commit deliberately an act so obviously unpleasing to him. About three weeks after, St. Henry left my cottage for his estate amongst the Alps, and the letter which introduced this brief memoir was the first I had received from him since his departure,—and the last. I will now proceed to relate the manner of his death, which contains a few other remarkable instances of the spirit which agitated, I cannot say governed, this singular young man, even to the very latest moments of his existence.

When I arrived at the Wilderness, I expected in accordance with his letter to find him in his chamber, stretched upon his bed, and his domestics anxiously attending him. No—St. Henry was at the "Linn;" thus were his servants accustomed to denominate his favourite retreat, which I have described above. So! thought I, he cannot be so near the "door of eternity" as his letter declares; there are some hopes of a man who can ramble forth to look at whirlpools and waterfalls: 'tis only his despondent nature which thus anticipates the presence of Death, who may be fifty years' march from his bed-side.—I walked forward to the linn. Upon reaching it I could see no one. I mounted a rock which overhung the pool, in a recess of which I knew St. Henry was accustomed to recline whilst he witnessed the tumult and listened to the deafening roar of the torrent beneath him. I looked in upon the recess; a figure lay there in a posture of meditation, but it was certainly not St. Henry. St. Henry was a man as I have said of a noble and manly form; this was a shrivelled lean anatomy; he could never have shrunk to this. I entered the recess; the figure did not move, but kept gazing steadfastly at the billows. This could not possibly be St. Henry; the complexion was that of a corpse in the first state of decomposition, whilst my friend though not high-coloured was rather fair. The eyes, which were turned half towards me, were not dark and full of meaning like his, but leaden-coloured, vacant and inexpressive. The head rested on the hand, and the upper part of the body on the elbow; the legs were crossed at the ancles. I approached nearer; still the figure did not change its posture. I spoke; no answer. Who was this intruder? and wherefore did he not notice me?—Yet as I took a closer view of the features, there certainly was in them some deadly resemblance of St. Henry. My heart beat audibly. God of heaven! can this be he?—St. Henry! (said I), in a scream which agitation forced from me. It was shrill enough to pierce the monotonous roar of the linn,—but he heard me not. I put my hand on his shoulder and shook him gently; the head dropped on the chest, the arm became straight, and the body which had been supported by the rock fell on my feet.

In this place and in this manner died St. Henry. It appeared that he had gone out early in the morning, leaving strict injunctions with his servants that no one but me, if I should happen to arrive, should be suffered to disturb him in his retreat. He had often done so before, and their ignorance did not apprehend so sudden a catastrophe as followed. The body was now removed to his chamber, and laid out for interment. I sat up with it that night, talking to Peter (the old butler) of his late master. In a low tone of voice, which a natural though perhaps futile reverence for the senseless effigy before him inspired, he gave me an account of St. Henry's gradual decay. Since his last return to the Wilderness he was observed to indulge still more frequently in his former eccentric habits. He also remained out for whole nights together; and was often discovered sitting in some nook of the valley drenched with rain, but immersed in such profound abstraction as to be wholly unconscious of his situation. He would see no one, and scarcely speak to his servants though he knew they loved him. His most usual position was to stand with his arms crossed and his eyes bent upon the ground, in the attitude of deep meditation. His features were then observed to be in continual change and fluctuation, indicating a mind disturbed, if not deranged, to a high degree. Indeed, this was sufficiently manifest from the appearance of the bust which lay on the couch

before me The nobility of the features remained, the high and commanding forehead the aquiline nose, and the lips firmly compressed together But every muscle was drawn as tight as the string of a bent bow, the nerves could be seen plainly through the skin, and so little flesh remained that the head could hardly be called more than a mere scull The body itself was, but for the thin pellicle which covered it a perfect anatomy Yet it appears that he had no determinate sickness, no physical disease which could have reduced him to this The mere working of his passions had wasted his frame to a skeleton His mind had literally *worn out* his body

Upon his death being made known, Father Ambrose cheerfully consented to attend the remains of his pupil to the family burial-place at the neighbouring abbey, and to perform the usual service over them Upon opening my late friend's bureau however I found a letter addressed to myself which saved the good Father that exertion of his philanthropy It is a singular document and illustrates St Henry's peculiar turn of mind better than any word I could use It follows

"Are you prepared to do what he whom you have called your friend requires at your hands in dying? If not, destroy this paper before you read more,— and let the monks have my corse to do with it what they will If you are prepared do as I bid you thus Near the brow of the cataract there is a spot of ground, bare and without trees, save that thunder-riven trunk which stands upon the bank of the stream At the foot of this victim (like me) of heaven I will that you bury my body let it lie as close to the roar of the torrent as it may. No one but my servants and yourself shall attend it to the grave, if you do as I wish you Let there be no marble to oppress my earth as it lies, but a mound of turf. Let there be a low headstone with these words engraven upon it, and nothing more (*Here follows the epitaph*) Do this and fare you well, do otherwise and fare as you may"

I regret much that I did not see my friend before his death, as I might have reasoned him out of this strange determination The monks (thought I) will never consent to it But St Henry had unfortunately died without consulting them, and though they could not decently refuse the Count de Monjoy permission to bury his kinsman in their consecrated ground (the Count was laudably anxious about this material point), they were glad of the excuse which this document gave them to withdraw their assent St Henry was accordingly buried where, and in the manner which, he desired If it were of any importance this was a wretched place for the relics even of a beggar to be in it was the wildest spot of the whole Wilderness However I did as he had required of me Upon the headstone these words were inscribed, and may still be discovered through the green moss which now has covered it

Mortal, pass on! leave me my desolate home
I care not for thy sigh —I scorn thy tear!
And this small spot let no intruder scan —
The winds and rains of heaven alone shall mourn me here!

I have nothing of moment to add to these Memoirs Let the reader apply their moral to himself, if it be applicable Misanthropy is a prevailing sin of the age, and I would endeavour to correct it He who indulges this fatal error of the will is sure to die as miserably as he lives — that is, *as miserably as he can*

NUGÆ PHILOSOPHICÆ

No. II

ON REVERIE

Much has been said and written on the influence of particular habits in moulding the human character, to each of which a greater degree of importance than might be perhaps strictly allowable is attached by those who severally treat of them There is a mental habit, however, whose influence on the character seems to have been so much under-

valued, as to have caused it to be almost entirely left out of account, when estimating the relative force of customs in giving the tone to our dispositions. The habit we allude to is that known by the name of reverie, or that indolent exercise of the imagination, much easier conceived than defined, to which the poetically fanciful are most addicted. But it is not confined to them; if it were, the subsequent remarks would be unnecessary: for reverie is the living fountain of poetry; and to it we are indebted for those beautiful and ethereal creations of imagination which delight and enchant the world.

The following remarks are not intended for this high character of thought; but for that "sauntering humour" which the young and solitary student is most liable to indulge, and which, when favoured by an union with a particular sensibility of temperament, is the source of much of the unhappiness and unprofitableness of mature life.

It would occupy much more space than could be well spared to this article, to trace this species of reverie in its origin, and in its progress to a fixed mental habit, so we will merely remark, before describing some of its effects, the ordinary phenomena of reverie in those who, without judgment to save them from its injurious consequences, have not sufficient vigour of imagination to constitute them poets. Its characteristical features, then are first, that in it the mind is so absorbed by its own internal feeling, as to be insensible (in a degree) to the ordinary appulses of external bodies: secondly, the attention, instead of being steadily anchored by the will, floats passively down the stream of internal feeling, without helm or compass: thirdly, the thoughts and emotions which constitute the reverie, are tinged by a hue of futurity to which it would appear they owe their vividness and pleasure; for by a provision of nature, the wisdom and beneficence of which it is unnecessary to dwell upon, all our prospective emotions are so brightened to our conception by hope's unclouded sunshine, as to give to any of our other thoughts and feelings with which they may commingle or coexist an interest and fascination which it would be otherwise difficult to account for.

The thoughts of reverie, it is evident from these its most striking features, differ but slightly from the dreams of sleep; and accordingly they have been expressively named waking or day-dreams in contradistinction to those of night. Their chief difference is, that in sleep the delusion is greater, because, from the more perfect torpor of external sense, there is the less liability of the perception of external objects giving the lie to the impostures of fancy; on account of the more complete repose of the active faculties (the will and judgment) the attention is more wayward, and the connection between the thoughts more shadowy and evanescent; and lastly, the feeling of prospectiveness does not form so usual or essential a constituent of the dreams of sleep as of the visions of reverie. This diffusion of futurity is very evident in the day-dreams of boyhood. In these delightful moments, in which the mind, escaping from the trammels of will and judgment, riots amid scenes of its own creation, the reverist is transported by his imagination to a world which he believed to exist beyond the bounds of his actual knowledge, and there, anticipating those joys and pleasures that hope and fancy have sketched out for him, - performs a part in stations for which he believes he is in time destined. By being accustomed thus to dwell in a future world of his own, the boy by degrees becomes indifferent and insensible to the actual world around him; and his attention, from its being constantly fixed on a particular train of ideas, which occupy his mind to the exclusion of other intellectual gratifications, is with the greatest difficulty attracted to the ordinary and necessary duties of social existence.

A remarkable instance of this unhappy effect of a habit of reverie is told us by Dr. Crichton, in his work on Mental Diseases. He alludes to a young gentleman of large fortune, who, until the age of 21, had enjoyed a tolerably good state of health. He was of a calm and gentle, but rather unsocial disposition - he seemed lost to every thing around him, and would willingly sit nearly a whole day without moving; yet without this he was not like a melancholy patient; for if his countenance were attentively watched, it was easy to discover that

a multiplicity of thoughts were constantly succeeding each other, many of which were gay and cheerful.

He would laugh heartily at times; but his laughter was not of that unmeaning kind we often see in idiotism, but such as any one might indulge who had ludicrous thoughts, and was not under the restraint of society. In a moment after the whole expression of his countenance changed, and he would sink into a deep reverie. In the course of his disorder he became so remarkably inattentive, that even when pressed by some want which he wished to express, he would, after he had gotten half way through the sentence, suddenly stop, as if he had forgotten what to say. When his *attention was roused,* and he was engaged to speak, he always expressed himself in good language, and with *great propriety;* and if a question were proposed to him which required the exercise of judgment, and he could be made to attend to it, he *judged correctly.*

In the latter part of his illness, a total disregard that he had for those whom he formerly loved amounted to a disgust which he expressed rudely, and which could not be conciliated by kindness. When he was placed in such situations as required the exercise of judgment in order to preserve him from danger, he exerted himself until he became familiarized with it, and then grew gradually less attentive. Dr. Crichton prevailed on him to drive a curricle, and accompanied him to watch his mind. For a few days he was all attention, but the irksomeness of the exertion made him soon tire. He drove steadily, and when about to pass a carriage, took pains to avoid it; but when at last he became familiar with this exercise, he would often relapse into thought, and allow the reins to hang loose in his hands. His ideas were for ever varying: when any one crossed his mind that excited anger, the horses suffered for it: but the spirit exhibited at such unusual and unkind treatment, made him soon desist, and re-excited his attention to his own personal safety; as soon as the animals were quieted he would relapse into thought: if his ideas were melancholy the horses were allowed to walk slowly, if gay and cheerful, they were gently encouraged to go fast. This young man had an early developed disposition to solitary reverie, the evil consequences of which might have been prevented by a more judicious method of education than that adopted towards him, but he was unfortunate enough to have for his tutor a man of unpleasant and austere manners, —a man, says Crichton, whose character was more suited for the severities of a monkish life, than the companion of a man of fortune. It must be evident that a man of this disposition would be the last to wean a youth from so fascinating a habit as that of reverie: on the contrary, as was unfortunately the case with this young man, he could serve no purpose but that of strengthening and confirming it. This extreme effect of reverie did not arise from a connate defect of judgment; for his answers to questions that required the exercise of judgment were remarkable for their accuracy and their propriety of expression. The difficulty of fixing the wandering attention on any particular object is the most striking feature in this case, arising, no doubt, from the unmathematical course of his education, and the unpalatableness of the intellectual food placed before him—transforming the custom of his will throwing the reins on the neck of fancy into a necessary and unavoidable habit. This shows the importance of an early wholesome discipline of the mental powers, as the only means of strengthening the reasoning faculties, which are thereby enabled to supply the fancy with ballast on her occasional excursions to Utopia. If this young man's intellectual culture had been conducted more judiciously, and his studies thereby rendered alluring and desirable, instead of being insipid and repugnant, his attention thus attracted to suitable objects would have grown into an opposite habit, and prevented the sequel which a different course produced.

There is another remarkable case told us in the Zoonomia, which was successfully treated by the author of that work, who says, that they in whom the temperament of sensibility predominates have the greatest tendency to reverie. The patient was a young lady of seventeen, with light eyes and hair, who (after some nervous attack) fell into a reverie for

about an hour every day for six weeks. She conversed aloud with imaginary persons, with her eyes open, and could not for an hour be brought to attend to the stimulus of external objects by any kind of violence which it was proper to use. These conversations were quite consistent, and she imagined her companions to answer. Sometimes she was angry, at other times shewed much wit and vivacity, but was most frequently inclined to melancholy. In these reveries she sometimes sang over some music with accuracy, and repeated whole passages of the English poets. In repeating some lines from Mr. Pope's works, she forgot some word, and began again, endeavouring to recollect it; when she came to the forgotten word, it was shouted aloud in her ear, and this repeatedly to no purpose; but by many trials she at length regained it herself. After three weeks, the reveries became less complete, so that she could walk about without striking the furniture. She drank tea, when the apparatus *attracted her attention.* She once seemed to smell a tuberose (belonging to her sister), which was in flower in her chamber, and deliberated aloud about breaking it from the stem, saying "it would make her sister charmingly angry." At another time, in her melancholy moments, she heard the sound of a passing-bell, and then taking off one of her shoes, said, "I love the colour black—a little wider, and a little longer, even this might make me a coffin." Great light thrown upon her rendered her ideas *less* melancholy. Her pulse was unaffected. She never could recollect a single idea of what had passed in the reverie.

This is an exceedingly interesting case, and, by its successful method of treatment, encourages us with the hope of cure, even when the habit of reverie presents the aspect of a formidable malady.

It shews us, in the first place, how apt all aberrations from the mental, as well as corporeal, standards of health are to assume a certain periodical character, which indeed serves as a guide in our endeavours to reclaim the subjects of these aberrations. Accordingly, Dr. Darwin's first efforts were directed to break the periodical chain of ideas, and by that means to give the malady a new type. In the next place, it shows us that, let the mind be never so much absorbed by its own internal feelings, we have still some command over the train of ideas with which the attention is occupied. This was seen in the turn which the sight of the tuberose gave to the ideas of the young lady, and in the remarkable effect of the sunshine in giving a cheerful hue to the visions of the reverie; but more evidently in the singular but melancholy expressions, which the sound of the passing bell and the sight of her shoe gave birth to. "I love the colour black—a little wider, and a little longer, even this might make me a coffin." And lastly, it shows us that, when we have succeeded in attracting and then fixing the attention to other objects, the cure is accomplished; as was exemplified in the recovery of this young lady in about six weeks, through the philosophical treatment of her physician. It would be easy to quote cases that painfully illustrate the pernicious consequences of a too freely indulged habit of reverie; but these will suffice to impress upon us the necessity of rendering the studies of youth alluring to the mind, and thereby placing the attention within the control of the will. By neglecting to do this, the spring of life becomes cheerless and unhappy, and, what is of more consequence, the three after seasons are confounded into one black mass of sorrow and despondency. There is a passage in Mr. Locke's work on Education which we cannot forbear quoting, as it bears on the subject under consideration, and points out the necessity of address in ascertaining the most suitable object for fixing the attention.

"Upon the first suspicion a father has that his son is of a sauntering temper, he must carefully observe him whether he be *listless* and indifferent in all his actions; or whether in some things alone he be slow or sluggish, and in others vigorous and eager. For though he finds that he does loiter at his book, and let a good deal of the time he spends in his chamber-study run idly away, he must not presently conclude that this is from a sauntering humour in his temper. It may be childishness

and a preferring something to his study which his thoughts run on: and he dislikes his book, as is natural, because it is forced upon him as a task. To know this perfectly, you must watch him at play, when he is out of his place and time of study, following his own inclinations; and see there, whether he be stirring and active; whether he designs any thing, and with labour and eagerness pursues it, till he has accomplished what he aimed at; or whether he *lazily* and *listlessly dreams away his time*. If then his sloth be only when he is about his book, I think it may be easily cured. If it be in his temper, it will require a little more pains and attentions to remedy it."

There is a prejudice abroad—insisted on principally by the man-milliners of literature, against restraining the fancy in youth; as if indeed there were any hope of diminishing the number of candidates for poetic fame. But "poeta nascitur, non fit" holds good in more senses than one: if nature has endowed the youth with sufficient intellect to convert the sprouts of fancy into vigorous plants of the imagination, the weight of more solid acquirements serves but to condense the elastic "poeticity" of feeling until, time or accident having given it vent, it rushes forth with an expansive energy which it never probably could otherwise have acquired. We might adduce numberless instances of the truth of this, one of the most recent is that of Alfieri, whose father endeavoured with might and main for twenty years to eradicate the poetic disposition of his son; with what success, his energetic tragedies testify.

To conclude—fixing the attention in youth is laying the surest foundation of that superstructure on which the intellectual and moral happiness of the individual depend. It is the first step towards the developement and perfecting of the reflecting faculties; and he, in whom the reflecting faculties lie torpid and useless, may have that power which wealth and fortune involve, but can never aspire to that empire over the minds of men, which constitutes the true aristocracy and dignity of human nature. To achieve any noble enterprise of intellect, it is first necessary to "gird up the loins of the mind;" and that can be only done by him who has the imaginative faculties under that guidance of the will which is incompatible with a fixed habit of "sauntering" reverie.

"A man's nature," says Lord Bacon, "runs either to herbs or weeds, therefore let him seasonably water the one and destroy the other:" a maxim as instinct with the spirit of poetry as of wisdom. Σ

EXCERPTA ANTIQUARIA; OR, MISCELLANEOUS ANTIQUITIES.

MONASTERY OF ST. ALBAN'S.

The following curious description of the manners and customs, as well as of a deception practised in order to amuse the vulgar, at one of our most celebrated English monasteries, is taken from the manuscript collections of a well-known antiquary and collector, preserved in the Bodleian Library. It is in the handwriting of Dr. Richard Rawlinson, brother to Thomas Rawlinson (the Tom Folio of the Tatler) of book-collecting notoriety, and himself a very singular person. He first bequeathed his property to the Royal and Antiquarian Societies, and then in a codicil cut them both off without a shilling, for some trifling misunderstanding with one of their officers: in order to be completely revenged, he directed that no person, whom in any way he benefited by his endowments or bequests, should, so long as he partook of his bounty, become a member of either of those learned bodies; and having quarrelled with some unfortunate native of Scotland, the Doctor moreover decreed that the same ineligibility should attach to every Scotchman or son of a Scotchman, and to all persons born in any of our plantations abroad. With all these infirmities of temper and peculiarities of disposition, the friends of literature are under considerable obligations to Dr. Rawlinson. He founded a lecture for the promotion and encouragement of Anglo-Saxon literature in the university of Oxford, left the principal part of his proper-

ty to augment the fellowships and scholarships of the college in which he had himself received his education, and bequeathed to the public library a collection of printed books and of manuscripts, embracing almost all subjects, and in almost all languages, but peculiarly abounding in treasures pertaining to the history and antiquities of his own country, as well as in miscellaneous English literature. It is from a loose paper, written by Dr. Rawlinson, and inserted in one of these manuscripts, that we have taken the following:

Mr. Robert Shrimpton, grandfather by the mother's side to Mistress Simpson of St. Albans, was four times mayor of St. Albans: he dyed about sixty years since, being then about 103 years of age.

He lived when the abby of St. Albans flourished, before the dissolution, and remembered most things relating to the buildings of the abby, the regiment of the house, the ceremonies in the church, the grand processions, which he would often discourse of in his life-time. Among others: that in the great hall there was an ascent of fifteen steps to the abbot's table, to which the monks brought up the service in plate, and staying at every five steps, at a landing place, they sung a short hymne. The abbot usually sat alone in the middle of the table, and when any noblemen, ambassadours, or strangers of eminent quality came thither, they sat at the end of his table. After the monks had waited some time on the abbot, they sat down at two other tables placed on each side of the hall, and had their service brought up by the novices, who when the monks had dined sat down to their own dinner.

This Mr. Shrimpton remembered that when the news of Queen Marie's death arrived at St. Albans, the then abbot, for grief, took his chamber and dyed within a fortnight. He also remembered the image, erected near 'St. Albans' shrine, when one being placed to govern the wyres, the eyes would move, and head nodd, according as he liked or disliked the offering; and that, being young, he had many times crept into the hollow of it.

In the grand processions through the town, when the image of St. Alban was carried, it was usually born by twelve monks, and after it had been sett down a while at the markett cross, and the monks assaying to take it up again, they pretended they could not stir it, the abbot coming and laying his crossier upon the image, and using these words, "Arise, arise, St. Alban! arise, and get thee home to thy sanctuary!" it forthwith yielded to be borne by the monks. In the abby was a large room with bedds on each side for the receipt of strangers and pilgrims, where they had lodging and diett for three days, without question made, whence they came, or whither they went? but after that time they staid not without rendring an account of both."

PRINCE CHARLES'S JOURNEY INTO SPAIN.

There is no English historian who does not make especial mention of the Spanish match, and of the expedition of King Charles the First (then Prince of Wales) into Spain. It is not however generally known that, in order to quiet the alarms of the people, and probably to mitigate the public displeasure so likely to manifest itself, when the extraordinary situation, if not the imminent danger, to which the heir-apparent of the English throne was exposed should become generally understood, a very particular account of the reception given to the Prince on his arrival at Madrid was printed in England during his residence in the Spanish capital. It is a tract of great rarity; and as it betrays evident signs of having issued from head quarters, and besides throws no small light on the manners of the two courts at that period, we shall give some account of it in our present article.

The pamphlet is entitled *A true Relation and Journall of the Manner of the Arrivall and magnificent Entertainment, given to the high and mighty Prince Charles, Prince of Great Britaine, by the King of Spaine in his Court at Madrid. Published by Authority. London, Printed by John Haviland for William Barret.* 1623.

From this it appears that the Prince arrived at Madrid on Friday March the 7th, at eight in the evening, attended only by the Marquis of Buckingham, and the postilion with whom they had ridden post the three preceding days. They immediately went to the house of the Earl of Bristol, then ambassador at the Court, hoping that their names and rank might remain concealed. It soon however got whispered abroad that the Marquis was arrived, but the very next morning the Conde de Gondomar was privately informed of the real character of both these illustrious visitors, and instantly repaired to

Lord Bristol's house, where he remained an hour in discourse with the Prince of Wales. In this conference it was agreed, that the King should be informed of the Marquis's presence, but the Prince's name was to be altogether concealed. The Conde de Gondomar engaged to effect this, and immediately carried the news of the Marquis's arrival to the Conde d'Olivares, the King's favourite, "who (says the writer of this authorised narrative) for his noble conditions and choice parts doth well deserue the large portion which the King his master affordeth him of his estimation and affection." After informing the King, Olivares sent to request permission to wait upon the Marquis, an honour which was declined, in order the more surely to conceal the Prince; but an appointment was made for the two nobles to meet that afternoon in the park, which they did, when the Marquis and his attendants, the Conde de Gondomar, the Earl of Bristol, and Sir Walter Aston, were led through a private way into the royal presence: here the letters from King James the First were delivered, and then it was that, in the course of conversation, the great secret of the Prince's arrival was disclosed, "wherewith the King was extremely taken, and much transported with joy."

Although the time in which the Prince came, it being Lent, was one observed with peculiar strictness by the Spanish court and nation, the King resolved "to lay aside the consideration of the time," in order that he might pay more attention to his illustrious guest. The reason does not seem very apparent, but the first meeting between the King and Prince was appointed to take place on the *Prado*, and as if the parties were unknown to each other. To effect this, the Prince was driven thither in the Duke of Cea's coach, which passed and repassed that of the King several times, and although they had mutually agreed not to take any notice of each other, they were "not able to abstaine from saluting mutually, with the hat, as they passed by."

After this, a more direct interview was sought on the part of the King, who would have visited the Prince at his own apartments, had not the Prince strongly remonstrated against it, and proposed to pay that respect to his Majesty by waiting upon him at the palace. The King, however, on the other hand, would by no means allow this, alleging that the Prince had no sufficient equipage; and after much debate, the *Prado* was again fixed on as the place of introduction, and the time appointed was the evening, when it might be dark. The King was at the appointed spot first, and sent to the Prince to inform him of it, who immediately hastened thither, attended by the Conde de Gondomar, the Earl of Bristol, Sir Walter Aston, and Sir Francis Cottington, the Prince's Secretary.

"When they were upon the point of meeting, they all alighted out of their coaches, and the King embraced the Prince, and made incomparable professions of his love and affection, and of the streight obligation which the King our Soueraigne and his Highnesse had cast upon him, by that maine act of confidence and fauour."

The King then invited the Prince into his own coach, where they continued for some time in conversation, the Earl of Bristol interpreting between them.

On the tenth of March the Prince expressing a desire to see the King a second time, was conducted through a back way by the Conde d'Olivares, towards the palace. They were met by the King, who handed the Prince into his coach, and they were then driven towards the *Casa del Campo*, which is a house of pleasure belonging to the crown, near Madrid, where, after they had spent about an hour, his Majesty brought his illustrious guest nearly to the Earl of Bristol's house; nor would he suffer the Prince to pay the same compliment in return, which he was desirous of doing, by attending on the King to his own palace.

The eleventh and twelfth the prince spent in "recreating himselfe abroad in the fields, the Earl of Bristol waiting on him with his hawkes."

On the thirteenth the Prince repaired a second time to the *Casa del Campo*, where the King with the infantos Don Carlos and Don Fernando were ready to receive him. After

the usual salutations and very affectionate embracing between the parties, they were amused by a shooting exhibition, which over, the King attended the Prince homewards as before.

On the fourteenth, the King pardoned all criminals throughout the kingdom, "reserving only the rights and interests of third persons, as in the case of debts, and appeales for murder and the like;" and liberated all the English condemned to the gallies for life, on account of piracy or other crimes.

On the fifteenth, which was Saturday, the King sent two horses to the Prince, desiring he would make choice of one to use the next day (that being the day appointed for the public entry), adding, that the one rejected would be used by the King himself. "Whereupon his Highnesse passed out into a garden, not farre from the Earle of Bristol's house, where, like himselfe, hee tooke paine and pleasure to try them both; to the end that if there were a difference, hee might take the lesse excellent to himselfe, and returne the other to the King."

On the sixteenth, the Prince made his public entry in the most magnificent manner, attended not only by the whole court, but even by the King himself, who, with Don Carlos and Don Fernando, conducted his Royal Highness to the apartments provided for him; where, for the first time, the King took the right hand of, and preceded, the Prince, considering the latter in his own house. So truly correct was the old Castilian notion of politeness.

The establishment provided for the Prince was of the most extensive and superb nature. The Conde de Monterey, brother in law to the Conde d'Olivares, and a grandee of the first rank in Spain, was appointed steward of the household, and the Conde de Gondomar and the Conde de Puebla were nominated his assistants: all indeed who waited on the Prince's person were of the rank of nobility; besides which the King assigned half his own guard to be on duty about the person of their royal visitor. Nor was this the whole; the Prince had in addition, the disposal of every office that happened to become vacant during his residence at the court.

The tract concludes with a description of the attentions paid to the Marquis of Buckingham, which, says the account "hath not beene seene imparted to any stranger, meerely a subject." It seems indeed more than probable that the whole statement was drawn up by, or at least under the superintendence of, that nobleman, who had not, at the time of its publication, become dissatisfied with a generous and confiding nation; nor, on the other hand, himself given disgust to the Spanish people, and above all to the Spanish court, by the insolence and licentiousness of his manners.

"This is the substance of that which passed at Madrid concerning the reception of the Prince, from the seventh of March (which was the day of his arrivall in that court) till the eighteenth of the same moneth. But that which may put a good full point to this relation, and withall fill the hearts of all the king our soveraigne's obedient and loyall subjects with much comfort, is to know, that the last messenger which came from his highnesse, left him in as prosperous and perfect health, as ever he had been knowne to enjoy; and whereas vertue when it is soundly practised at home, shewes faire abroad; the comportment of his highnesse in the place where now hee is, hath made such a prospect upon his noble and princely parts in all respects, as may well give vs cause to reioyce, and to render humble thankes vnto almighty God for the same. FINIS."

So concludes this *Gazette extraordinary* detailing the proceedings of Prince Charles for nearly one month. It is not impossible that we may endeavour, in a future number, to throw some light upon the subsequent proceedings of the Prince and his companions during this important journey; for important it was in every sense, and in nothing more so, than as it introduced him to his future consort Henrietta Maria. In the mean time we may be allowed to illustrate the preceding narrative by a few extracts from contemporary and well-informed writers.

It appears from Sir Henry Wotton's account that the Prince and Buckingham left the Marquis's late purchase, Newhall in Essex, on the

18th of February, they wore disguised beards, and assumed the names of Thomas and John Smith. Sir Richard Graham, master of the horse, accompanied them. When they passed the river at Gravesend, they were constrained, from want of silver, to give the boatman a two-and-twenty-shilling piece, which led the fellow to suspect that they were going beyond sea to decide some quarrel, and accordingly he acquainted the officers of the town with his fears, who sent orders to Rochester to have the travellers detained. They however had left that town before the messenger arrived. At Canterbury they were actually arrested by the mayor in person, but the Duke, pulling off his disguise, told the magistrate that he was going to take a view of the King's fleet then in preparation on the narrow seas, and that the gentlemen with him were friends disguised in order to accompany him on the same errand. At Dover they found Sir Francis Cottington and Mr. Endymion Porter, who had provided a vessel, in which they sailed, on the 19th, to France. When at Paris they had the good fortune to see the King, Queen, and Princess Henrietta Maria, without being discovered; the latter they obtained a sight of, at the preparation of a masque, to which they got admission by pressing after some gentlemen, whom, by accident, they heard mention the sight! It was at this masque, that Charles fell in love with the beauty and grace of his future Queen.

Sir Richard Wynn of Gwydir, who was one of the gentlemen of the Privy Chamber to Prince Charles, wrote "a briefe Relation of what was observed by the Prince's servants in their journey into Spain in the yeare 1623." This was printed from a MS. in Dr. Mead's library by Hearne, at the end of one of his antiquarian publications, in 1729. One anecdote from it is amusing enough to transcribe, and with that we will, for the present, conclude.

Here let me not forget a passage that happened at a village called St. Augusteen, where we bayted. His Hignesse being arrived with my Lord Marques at the Inne, up comes to them, out of a coach that stayd at the door, two Spaniards, who, having saluted them, told them, they had received many courtesies in England, and understanding they were of those parts, and strangers here, they desired to serve them in any thing they could. The Prince thanked them, and then falling into divers discourses, the Spaniards told them, what a number of handsom women they had seen in England, naming the Lady Somerset, the Lady Salisbury, the Lady Windsor, and divers others. The Prince then told them that he had seen one of the handsomest ladyes in the world, a Spaniard, that was wife to an ambassador's sonne, that was then in England; *but*, saies the Prince, *she had the most jealous coxcomb in the world to her husband, a very long ear'd asse, such a thing as deserved not to be master of such a beauty.* The one of them stood blank awhile, and after he had mused a time, he answered, that he knew them both very well, and that they lived as happyly together as any couple did. Passe at last over that discourse they did, and very inquisitive they were to know their lodging at Madrid, and their names. They answered they were brothers, their names Smyths, their lodgings at the extraordinary ambassadors the Earl of Bristol's. So they took their leaves of them, but with farr more sullen countenances than they came. The Prince observed it, and marvelled what might be the cause, but thinking of their journey drove that conceit quickly out of their heads. The next morning after they came to Madrid, before they were ready, one brings them up word to their lodgings, that two Spanish gentlemen desired to speak with them. They wondering who they might be, sent for them up, when they found they were those they met by the way. The Spaniards as they came up staires had notice who the Prince was. Then entering the room, desired pardon for not being more serviceable when they met him, but they hoped, their not knowing him was a sufficient excuse. The Prince thanked them, and used them very courteously. Having talked of divers things, and being ready to part, the one steps to the Prince, and told him; "I came with an intention to let you know, that I was husband to that lady you had so commended by the way, and to have had right done me for the ill language you then bestowed upon me, but knowing who you are, I am confident you have all this by relation, and not of your own knowledge." The Prince blushed and sayd, "It's true, I have been told so, but since I have had thus much knowledge, I will be ready to justifie the contrary." The other Spaniard, his companion, that had heard the day afore all the discourse, smiles, and claps his fellow on the back, and sayes, *This is the asse with the long eares, that was so jealous of a faire lady:* so all ended in a comedy, and so they parted.

CAPTAIN JACKSON.

Among the deaths in our obituary for this month, I observe with concern "At his cottage on the Bath road, Captain Jackson." The name and attribution are common enough; but a feeling like reproach persuades me, that this could have been no other in fact than my dear old friend, who some five-and-twenty years ago rented a tenement, which he was pleased to dignify with the appellation here used, about a mile from Westbourn Green. Alack, how good men, and the good turns they do us, slide out of memory, and are recalled but by the surprise of some such sad memento as that which now lies before me!

He whom I mean was a retired half-pay officer, with a wife and two grown up daughters, whom he maintained with the port and notions of gentlewomen, upon that slender professional allowance. Comely girls they were too.

And was I in danger of forgetting this man?—his cheerful suppers—the noble tone of hospitality, when first you set foot in *the cottage*—the anxious ministerings about you, where little or nothing (God knows) was to be ministered.—Althea's horn in a poor platter—the power of self-enchantment, by which, in his magnificent wishes to entertain you, he multiplied his means to bounties.

You saw with your bodily eyes indeed what seemed a bare scrag—cold savings from the foregone meal—remnant hardly sufficient to send a mendicant from the door contented. But in the copious will - the revelling imagination of your host—the "mind, the mind, Master Shallow," whole beeves were spread before you—hecatombs—no end appeared to the profusion.

It was the widow's cruse—the loaves and fishes; carving could not lessen, nor helping diminish it—the stamina were left—the elemental bone still flourished, divested of its accidents.

"Let us live while we can," methinks I hear the open-handed creature exclaim; "while we have, let us not want," "here is plenty left;" "want for nothing"—with many more such hospitable sayings, the spurs of appetite, and old concomitants of smoking boards, and feast-oppressed chargers. Then sliding a slender ratio of Single Gloucester upon his wife's plate, or the daughters', he would convey the remanent rind into his own, with a merry quirk of "the nearer the bone," &c. and declaring that he universally preferred the outside. For we had our table-distinctions, you are to know, and some of us in a manner sate above the salt. None but his guest or guests dreamed of tasting flesh luxuries at night, the fragments were *vere hospitibus sacra*. But of one thing or another there was always enough, and leavings: only he would sometimes finish the remainder crust, to show that he wished no savings.

Wine we had none; nor, except on very rare occasions, spirits; but the sensation of wine was there. Some thin kind of ale I remember—"British beverage," he would say! "Push about, my boys;" "Drink to your sweethearts, girls." At every meagre draught a toast must ensue, or a song. All the forms of good liquor were there, with none of the effects wanting. Shut your eyes, and you would swear a capacious bowl of punch was foaming in the centre, with beams of generous Port or Madeira radiating to it from each of the table corners. You got flustered, without knowing whence; tipsy upon words; and reeled under the potency of his unperforming Bacchanalian encouragements.

We had our songs—"Why, Soldiers, Why"—and the "British Grenadiers"—in which last we were all obliged to bear chorus. Both the daughters sang. Their proficiency was a nightly theme—the masters he had given them—the "no-expence" which he spared to accomplish them in a science "so necessary to young women." But then—they could not sing "without the instrument."

Sacred, and by me never-to-be violated, Secrets of Poverty! Should I disclose your honest aims at grandeur, your makeshift efforts of magnificence? Sleep, sleep, with all thy broken keys, if one of the bunch be extant; thrummed by a thousand

ancestral thumbs; dear, cracked spinnet of dearer Louisa! Without mention of mine, be dumb, thou thin accompanier of her thinner warble! A veil be spread over the dear delighted face of well-deluded father, who now haply listening to cherubic notes, scarce feels sincerer pleasure than when she awakened thy time-shaken chords responsive to the twitterings of that slender image of a voice.

We were not without our literary *talk either*. It did not extend far, but, as far as it went, it was good. It was bottomed well; had good grounds to go upon. In *the cottage* was a room, which tradition authenticated to have been the same in which Glover, in his occasional retirements, had penned the greater part of his Leonidas. This circumstance was nightly quoted, though none of the present inmates, that I could discover, appeared ever to have met with the poem in question. But that was no matter. Glover had written there, and the anecdote was pressed into the account of the family importance. It diffused a learned air through the apartment, the little side casement of which (the poet's study window), opening upon a superb view as far as to the pretty spire of Harrow, over domains and patrimonial acres, not a rood nor square yard whereof our host could call his own, yet gave occasion to an immoderate expansion of—vanity shall I call it?—in his bosom, as he showed them in a glowing summer evening. It was all his, he took it all in, and communicated rich portions of it to his guests. It was a part of his largess, his hospitality; it was going over his grounds; he was lord for the time of showing them, and you the implicit lookers-up to his magnificence.

He was a juggler, who threw mists before your eyes—you had no time to detect his fallacies. He would say "hand me the *silver* sugar-tongs;" and, before you could discover it was a single spoon, and that *plated*, he would disturb and captivate your imagination by a misnomer of "the urn" for a tea kettle; or by calling a homely bench a sofa. Rich men direct you to their furniture, poor ones divert you from it; he neither did one nor the other, but by simply assuming that every thing was handsome about him, you were positively at a demur what you did, or did not see, at *the cottage*. With nothing to live on, he seemed to live upon every thing. He had a stock of wealth in his mind; not that which is properly termed *Content*, for in truth he was not to be *contained* at all, but overflowed all bounds by the force of a magnificent self-delusion.

Enthusiasm is catching; and even his wife, a sober native of North Britain, who generally saw things more as they were, was not proof against the continual collision of his credulity. Her daughters were rational and discreet young women; in the main, perhaps, not insensible to their true circumstances. I have seen them assume a thoughtful air at times. But such was the preponderating opulence of his fancy, that I am persuaded, not for any half hour together, did they ever look their own prospects fairly in the face. There was no resisting the vortex of his temperament. His riotous imagination conjured up handsome settlements before their eyes, which kept them up in the eye of the world too, and seem at last to have realized themselves; for they both have married since, I am told, more than respectably.

It is long since, and my memory waxes dim on some subjects, or I should wish to convey some notion of the manner in which the pleasant creature described the circumstances of his own wedding-day. I faintly remember something of a chaise and four, in which he made his entry into Glasgow on that morning to fetch the bride home, or carry her thither, I forget which. It so completely made out the stanza of the old ballad—

When we came down through Glasgow town,
We were a comely sight to see;
My love was clad in black velvet,
And I myself in cramasie.

I suppose it was the only occasion, upon which his own actual splendour at all corresponded with the world's notions on that subject. In homely cart, or travelling caravan, by whatever humble vehicle they chanced to be transported in less prosperous days, the ride through Glasgow came back upon his fancy,

not as a humiliating contrast, but as a fair occasion for reverting to that one day's state. It seemed an "equipage etern" from which no power of fate or fortune, once mounted, had power thereafter to dislodge him.

There is some merit in putting a handsome face upon indigent circumstances. To bully and swagger away the sense of them before strangers, may not be always discommendable. Tibbs, and Bobadil, even when detected, have more of our admiration than contempt. But for a man to put the cheat upon himself; to play the Bobadil at home; and, steeped in poverty up to the lips, to fancy himself all the while chin-deep in riches, is a strain of constitutional philosophy, and a mastery over fortune, which was reserved for my old friend Captain Jackson.

ELIA.

M. BENJAMIN CONSTANT—*DE LA RELIGION.**

THIS book of M. Benjamin Constant's is by no means a remarkable one in itself; it belongs, on the contrary, to a large class of works composed by men of the world, of some talent, and some address; but without any profound views, or any power of strict and logical deduction. It is, moreover, tiresome, ill-written, and wants *unction*—that inward grace—that spiritual anointing, which distinguishes the writings, for instance, of the Ex-minister, M. de Chateaubriand. When in a difficult and abstruse discussion, a man bids adieu to reasoning, and appeals to the *sens intime* of mankind for a resolution of the problem, he ought to write with *unction*, or not at all; he should write like Chateaubriand, who has found out the art of touching and pleasing, while supporting lies and absurdities of the most extravagant kind, and which it is plain to see he does not himself believe a word of. Constant, on the other hand, succeeds exceedingly well in assuming the air of sincerity; but, with all his talent, and with all his good qualities, he has a sterile imagination—is deficient in the proper degree of sensibility, and of course has failed most completely in this attempt in the art and mystery of *glozing*.

However, had the merits of M. Constant's book been either much greater or much less, we certainly should not have introduced it to the notice of our readers, but for a reason quite independent of its execution. This work is curious, as making a singular epoch in the history of French civilization—in the manners and moral life of the high classes of French society. And let no one think for a moment that any discussion of the state of the moral habits of the French is a matter of trifling import: the extent of its influence must be obvious to any one who has mixed in a foreign circle; and even at home, where it might be less expected to exert any sway, its power is well known. Paris is the capital of the Continent of Europe. All the upper ranks at Petersburgh, as at Vienna, desire not only to speak its language, but to adopt its opinions, and to believe in its belief. An Austrian Prince regards a French Duchess much more as his compatriot, than he does a noble Canoness of Paderborn.

Now the work of M. Benjamin Constant is nothing more nor less than the Gospel of the New Religion, which, at this moment, certain Duchesses, and other ladies of the first rank, and of the highest fashion, and at the same time, perhaps, the cleverest of their class, are attempting to get up in Paris.

It may not be uninteresting to cast a hasty glance over the history of the morals of the high ranks of France for the last forty years. It is only known through the faithless medium of the hypocritical romances of Madame de Genlis, or else by the striking remarks on manners which Madame de Staël has scattered over her Delphine, Corinne, and other works, which, though full of sagacity and truth, are too often wrapped up in a gaudy and exaggerated style. And even these observations, and all the pictures of French manners, in

* De la Religion, considérée dans sa Source, ses Formes, et ses Developements, par M. Benjamin Constant, vol. i. Paris, 1824. (Three other volumes are expected.)

the writings of Mesdames de Genlis, de Staël, d'Epinay, Campan, &c. represent a *period* which existed about 1789, *before* the Revolution. The Revolution has changed every thing in France; and yet we, as well as all the rest of Europe, persist in blinding ourselves to the alteration, and do not observe, or do not record, the influence which it has had on the opinions, the manners, and the moral habits of society, in that country. Europe sees always this society as it existed when the latest news was published about it; which is, in fact, forty years ago.

The old monarchy of Louis XV bequeathed to the French the corrupt manners of which Lauzun and Madame d'Epinay have left us pictures, so faithful and so true, and at the same time, now and then, so disgusting. With Louis XVI fell the monarchy—it was replaced by the reign of *terror;* and those women who had made such faithless wives, and dissipated mothers, knew how to die with heroism. Among the thousands of women of the highest ranks, and of the first society, who passed from the bosom of luxury, and pleasure of the most refined, and certainly not of a guiltless kind, to the scaffold, there was but one female, Madame du Barry, the old mistress of Louis XV, who did not die, like a martyr and a heroine. So far is it true, thanks to the national vanity in France, that courage is common to both sexes and to all classes in that country.

The women born under Louis XV, and who survived the *terror*, repaired again to society when security returned, after the 18th Brumaire (November, 1799), the commencement of the reign of Buonaparte. These females, without doubt, retained the moral habits of their youth—this youth, indeed, had gone—but the fine delicate *tact*, which distinguished their time, quickly perceived the change, and felt the propriety of a decorum, which, under the reign of the debonnair Louis XVI, and in the saloon of Madame la Duchesse de Polignac,* would have been thought excessively vulgar and ridiculous.

All the superior women born in France since 1788 have received an early education, *forte*, sensible and judicious, and exceedingly opposed to that absurd and ridiculous system in vogue in the *Abbaye de Belle-Chasse*, and the other boarding-schools *a-la-mode* at the close of the old monarchy. (See in the Memoirs of Madame Campan, a description of the education which was given to the *Mesdames de France*, the daughters of Louis XV, in one of these places.)

By virtue of the great events and the violent convulsions which preceded and followed the epoch of *la terreur*, all the girls of rank, and of the first society, had passed through a sufficiently rational and a very severe course of instruction,—when Napoleon, in 1804, brought *prudery* into fashion, and by his influence absolutely mounted her on the moral throne of France. Whatever had been the previous habits of the Empress Josephine—with whatever errors scandal has charged her daughter-in-law, and the sisters of Napoleon, this great man, desirous of procuring consideration for his nascent court, declared, with his will of iron, that it should be moral- and it was moral. The girls who were twelve years of age in 1804 have consequently been brought up under the domination of this unavoidable law—that no young wife shall ever appear any-where without being accompanied by her husband.

The austere manners of the new reign were the exact contrary of the usages in vogue before the Revolution. A hundred monuments of the ancient monarchy prove the assertion, which out of France appears not a little extraordinary, and is scarcely believed. Call to mind the *Philosophe Marie*, and the *Prejugé a-la-mode*, comedies of Destouches; and still at this day, or at least the other day, when Louis XVIII received the ladies of his Court, they presented themselves in a manner now become strange in Paris, *without* their husbands, and in the grand dress of the ancient court, which exposes the neck in a manner grown unusual in France. The saloon of the King is the only place in the country where such a spectacle is to be found. For the last twenty years a young married woman has never been seen in any drawing-room in Paris, without your

* See the Memoirs de Bezenval.

being very sure to discover her husband in some corner or other, playing at *écarté*. This eternal constant presence of the husband is no doubt extremely laudable and very moral, but it has given a death-blow to the art of conversation. That which used formerly to be called *l'amabilité française* exists no longer in France. In the presence of the husband the wife loses her independence; he is the *established authority*, and although he may be inclined to wear his honours meekly, yet his real power imposes restraint, and checks that abandonment of the spirit, out of which spring the pleasantries, the delicate allusions, the jeux d'esprit extremely innocent in themselves, but such as will not flourish in the presence of the *authority as by law established*. In wit, satire, gaiety, in short, in the comedy of society, there is invariably something of the spirit of *opposition*. Some play upon established authority; they are in their very nature rebellious. To say nothing of the *gêne* with which the eternal presence of the same person must cramp the genius. Who can tell a story, or relate an anecdote, in the hearing of a witness who you are aware is at the time detecting the ornaments with which, for the sake of effect, you think it necessary to enliven your narration? who can insert in the course of conversation, with the proper impromptu air, the good things which you have taken the day to collect, under the observation of one who has perhaps shared your labour? The thing is impossible. When the husband enters at the door, the art of conversation must necessarily disappear at the window.

However, to return: from 1804 to 1814, the best society of France was excessively austere and excessively dull, compared with the good old times; but then to make up for it in some measure, under Napoleon, virtue was all the fashion, morals were in perfection, mothers discharged the serious duties imposed upon them by nature with the most scrupulous fidelity, and fathers dreamed upon the dowries they should give their daughters, upon how little they could live, and in what manner they could best manage their fortunes; in short, every lady was her own nurse, and every gentleman his own steward. It may appear rather singular, that virtue should descend downwards from the throne: it is not common in any country, and in France it was a thing unheard of. From the time of Francis I, the French kings have been invariably the impudent corrupters of morals, and have scarcely bequeathed any thing in the way of virtue, except the names of their mistresses. Before Francis I, there was nothing that could properly be called a court, the residence of the king being nothing more than the head quarters of a general exceedingly occupied in making war. So that, however astonishing it may appear, the first monarch who set about reforming the morals of France was no other than General Buonaparte, who found his interest in it as the despotic founder of a new dynasty. The Bourbons in 1814 brought back the reign of the priests and mistresses. Nothing can be more like the reign of Louis XV, than the reign of Madame du Cayla. There is not probably a young girl of eighteen in Paris who is not perfectly familiar with the name of that lady, or who prior to the death of Louis, at least knew her functions, and who moreover did not envy her, for this place carries with it a million of appointments.

Fortunately however the Bourbons have no influence on public opinion. The late king was old, very infirm, never rode on horseback, and was in short no public or [illegible] brilliant figure, otherwise the case might have been different. His government appears to have said to each class, "Turn out four of the most stupid fools among you," and when the order was obeyed, to have appointed the said imbeciles to the head of each class; and this not only in political department, but in every branch, whether military, scientific, legal, or medical. Perhaps, as we have said, this system would meet with little opposition could we only make the king, for the time being, a brilliant young man showing himself to the people on horseback, whereas old Louis XVIII was lame, infirm, half dead, a prey to a thousand diseases—but then he was an author, and published *Voyages à Coblentz*. This went a long way. However, it would not entirely do, for the first time, in France the moral example of the court has no material in-

fluence on the general manners of the people. A few duchesses, to be sure, have tried to square their virtue and their morals by the tradition of the court of Louis XVI, but public opinion has left them stranded. They are talked about, it is true; their names are quoted —but no longer as models of elegance or *bon ton*. The crowd of young women who have since entered on the world presented a barrier to the dissoluteness of the interior court of the late King and the Duchess de Berri, which it was very difficult to overthrow, in spite of the brilliant drawing-rooms to which the advocates of the old system could appeal—and in spite of the dulness which reigns in these said drawing-rooms at this present moment. In the most splendid saloons of Paris the women are most frequently abandoned to their own society and congregate in a corner, while the men sit apart discussing politics with each other, or playing at *ecarté*. Nothing is more common than to see in the best society of France eight or ten handsome well-dressed young women sitting sadly in a heap, and now and then exchanging a cold monosyllable, and never for an instant attracting the attention of a man. So low are the mighty fallen, that unless evidence the most irresistible, and even *physical* evidence be resisted, we may pronounce that the favourite abode of that dæmon *Ennui*, which all Frenchmen are said to hate above all things, is to be found *dans la haute société de France*.

A large society of these poor neglected women, who have talents, hearts, and habitual belief, for they all learnt their catechism under Buonaparte, is a fine *materiel* for a new sect. They have imaginations, and they have the passions and feelings of twenty-five, that period so greedy of emotion — which the prudery of the existing manners controls, and subdues, but at the expense of considerable weariness and disgust. Moreover, since 1820, the triumph of the priests, the knavery of the Jesuits of Montrouge and St. Acheul, who in a secret manner govern France, and a thousand petty sanctified rogueries and vexations, have disgusted the more generous souls with Papism. The priests have absolutely put the ladies of fashion out of love with their catechism. Behold the moment for the establishment of a new sect! "My *salon* shall become celebrated through all Paris. I shall take the lead of something; at least, *on parlera de moi*." A gospel and a creed were only wanting. It does not take much to turn a French head. But, how establish a new religion in *Paris*, without being covered with *ridicule*? that ridicule which twenty-five years ago quenched the theophilanthropy of La Reveillere-Lépaux. A happy thought suggests itself; our friend Benjamin Constant is just going to publish his history of the *religious sentiment*—he shall be the St. Paul of the new church. His politics are on the wane: he will be enchanted to head a new school. He shall first prove to the world that the *sentiment religieux* must have a *forme*, that is, a form of worship; then, with that address and dexterity which we well know enables him to say all, and make all understand, without getting laughed at, he shall show the vices of all the existing forms; then, when he shall have clearly convinced his readers that all the known forms are bad, he must *stop*; *then*, at this moment I will open my *salon*; but all must be done gently and cautiously. Benjamin shall publish this work volume by volume; tread slowly, but surely; and like St. Paul the first in his Epistles to the Corinthians, take measure of their spiritual wants. If Madame de Staël had not been surprised by the sudden death which deprived the world, one may almost say, in the flower of her age, of a woman the most extraordinary that was ever produced; she who carried French conversation, and the brilliant art of *improvisation* on every subject that fell out, to the highest degree of perfection, would have declared herself the chief of the new religion. Being unable to dazzle by her beauty, and now no longer capable of shining by that amiability which supplied its place; disgusted at the want of that birth indispensable for making a distinguished appearance at the Court of a Bourbon,—Madame de Staël, at the moment of her death, was on the point of opening a rival *salon* in opposition to the Court. The standard of this *salon* would have unfolded to the astonished eyes of all Europe the word *religion*. The tricks of

Jesuits for the last few years would have rendered the success of such a *salon* more probable. For the last twenty-five or thirty years, Madame de Staël had demanded of Benjamin Constant, at that time her *friend*, a work on religion. This is the book, the first volume of which M. Benjamin Constant has just given to the world. Scandal says, that during this long space of thirty years, M. Benjamin Constant has changed three times his opinions on this important subject. When he commenced his work at Berlin, at that time being exalted by the German illumination, the character of Jesus Christ filled the work from one end to the other. Nay, we believe, that a special revelation of the person of the Redeemer was promised to the true believer. At present, it is with infinite difficulty that we can discover his name within the four corners of the book. In all probability, the work would never have appeared at all, had not the occasion, of which we have spoken above, created a new necessity for it. It is the text book, or it was intended to be, of the witty, handsome, seducing, young duchesses, who wish to have something to do; and *pour se désennuyer* are about to open a drawing-room, where their guests may converse on serious subjects, and take measures for the establishment of the new faith. It was thus that Madame Guyon, the friend of Fenélon, arrived at a name under Louis XIV. It is true, that was a fine time for raising a new sect, for then persecution was in vogue. The new religion will only be persecuted by ridicule.

M. Constant is, perhaps, the man in France who possesses in the greatest perfection the very difficult art of placing his opinions beyond the reach of ridicule. M. Constant gives us the history of all religions; but, in order to treat this tremendously long subject in four volumes, it was necessary not to write exactly the history of all religions, but the history of the *religious sentiment*, which is discussed in this work. Now, what is this *religious sentiment?* After the loss of the battle of Waterloo, Napoleon, discussing at the Palais de l'Elysée the different courses which were open to him, exclaimed, "Ah! if I were only my grandson, I would retire upon the Pyrennees, and all France would rise for me." What then is this charm, which would have led the French to slaughter for an insolent despot, because he could count a king or two among his ancestors? This singular sentiment is very easy to explain, although the grave Germans find it exceedingly mysterious; it is the effect of the *imagination*, the which is a piece of the organization of the man, just as is his eye or his hand. All men who are properly made have imaginations. At the end of every deluge, of every earthquake, or, even after a simple burst of thunder, this *imagination* has revealed to all people the existence of the Gods. This is what M. Constant calls the *sentiment religieux*.

Sixty years before the discoveries of Franklin, and the age of *conductors*, a tempest, accompanied by a considerable disengagement of electricity, and with a good many strokes of pretty loud thunder, roused in the greatest part of the European world the idea of the infinite and terrible power of God. At present we see nothing more in thunder than an ordinary phenomenon, which we can explain with perfect ease. On this subject, M. Benjamin Constant says, *Les croyances de tous les peuples se réfugient au delà de la circonférence de leur connaissance.* All this part of the book of M. Benjamin Constant is borrowed from M. le Marquis de la Place. This great man, in his *Mecanique Céleste*, has developed the truth which we have just glanced at with a strength and clearness of logic, which, to us, is far preferable to the pretty sentimental phrases of M. Constant. Perhaps it is for this reason that M. Constant has forgotten to mention the name of La Place.

We must, however, not forget that the apparent end of M. Constant is to give the history of the *sentiment religieux*, independent of the forms with which men have invested it. Constant explains cleverly enough the origin of these forms; that is to say, the origin of external worship. It is a well-known fact, that the more a sentiment is sincere and violent in any human being, the more intolerant this being is of those men who do not feel as he does. The mere sight of a man who doubts of that which he believes, shakes more or less the steadfastness of his own belief, and

deprives him, in some degree, of the extreme happiness which this belief confers upon him, and consequently throws him into a rage.

The *sentiment religieux* in a man leads to the establishment of forms in different countries, that he may have the pleasure of seeing all men think like him. If a passionate lover dared, and had the power, he would oblige the public only to speak on its knees of the woman he adores.

After having spoken of that which he calls the *sentiment religieux*, M. Constant gives us a little refutation of the philosophy which has reigned in Paris for the last thirty years. This philosophy teaches, that man is invariably determined in his actions by the view of some actual pleasure; that a human being is never induced to act except in order to procure some actual pleasure. The French assert, that this is true, even in the case of a man who blows out his brains with a pistol,—even in the case of Regulus, when he left Rome and returned to Carthage to perish in dreadful torments. For though it be pretty clear that no man conceives the blowing out of his brains to be an agreeable operation, yet he prefers it to a greater pain. The balance of pleasure is in favour of priming and loading. Regulus was well aware of the tenpenny nails with which the Carthaginians threatened to spike him on his return: but he had a higher pleasure to gratify—the pride of marching out of Rome with the respect and admiration of all he left in it, and the assurance of an immortal fame in the history of his country.

M. Constant begins by saying, "L'effet naturel de ce système de philosophie est de faire que chaque individu soit son propre centre. Or quand chacun est son propre centre, tous sont isolés. Quand tous sont isolés, il n'y a que de la poussiere. Quand l'orage arrive la poussiere est de la fange." Which being interpreted, is, "The natural effect of this system of philosophy is to make every individual *his own centre*. Now when *every one is his own* centre all are isolated. When all are isolated there is nothing *but dust*. When the storm comes on, the dust *is mud*."—(Preface, p. xxxvii.)

This exquisite reasoning, of which M Constant has many specimens, is quite worthy of M. de la Boulogne, or any other fanatical preacher in or out of Paris.

The manner, at once frivolous and assuming, in which M. Constant undertakes the refutation of this philosophy, which with the majority of educated Frenchmen is considered as established by every day's experience, will be probably one of the greatest obstacles to the success of his book among the coteries of Paris. M. Constant contends that the theory of *actual pleasure* can not explain *generous sacrifices*, without deigning to recollect that the philosopher who first brought this doctrine into vogue in France adduced as an example the very instance of Regulus voting at Rome against peace with the Carthaginians, and returning afterwards to meet a dreadful punishment at Carthage; an action which, down to the time of M. Constant at least, passed for one of sufficient generosity.

Two men are walking on the bank of a river: a child falls into the water, is carried away by the stream, and is in danger of perishing. One of the two spectators is satisfied with deploring the accident; the other conceives the idea that it would be possible to throw himself into the river and save the child. The moment this man conceives the possibility of this generous action, his pleasure obliges him to throw himself into the water, and to attempt it. If he does not do it, he will be pursued by the remorse of having contributed to the death of the unfortunate child: he will be pursued by his self-contempt.

This is the reasoning, palpable enough, which in France is in every body's mouth, and M. Constant undertakes to refute it by mystical arguments, borrowed from the unfortunate German philosophy, the laughing stock of Europe. It is singular that so skilful a person as M. Constant should be ignorant of a fact confirmed by a thousand experiments: viz. that in France nothing that is obscure will *take*. A Frenchman tormented by variety, and accustomed to the clear and striking light in which Voltaire sets every proposition which he enounces, is always afraid of being taken for a dupe, if he gives a momentary assent to what is not intelligible to all the world. We admire as much as any

one the delicate and epigrammatic mind of M. Constant. His speeches in the Chamber are embarrassing to his adversaries, and very amusing to the reader, but the moment he meddles with high philosophy his genius abandons him. We imagine we see a mite on a Seville orange: the insect, on account of its own infinite littleness, loses itself in the valleys—deep to him, with which the peel is furrowed; and after having travelled a long time on the immense body whose figure he investigates, he boldly concludes that an orange is not round.

Whatever justice there is in the comparison, or whatever reach there may be in M. Constant's philosophy, nothing is less clear than the style of the reasoning of which his work is compounded. We shall choose some of the clearest passages for our readers' instruction, and to spare them the pains of hunting them out in the work itself, which may be called the *blunder of a man of talent.*

1.—Le sentiment religieux est une loi fondamentale de l'homme. *Les hordes sauvages*, les tribus barbares, les nations qui sont dans la force de l'etat social, celles qui languissent dans la décrepitude de la civilisation, toutes eprouvent la puissance de ce sentiment indestructible.

2.—Nous pouvons donc considerer ce sentiment comme universel: ne serait-il qu'une grande erreur?

Quelques hommes le disent de temps à autre. La peur, l'ignorance, l'autorite, la ruse, telles sont, à les entendre, les premieres causes de la religion; ainsi des causes toutes passageres, exterieures et accidentelles, auraient change la nature interieure et permanente de l'homme, et lui auraient donne une autre nature, et, chose bizarre, une nature dont il ne peut se defaire, même lorsque ces causes n'existent plus!

Car c'est en vain que ses connaissances s'etendent, et qu'en lui expliquant les lois physiques du monde, elles lui apprennent à ne plus leur assigner pour moteurs des êtres qu'il importune de ses adorations ou qu'il fléchisse par ses prieres. Les enseignements de l'experience repoussent la religion sur un autre terrain, mais ne la bannissent pas du cœur de l'homme. A mesure qu'il s'eclaire, le cercle d'où la religion se retire s'agrandit. Elle recule, mais ne disparait pas. Ce que les mortels croient, et ce qu'ils esperent, se place toujours, pour ainsi dire, a la circonference de ce qu'ils savent. L'imposture et l'autorité peuvent abuser de la religion, mais n'auraient pu la creer. Si elle n'était pas d'avance au fond de notre ame, le pouvoir ne s'en serait pas fait un instrument, des castes ambitieuses un métier.

3.—Mais si elle est au fond de l'ame de tous, d'où vient l'opposition de quelques-uns à cette conviction générale, à cet assentiment unanime?

4.—L'on a dénaturé la religion. L'on a poursuivi l'homme dans ce dernier asyle, dans ce sanctuaire intime de son existence. La persecution provoque la révolte. L'autorité, deployant ses rigueurs contre une opinion quelconque, excite à la manifestation de cette opinion tous les esprits qui ont quelque valeur.

5.—De là, dans tous les siècles où les hommes ont reclamé leur indépendance morale, cette resistance à la religion qui a paru dirigee contre la plus douce des affections, et qui ne l'etait en effet que contre la plus oppressive des tyrannies. En plaçant la force du côte de la foi on avait mis le courage du cote du doute.

6.—Le moment est donc favorable pour nous occuper de ce vaste sujet, sans partialité comme sans haine. Le moment est favorable pour juger la religion comme un fait dont on ne saurait contester la realité, et dont il importe de connaître la nature et les modifications successives.

7.—La recherche est immense. Ceux même qui la croient telle ne l'ont pas appreciee dans toute son étendue. Bien qu'on ait beaucoup ecrit sur cette matiere, la question principale reste encore inaperçue. Un pays peut etre long-temps le theatre de la guerre, et demeurer, sous tous les autres rapports, inconnu aux troupes qui le parcourent. Elles ne voient dans les plaines que des champs de bataille, dans les montagnes que des postes, dans les vallons que des defiles. Ce n'est qu'a la paix qu'on examine le pays pour le pays même.

8.—Tel a ete le sort de la religion, vaste contree, attaquée et defendue avec une tenacité, une violence egales, mais que n'a visité aucun voyageur désinteresse, pour nous en donner une description fidele.

9.—L'on n'a jusqu'ici envisagé que l'exterieur de la religion. L'histoire du sentiment interieur reste en entier à concevoir et à faire. Les dogmes, les croyances, les pratiques, les cérémonies, sont des formes que prend le sentiment intérieur et qu'il brise ensuite. D'après quelles lois prend-il ces formes? D'après quelles lois en change-t-il? Ce sont des questions que personne n'a examinées. L'on a decrit les dehors du labyrinthe: nul n'a perce jusqu'au centre, nul ne le pouvait. Tous cherchaient l'origine de la religion dans des circonstances étrangeres à l'homme, les devots comme les philosophes. Les uns ne voulaient pas que l'homme pût etre religieux sans une revelation particu-

lière et locale ; les autres sans l'action des objets extérieurs. De là une erreur première, de là une série de longues erreurs. Oui, sans doute, il y a une révélation, mais cette révélation est universelle, elle est permanente, elle a sa source dans le cœur humain. L'homme n'a besoin que de s'écouter lui-même, il n'a besoin que d'écouter la nature qui lui parle par mille voix, pour etre invinciblement porte à la religion. Sans doute aussi, les objets extérieurs influent sur les croyances : mais ils en modifient les formes, ils ne creent pas le sentiment intérieur qui leur sert de base.

10.—Si la religion vient de la peur, pourquoi les animaux, dont plusieurs sont plus timides que nous, ne sont-ils pas religieux ? Si elle vient de la reconnaissance, les bienfaits comme les riguers de la nature physique étant les memes pour tous les êtres vivants, pourquoi la religion n'appartient-elle qu'à l'espèce humaine ?

11.—Le sentiment religieux naît du besoin que l'homme éprouve de se mettre en communication avec les puissances invisibles.

La forme nait du besoin qu'il éprouve également de rendre réguliers et permanents les moyens de communication qu'il croit avoir decouverts.

La consecration de ces moyens, leur regularite, leur permanence, sont des choses dont il ne peut se passer. Il veut pouvoir compter sur sa croyance ; il faut qu'il la retrouve aujourd'hui ce qu'elle etait hier, et qu'elle ne lui semble pas, a chaque instant, prète à s'évanouir et à lui échapper comme un nuage. Il faut, de plus, qu'il la voie appuyée du suffrage de ceux avec lesquels il est en rapport d'interêt, d'habitude et d'affection : destiné qu'il est à exister avec ses semblables, et à communiquer avec eux, il ne jouit de son propre sentiment que lorsqu'il le rattache au sentiment universel. Il n'aime pas a nourrir des opinions que personne ne partage ; il aspire pour sa pensée, comme pour sa conduite, à l'approbation des autres, et la sanction du dehors est nécessaire à sa satisfaction intérieure.

De là résulte à chaque époque l'etablissement d'une forme positive, proportionnée à l'état de cette epoque.

Mais toute forme positive, quelque satisfaisante qu'elle soit pour le présent, contient un germe d'opposition aux progrès de l'avenir. Elle contracte, par l'effet même de sa durée, un caractere dogmatique et stationnaire qui refuse de suivre l'intelligence dans ses decouvertes, et l'ame dans ses émotions que chaque jour rend plus épurées et plus delicates. Forcée, pour faire plus d'impression sur ses sectateurs, d'emprunter des images presque matérielles, la forme religieuse n'offre bientôt plus à l'homme fatigue de ce monde qu'un monde à peu pres semblable. Les idees qu'elle suggère deviennent de plus en plus étroites, comme les idées terrestres dont elles ne sont qu'une copie, et l'époque arrive, où elle ne présente plus à l'esprit que des assertions qu'il ne peut admettre ; à l'ame, que des pratiques qui ne la satisfont point. Le sentiment religieux se sépare alors de cette forme pour ainsi dire petrifiee. Il en reclame une autre qui ne le blesse pas, et il s'agite jusqu'à ce qu'il l'ait trouvee.

Voilà l'histoire de la religion ; on doit voir maintenant que si l'on confond le sentiment et la forme, on ne s'entendra jamais.

12.—Une loi éternelle qu'il faut reconnaître, quelque opinion que nous ayons d'ailleurs sur des questions que nous avouons etre insolubles, une loi eternelle semble avoir voulu que la terre fût inhabitable, quand toute une génération ne croit plus qu'une puissance sage et bienfaisante veille sur les hommes. Cette terre, separee du ciel. devient pour ses habitants une prison, et le prisonnier frappe de sa tete les murs du cachot qui le renferme. Le sentiment religieux s'agite avec frenesie sur des formes brisees. parce qu'une forme lui manque que l'intelligence perfectionnee puisse admettre.

Que cette forme paraisse, l'opinion l'entoure, la morale s'y rattache, l'autorite, quelque temps rebelle, finit par ceder ; tout rentre dans l'ordre, les esprits inquiets, les ames epouvantees retrouvent le repos.

C'est en effet ce qui arrive a l'apparition de la religion chretienne. Le sentiment religieux s'empare de cette forme epuree ; sa portion vague, melancolique et touchante y trouve un asyle, au moment ou l'homme ayant acquis des connaissances sur les lois des choses physiques, la religion existante a perdu l'appui que lui pretait l'ignorance.

13.—Des nations puissantes et policées ont adoré des dieux qui leur donnaient l'exemple de tous les vices. Qui n'eut pense que ce scandaleux exemple devait corrompre les adorateurs ? Au contraire, ces nations, aussi long-temps qu'elles sont restées fideles a ce culte, ont offert le spectacle des plus hautes vertus.

Ce n'est pas tout. Ces mêmes nations se sont detachees de leur croyance, et c'est alors qu'elles se sont plongees dans tous les abimes de la corruption. Les Romains, chastes, austères, desinteresses, quand ils encensaient Mars l'impitoyable, Jupiter l'adultere, Vénus l'impudique, ou Mercure le protecteur de la fraude, se sont montres depraves dans leurs mœurs, insatiables dans leur avidite, barbares dans leur égoisme, lorsqu'ils ont délaisse les autels de ces divinités féroces ou licencieuses.

D'où vient ce phenomène bizarre ? Les hommes s'amélioreraient-ils en adorant le vice ? Se pervertiraient-ils en cessant de l'adorer ?

Non, sans doute ; mais aussi long-temps

que le sentiment religieux domine la forme, il exerce sur elle sa force réparatrice. La raison en est simple : le sentiment religieux est une émotion du même genre que toutes nos émotions naturelles ; il est, en conséquence, toujours d'accord avec elles. Il est toujours d'accord avec la sympathie, la pitié, la justice, en un mot, avec toutes les vertus. Il s'ensuit qu'aussi long-temps qu'il reste uni avec une forme religieuse, les fables de cette religion peuvent être scandaleuses, ses dieux peuvent être corrompus, et cette forme néanmoins avoir un effet heureux pour la morale.

14.—Le peuple qui attribuait son origine aux amours de Mars et d'une vestale, n'en infligeait pas moins à toute vestale seduite un supplice rigoureux.

Le caractere moral des dieux n'a pas non plus l'influence qu'on suppose. Quel que soit ce caractère, la relation etablie entre les dieux et les hommes est toujours la même. Leurs egarements particuliers demeurent etrangers a cette relation, comme les desordres des rois ne changent rien aux lois contre les desordres des individus. Dans l'armée du fils de Philippe, le soldat Macédonien, convaincu de meurtre, eût été condamné par Alexandre, bien que son juge fut l'assassin de Clitus. Pareils aux grands de ce monde, les dieux ont un caractère public et un caractere privé. Dans leur caractère public, ils sont les appuis de la morale : dans leur caractère prive, ils n'écoutent que leurs passions ; mais ils n'ont de rapports avec les hommes que dans leur caractere public.

These extracts have not been taken at random—though they may appear long, and are culled from different parts of the work, yet they are connected together, and carry on M. Constant's train of speculation. From them the reader may form a very complete idea of the gist of the whole volume, and may be saved the trouble of looking further. So much, the importance of the subject, the fame of Benjamin Constant, and the expectations attached to the work seemed to demand and no more.

'TIS PAST—THE FOND—THE FLEETING DREAM.

'Tis past—the fond—the fleeting dream
Of love and hope is o'er,
And darkly steals life's troubled stream
Unto the silent shore.
But still this broken heart of mine
Shall be thy memory's mournful shrine,
Till it is laid at rest with thine,
Where grief is felt no more.

My sorrow seeks no lonely spot,
In some far desert placed ;
To me each scene where thou art not
Is but a joyless waste.
Where all around is bright and fair
I only feel thou art not there,
And turn from what thou canst not share,
And sigh to be at rest !

I bow no more at beauty's shrine,
For me her charms are vain ;
The heart that once hath loved like mine
Can never love again.
The wreathing smile, the beaming eye,
Are pass'd by me unheeded by ;
And where thy ruin'd relics lie,
My buried hopes remain.

Life's latest tie hath sever'd been
Since thou hast ceased to be :
Our hearts the grave hath closed between.
And what remains for me
In this dark pilgrimage below ?
A vain regret—a cherished woe-
And tears that cannot cease to flow
Whene'er I think of thee.

THE PORTRAIT PAINTER.

No. II.

Sono Pittore!—*Sal. Rosa.*

At the appointed hour I waited on my new sitters, the first of whom was the head of the family, the Hon. Mr. Augustus Elborough, and, after a few preliminaries were arranged, such as the most becoming attitude and occupation—the side on which his auburn curls should be disposed—whether he should look up "*as one inspired*," or look down in "*musing melancholy*," &c. &c. he at length took his seat.

He was incontrovertibly handsome, in the usual acceptation of the word, but I may be fastidious—his nose and forehead had nothing of the Apollo; he depended on the red and white tints of his complexion for effect, not to the finely blended light and shade of countenance and expression: there was a want of soul, but how did I dare to think so when his wife at my elbow was whispering, loud enough for him to hear and *smile*, "Is'nt his face exquisite? and his figure too is perfect symmetry!" "My love, he sighed forth, read to me, or—stay, it will be better, play to me." She struck a few notes; "No—give me Lord Byron, dear; I'll read myself—aye—and I think this will be the best attitude after all." He accordingly began: "I stood at Venice on the bridge of sighs, &c." till reaching "She looks a sea Cybele fresh from ocean;" he suddenly stopped: "That line always annoys me," he exclaimed; "he lays the stress on the wrong syllable, and I am such a slave to harmony!"

I was surprised to hear it, for I had been remarking a peculiar want of that quality in his reading; and some reflections arose in my mind, which it was as well he could not divine.

It occurs to me that the *tone* people assume in reading poetry is owing to a great mistake; they seem to think it necessary to throw off all natural intonation, and to substitute an inflated and sonorous sound, little better, in fact, than a monotonous drawl. There are certain teachers of what *they* call *elocution* in this great town, who, as Dowton says, "teach folks to mouth, and pick their pockets in return:" *they* labour in their vocation, and their pupils only are to blame; but why those, from whom we might expect better, who have received classical educations, been accustomed to hear and see things worthy of remark and imitation—why they should roar, and growl, and thunder forth the simplest and most natural passages; making *verse* hideous, merely because it *is* verse they are reading, is inexplicable to me.

I admit that poetry, how true soever to nature, is not the common every-day language of men, and demands therefore a tone in delivering it, exalted above the usual tone of ordinary conversation; but there is a delicate medium that equally avoids affectation and vulgarity, and steers between both with inexpressible grace; we seldom hear this off the stage (too seldom on)—those who have listened to the reading of the late Mrs. Sh—d—n's brother, have felt the truth of this; but he is all music, and "could not if he would" be otherwise than melodious.

I think correct judgment and purity of ear may confer this charm without the necessity of instruction. I am sure instruction can do nothing where those qualities are not.

But my mind wanders—I demand it back.

Now and then my sitter, leaving his studied posture, lounged towards the looking-glass in which he adjusted his dress, smoothed his eye-brows, and having thus "re-strung his bow, re-filled his quiver," returned to the charge.

As the admiring partner of his life was also to share his toils in this particular, she occasionally assumed the vacant chair. She was nothing behind her lord in the opinion she entertained of her own charms, having

been even from infancy, as she assured me, considered a beauty.

All this was appalling, seeing that I could not, by any attempt, bring my opinion to accord with hers.

It was true, she had blue eyes and large eyes, but they were all *surface*, they wanted the bright depth where another world seems to exist; where—in fact—they were eyes that any one might paint. It was true she had dark hair, and long hair, but there was no grace in the head it might otherwise have adorned; there was no expression in any feature except one, and that made me think, every time I looked up, of Polypheme in the oratorio. "Bring me a hundred reeds of decent growth, to make a pipe for my *capacious mouth*."

Many an hour she devoted to me, and at length I produced a likeness; I could'nt help it, I know it was unpardonable, and I kiss the rod; it was gazed at, censured, abused, rejected: she agreed to sit again—to try an entirely new style, "my poor face! no artist ever yet succeeded—to be sure that of poor dear Flatteurine's would have been exact, but he died, dear man, before it was finished!" Dreadful thought! I determined that should not be my catastrophe if I could help it, and began with fresh vigour. She chose to appear as Hebe, and she did—it was an excellent picture, totally unlike the former; "but Mamma," said her little daughter, "what is that little jug for? and the lady looks so cold without her gown, poor thing!"

This little connoisseur next took her place with her brother, and an infant ten months old claimed my care: the latter having previously determined not to submit to any such infliction, made it a point to whine and "*shirl*," and sulk, and storm, and rage; during which the nurses uttered all the *inexpressive* sounds that are resorted to in similar cases, till a new Babel woke; there were the knockings, the dancings, the whirlings, the joggings, threatening discomfiture to all my apparatus. I bore it all, however, and came off in triumph, having produced three cherubs, without the wings or surrounding clouds. They were pronounced inimitable, and I saved my credit with but little sacrifice of truth, for an ugly child is so rare—how is it possible that infancy and innocence can look otherwise than beautiful! Their clear bright eyes, their soft, rose-hued cheeks, their round small limbs—art cannot flatter them.

Oh infancy! if aught can move
The coldest heart to pity and to love,
'Twere surely found in thee!

Dim passions mark
Stern manhood's brow, where age impresses dark
The stealing lines of sorrow, but thine eye
Wears nor distrust, nor grief, nor perjury.

The next family that claimed my attention was one much more interesting than I had been accustomed to meet with. It consisted of a father, three daughters, and a mother, blind and infirm. I am ignorant of their exact rank, but I conceive the father must have formerly been in business, though now retired from busy life to a beautiful cottage in the country, where his constant occupation was gardening; so devoted was he to this passion that his *outward man* indicated a regular professor of that ancient art, no *amateur:* and it was difficult for strangers to recognize the lord of the mansion in his blue, tucked-up apron, and *clouted shoon*. The tender and unremitting attention of the two youngest girls, who were twins, to their mother, delighted me extremely. I did not see the eldest for some time, and I observed that when her name was mentioned, a sadness seemed to follow, and silence, as if it roused some feelings that could not be immediately suppressed: this raised my curiosity to see her; but I had little chance of my wish being gratified—she never appeared. The twins were very charming, they sang the prettiest duets imaginable, their voices blended so sweetly, they looked so innocent and placid, and yet there *was* some uneasiness that I could not penetrate. I should have thought it was the blindness of their parent, but she was so tranquil, so resigned; employed herself so constantly with one little delicate work or other, and spoke so cheerfully about her affliction that it could not be that.

"O soaring bird, that restest upon

the Sûdree, thy station is not this confined place of sorrow!"

One morning, chance gratified me with a sight of the incognita. I had arrived earlier than usual, and the family were not prepared for me: while I waited, observing that a glass door which led into the garden stood open, I strolled out, and following the direction of a terrace from whence a fine view of woods and hills extended, I came to a shaded walk of limes, the coolness and beauty of which invited me to go on. After sauntering up this avenue, and admiring the regularity of the long straight stems through which the sun gleamed, chequering the path with interrupted light, while the high branches far above murmured in the wind from which their thickness sheltered me, I came to a rising ground, which, as I advanced, led me to a rude flight of steps irregularly formed in the hill side, and having climbed them, I found myself on an elevated spot crowned with tall trees of different kinds, while below in a deep hollow I was surprised by observing a highly cultivated garden glowing with a profusion of flowers and flowering shrubs. Many paths branched off from this parterre, some planted with laurel, whose deep red, cherry-like berries, contrast with its bright leaf, while those that are unripe form a pleasing variety of paler green—the underwood of dwarf St. John's wort with its star-like yellow flowers hanging over the path: other alleys of dim fir, and others of luxuriant flowers in wild variety; the tiger-flower and dahlia of every hue, with all the rich gems that autumn scatters in her train.

A steep descent, which art had taught to imitate the rugged wildness of nature, promised to lead me to the beauties I contemplated at a distance, and I abandoned myself to its guidance in the pleasing uncertainty of losing my way in this labyrinth of beauty. I was mistaken in supposing I should reach the fairy scene I wished to see nearer; for, instead of that, I stood before a ruined arch overgrown with climbing plants, beyond which, in a small court surrounded by high broken fragments of stone, an antique fountain was playing in the front of what might be a cave or grotto: I was advancing when the sound of music arrested my steps, and listening attentively, I heard the following words, accompanied with much taste by a guitar.

SONG.

There may be hope, though long removed,
And time may vanish'd joys restore;
But those fond moments when we loved
Are gone—and may return no more!
To some those joys renew'd may be,
But never can revive for me!

Once what delight my soul has known
To dwell upon thy cherish'd name;
I start to find that years have flown,
And see thee changed, myself the same.
The same as when unknown to care,
The same in sorrow—in despair!

The last words were interrupted by deep sighs, and I heard the soothing voice of one of the twin sisters say: "Dear Amy (which name betrayed to me the secret), why do you sing that song? you know it always makes you so melancholy; now do come in and see the picture; it will be finished to-day, and we must hear your opinion." A deep low voice answered, "Aye, now; let me go now. I had rather not stay here—they come to me so often, and I begin to grow terrified—make haste—don't you see them now at the end of the cave?" "See what, my dear sister?" said my friend. "The spirits to be sure," was the answer; "this is their time to come, and if we go directly we shall miss them—come!"

At these words they came out of the grotto; I intended to have re-

tired before they perceived me, but was too late, and finding I was discovered I joined them, when my young acquaintance, with some embarrassment, introduced her eldest sister, Mrs. ———. The latter received my salutations without any marks of confusion, or any of that wildness I had been so much startled at in her conversation. She was dressed in deep mourning, a long white veil was wound round her head in rather a fantastic manner, and her beautiful light auburn tresses escaped from it; she was very pale and delicately fair, which was more remarkable from the contrast formed by her large, full, hazel eyes, shaded by dark lashes, that gave them the effect of deep black; her face altogether was one, such as Guido loved to represent, and its extreme pensive beauty quite charmed me. I saw her frequently afterwards, but she never spoke, and I regarded her as a lovely vision. Her story I heard lately from an old woman, who had formerly been a domestic of the family. It is strange how linked together are almost all the beings in the world, from what apparently opposite sources information is drawn.

She had at a very early period of her life formed an attachment to a young man, her senior only by a few years, who being entirely without fortune, and in the army—a circumstance which she knew would be a great obstacle with her family, had little chance of obtaining the consent of her friends to their union. He was handsome, agreeable, and devoted; he wrote the most exquisite verses, at least she could not but think so, for she inspired them; they were both young and imprudent, and thought

> Quando un alma è all' altra unita
> Qual piacer un cor risente!
> Ah si tolga dalla vita
> Tutto quel che non è amor.*
>
> *Metastasio.*

In short they were privately married, and soon after her husband received orders to accompany his regiment to India! This was a severe announcement to the lovers, but they had no alternative but to part with tears and mutual vows, still resolving to conceal their marriage till better fortune should smile on him.

Her sorrow, which she found it impossible to hide, in a little time betrayed her secret to her mother; and, contrary to the expectations the fears of the lovers had conjured up, the news was not only calmly received, but her father, in his anxiety for the happiness of his beloved child, immediately set preparations on foot for her joining her husband. All was arranged, and she embarked—she reached the Cape, and beheld the tomb of him whom she sought! he had been seized with a fever which had carried him off in a few days. She returned broken-hearted to her parents, and when her son was born, his mother had no longer power to welcome her child; her intellect became deranged; and, though by degrees she partially recovered from that affliction, deep fits of melancholy frequently visited her mind, and rendered her incapable of joining in society. Her mother's blindness and the loss of her infant increased her sorrows and her malady. She was extremely gentle and fearful in the extreme—no violence was to be dreaded from her—she excited the tenderest compassion, but no feeling of terror: her frequent theme was that chosen in the song I heard, namely, complaint of the inconstancy of some cherished object—such is the inconsistency of madness; so does it add bitterness to grief by imaginary wrongs—for her love

> ——he had the truest heart.
> Oh! he was heavenly true.

P. P.

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* When hearts are link'd in one soft chain,
All joy the moments move,
Ah! every hour of life is vain
That is not pass'd in love!—P. P.

STANZAS.

1.

SINCE Fate my ev'ry hope destroys
  I may not sing of love to thee,
Nor tear thee from thy own pure joys
  To bind thee to my misery.
Thy smile's too like an angel's smile,
  Thy truth too like an angel's truth—
To win thy confidence with guile,
  And blast the prospects of thy youth.

2.

I will not say that joy may bless
  The soul that is so lonely now,
Nor bid thee think that happiness
  Will warm my heart and ray my brow.
Oh! no; I feel that bliss can ne'er
  In this cold world again be mine:
I would not wed thee to despair—
  I would not wound a heart like thine;—

3.

I would not give those eyes a tear,
  I would not wrong their smiling light,
Nor make that breast the seat of fear,
  Nor promise hope, and scatter blight,—
I would not let one pang be given,
  To sere thy mind or dim thy charms,
For all that earth, for all that heaven,
  Contain within their giant arms.

4.

Life is for thee a cloudless scene—
  A summer scene where thou may'st stray
O'er sunny hills and valleys green,
  Beneath the light of pleasure's ray.
I will not as thou journey'st forth
  Hang like a cloud thy path above;
Nor as the rude and cruel North
  Breathe o'er thy soul my with'ring love.

5.

Thou shalt not fall beneath the blast
  That pours its deadliest wrath on me,
But live serenely to the last,
  And glide into eternity,
With all thy feelings pure and still
  As autumn's sunset—summer's calm,
When evening from her silent hill
  Drops on the vale her tears of balm.

6.

I will not deem thy smile less sweet
  When it shall beam no more on me,
Nor think that others use deceit,
  Who tell their hopes and love to thee.
And when some other youth shall gain
  Thy spotless heart I'll ne'er repine,
But joy that one I loved in vain
  Has found a happier breast than mine.

KARL AND HIS HORSE NICOLAUS.

A YOUNG German who was serving his time to a jeweller, at Magdeburg, was allowed by his master, in the third year of his apprenticeship, to go to Brunswick to see his parents. That he might effect this with comfort to himself, and in a way worthy of the assistant of a reputable tradesman and public functionary of Magdeburg, his master lent him one of his own horses, and provided him with money; whilst the old cook, with whom he was a great favourite, filled his wallet with all the dainties that she could lay her hands upon, and gave him sundry well-meaning hints and admonitions touching the temptations that awaited him in Brunswick. It was on the morning of Midsummer-day, in the year 1612, that he arose at six o'clock, lighted his travelling pipe, and mounted the steed, which by no means seemed to sympathize with his rider in the pleasure to be derived from the prospect of a long journey. He was in truth a sluggish beast, over-fed and under-worked, and apparently upon such good terms with himself that, when he took any thing into his head, the whip was of no avail, and the spur, however manfully applied, could not drive him from his purpose. He was so fat, that Karl, although a handsome stripling, looked with his legs sticking out almost at right angles like a Y turned upside down. "The devil take thee on our journey (said Karl) if thou go not more speedily than at present. Would I had all the money that has been expended on thee in the article of whips; truly with that I might buy a better animal than thou art, or hast been, or ever wilt be." As he concluded his petulant, but, under all the circumstances, excusable harangue, Nicolaus (for that was his horse's name) shook his head, and gave two or three most significant neighs, which seemed pretty much the same as "Hold thy peace, and speak not of that which thou understandest not! Assuredly I am the best judge of what pace is most proper for me and advisable for thee: I am come to years of discretion, and shall take especial care of thy neck and my own health and comfort!" Well! on they jogged, every now and then renewing this kind of conversation, which always ended in the same manner. About three o'clock in the afternoon, Karl, to the entire satisfaction of Nicolaus, alighted at the Three Golden Bottles, a small *herberge*, or public-house, situated at the extremity of a hamlet, replenished his *meerschaum*, and seated himself in a room set apart for the more respectable visitors of this notable house of entertainment, on the outside of which hung a board, whose crooked letters indicated to travellers that—

> Horses might a stable find,
> And men have liquors to their mind.

At one corner of the room he beheld two persons playing at cards, and remarked that one of them, who appeared by his dress and the sums of money that he staked to be a substantial farmer, continually lost; at which the other, who was a dark mysterious looking man, only smiled, and every now and then incited him to continue his destructive course, by saying, "It is your turn now! play boldly—the luck cannot always keep to one side. Come! to give you a better chance, I will put down double to your single stakes." The farmer, buoyed up with the hope of regaining his money, which was indeed the greater part of what he possessed in the world, played on until he had lost all, and then, burning with ill-concealed rage and disappointment, rushed out of the room, whilst he, who had made himself the possessor of his wealth, laughed thrice loudly and triumphantly, and stole out, as Karl supposed, to follow his unfortunate companion. Now, our young traveller had looked on attentively, and saw the result of their gaming with no very pleasant feelings. He was in particular shocked and indignant at the cold-hearted laugh that escaped from the dark lips of the stranger. Karl drank his wine faster and faster, and puffed out the smoke from his pipe with greater rapidity and in larger volumes than he had heretofore done. He was vexed at the defeat and

triumph he had just witnessed, and vowed in his own mind, should the man who had last left him return, to stake all that his master had given him, rather than that he should carry it with so high a hand. The fact is, the old cook, to whom we have already alluded, had given Karl a very respectable initiation into the mystery of card-playing, on divers cold winters' nights by the kitchen fire. Now, the game at which the strangers had been engaged was the very one on which he prided himself not a little. The truth must be spoken—mine is not a *perfect* hero. Besides being double loaded with ambition, he was primed with vanity, which no sooner encountered the match of opposition than explosion took place, which made many rather cautious of coming in his way. In a short time the successful stranger re-entered the chamber, but his adversary came not with him. He challenged Karl, who instantly accepted his offer, called for more wine, and again filled his pipe. He played for very small stakes, yet his little purse was getting lower and lower, for the stranger had an advantage over him which he was slow to believe, but which was at last too evident. At length he had little more than sufficient remaining to discharge the bill of the herbergist, and arose from the table with impatience and vexation. It is doubtful whether the loss of the money affected him so much as the wound that his youthful pride had suffered. He was turning to depart, when the laugh, or rather yell, of his companion checked him. Stung to the soul by the insult he had just received, Karl flew towards him and aimed a blow full at his face, but, in the act of doing so, fell forward on his hands. He sprang up, but the stranger was gone, although the door had been and was still closed and the windows were down. Karl's anger now gave place to astonishment. He was convinced that the stranger had dealings with the devil; nay, he almost thought that he had been gambling with the arch master of the ceremonies himself. He found also that either astonishment or Rhenish wine had had the effect of making his steps indecisive, his head giddy, and reduced the chance of keeping on his legs, and the risk of falling down, to pretty even terms. He however paid his host, and, without knowing how he got there, found himself on the back of Nicolaus, riding along as it appeared to him much more rapidly than usual. What surprised him most of all was, that everything around him seemed likewise to have gotten the travelling mania. There were some fine old elms going at the rate of ten miles an hour, and, what was very remarkable, some little shrubs that grew near appeared to keep up with them. A large farm house was in pursuit of a barn, but they were so well matched, that there was little hope of its being overtaken. There was also an admirable steeple-chase between the heads of two distant churches, and a boy who was sitting on a bank by the road side rode past him in excellent style. "This may be all very agreeable (muttered Karl) to the parties concerned, but, for my part, I care not how soon they finish their long-winded race. Stop, stop—Nicolaus, no galloping it if please thee, thou unruly steed of Satan. Whenever I have desired thee to use thy speed, thou hast gone slow enough, and now thou must, out of thy very obstinacy, and regardless of my safety, hurry on as if thy master were behind thee!" He pulled the rein as he finished speaking, and Nicolaus suddenly stood still. His rider had awakened him from a fine sleeping jog-trot, and he looked as if he much marvelled what satisfactory reason could be given for it. There was no stable near, which doubtless appeared to him the only fair excuse for a full stop, nor was there the least sign of provender. However, for once, he seemed determined to do as his rider wished, and still he stood

As Hildebrand the gallant knighte,
Who saw his ladye's ghost at nighte
Throwe off the veiling palle and shroude,
And vanish through a parted cloude.

Karl began to be better satisfied, for as he had before conceived that he was riding at a gallop when Nicolaus was innocent of everything save and except the jog-trot before mentioned, so he now thought that he was enjoying a very pleasant lady-like canter, when in truth he was as immovable as his majesty of Charing Cross. After riding on for some time at the rate of ne miles an hour,

he fell asleep, and a little after, as an almost necessary consequence, fell from his saddle. His fall, however, was broken by a bed of nettles, which seemed to have grown there for his especial accommodation; but he was not so grateful as he should have been, for he threw away some very choice German to anathematize them. To be sure he had lost his money, a circumstance which seldom tends to sweeten a man's temper or to put him in good humour; but what then? Had he fallen direct to the ground he might have broken an arm, or leg, aye, or even his neck, whereas he was now only stung all over his face and hands, and ought to have returned thanks to the Virgin that it was no worse. Were all mankind to act upon this suggestion there would not be a single unhappy person living. The criminal sentenced to a short imprisonment would bless his stars and feel happy that it was not a long one; the convict ordered for transportation might console himself with the idea that it was better than being hanged; and the man who should be doomed "longam literam facere," or, in plain terms, who had received a promise of being hanged, might still be delighted in thinking how far preferable it is to burning. It is bad policy to fancy our own ills greater than those of others, for in proportion as we magnify the evils of life, we increase our imaginary sufferings in enduring them. But to return to Karl; he left his master's horse to amuse himself as he might think fit, placed himself under a tree, and in a minute more was fast asleep. Nicolaus, who, to do him justice, was not always insensible to the force of good example, deliberately walked to a spot opposite Karl's resting place, laid himself down, and, after a few preliminary nods, imitated his master to the life.

Karl had been but a short time asleep, when confused and crowded dreams of what had lately happened disturbed his repose The dark stranger whom he met at the inn was the principal actor in the somnambulatory drama that was going on. Karl beheld and heard him with shuddering and with horror, although, when superstition was out of the case, he had little fear in his composition, as was manifested on various occasions when his high spirit seemed to take but one leap from his heart to his fist, to knock those down from whom he considered that he had received an affront. He got his first rudiments, however, of superstitious lore from his nurse, and the old cook at his master's completed his education in that particular branch. The devil was generally the hero of most of her stories, and, to speak disinterestedly, she scarcely gave him his due. Nothing was done, however diabolical, that was not immediately put down to his account; and she often found afterwards, that what she had attributed to him had been committed by persons who had passed in the world as pious and God-fearing characters. The ghost stories that he heard had their effect upon Karl in no ordinary degree, and imbued him with all the visionary and romantic ideas that often lead youth into error, but at the same time throw a charm over that period of life

When hearts have not a dream of sorrow,
And thought scarce ventures to the morrow,
But takes its light and tripping way
Through all the pleasures of to-day.

He suddenly awoke from his slumbers, and found Nicolaus standing close beside him. The bright tints of day were departing, and twilight was scattering her rose-hues over the cloudless face of heaven. Tranquillity reigned the goddess of the scene, and the winds and the birds and the waters paid her their silent homage.

Karl had not rested sufficiently to maintain his equilibrium with any certainty, but he mounted his steed with a determination of proceeding as quickly as it might please his pertinacious four-footed companion. He gave Nicolaus his head, who seemed to move along with no inconsiderable alacrity; indeed, at times his master was by no means too proud of his equestrian talent to prevent his occasionally resorting to the mane, which, although not perfectly jockey-like, possessed the advantage of keeping him in his saddle—no small consideration by the bye to a youth with only about one-third of his senses about him—the more so as no

one was near to scrutinize his actions. Well, on he went, thinking of the pleasures that awaited him at Brunswick, and anticipating the kind welcome he should receive from his relatives and friends, when he was suddenly aroused from his waking dream by hearing the sound of a horse's hoofs close at his side. He turned his head, and was startled to find the same tall dark figure who had contrived to make him ride so much lighter, by ridding him of several supernumerary silver pieces at the inn, on a black steed, which exactly kept pace with his own animal. At the first moment, Karl thought of endeavouring to persuade Nicolaus to use his best speed, by a manful application of the whip; but when he considered the unyielding attributes of his stoical quadruped, he gave up the idea in despair. His alarm too was in some degree dissipated by the changed address of the stranger, who courteously wished him a good evening, and testified his delight at having a companion on so lonely a road. Though Karl was rather more assured, he by no means felt that the delight was mutual. "Curse the fellow! (thought the youth) it requires no great stretch of politeness to be civil to a person when you are riding with his money in your belt. I would that his raven-hided beast knew how to stumble and break the ill-favoured cheat's neck, or at least put out his collar-bone!" This charitable sentence, however, he deemed it quite as well not to give *vivâ voce*, for it struck him forcibly that it might not be considered by his fellow-traveller in the light of a joke. As the stranger entered more fully into conversation, Karl's fears by degrees began to abate; but he could not help now and then giving a sly look under the black horse's belly, to see whether the other foot of the unknown rider corresponded with the one which he had a view of. But he had no opportunity of satisfying his curiosity, for if he ever slackened his pace that the other might go on before him, the stranger also pulled his rein and remained always close at his side. At length they came to a narrow pass, between two hills, where two horses could not go abreast, and Carl said to himself—"Ha! ha! I have thee now, or the devil's in't!" He drew up that the stranger might pass on first, but he was too polite to take precedence, and Carl was obliged to go on. When he had gone about halfway through the narrow road, he turned to have a full view of the gentleman who had stood so much upon forms, but how great was his surprise to find that there was not a trace of him to be seen! "So, so, (cried Karl) this place did not tempt thee, thou arch-fiend! thou liked'st not to show thy cloven foot, and I give thee credit for having some shame left; though verily I am glad to be quit of thy visage!" When he came to the end of the pass, and was jogging on gaily, he nearly dropped from his saddle, at finding the dark rider, whom he fancied he had left behind, still by his side. "I mark thy surprise, (said he to Karl) but I saw when thou wert riding before me that thy horse had lost his tail, and out of compassion for the poor beast, hatred for the flies that annoy him, and respect for his rider, I went back, and by good fortune found it lying on the road. I have now, (added he) great pleasure in restoring it uninjured." Saying this he presented it with a very creditable bow to Karl, who gazed on the tawny relic in utter astonishment. How Nicolaus had lost his tail he could by no means conjecture. He was, indeed, so amazed that he forgot to thank the stranger for his courtesy, at which the other appeared in no wise offended. "So, then (said Karl at last) I am on a tailless horse! It is well that it will be dark by the time I come to my journey's end, or I should be followed through the street as if I were an imp of the dev--" he stopped short in his speech, for he perceived that he had committed himself, as his companion seemed not at all to relish the insinuation. He turned, however, with renewed good humour to Karl, and said: "Come, come, thy case is not so hopeless. Thou shalt not be on the back of an imperfect animal. Give me the tail, and pledge me thy word that thou wilt look straight forward, and not once cast thine eyes backward to make thy remarks on my proceedings, and I pro-

mise without loss of time to affix the fly-flapping appendage once more to the hinder part of thy steed."

Karl, although he strongly doubted the possibility of such a manœuvre, willingly pledged his word, and in a moment afterwards heard the stranger mutter something which was unintelligible to him, but which he made no question was some spell used in the ceremony of tail-fixing. "Turn (said the stranger, who was now again beside him), thy horse is repaired!" Karl did as he was requested, and the tail was manifest; but Nicolaus betrayed as little joy at the recovery of it, as he had evinced sorrow for its loss. Karl could not help suspecting that the stranger had made him promise to look straight forward, not so much out of fear that he should be a spy upon his operations, as that he dreaded an exposure of the cloven-foot; nevertheless he thanked him for his good offices, and kept on his way. After a time it occurred to him that a pipe would be no bad thing; but when he had filled it, found to his mortification that he had lost his flint, and began railing in good set terms at his own carelessness and indiscretion. "Despair not, while I am near thee (said the stranger); hold thy pipe towards me!" No sooner was this done than he breathed upon it, and the tobacco was ignited. Karl felt now convinced that he was travelling with Satan; for the herb burnt rather blue than otherwise, and there was a villanous smack of sulphur in the only whiff that he took. He had a very certain presentiment that his companion had not brought the fire which he had just given him from the same place where Prometheus had obtained *his*. The pipe dropped from his lips, and he trembled from head to foot. He now began to devise means of ridding himself of his black-art-practising fellow-traveller. He had observed on their journey that when they came near any of the crosses, which are common to this day in Catholic countries, his companion vanished, and did not rejoin him until they were out of sight of those devil's eye-sores. He now resolved to make the best use of his observation, and happening to espy a small cross at a little distance, and seeing that his good friend had left him as usual, he rode up to it, dismounted, and easily drew it from the ground. "It's an ill procession, they say, when the devil carries the cross (cried Karl), so I'll e'en be before-hand with him." He threw it across his shoulders, vaulted into his saddle, and trotted forward, until he came to a town which he supposed to be the place of his destination. Nicolaus made a sudden halt and neighed loudly; and lashes and caresses were alike ineffectual to induce him to proceed. A door was opened, and the old cook who knew the voice of Nicolaus too well to be mistaken, welcomed the young apprentice home again to his master's house, at Magdeburg. The truth is, that Nicolaus, liking better a dirty stable than a clean road, had taken care to turn his head homeward, when his rider awoke from his slumber under the tree, and Karl was obliged to defer his visit to Brunswick until a better opportunity should occur. He told his master the whole story on the next morning; but the jeweller (unbeliever as he was!) attributed every thing to his superstition and state of intoxication; but the old cook was fully persuaded that he had actually been in the society of the devil, and was not satisfied that he was entirely out of his, the said devil's power, until he had confessed to the priest of the family, and purified himself with an additional sprinkling of holy water. His master had the cross burned, and warned Karl not to mention the circumstance of his having sacrilegiously carried it off, as he might incur the displeasure of the holy church. Karl did as he was desired, and on the following day the removal of the cross was discovered, and considered as a miracle by the good people of Lower Saxony in the seventeenth century.

K.

THE LIFE OF WILLIAM HAYLEY.

The most remarkable incidents in Hayley's *Life* are to be collected from his Memoirs of himself, edited by his friend the Rev. Dr. Johnson, better known as the favourite kinsman of Cowper. The Memoirs, though somewhat more copious than many readers might have wished them, are yet far from being devoid of entertainment to the lovers of literary biography.

William Hayley was born at Chichester on the 29th of October, 1745. His father was a private gentleman, son of one Dean of Chichester, and nephew to another. Having enriched himself by a union with the daughter of an opulent merchant, who died without leaving him any children, he married for his second wife, Mary, a daughter of Colonel Yates, a representative in Parliament for the city of Chichester, the mother of the poet.

His father dying when he was three years old, and his only brother soon after, William became the sole care of a discreet and affectionate woman. A similar lot will be found to have influenced the earlier years of many who have been most distinguished for their virtues or abilities in after life. He was taught to read by three sisters, of the name of Russell, who kept a girl's school at Chichester; and pleased himself by relating that, when in his 63d year, he presented to one of them, who still continued in the same employment with her faculties unimpaired, a recent edition of his Triumphs of Temper. His first instructor in the learned languages was a master in the same city, who appeared to be so incompetent to the task he had undertaken, that Mrs. Hayley removed her son to the school of a Mr. Woodeson, at Kingston. He had not been long here, when he was seized with a violent fit of illness, which obliged his mother, who had now fixed her residence in London, to take him home, after having nursed him for some weeks at Kingston, with little hopes of life. Of the anxiety with which she watched over him, he has left the following pathetic memorial in his Essay on Epic Poetry

Thou tender saint, to whom he owes much more
Than ever child to parent owed before,
In life's first season, when the fever's flame
Shrunk to deformity his shrivel'd frame,
And turn'd each fairer image in his brain
To blank confusion and her crazy train,
'Twas thine, with constant love, through ling'ring years,
To bathe thy ideot orphan with thy tears;
Day after day, and night succeeding night,
To turn incessant to the hideous sight,
And frequent watch, if haply at thy view
Departed reason might not dawn anew.

The first sign he gave of returning intellect, was an exclamation on seeing a hare run across the road as they were taking an airing in Richmond park. On his recovery, his mother provided him a private tutor in Greek and Latin, of the name of Ayles, formerly a fellow of King's College, Cambridge; while she herself and his nurse, a faithful servant in the family for more than fifty years, encouraged his early propensity for English literature; the former by reading to him, and the other by making him recite passages out of tragedies, of which the good woman was passionately fond.

In August, 1757, his mother placed him at Eton, where he remained about six years, at the end of which time he was removed to Trinity Hall, Cambridge. Like many others, he acknowledges the illusion of considering our school-boy days as the happiest of life. The infirmities, which his sickness had brought on, made him extremely sensible to the jibes and rough treatment of the bigger boys, and the accidental neglect of a Greek lesson exposed him to a flogging which he never quite forgave. One of his tutors at Eton was Dr. Roberts, author of Judah Restored, a poem, in which the numbers of the Paradise Lost are happily imitated. By him, the young scholar was confirmed in that love of composing verse which he could trace back to his ninth year. There is little promise in the specimens he gives of his earlier attempts. His English ode on the birth of the present King, inserted in the Cambridge collection, is an indifferent performance, even for a boy. At the univer-

sity, he describes himself to have studied diligently, to have given many of his hours to drawing and painting, and to have formed friendships which were dissolved only by death. On Thornton, a member of the same hall, the most favoured of these associates, whom he lost when a young man, he wrote an elegy, which is one of the best of his works. With him he improved himself in the Spanish and Italian languages, the latter of which they studied under Isola, a teacher at Cambridge, afterwards creditably known by an edition of the Gerusalemme Liberata. Hayley entered his name at the Middle Temple on the 13th of June, 1766, and in the following year quitted Cambridge without a degree. He now made some ineffectual attempts towards fixing his choice of a profession in life; but at last poetry, and especially the drama, were suffered to engross him. In October, 1769, he married Eliza, the daughter of Doctor Ball, Dean of Chichester. This lady had been the confidant of his attachment to another. The match was on his part entered on rather from disappointment than love; and was made contrary to the advice of his surviving parent, who represented to him the danger there was lest his wife should inherit an incurable insanity under which her mother had long laboured. Many years after he put her away, fancying himself no longer able to endure a waywardness of temper, which, as he thought, amounted nearly to the calamity that had been apprehended. In the summer of 1771, he retired with his wife and mother from Great Queen-street, where they had hitherto resided, to his paternal estate at Eartham in Sussex; but in the ensuing winter his mother went back to London for medical advice and there died.

He had endeavoured, but in vain, to bring several of his tragedies on the stage. Garrick, with some hollow compliments, rejected one, called the Afflicted Father, of which the story appears to have been too shocking for representation. It was that a father had supplied his son, under sentence of death, with poison, and when too late found that he was pardoned. Another called the Syrian Queen, which he had imitated from the Rodogune of Corneille, was refused with more sincerity by Colman. A third met no better reception from Harris. "Persuaded," as he says, "by his own sensations that he had a considerable portion of native poetic fire in his mind, he resolved to display it in a composition less subject to the caprice of managers, yet more arduous in its execution. In short, he determined to begin an epic poem." He chose for his subject the extorting of Magna Charta from King John. The death of his friend Thornton in 1780, who had watched the progress of this essay with much solicitude for its success, chiefly induced him to relinquish a design, which was in truth ill fitted to his powers. In the Essay on Epic Poetry, he recommended it to Mason, who was not much better able to accomplish it than himself. I am unwilling to detain my reader by an account of the numerous poems, which he either did not complete or did not commit to the press. His unpublished verses, as he told me a few years before his death, amounted to six times the number of those in print.

His first publication was the Epistle on Painting to Romney, in 1778. The two next in the following year were anonymous, the one A Congratulatory Epistle to Admiral Keppel on his Acquittal; the other An Essay on the Ancient Greek Model (as he called it) to Bishop Lowth, remonstrating against the contention which the bishop had entered into with Warburton, and which he thought unworthy so excellent a prelate. In 1780, he produced, besides the Verses on the Death of Mr. Thornton, an Ode to Howard, and the Epistles on History addressed to Gibbon, which gained him the intimacy of the historian and the philanthropist. The success of these works encouraged him to project the Triumphs of Temper, the most popular of all his poems, which he published in 1781. The next year saw the publication of his Essay on Epic Poetry; in the notes to which he introduced much information on the poetry of Italy and Spain, then less known among us than at present; and he endeavoured to rouse the spirits of Wright the painter at Derby, by an ode, which was printed for private circulation. In 1784, he published a volume of

plays, consisting of tragedies and comedies, the latter of which were in rhyme. The gratification of seeing his dramas represented on the stage, which he had before solicited in vain, was now offered by Colman, who proposed through the author's bookseller to bring out a tragedy and comedy, Lord Russell, and The Two Connoisseurs, at the Haymarket. "A comedy in rhyme," the manager observed, "was a bold attempt; but when so well executed as in the present instance, he thought, would be received with favour, especially on a stage of a genius somewhat similar to that of a private theatre for which it was professedly written." Both tragedy and comedy were well received, but with so little emolument to the poet, that he had to pay for his own seat at the representation. Marcella, the other tragedy, was also acted, in 1789, when it was condemned at one house, and in three nights after applauded at the other. The author accounted for this whimsical change of fortune by supposing the piece to have been played only on a few hours' preparation by the manager at Drury-Lane, in order to get the start of Harris and prevent his success by having the play damned before it appeared on his theatre.

Hayley was, however, now in great favour with the public; the first edition of his plays was sold in a fortnight; and through the intervention of his friend Thomas Payne, the bookseller, he re-purchased for 500*l.* from Dodsley the copyright of all he had written. It would have been well if his poetical career had closed here; for whatever he did afterwards in this way met either with disregard or contempt. Such was the fate of a Poem on the Anniversary of the Revolution in 1788; of an imitation of a German opera, called the Trial of the Rovers, which he sold to Harris for 100*l.* but which failed at Covent-Garden in 1789; of Eudora, a tragedy, acted with no better success in 1790; of the National Advocates, intended to commemorate the triumph of Erskine in his defence of Horne Tooke in 1795; of an Elegy on Sir William Jones in the same year; of an Essay on Sculpture in 1800; of Ballads on Animals, the most empty of his productions that I have seen, in 1802; of the Triumphs of Music in 1804; of Stanzas to the Patriots in Spain in 1808; and of another volume of plays in 1811.

Yet he still continued to secure to himself some share of attention by several works in prose. In the Essay on Old Maids, published in 1785, there is an agreeable combination of learning, sprightliness, and arch humour. He now and then approaches to irreverence on sacred subjects, but, as I am persuaded, without any ill intention; the dedication of the book to Mrs. Carter gave much offence to that lady. His Dialogues on Johnson and Chesterfield, in 1787, contrast the character of these writers in a lively manner and with some power of discrimination, but the partiality of the author is very evident. He had himself "sacrificed" too successfully to the Graces to be a fair umpire between the rough scholar and the polished nobleman. The Young Widow, or the History of Cornelia Sedley, a novel, was published without his name (as the last-mentioned two books had also been) in 1789. For this he received 200*l.* from Mr. Nichols. The purchaser found his bargain a hard one; for the novel had little to recommend it, being deficient in probability of incident and character. He made up for the loss by presenting his bookseller with another anonymous work entitled the "Eulogies of Howard, a Vision," in prose.* His "Life of Milton," was intended for an edition of the poet to be published by Nichols the King's printer; but an abridgment of it only was employed in 1794 for the purpose, some passages being not thought courtly enough for the royal eye. He afterwards published it without mutilation. The design of this work, to which he devoted two years of diligent application, was to vindicate Milton from the asperity of Johnson—a task, which according to the general opinion, has since been more ably executed by Doctor Symmons. He had, however, reason to be satisfied with this undertaking, as it led to an acquaintance and friendship with Cowper, who

* Nichols's Illustrations of Literature, vol. iv, p. 742.

was at the same time engaged in writing notes to Milton. Eight years after, it fell to his lot to write a Life of Cowper himself. This proved to him the most lucrative of all his literary engagements; but its success was owing principally not to the narrative but to the private letters of Cowper which accompanied them. Of the Life and Letters he added another volume in 1804; and in 1809 wrote the Life of Romney, which, having no such attraction, did not recommend itself to the public notice.

From the time that he left London, in 1774, till his death, a period of 46 years, he was seldom long absent from his home, first at Eartham, and afterwards at Felpham, a pleasant village on the sea-shore, distant only a few miles from his former residence. Cowper, who visited him at Eartham, in 1792, speaks of the house as "the most elegant mansion he had ever inhabited, surrounded by the most delightful pleasure grounds he had ever seen," and observes "he had no conception that a poet could be the owner of such a paradise." The house was built, and the pleasure grounds laid out by himself. Here I saw him in the next summer but one after Cowper's visit. His habits appeared to me such as they were long afterwards described by Mrs. Opie—these of extreme retirement, of abstemiousness, and of family devotion. He was at that time employed on his Life of Milton, and in educating his son, a promising boy, who under the age of fourteen had begun to translate the Epistles of Horace into tolerable blank verse. On accompanying me the next morning out of "Paradise," the lad spoke to me with some sorrow of his father's refusal to let him "join a pack of hounds in the neighbourhood." He died in his 20th year, a victim probably to the secluded life and the studious habits to which his parent had so early devoted him. His mother, a servant in the family, as I was told by Anna Seward, declared him to be the son of a young orphan, named Howell, who having been benevolently received by Hayley into his house, and through his means promoted in the military service of the East India Company, soon after perished by shipwreck. But the features of the boy told a different story, and one more consonant to that of the poet, by whom he was always acknowledged for his son. He was, for some time, the pupil of Mr. Flaxman, who augured highly of his abilities, and who, if the young man had lived, would certainly have done all that could be done by example and instruction to render him illustrious in his art and respectable as a man.

Considering his independence on any profession, the ease of his manners, his talents for conversation, and his knowledge of modern languages, it may be wondered that Hayley did not mix more in society, or visit other countries besides his own. Once, indeed, when a young man, he made an excursion to Scotland; and, in the summer of 1790, passed three weeks at Paris with his friends, Carwardine and Romney, from whence, much to the scandal of the neighbourhood, he brought back a French governess for his son. Mrs. Hayley had then left him, or rather been gently forced out of his house; and, afterwards, when she begged for leave to return, was denied it. From his own account of the matter, and from the letters that passed between them, some of which he has published in his Memoirs, it is difficult to acquit him of blame, and not to wish that he had endured with more patience the foibles of a woman, who, though irreproachable in her own conduct, was more indulgent than she need have been to his frailties. He appears, however, to have been anxious for her happiness after they were separated. She died in London in 1797, and received from her husband the empty honours of a funeral sermon and an epitaph. He was loth to quit his home except on some errand of friendship, when he was ever ready to run to the Land's End. I remember his quoting to me the following line out of Æschylus, on the advantage of a master's presence in his own family.

Ὄμμα γὰρ δόμων νομίζω δεσπότου παρουσίαν.

He seems to have taken delight in the instruction of youth. Besides his own boy, he undertook to educate gratuitously two sons of his friend, Mr. Carwardine, and one of his neighbour, Lord Egremont. On the death of Warton, he declined some

advances that were made him through his friends, towards an offer of the laureateship. Nothing but a high sense of independence could have prompted this refusal; for, though no courtier, he was not wanting in loyalty; and the stipend would have been a welcome addition to an income which barely sufficed his own moderate wants and his liberal contributions to the necessities of others.

He was not more fortunate in a second marriage than he had been in his first. The vain confidence which he placed in his good stars on this occasion shall be told in his own words, which are as follows:

While he was deeply engaged in his biographical compositions, he used to say, 'I have not leisure to wander from my hermitage, and look into the world in quest of a wife; but I feel a strong persuasion, that if it is really good for me to venture once more on marriage,

that step
Of deepest hazard, and of highest hope,

my kind stars will conduct to my cell some compassionate fair one, fond of books and retirement, who may be willing to enliven, with the songs of tenderness, the solitude of a poetical hermit.'

Such was the frame of mind in the recluse, when an incident occurred, that gradually seemed to accomplish a completion of his prophecy. This incident was a visit from an old ecclesiastical acquaintance, attended by two young ladies, Mary and Harriet Welford, daughters of an aged and retired merchant on Blackheath.

The countenance and musical talents of the elder sister made a strong impression on the sequestered poet. Their accidental visit gradually led to his second marriage on the 23d of March, 1809, an event attended with much general exultation and delight, though evidently, like the usual steps of poets in the world, rather a step of hasty affection than of deliberate prudence.

In three years they were separated; I know not for what reasons. On showing me some gaps in his library, he said that they had been made by proceedings in Doctors Commons.

To Felpham, where he passed the last twenty years of his life, there retired also, to end his days in privacy and quiet, Doctor Cyril Jackson, who had been many years Dean of Christ Church, and in that time had refused some of the highest honours in the church. It is said that when Hayley waited on him, the Doctor declined entering upon an interchange of visits; but said that he should be happy to establish an intercourse of a different kind, and to send him occasionally books, or any thing else which he might happen to have, and which Hayley might be without, and to receive from him the same neighbourly accommodations in return. Accordingly, when the poet took a wife in his old age, he sent the Doctor a piece of the wedding cake, with a message, that he hoped at some future time to receive a neighbourly communication of the same sort in return.

In 1818, he told me that his medical attendant was apprehensive of his becoming dropsical, and had prescribed him a glass of port wine after his dinner. His usual drink before this had been water. In the October of the following year, he wrote to me that "he had been assailed by two of the most formidable enemies of the human frame; and had been almost demolished by a fit of apoplexy, and a fit of the stone: the blow from the former," he adds, "was so violent, that my physician despaired of my revival; but, by the mercy of Heaven, I am so far revived, that I can again enjoy a social and literary intercourse with my friends; and even dabble again in rhyme; but, as I suspect, that my rhymes, like the Homilies of Gil Blas' Archbishop, may savour of apoplexy, I think it right to keep them in utter privacy."

His other complaint, the stone, terminated his life on the 12th of November, 1820.

Under all his sufferings (says his early friend, Mr. Sargent), he was never heard to express a querulous word; and, if I had not seen it, I could not have thought it possible for so much constant patience and resignation to have been exhibited under so many years of grievous pain. Of his severe disease he spoke with great calmness; and when there seemed to be some doubt among his medical friends, as to the existence of a stone in the bladder, he said to me in a gentle tone, "I can settle the controversy between them; I am sure there is, for I distinctly feel it." A very large stone was found, after his decease. An accidental fall from the slipping of his foot, brought on his last illness and death. When I came to him, the day before he died, he mentioned this circumstance, and expressed a strong hope that God was, in mercy, about to put a period to his suffer-

ings. He had received the Sacrament about a fortnight before, from the Rev. Mr. Hardy, a minister in the neighbourhood, towards whom he always expressed a most friendly regard.

To this satisfactory account of Hayley's latter days, let me be allowed to add, that which is given by the son of his friend, the Rev. John Sargent.

More perfect patience than Hayley manifested under his excruciating tortures, it never was my lot to witness. His was not only submission, but cheerfulness. So far could he abstract himself from his intense sufferings, as to be solicitous, in a way that affected me tenderly, respecting my comfort and accommodation as his guest; a circumstance that might appear trivial to many, but which, to my mind, was illustrative of that disinterestedness and affection which were so habitual to him in life as not to desert him in death. That his patience emanated from principles far superior to those of manly and philosophical fortitude, I feel a comfortable and confirmed persuasion, not merely from the sentiments he expressed when his end was approaching, but from the more satisfactory testimony of his declarations to his confidential servant in the season of comparative health. Again and again, before his last seizure, did he read over a little book I had given him, Corbett's Self-Examination in Secret, and repeatedly did he make his servant read to him that most valuable little work, of which, surely, no proud and insincere man can cordially approve; and to her did he avow, when recommending it for private perusal, "In the principles of that book I wish to die." He also mentioned to her, at the same time, his approbation of the Rev. Daniel Wilson's Sermons, which had been kindly sent to him. He permitted me frequently to pray with him, as a friend and minister; and when I used the confessional in the communion service of our church, and some of the verses of the fifty-first psalm, he appeared to unite devoutly in those acts of penitence, and afterwards added, "I thank you heartily."

With emphasis did I hear him utter the memorable words, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, &c." and on my reminding him that Job exclaimed also, "Behold I am vile," he assented to the excellence of that language of repentance and humility. Indeed, I well remember his heartily agreeing with me in an observation I made some months before, "That a progress in religion was to be discerned by a progressive knowledge of our own misery and sinfulness." The last words almost I heard fall from him, contained a sentiment I should wish, living and dying, to be my own—"Christ have mercy upon me! O my Saviour, look down upon me, forsake me not."

Of his habits during the latter part of his life, Mrs. Opie, who has the art of conferring an interest on whatever she relates, has given this very pleasing account, in a letter addressed to the Editor of his Memoirs. "In consequence of a previous correspondence with Mr. Hayley, the result of his flattering mention of me in the twelfth edition of the "Triumphs of Temper," I went to his house on a visit, in the year 1814. Nothing could exceed the regularity and temperance of Mr. Hayley's habits. We did not breakfast till a little before eight, out of compliment to me, I believe; but, as he always rose at six,* he breakfasted at half-past seven when he was alone; and as soon as he returned from his usual walk in the garden; you remember how rapidly he walked, spite of his lameness, bearing on his stick on one side, and his umbrella on the other.†

* In a similar sketch from the pen of the Rev. Samuel Greatheed, referring to an earlier period, it is stated that "he usually rose and took a dish of coffee at four A. M." and that "while dressing, he most frequently composed a few stanzas of a devotional turn." This practice of early rising he continued many years after the Editor became acquainted with him, walking in his garden, even in winter, and when the ground was covered with snow, with a lantern in his hand, some hours before daylight; and repeatedly throwing up the sash of his friend's sleeping-room, on the ground floor, to give him the benefit of the morning air.—*Note by Doctor Johnson.*

† To the best of his recollection, the Editor never saw him abroad without an umbrella; which in fine weather he used as a parasol, to preserve his eyes. He even rode with it on horseback, a very awkward operation, considering the high-spirited animals that composed his stud, and the constitutional malady in his hip-joint, which, in addition to his weight (for he was a remarkably strong-built man), and his never riding without military spurs, reduced his danger of falling almost to a certainty, when he opened his umbrella without due precaution. But he was a stranger to fear in equestrian matters, and always mounted his horse again, as soon as he could be caught. The Editor was once riding gently by his side, on the stony beach of Bognor, when the wind suddenly reversing his umbrella, as he unfolded it, his horse, with a sudden but desperate plunge,

During breakfast, at which he drank cocoa only, he always read; and, while I was with him, he read aloud to me. We then adjourned to his sitting room, the upper library, and he read to me, or I to him, 'till coffee was served in the dining-room, which was, I think, at eleven o'clock. That repast over, we walked in the garden, and then returned to our books; or I sang to him till it was time for us to dress for dinner—with him a very temperate meal. He drank water only at dinner, and took coffee instead of wine after it. The coffee was served up with cream and fruit in the upper library.

"After dinner I read to him, or he read to me, till it was near tea-time, when we again walked in the garden, and on our return to the house, cocoa was served for him, and tea for me. After tea I read aloud or sang to him, till nine o'clock, when the servants came in to prayers, which were manuscript compositions, or compilations of his own; and which, as you well know, he read in a very impressive manner. He then conversed for half an hour, or I sang one or two of Handel's songs to him, or a hymn of his own; and then we retired for the night. I think he had for some years been in the habit of waking at five o'clock, and composing a hymn, but I do not remember to have heard him mention having been so employed, while I was his guest.

"With the single exception of a drive to Chichester, and to Lavant, where we spent a day with Mrs. Poole, and of having one or two friends to tea three times, there was no *variety* in the life which I have above described, during the whole month I passed with Mr. Hayley; and, I believe, the year that followed, to the time of his death, were as little varied as the days I have detailed. The Honourable Miss Moncktons, and their sister, Mrs. Milnes, drank tea with us once, as they were very ambitious of being presented to Mr. Hayley, and their conversation and great musical powers were justly appreciated by him.

"The next year I repeated my visit to Felpham, and found the Moncktons at Bognor, with their brother and sister, Viscount and Viscountess Galway. The latter were eager to make Mr. Hayley's acquaintance, and I easily obtained leave to introduce them. At the same time, the Countess of Mayo, and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Smith, requested of me a similar introduction, and this application drew from our friend the following remark: "I think, my dear, you had better *show* me, at a shilling a-head." Leave was granted me to present these new visitants; and they afterwards, I found, introduced Lord Mayo. That year Mr. Hayley was unable to bear the motion of a carriage, from the increased pain in his hip-joint, and, from that time, he scarcely ever left his own precincts.

"The next year I went to Scotland, and did not see Felpham till the year 1817. I found Mr. Hayley was become fond of seeing occasional visitors, and that Earl and Countess Paulett, and Lady Mary Paulett, as well as Lord and Lady Mayo, and Mr. and Mrs. T. Smith, were frequent callers on him that year. The Miss Godfreys were also his guests, and with them I occasionally paid visits, but for the most part our life was as unvaried as it was in 1814 and 1815.

"In 1818, I was unable to visit Felpham; but in 1819, I went down to Bognor in considerable alarm, on hearing of our poor friend's illness; and I was not certain that I should not arrive too late to see him. But I found him out of danger; and had the happiness of returning to London at the end of the week, leaving him recovering. But I saw him no more.

pitched him on his head in an instant. Providentially he received no hurt, and some fishermen being at hand, the plunging steed was stopped at a gate, and being once more subjected to his rider, took him home in safety. On another occasion, in the same visit of the Editor, he was tost into the air on the Downs, at the precise moment when an interesting friend, whom they had just left, being apprehensive of what would happen, was anxiously viewing him from her window through a telescope.

These anecdotes may serve to illustrate that *determined* feature of his character, which has been already noticed, and which impelled him, contrary to the advice of his friends, to persevere in a favourite, though perilous exercise, even at the manifest hazard of his life. At length, however, they prevailed; and, for some years before he died, he gave up riding on horseback altogether.—*Note by Dr. Johnson.*

He died in November of the following year.

"You will wish to know what we read aloud. Chiefly manuscript poems and plays of Mr. Hayley's, and modern publications. One of the former was a sensible, just, and, as he read it, an apparently well-written Epistle to a Socinian friend on the errors of his belief. You know, I suppose, that our friend always read the Bible and Testament before he left his chamber in a morning." Hayley's Memoirs, vol. ii. p. 201. The epistle, of which Mrs. Opie speaks, was printed with a few other "Poems on serious and sacred Subjects," to be distributed among the friends of the author, two years before his death.

His person and character are well described by the Rev. Doctor Johnson, in the following words: "He was considerably above the middle stature, had a countenance remarkably expressive of intellect and feeling, and a commanding air and deportment that reminded the beholder rather of a military officer, than of the character he assumes in the close of his epistolary addresses (he used to sign himself *the Hermit*). The deplorable infirmity, however, of his early years, had left a perceptible lameness, which attended him through life, and induced a necessity of adventitious aid, towards procuring him the advantage of a tolerably even walk.

"As to his personal qualities, of a higher order, these were cheerfulness and sympathy in a very eminent degree; so eminent, indeed, that as no afflictions of his own could divest him of the former, so neither could the afflictions of others find him destitute of the latter. His temper also was singularly sweet and amiable, being not only free from ebullitions of anger, but from all those minor defects which it is needless to enumerate, and to which social peace and harmony are so repeatedly sacrificed. It was the most even in its exercise, that the writer of this brief account of him ever witnessed. Whether this regular flow of good humour was owing to the native cheerfulness of his mind—to the habit which he had contracted of viewing every adverse circumstance on its bright side—to a course of self discipline, which he did not avow to others, or to the joint operation of all these, it is not possible to say; but certain it is that it was one of his most striking peculiarities.

"In all these respects there can be no doubt that the character of Hayley was worthy of imitation; and the Editor feels that he should be deficient in a becoming attention to the expressed wish of the author, in the close of his Memoir, if he did not briefly advert to the importance, both to individual and social happiness, of endeavouring to cultivate to the utmost those eminent ingredients of a beneficial life—cheerfulness, sympathy, and good temper.

"Closely connected with these was a rich assemblage of amiable qualities, which the Editor cannot do better than display in the following extract, from the before-mentioned sketch, by the Rev. Samuel Greatheed. 'Hayley retained, I believe, throughout his life, a high sense of honour, inflexible integrity, a warmth of friendship and overflowing benevolence. The last was especially exerted for the introduction of meritorious young persons into useful and respectable situations; and it was usually efficient, as it never relaxed while they justified his patronage. He did not, indeed, scruple, while it was in his power, to entrust them with large sums, when there appeared a prospect of their future ability for re-payment; but as this prospect not seldom failed, either through death or unavoidable impediments, his property was greatly reduced by such beneficence.'

"Another distinctive mark of the character of Hayley, which few possess by nature, and still fewer attain to by art, was an eminently great conversational ability. It was scarcely possible for any one to be in his company an hour, how distinguished soever his own gifts or acquirements might be in the possession and exercise of colloquial powers, without being conscious of his superiority in this respect. It has been a subject of repeated astonishment to the Editor, that in a soil so unfavourable to the growth of this faculty, as seclusion must necessarily be, it should yet have arrived at such a pitch of exuberance, in the case of the retired subject of this Memoir, as only an interchange of the best informed

minds, and that continually exercised, could be supposed capable of producing. He can only attempt to account for it from the opportunities which the author enjoyed, through the advantage of one of the finest private libraries in the kingdom, of conversing at all hours, and in all conceivable frames of mind, with the illustrious dead of every age and nation. But the solution of the difficulty is still incomplete, for although these literary "Pleiades" could furnish as it were "the sweet influences of rain and sunshine," to foster his native talent; yet, breath being denied them, its improvement is more than his friend Cowper could have accounted for, without violating his poetical axiom, that

> ———Ev'n the oak
> Thrives by the rude concussion of the storm.

"As to the defects of the character of Hayley, perhaps the most prominent feature was a pertinacity of determination with regard to his modes of action, which has been seldom exemplified to the same extent in the case of others. When, in the contemplation of supposed advantage, whether to himself or his friends, he had once matured his purpose, it was an attempt of no ordinary difficulty to divert him from the pursuit of it. To this may, perhaps, be attributed the perpetual disappointments with which his life was chequered. Certain it is, that his matrimonial infelicities may be traced to this source. His first adventure of the kind alluded to, had the warning voice of his surviving parent against it, and, it may naturally be supposed, the dissuasive arguments of all his thinking and judicious friends. And as to the similar connexion he formed in the decline of life, he must have overcome obstacles both numerous and weighty, with respect to his own situation and habits in accomplishing that object of his wishes. Instead of entering into a detail of these, however, it will be more profitable to secure the good effect that may arise from the contemplation of the former part of his character, from the danger of being neutralized by the present exhibition of it. This may, perhaps, be accomplished by reminding the reader of that principle of our lapsed nature, which inclines us, too often, to confound evil with good. The good, in Hayley's case, appears to have been the viewing, through his native cheerfulness, every *dispensation of Providence* on its bright side; and the evil, his applying this rule to what might be not improperly designated *the dispensation of his own will*. There can be no doubt that his example in the first instance, and his mistake in the last, are equally to be followed and avoided.

"Another failing observable in the character of Hayley, was the little attention he paid to public opinion, in regard to his modes and habits of life. During his long residence in his paternal seat of Eartham, though he occasionally received friends from a distance, and especially the votaries of literature and the fine arts, yet to the families in his vicinity he was not easily accessible. He seems, indeed, to have been almost an insulated mortal among them; and one who, discharging himself from the obligation of what is commonly called *etiquette*, made it impossible to maintain with him the reciprocities of intercourse. It is true, indeed, that the attention of the possessor of Eartham was considerably engrossed by meditation and study; but this increased rather than lessened his adaptation to society, and made the effect of his seclusion the more to be lamented." Hayley's Memoirs, vol. ii. p. 220.

As Hayley was too much extolled at the beginning of his poetical course, so was he undeservedly neglected or ridiculed at the close of it. The excessive admiration he at first met with, joined to that flattering self-opinion which a solitary life is apt to engender, made him too easily satisfied with what he had done. Perhaps he wrote worse after his acquaintance with Cowper; for, aiming at a simplicity which he had not power to support, he became flat and insipid. He had at no time much force of conception or language. Yet if he never elevates he frequently amuses his reader. His chief attraction consists in setting off some plain and natural thought or observation, by a sparkling and ingenious similitude, such as we commonly find in the Persian poets. To this may be added a certain sweetness of numbers

peculiar to himself, without the spirit and edge of Pope, or the boldness of Dryden, and fashioned as I think to his own recitation, which, though musical, was somewhat too pompous and monotonous. He was desirous that all his rhymes should be exact; but they are sometimes so only according to his own manner of pronouncing them. He holds about the same rank among our poets that Bertaut does among the French; but differs from him in this; that, whereas Bertaut was the earliest of a race analogous to the school of Dryden and Pope, so Hayley was the latest of the correspondent class amongst ourselves.

In one respect he is deserving of most honourable notice. During the course of a long literary life, I doubt whether he was ever provoked to use a single word of asperity or sarcasm towards any of his contemporaries. This was praise which alone ought to have exempted him from the harsh and unmerited censure of Porson, by whom he was called Criticorum et Poetarum pessimus. He sometimes, on the other hand, indulged himself too much in a lavish and indiscriminate commendation of contemporary writers. But from whatever might appear like flattery of the great, he scrupulously abstained. When the Princess Charlotte visited him at Felpham, he would not present some verses he had written on her, lest he should be thought capable of that meanness.

His Essays on Painting, History, and Poetry, contain much information that may be useful to young artists and students. That on Sculpture is very inferior to the rest; as the Triumph of Music is to the Triumphs of Temper. The last of these is a poem that still continues to interest a class of readers, whose studies are intimately connected with the happiness and well-being of society. The design of it, which is to show the advantages of self-control to the mind of a well-educated girl, is much to be commended. The machinery, though it required no great effort of fancy in the production, yet suffices to give some relief to the story. It has been remarked that the trials of the Heroine are too insignificant. But of one of them at least, the calumny in the newspaper, this cannot properly be said. Nor would the purpose of the writer have been so well answered, if he had been more serious and had uttered his oracles from behind a graver mask.

The taste which has been lately excited amongst us for Spanish and Italian literature, after having slept nearly since the age of Elizabeth, may be attributed in a great measure to the influence of his example. Gray, Hurd, and the two Wartons, had done something towards awakening it, but the spell was completed by him. The decisive impulse was given by the copious extracts from the great poets in those languages, which he inserted in the notes to his Essay on Epic Poetry, and which he accompanied by spirited translations. Lord Holland, the best informed and most elegant of our writers on the subject of the Spanish theatre, declared that he had been induced to learn that language by what Hayley had written concerning the poet Eriella.

I have heard his Greek scholarship questioned in consequence of an error which, in his Epistles on History, he has made in the quantity of the word Olorus, the name of the father of Thucydides; but from a casual mistake of this sort, no decisive inference can be drawn.

There is little knowledge of human life and character to be gained from his writings. He had seen mankind chiefly through the medium of books, and those such as did not represent them very faithfully to him, that is, in ordinary plays and novels. Indeed he appeared to consider the real affairs of life in which he was concerned much in the light of a romance, and himself and his friends as so many personages acting in it, all meeting with marvellous adventures at every turn, and all endowed with admirable qualities, to which their petty frailties served only as foils. It is impossible in reading his memoirs to avoid smiling at the importance he attaches to very ordinary occurrences. I am not sure whether it was not this propensity that led him to magnify his own distresses in living with his first wife. That lady I well recollect to have been lively and elegant in her manners, and much addicted to literary pursuits, of which she gave a proof in translating Ma-

dame de Lambert's Essay on Friendship. Her excessive zeal for her husband's reputation as an author, he has bantered with some humour in the play of the Mausoleum, where Mrs. Rumble, the wife of a poet, is introduced:

> Who crows o'er her husband's poetical eggs.

The character of Rumble in the same play appeared so evidently designed for Johnson, though the author disclaimed that intention, that Boswell, when he read it on its first coming out, at Anna Seward's, exclaimed, "It is we. It is we." Trope, who

> Talks in a high strutting style of the stars,
> Of the eagle of Jove, and the chariot of Mars,

was meant for Mason; and by Facil,

> Whose verse is the thread of tenuity,
> A fellow distinguish'd by flippant fatuity,
> Who nonsense and rhyme can incessantly mingle,
> A poet—if poetry's only a jingle.

he intended to represent himself.

The name of Facil was but too appropriate. The slender thread of his verse was hastily and slightly spun.

His comedies are adapted to the entertainment of those readers only who have formed their taste on the French drama. His tragedies are some of the most endurable we have, in what a lively modern critic has termed the rhetorical style. Yet he had some skill in moving compassion.

His diction both in poetry and prose is vitiated by the frequent recurrence of certain hyperbolical expressions, which he applies on almost all occasions.

He was particularly fond of composing epitaphs, of which, as I remember, he showed me a manuscript book full One of these on Henry Hammond, the parish clerk at Eartham, is among the best in the language. It is inserted in the Memoirs which Hayley wrote of his son

> An active spirit in a little frame,
> This honest man the path of duty trod;
> Toil'd while he could, and, when death's darkness came,
> Sought in calm hope his recompense from God
> His sons, who loved him, to his merit just,
> Raised this plain stone to guard their parent's dust.

SONG OF THE STARS TO THE EARTH.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GR. VON STOLBERG.

Sleep, sister, softly sleep, in cool and fragrant bed:
Sleep, loved one, softly sleep, till thou wak'st so rosy red
Let no rude beating storms thy flowing locks dishevel,
Nor lift thy glittering streams above their shore-girt level,
Nor hush thy lullaby from the softly murmuring sea:
Let no volcanic hill of flame burst forth and waken thee
Let the daggered lightnings rest in their Alpine girdle dark;
And let no cloud conceal from us the face we love to mark;
Nor veil the moon benign
From upturn'd glance of thine.
With thee may light-foot Hours lead up a joyous dance,
Till dawn, with rosy hand, awake thee from thy trance.
Thy children will not trouble thee in this thy balmy sleep,
For they are slumbering too. The few whom miseries keep
Out of the bed of rest a soothing influence borrow
From the meek-visaged Moon, that weeps with those who sorrow,
Is glad with those who joy, smiles lovingly on lovers.
For those of thy bold sons, who on the main are rovers,
We hold out in the night
Our leading-strings of light,
Lest any rushing storm o'ertake them in their gliding;
Or their keels meet the shock
Of the hidden rock,
Or of those, where angry waves are chiding.
Sleep, sister, softly sleep on cool and fragrant bed:
Sleep, loved one, softly sleep, till thou wak'st all rosy red.

SCRIPTURE POETRY.

THE FINDING OF MOSES.

Considering the Scriptures merely in a literary point of view, and without any reference to their divine object,—the leading of our minds to virtue, and thenceforward to happiness,—it is beyond doubt that they contain more sublime, more transcendently sublime passages, more beautiful, more exquisitely beautiful verses, than are to be met with in any profane work. Whilst I was yet but young in criticism, it was my habit to "memorize" in a book of tablets such phrases as particularly struck me by their vigour or elegance in the course of my desultory reading. On looking over the earliest of these juvenile records, some days ago, I found the two following extracts placed in the van, as exemplifying what I then considered to be the chef d'œuvre of sublime and beautiful composition, respectively. With a judgment (such as it is), somewhat more matured, and a course of study somewhat more extended, I do not know that I could now select a finer specimen of either kind. They are as follow:

Hast thou given the horse strength? hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?

Canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper? the glory of his nostrils is terrible.

He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength! he goeth on to meet the armed men.

He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted; neither turneth he back from the sword.

The quiver rattleth against him, the glittering spear and the shield.

He swalloweth the ground in fierceness and rage: neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet.

He saith among the trumpets, Ha! ha! and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting.

Job, chap. xxxix.

Consider the lilies of the field how they grow: they toil not, neither do they spin;

And yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. *St. Matthew*, chap. vi.

Of the first of these quotations it may perhaps be said, that in it the boldness, the mental audacity which always characterizes a true genius for the sublime, has here reached its utmost limit,—if in one phrase it has not even transgressed it. The expression, "hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?" i. e. with a *sound*, though authenticated by Gray in his Progress of Poesy,* is perhaps too vague a metaphor to be distinctly apprehended,—if indeed it be anything more than a mere euphonous collection of syllables which captivates the ear. I am far from wishing to reduce poetry to logic, or to try it by the rules of that art; but it certainly should be always reducible to sense, and be always conformable to the standard of reason. I do not even require that the *rationale* of a poetical expression should be always definable in words; because the power of words is not sufficiently flexible, and cannot always reach the subtlety of thought. Words are fixed and unchangeable in their meaning; thought is indefinitely modifiable; its different shades must therefore frequently elude the grasp of words, and its various forms be often too delicate for the rude hand of language to seize without crushing. But I certainly require that the *rationale* of every poetical expression should be apprehensible by the reader, i. e. should be mentally explicable to himself. If it fulfils this condition, no more is necessary; but if it does not, if it affords the reader no distinguishable (not *definable*) object of contemplation, it is to all intents and purposes without meaning, that is, it is non-sense. I remember once repeating, with all the enthusiasm of youthful admiration, the above description of the war-horse in Job, to a friend who is more of a mathematician, and less of a "poet," than I am. He immediately demanded of me what was meant by "clothing a horse's neck with a sound?" I was puzzled, but I would not confess it. I was

* Speaking of the horses of Pindar, he says,

With necks *in thunder clothed*, and long resounding pace.

ashamed to acknowledge that I had been carried over the sentence by its mere euphony,—though, perhaps, there was no good reason why I should have been ashamed. Had my friend possessed much susceptibility of ear for the music of poetry, the grandeur of the phrase he objected to would have entranced his mind, and for the moment made him incapable of looking further. But as my ear grew familiar with the euphony of the above expression, and was sated with it, I should naturally have sought out its other merits, its intellectual supply of gratification. I have often done this; often repeated the phrase with a hope that its meaning would, as it were, lighten over my mind, which is all that I require; but after many trials, I am inclined to think that the sound of the syllables is the only merit they possess. There is a passage in Milton's Comus, which similarly, though not in the same degree, tantalizes the intellectual apprehension of a reader, gratifying his ear as this does. Where the poet speaks of music that did

> Float upon the wings
> Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night,
> At every fall smoothing the raven down
> Of darkness till it smiled.

The image were palpable if it had been *light* which smoothed the raven down of darkness till it smiled; but I confess myself unable clearly to apprehend how such a *visible* quality can, even figuratively, be attributed to *sound*. If it be merely meant that music made even the gloom of night pleasant, this indeed is plain enough; but such fine words cannot have so ordinary a sense.

There is, however, in the preceding extract from Job, enough of remaining and unequivocal sublimity to challenge admiration. Its merits have been illustrated in a paper of the Guardian, to which I refer my reader, if indeed he requires any assistance in appreciating them. To the above remark on one phrase of this extract I will merely subjoin another on the last verse. There are two perilous extremes to which sublimity is always verging: the unintelligible and the ridiculous. Those who are indisposed to concede the faculty of judgment in any great degree to any poet may probably change their creed, or become somewhat more liberal when they reflect upon this undeniable truth which I have just asserted. So delicate a judgment does it require exactly to determine that bound which the "vaulting ambition" of a poet's mind cannot overleap without an offence to good sense or good taste, that no author who has ever dared to ascend "the brightest heaven of invention" can be found who has always sustained himself in that high medium with perfect steadiness. He is either lost in the clouds by some extravagant reach at loftier points, or "plumb down he drops" in some awkward attempt at original excursions. It is to this nodding judgment that we owe such images as—"legs like pillars of marble," "eyes like the fish pools of Heshbon," a "nose like the tower of Lebanon," &c. &c. in the Song of Solomon; it is to this that we are to trace Shakspeare's ridiculous bombastics, and Milton's occasional incomprehensibilities. It is to the want of this nice faculty of discriminating between imagery or sentiment, purely and impurely sublime, that we must attribute the errors of the German and French schools of composition. The former cannot perceive the distinction between sublime and grotesque imagery, nor the latter that between sublime and inflated sentiment. When the war-horse in Job is described as saying "among the trumpets, ha! ha!" the poet, I conceive, has gone the very uttermost length that any poet could go with impunity. One step farther, and he would have inevitably incurred ridicule. What led him to the brink of this precipice, where another step would have been destruction?—his imagination, which gloried in snatching a wreath from off that pinnacle where a less sublime genius would have feared to tread. What withheld him at the extremest limit of safety? his judgment, which told him that so far he could go, but no farther. And this in poetry is the peculiar province of judgment,—to restrain the transgressions of a roving imagination, to chastise the insolence of an over-peering fancy. Hence if a daring imagination be essential to the constitution of a supreme poet, is not a refined judgment also indispensable? How therefore can we

conclude that judgment and the poetic faculty are inconsistent? *

It is not now my intention to enter upon the consideration of Scriptural sublimity in its full extent; but whilst I relinquish this subject for the present, I cannot help asking my reader if the habit of repeating the Psalms by rote has prevented him from noticing the tremendous energy of a passage which he must have frequently read with his outward eye.

> Thy feet shall be dipped in the blood of thine enemies, and the tongues of the dogs shall be red with the same.

There is something terrible in the vindictive sublimity of this threat, from which a modern imagination would shrink, however audacious. No one but a servant of Omnipotence would dare to utter such a menace; no enemies but those of the most High could deserve such a fierce anathema to be hurled against them. Another passage in the private letters of a celebrated individual of our own age and country has always impressed me with a sensation of indescribable awe when I thought of it:

> As to *you*, it is clearly my opinion, that you have nothing to fear from the Duke of Bedford. I reserve some things expressly to awe him, in case he should think of bringing you before the House of Lords. I am sure I can threaten him privately with such a storm, as would make him *tremble even in his grave*.

The author of these letters (whoever he may have been) was a man of the most energetic powers of mind; but they were nevertheless unequal to the above passage. It is taken, word for word, from the Scriptures. Before I detected this, I had admired the genius which invented such a powerful expression; I now only admire the taste which selected it.

My having accidentally adverted to the book of Job will serve to introduce the subject upon which alone I at first intended to speak. There are one or two fine passages in those parts of the Sacred Writings known as the work of Moses; but I cannot think he was, as has been contended, the writer of the book of Job. The pervading spirit of that poem (deservedly so called) is daring, arrogant, high-reaching sublimity. The style of the great legislator of the Jews is, both with respect to sentiment and phraseology, simple even to homeliness, equable, and unambitious. Sublimity, though always purest when couched in the simplest language, springs from a double fountain: with simplicity of diction a compatible grandeur of sentiment must unite to form the true sublime. There is little of this latter quality in the books of the Pentateuch. That instance which occurs in the first chapter, and upon which so much needless eloquence has been spent, is what may be called involuntary sublimity. An historian of that simple age relating such a magnificent fact as the creation of the world could not well have avoided being sublime. The fact in itself and independent of the historian was sublime: the simple relation of it must be so too; and the relation of it by an historian of that age must have been simple. Hence are the three first verses of Genesis necessarily sublime. The same may be said of the description of the Flood, the passage of the Red Sea, and others. This sacred author and parent of all authors seldom goes out of his way to be sublime. He is everywhere simple, concise; often homely, and jejune. Less of an orator than an historian, less of an historian than a chronicler. But though a writer so meek in his literary aspirations that he rather admits than introduces the sublime; of so didactic a mind that he rarely deviates from the straight forward road of narrative into the pleasure grounds of description or embellishment; yet neither the modesty of his style nor the brevity of his manner has prevented him leaving us a specimen of the beautiful, one of the most perfect on record. It is indeed but a diminutive though an invaluable gem. Like a solitary snow-drop it endeavours to escape observation amidst the waste in which it smiles. Though its beauty be of the most attractive kind when laid open to view, the

* Locke's definition of wit is just as applicable to poetry and "pleasant" prose so as it be metaphorical, whether witty or not, as to that which he meant to define. And his arguments go as well to prove judgment and poetry incompatible, as judgment and wit.

flower is so small and so retiring that we pass over the spot where it grows without seeing it. I have never heard any one speak of the "Finding of Moses" as a story offering any peculiar beauty to the reader's contemplation; yet I think I should have heard every one speak of it as such. I cannot account for this, inasmuch as to me the beauty contained in it is as clear as starlight; except in the supposition that as a little star, though perhaps more intrinsically brilliant than the moon, is unobserved by reason of its littleness, so the beauty I allude to, though more exquisite than that which glares in many a larger circuit of words, has been left unnoticed by reason of the exceedingly small space it occupies on the page. In fact, though palpable when specifically contemplated, it is nearly imperceptible when surveyed at large with other objects. It is contracted into *five words.*

And there went a man of the house of Levi, and took to wife a daughter of Levi.

And the woman conceived and bare a son; and when she saw him that he was a goodly child, she hid him three months.

And when she could not longer hide him, she took for him an ark of bulrushes, and put the child therein, and she laid it in the flags by the river brink.

And his sister stood afar off, to wit what should be done to him.

And the daughter of Pharaoh came down to bathe herself at the river, and her maidens walked along by the river side: and when she saw the ark among the flags, she sent her maid to fetch it.

And when she opened it, she saw the child: and behold!—*the babe wept.* And she had compassion on him and said, This is one of the Hebrew's children.

Exodus, Chap. II.

Here is a picture!—or rather a miniature, touched by the pencil of a fairy. It would make a delicate subject for Ariel to paint in the tender leaf of a cowslip. No!—no artist could possibly do it justice, but he who paints in words, to the soul not to the sense. A painter could never reach the whole beauty of the phrase—"wept." He could only give the *silent* meaning of that word, which is but part of its true meaning, and belongs as well to other less piteous modes of distress than is to be understood by the term weeping. But the excess of pathos in the above five words is consummated by the choice of the word "wept," in preference to all others of the same class. Had the word—*cried* been used, it would perhaps have expressed the babe's little history as well; but there is a depth of woe, a gentleness and yet a bitterness of complaint, an utter feeling of desertion and helplessness, indicated by the term—wept, as here employed, which no other word could convey. The particular choice of this term may be the merit of the translator; but the whole phrase is beautiful, and presents such an exquisite picture of innocence, desertedness, and distress, as cannot but interest the finest feelings of the heart. I would have it observed too that the story would have been complete without these five words; it is therefore to be considered as having flowed merely from the spirit of poetry and tenderness in the author's breast. It is sufficient to redeem pages of barren chronicle.—As a description of helpless innocence the above passage from Exodus is unrivalled. There is however a description of the same subject in the works of a profane writer which approaches its model more nearly than any other I can now recollect. It also resembles its prototype in being nearly invisible to the general reader; at least I have never heard it cited. We find it in a strange book too, and where we should by no means have expected it to appear,—The History of a Foundling! The benevolent Allworthy is described as listening to the speech of his servant, who advises him to expose the little foundling to the inclemency of the night,—to let it (as she says) "die in a state of innocence." But the voice of Nature in Allworthy's heart outpleaded this sordid piece of eloquence:

He had now got one of his fingers into the infant's hand, which by its gentle pressure seemed to implore his assistance.

Nothing can exceed the pathos and beauty of this description, unless it be the combination of those same qualities in the "Finding of Moses."

D.

WALK TO PAESTUM, LEUCOSIA, &c.

(Concluded.)

On leaving the monks of Capaccio, we descended to the Paestan plain, crossed the *fiume salso,* and passed close to the walls of the ancient city, at Spinazzi, a farming establishment which belongs to the Prince of Angri. Near here we saw a great number of breeding mares, horses, and colts. Beyond Spinazzi, we soon got among the *macchioni,* immense thickets, chiefly of high myrtle bushes—places admirably adapted to robbers, and which have often been illustrated by their deeds. As we walked along the narrow shady paths, buffaloes close by stuck out their ugly muzzles at us, as if in contempt; for the way they elevate their black snouts, has certainly that expression; they paid no attention to our shouts, but stood gazing at us as we moved.

From Spinazzi to Acropoli is about four miles; in that distance we passed but three or four houses and a martello tower, and until close to Acropoli, we did not meet a human being. This space was covered with the Sybarite city of Posidonia; the soil is still rough and stony with its fragments; due examination might, as Mr. Eustace opines, bring forth "some monument of the opulence and the refinement of its founders;" but recourse must be had to excavation, for the whole surface, which has been "duly examined," offers nothing more important than a *morceau* of a frieze, a perforated stone, or a piece of a column. The cause of *malaria,* all along the coast of Italy, is here found in perfection: the water that descends from the mountains has not sufficient courses to the sea; it deluges a great part of the soil in the winter and spring, carrying off in its violence almost every thing it finds in its way; and it stagnates in the summer, poisoning the pure air that nature and climate have given. Yet how easy would it be to convert the *fiumari* into canals, and render this desert plain the seat of cultivation and prosperity! How easy, but how hopeless the experiment, in a country where individual spiritlessness and indolence equal the apathy of government!

The approach to Acropoli is delightful: a considerable stream flows before it, and irrigates a number of fine gardens, almost entirely hedged in with the Indian fig; the romantic little town, with an old castle, a dilapidated wall, and numerous small towers in ruins, stands on a pleasant sloping green hill about a hundred and thirty feet above the sea; the gentle cape of Tresina throws itself out beyond it, and the hills behind it are exceedingly well cultivated, and speckled with neat white casini, and a spacious monastery. This *Ceropea* of Posidonia, for such it was according to Mazzocchi and Pontanus, has long outlived its mighty parent; it was erected into a city by the Greeks, who found it a convenient sea-port in the beginning of the sixth century, and in 599 it became the see of a bishop: the Saracens took it and held it for some time, and a flat on the outside of the walls is still called *Campo Saraceno.* At present its population is inconsiderable, it gives employment to only four *paranzelle* (large open boats) that carry produce to Salerno and Naples, and to a few fishing boats. Here we took a guide for Leucosia; he was a smart jolly fellow that had served the English when in Sicily, and had afterwards, without knowing two words of Greek, married a Greek woman at Cephalonia, who did not know a word of Italian. On leaving Acropoli, we immediately ascended Monte Tresina; fine views of the mountains of the Cilento, a beautiful and fertile district which comprises several considerable towns and many villages, presented themselves to us: on a lofty wooded point we saw *Santa Maria la Tempatella,* a renowned monastery of the *Camaldolesi,* now deserted; and on a separate hill, a Franciscan monastery, still occupied. Our guide pointed out to us another monastery on a mountain still more distant, where is held weekly a great market, called *Il Mercato di Sabato dentro Cilento.* Pier di Fiume is the nearest town to it, but it is frequented by the inhabitants of at least a hundred towns and villages.

Beyond Monte Tresina, we crossed a loftier mountain, *La Serra dell' Alano*, from whose summit the prospect is superb; it includes the whole sweep of the bay of Salerno, from Capo Campanella to the Punto di Licosa, with its beautiful indented coasts, and the grand mountains that look over them. The road or path is almost as bad as can be imagined; it was once paved, but like all the works of public utility, in the provinces, it has been suffered to go to decay, and the poor asses and mules find it sad work indeed to cross it. As we descended the sides of *La Serra dell' Alano*, we got into a fine fertile country, abounding with corn, festooned vines, immense numbers of fig-trees and pear-trees, (the latter beautifully in blossom), many white farm-houses spread about, and a very pretty one at the foot of the mountain, with a large Italian pine-tree overshadowing it. Here we saw some flocks of sheep of an uncommonly fine breed, with very long wool, silky and snowy white.

After a fatiguing walk of nearly three hours, we arrived at *La Marina del Castello*, a large village situated on the sea-shore, just under Castellabbate, an old town on the peak of a steep mountain. A pleasant path, mostly along the margin of the sea, led us to the Marina of San Marco, consisting of a *taverna*, a little chapel, and one or two huts: we then ascended a hill, and continued our way on heights above the sea, sometimes close on their edge, sometimes inward, leaving cultivated slopes between us and the precipices. The hills that rose to our left were rich and blooming in the extreme; there were the pale olive, the flaunting vine, the rich orange-trees, the blue rinded fig-trees, contrasted with the emerald green corn growing among them, the pear-trees in blossom, and the long defensive lines of the speary Indian fig.

It was about half-past five on a delicious evening in spring, when we arrived at the solitary Punto di Licosa, which is about four miles from the Marina del Castello. A rude *taverna*, the remains of a little fort blown up by the English during the last war, a large white house falling to ruin, and a cottage, stand near the shore, and about a dozen cottages are spread about at the foot of the hill, the Enipeon Promontory. We found two custom-house soldiers, four sailors, and the *tavernaro* and his wife, who all complained of the loneliness of the spot. The sailors conducted us to the Syren Isle, which is now not above three hundred paces from the shore; the strait between is very shallow, not being more than six feet deep in the middle. Imagine a low reef, based on rocks, three hundred paces long and from forty to sixty broad, matted with robust weeds and myrtle bushes, a few detached masses of masonry, a choked up bath, some little hillocks of loose stone mixed with pieces of marble—such is now the Insula Leucosia!

As we landed, the screams of some marine fowls that we startled, and not the enchanting voice of the Syren, saluted our ears; and as we advanced, instead of meeting the beauteous form, the poetical creation of Greek fable, we saw a troop of timid white rabbits retreating before us.

According to Antonini,* some labourers who were employed on the island to erect an *hospice* for the monks travelling to and from Sicily and Calabria, discovered, in 1696, several very ancient vestiges, some wonderfully thick walls, and some sepulchres in which were found human bones, of *enormous size* of course.

In the evening we looked from our dilapidated chamber; the little island lay like an ocean monster sleeping upon the rippling waters, a large black cross spread out its broad arms on the still main-land shore, as if to guard it from the approach of evil; two or three boats were reverted on the sands, some large fishing nets were spread on poles near the cottage, and the moon shining brightly on these simple objects and on the sea—

Chiare le onde faceva, tremule e crespe.

As circumstances did not permit us to extend our excursion along this interesting coast, the next morning we turned our steps backward, consoling ourselves with the hope of crossing "the noble river Hales," of

* Lucania. Part ii. Disc. 8.

visiting the ruins of the ancient Velia, the country admired by Cicero * and Horace, and the classical Cape of Palinuro, on some other opportunity.

We returned to Acropoli by the same road we had passed the day before, and having taken there a hearty breakfast of maccaroni and fish, we walked on to Paestum, which we reached about three o'clock in the afternoon. We passed the rest of the day there. We made in vain an attempt to see the remains of the Port of Paestum, the sea being rough and discoloured; but we were told by people on the spot, as Bamonte had been before us, that when the water is clear, vestiges of a thick mole that ran a considerable length, are seen at a few paces from the shore, just opposite the modern coast-tower called *Torre di Pesto*. Near the walls of the city we stopped at a place, where a shallow excavation, made a short time before, had exposed a *couche* of small terra-cotta statues: there still seemed a large depot, though many of them had been removed: they were packed together; in the course of ages, exudation of nitre and earth, introduced by water, had formed a hard cement between them, and it was difficult to separate without breaking them. We brought away three with us; they are about ten inches in height, the workmanship is ordinary, but the forms are exceedingly graceful; the figures (all we have seen) are those of females, bearing under one arm a vase of flowers, and under the other a little pig. We conceive them to be votive offerings to Ceres that were to be hung up in her temples,—as less pretty, and less delicate objects, are suspended before Saints and Madonnas in Catholic churches.

Our quarters were again at O Si Pepe's taverna, and as our behaviour on our first visit had merited the approbation of the peasants on the spot, they all came in the evening, and sang their songs, and played the guitar and mandolino as before, not forgetting to humect their throats with as much wine as we would give them.

The following morning we walked round to the *Sele Morto*, on our way back to Salerno; we threaded along *macchioni*, or thickets, like those we had passed on our way to Acropoli, but much thicker and of greater extent, being almost uninterrupted for four miles: a herd of buffaloes in one place, and a few cows in another, were the only objects that broke the solitude of the scene. As we advanced the sun shone down upon us in unmitigated splendour; all around us was warmth, and odour, and silence, except when a startled snake or a lizard retreated through the brake, or a bird sprang up on rushing wing.

Shortly after emerging from this wood, we reached the reedy banks of the *Sele Morto*, a brackish stagnant lake, which approaches very near to the sea. Our guide took us to a little village a few paces from the sea-shore, consisting of a few straw cabins, the houses of fishermen and herdsmen, and a guarda-costa tower. We have seldom seen more strange looking habitations; they are conical in shape, the frame-work is made of rough wood, and the bottom is defended from a sudden influx of water, by a deep circular trench and a low mud wall. The hut we entered was that of the most important character of the place, one of the King's *Guardie caccia*, and moreover a *tavernaro* when opportunities offered: the interior presented a curious picture; there was a fire-place in the middle dug in the floor, at which a woman was broiling some fish; the smoke hung over her head in clouds, and gradually settling on the sides of the cabin, shewed us a fine process of black varnishing: part of the circle was occupied by a miscellaneous collection of stores, fishing-tackle, birding-nets, tools, &c.; in another part was heaped up a store of fuel; there was a bed on one side, raised about two feet from the ground, and above it a display of various domestic utensils.

When we had breakfasted and drunk a drop of wine, *per cacciare la malaria*, our host took us upon the lake in a punt. As the water was disturbed by the boat, we felt at once a disagreeable smell: these ex-

* Tu has paternas possessiones tenebis (nescio quid enim Velienses verebantur) neque *Haletem nobilem* amnem relinques.—*Cic. Fam.* Lib. vii. Ep. 20.

halations becoming more putrid and more active in hot weather, extend their pestiferous influence to a great distance, and are so adverse to human life, that if a stranger is exposed to them, near their focus, for twenty-four hours, he rarely escapes without imbibing a mortal disease. At these dangerous seasons, the women are sent off to the mountains, whence they only descend in the middle of the day, when the air is freshened by breezes, and they take care to retire before the sun declines. Few constitutions can resist such a place, yet our host and his wife were robust, ruddy, and healthy, but they had had seven children, only one of whom survived, and he had a very sickly appearance.

The Sele Morto was originally the course of the river Silaris and the channel by which it discharged itself into the sea. The mouth of the river became choked by sand, and the Sele of Silaris found a new course; thus a slip of water about two miles long and varying in breadth, but generally narrow, was insulated by degrees, (the communication that now exists between the river and the lake is a mere ditch,) the waters became impregnated by the salt springs, they stagnated, its shores became marshy and luxuriant in rushes and weeds, wild fowls resorted thither, it nourished a quantity of *capitoni* (large eels) and other fish, it became at length a royal fishery and chase; and the evil, at first accidental, seems now chartered and reserved to perpetuity; fertile lands are left uncultivated, human beings perish, and the Royal table is furnished with fish and fowl perhaps some two or three times in a year!

At the end of the lake, not above three hundred paces from the sea, (whence however it is not visible, being screened by sand banks,) are seen, under the water, considerable masses of ancient masonry, supposed by several accredited antiquaries to have been part of the *Portus Alburnus*; * and here, or very near here, was certainly that resort of industry and commerce: here, where now livid pestilence breathes upon grave-like solitude, once echoed the gay shout of the mariner; here was the animating bustle of maritime trade; the spirit, the enterprize, the lifefulness of congregated, prosperous men! Alas the change! As we advanced up the lake, the water-fowl rose and flew screaming over our heads, we saw the fish darting about, and observed the enclosures of cane and wicker, where they are caught and preserved. The waters are dirty, and mostly strangled with weeds; they lie fetid and still in the solitude they have made; the rushes on the shore are very high, the myrtle thickets rise close around, beyond them are seen the lofty mountains, and high among them, Mount Alburnus, sung by Virgil; and Mount Paphlagon, in in whose side the Sele has its original source. †

We were not sorry to leave this inauspicious spot. We continued our journey along the banks of the Silaris, (which is, near the *embouchure*, a fine broad river flowing slowly and majestically to the sea,) until we reached the bridge we crossed on our way from Eboli to Paestum. We shall perhaps be excused for not having "attempted to explore the site of the temple of Juno Argiva;" that temple, whose foundation was so remote, that it was attributed to the Argonauts,—when it is considered in what a delightful state of uncertainty that point has been left: Strabo places it on the Lucanian, or left bank of the Silaris; and Pliny on that of Picenum, or the right bank: Cluverius ‡ inclined to Strabo, but left

* Cluverius was led astray by a name: he decisively fixes the situation of the *Portus Alburnus* at a spot vulgarly called Alfurno, where there are some slight ruins close to the banks of the Silaris, but this is more than three miles from the sea-shore.

† The Aufidus (now Ofanto) that runs by Cannæ in Apulia, and that was tinged with Roman and Carthaginian blood, rises on the opposite part of Mount Paphlagon.

‡ Cluv. Lib. iv. Cap. 11. In another passage however, Lib. iv. Cap. 6, he speaks with greater *certainty*, and fixes the site of the temple of Juno Argiva at Marcina (Vietri), that is at 20 miles from the Silaris, and on Pliny's side of the river. Mr Eustace gives preference to the authority of Strabo, as being more circumstantial and *less declamatory* than Pliny. We respect Mr. Eustace, but think there is *one* of the faults of Pliny from which he cannot be esteemed exempt.

We had almost forgotten to mention the result of our enquiries concerning the *assilo*,

it undecided with his accustomed "interim rem eam in dubio relinquam necesse est:" Holstenius placed it at Gifuni on the right bank; some other writers, at Trentenara, a little town, we have mentioned, on a mountain above Capaccio; and some others, contradicting all their precursors, have given other situations for it: Plutarch, a great authority, is found in support of Strabo (vide Life of Pompey), when he mentions, as being exposed to the depredations of the pirates, the temple of Juno Argiva in *Lucania:* but how far from the banks of the dividing river might it be, and how far from the mouth of that river? It would be hard work to search the space to the left of the Silaris, between the sea and the mountains; and still more difficult, out of the numerous sites of ancient fabrics that might be found, to fix with preciseness where rose the contested fane.

To return to ourselves, we soon found a place whose position was no object of dispute, the *taverna nuova* before mentioned. We there dismissed our guide, and thought of walking on to Battapaglia, by a direct road across the plain, but the day being rather far advanced, and the country bearing no great reputation, we made a bargain with a *calessiere,* who chanced to be at the *taverna,* to take us to Salerno. We regretted this as a misfortune during the whole journey;—the fellow was drunk, the horses were tired, the roads detestable, and we were engaged for some hours in a course of conjectures as to whether we should break down or be overturned. We arrived at Salerno about nine o'clock, having only had to repair our harness five times, to whip our horses almost to death, and at parting to kick our driver.

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the tormentor of cattle mentioned by Virgil, Georg. iii. as infesting the neighbourhood of the Silaris. The country people told us, that a fly of that description was very common all over the Paestan plain, that they began to attack the cows at April and the horses on St. Vito's day. Here is what our solemn friend Bamonte says on the subject, in his *Antichità Pestane;* we beseech you to admire the beauty—the force—of his language: "Esistea nel bosco di Diana, giusta la descrizione di Virgilio, un insetto molesto agli armenti (oggi anche esiste quivi, e nelle adjacenze) denominato *assillo* da' Romani, e da' Greci *estro:* ha la forma di una zanzara o moscone: da questo assaliti gli animali bovini e cavallini, per deboli che siano, si danno nelle furie, fuggone velocemente per l'aperta campagna, mugiscono, si stropicciano per siepi e fratte, e non si acchetano, se non se ne sono liberati. Ho veduto io una scarnata vacca, far tutti questi movimenti."

Is this, after all, any thing more than the well-known gad-fly, common to all countries, and abundant and large in warm climates, and in the neighbourhood of wood and water? Might not Virgil have found just the same insects, producing just the the same effects in the neighbourhood of Mantua, and introduced them with equal appositeness in a pastoral whose scenes were there? It does not seem to us that they can identify any place.

BULLOCK'S MEXICO.*

The eccentric Lord Herbert of Cherbury relates the following extraordinary anecdote of himself: "In my chamber, one fair day in the summer, my casement being open towards the south, the sun shining clear, and no wind stirring, I took my book *De Veritate* in my hand, and kneeling on my knees, devoutly said these words.

"O thou eternal God, author of the light which now shines upon me and giver of all inward illuminations, I do beseech thee of thine infinite

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* Six Months' Residence and Travels in Mexico; containing Remarks on the Present State of New Spain, its Natural Productions, State of Society, Manufactures, Trade, Agriculture, and Antiquities, &c. with Plates and Maps. By W. Bullock, FLS. Proprietor of the late London Museum. London, Murray, 1824.

goodness to pardon a greater request than a sinner ought to make: I am not satisfied enough whether I shall publish this book *De Veritate*; if it be for thy glory I beseech thee give me some sign from Heaven; if not, I shall suppress it.

"I had no sooner spoken these words but a loud though yet gentle noise came from the heavens (for it was like nothing on earth) which did so comfort and cheer me, that I took my petition as granted and that I had the sign I demanded; whereupon also I resolved to print my book. This (how strange soever it may seem) I protest before the eternal God is true; neither am I any way superstitiously deceived herein, since I did not only clearly hear the noise, but in the serenest sky that ever I saw, being without all cloud, did to my thinking see the place from whence it came."

There are but few authors, now-a-days, we apprehend, so conscientious as Lord Herbert of Cherbury. Very few gentlemen, in our times, who are about to publish, ever think of falling down on their knees, and imploring "some sign" to determine them whether they should publish or not. Yet perhaps it were well that the experiment were a little oftener resorted to. Doubtless every one, like the abovesaid noble writer, would obtain the same favourable answer to his supplication: his genuflection would doubtless be rewarded by some "loud though gentle noise," or an equivalent sign, imperceptible to all but himself. We will not so far suspect the critical sagacity of the Prince of Air as to suppose that he would not encourage a petitioner, like Mr. Bullock for instance, with a thunderclap. But besides the power of bringing out his work with such a "*Cum privilegio*," as this would afford an author, did he (as he assuredly would) obtain it,—another benefit might possibly result from the custom alluded to: he would endeavour to render his book as worthy of Jove's approbation as industry could make it, and would think twice before he pestered his Godship with a volume of tittle-tattle, or namby-pamby, by way of a "journal" or a poem. The experiment would in this way act as a restriction; folly or loquacity would be either suppressed or abridged; and the public would gain by the loss. What Mr. Bullock's object could be in writing such a big book about such little things as appear to have occupied his attention, we profess our inability to conjecture; except it may have possibly been that very laudable one of puffing his own Exhibition of Mexican curiosities at the Egyptian Hall. A primer might well contain all the information his "Mexico" affords. Perhaps he thought it inconsistent with the dignity of the proprietor of the "silver-mine" at Themascaltepec to write a primer? Yes; but are we to suffer to the tune of eighteen shillings to support Mr. Bullock's importance? Sixpence would be a liberal price for the information contained in his book, and the deduction to be made for the trouble of perusing it would leave a considerable balance due to the reader. But to give thirty-six times as much as this for a book which is not worth the trouble of reading,—*and to read it too*,—is a species of paying both in pocket and person which presses heavily as well on our finances as our good humour. Mark this also, Reader! Even on the insupportable hypothesis that every sentence of Mr. Bullock's were as full as those of Lord Bacon, even on the rash supposition that every word of the former gentleman's were as full of wisdom as those of the latter, "Mexico" could fit into one London Magazine! Not to speak of that portion of the former which alone is really worth printing, and which, as we have said, might furnish a sixpenny primer at the most,—the *whole* effusion of Mr. Bullock's genius, the *whole* fruits of his peregrinations to Mexico, now taking up five hundred and forty pages, price eighteen shillings, might have been published in a *single number* of our Magazine, price half-a-crown! There are as many words (with, we would hope, somewhat more weight involved),—as much *print* in one number of our work as in Mr. Bullock's whole heavy octavo!—What occasions the difference then, in size and in price?—Why, colossal type, river-wide lines, and a "meadow of margin!" There are likewise to be sure

a few bad prints and a couple of maps. Really this literary charlatanism, this bibliopolical quackery, should be put an end to. A book without any thing to recommend it but the importunate magnificence of its printing and paper shall be thrust upon our notice, and make its way into our libraries without as much pretension to be there as a wooden one! We wish we could persuade our readers that a finely-printed book is not necessarily a finely-written one. If they will, however, persist in the opposite belief, we have done our part in endeavouring to convert them, and must only give up all further attempt in despair.

Mr. Bullock's title-page holds out a splendid board of entertainment: "Residence and Travels in Mexico, containing Remarks on the present state of New Spain, &c. &c." The latter words are a good lure to the indolent reader,—but in truth upon that part of the present state of New Spain in which we are most interested, there is not a single "Remark," good, bad, or indifferent. Our traveller it appears set out from this country in December 1822, and after remaining six months in Mexico, returns, publishes, and says not one word about the *political* state of the kingdom. "Think of that, Master Brook!" Why, a carrier pigeon could have done better. Though our author must be perfectly aware that one sentence on the present state of parties and party feeling in Mexico is worth a whole volume on "Calendar Stones," "Sacrificial altars," pyramids, and idols, he sedulously avoids giving vent to any such useful information. That a philosopher, like Mr. Bullock, should be so profoundly immersed in the abstract considerations of his science, so momentously engaged in taking a cast of Montezuma's Watch for instance, or in disturbing a noseless deity from its oblivious sleep beneath the foundations of a modern church,—is what perhaps should be expected; but that he should not withdraw his mind, for an instant, from his darling researches, to afford us some brief knowledge of the state of national affairs in Mexico, is a phenomenon not to be accounted for. It is little short of a direct insult for any one to entitle his book "Mexico," or "Peru," or "Columbia," and unceremoniously skip over every thing relating to those countries which an Englishman would give, comparatively, a fig to read of. We do not ask philosophers to be politicians, but we expect them to be good citizens. Why did not our philosopher designate his book—Six Months' Residence, &c. in Mexico, containing Remarks on all Subjects but those most interesting to the Reader?—This would have been candid, satisfactory, and fruitful of no disappointment. His volume would exactly answer its description; and though we might have blamed the author's indifference, we could not but have praised his ingenuousness. If Mr. Bullock designed his work to be so purely philosophical, he should have given it a more appropriate and undeceptive title.

We will specify a few of those "Remarks" made by our author during his sojourn in Mexico, and which he no doubt thinks must amply compensate for any deficiency of political information that may appear in his description of the "Present State of Mexico."

First; he apprizes us of the valuable fact that "*shaving* is 1000 per cent. dearer than in England." Let every threatening peregrinator to Mexico, therefore, study "Every man his own Barber," attentively, and be sure to carry out a set of razors, a good strop, and a box of soap, or he can no longer promise himself to be "shaved for a penny" as of yore.

Secondly; it is a remark made by our author that the office of "*singing pigs to sleep*" is an important one in the kingdom of New Spain, this function being performed by "boys chosen for the strength of their lungs and their taste and judgment." Query: in how far does our philosopher think that this practice, if naturalized in Ireland, would tend to ameliorate the condition of the pigs there, and to improve the musical faculties of the pig-boys so as eventually to "soften ROCKS, and bend the knotted *shilelahs*" which flourish in that province together?

Thirdly; Mr. Bullock informs us that "the number of different kinds

of *sweetmeats*" in Mexico, "exceeds five hundred, and yet they have few like ours." Prodigious!

Fourthly; *Jalap* comes from the town of Xalapa, which is also "justly celebrated for the excellence of its *washing*." Our author assures us that he "never saw linen look so well." He also takes care to acquaint us that "the operation is performed with *cold water, and soap*, and the linen is *rubbed with the hand* as in England." What would our dandies give for a Jalapian laundress? and what an accession of knowledge do we not derive from Mr. Bullock's so minute inspection of Mexican laundries?

There are a great number of Remarks equalling these in sagacity and utility scattered over our author's voluminous pages:—we ought to consider ourselves doubly indebted to him for them, inasmuch as we are fully aware that no other man would have thought of furnishing us with this kind of information.

A chapter on "Humming Birds," and another (extracted from Clavigero and Bernal Diaz) on Montezuma's House-keeping, console the reader for all that Mr. Bullock has forgotten to say on "the two-legged featherless animals" of Mexico, and the present economy of its Government.

There is a musty Latin proverb,—"no man is wise at all hours;" and the reverse is perhaps equally true, that no man is always foolish. Few books are to be met with in which there is not something that may as well be forgotten by the reader; and few likewise which do not contain something that may be advantageously remembered. There is no man from whose conversation an attentive listener may not collect hints of some value; nor any writer from whose lucubrations, however contemptible, a careful reader may not gather some grains of knowledge. Even the redoubted history of "Valentine and Orson" may afford us some lights with respect to the manners of those times, and the court of King Pepin. In the same way, a penetrating reader may discover one or two things in this volume on Mexico which (perhaps without the author's intending it) are capable of furnishing him with some matter for reflection. Not that we mean to disparage the author of the aforesaid excellent history, by putting Mr. Bullock in the balance against him; we shall remember Valentine and Orson as long as we live, and forget "Mexico" (at least the greater part of it) as fast as we can. It is the hard task of a critic to "go through" every new work that issues from the press, chiefly in order to fish out the two grains which may be hid in the author's bundle of literary chaff; we have done this with much reluctance in the present instance, but if we save the reader a similar labour we are not critics in vain

The following passages throw one ray upon a subject which deserves a pencil,—the present state of the Indian native peasantry.

We left Tolucca in the coach, and proceeded about two leagues farther, where the road for wheel-carriages ceases. Here, having procured horses and mules for the whole party, which had been augmented by the addition of several persons going to the mine (among them a Yorkshire blacksmith), we ascended about a league, and then entered an extensive wood, which crowned the Cordillera, on the west side of the Table-land of Mexico. This was by much the most beautiful scene I had witnessed in America;—abounding with trees of the noblest form and loftiest height, most of them entirely new to me, but among them oaks and pines, whose size and luxuriance eclipsed any thing seen in the Alps or in Norway! We still continued to rise, and in one elevated open place caught the last view of the mountains that surround the vale of Mexico: on our left lay the volcano of Tolucca, covered with perpetual snow; and shortly after we reached a defile in the mountain, and began to descend towards the Pacific ocean.

The scenery was now inexpressibly grand. The ground, being broken into abrupt hills, afforded many openings, through which the tops of the immense forests below were seen to the greatest advantage. In many places, for a considerable distance, our path was shaded by trees of an amazing height, so close as almost to exclude the light,—on emerging suddenly from which the most enchanting prospects were spread beneath our feet; the summits of gigantic volcanos, receding like steps beneath us, seemed to lead the eye to the waters of the Pacific, to which the mountain-torrents we passed were hastening. The descent now became very steep, so that in many places we were

obliged to alight from our mules, and proceed, with cautious steps, over broken masses of basalt and other volcanic substances, where not a trace of the labour of man was visible, or any circumstances that could remind us of being in an inhabited country; except occasionally meeting small groups of Indians, carrying the productions of their little farms to the market of Tolucca, or even as far as Mexico. From these simple people the unprotected traveller has nothing to fear; they are the most courteous, gentle, and unoffending creatures in existence, and never pass without saluting a stranger. Their burthens consisted generally of fruit, fowls, turkeys, mats, shingles of wood for roofs of houses, and sometimes of charcoal. They generally had their wives and daughters with them;—clean, modest-looking women, carrying heavy burthens exclusive of the children usually fastened on their backs. After a descent of several hours through this ever-varying and sublime scenery, to the effect of which a thunder-storm added much majesty, we arrived at a small plain, surrounded on all sides by pine-capped mountains. In the centre of this, in the midst of highly cultivated ground, rose the neat little Indian church and village of St. Miguel de los Ranchos, placed in one of the most delightful situations and lovely climates in the world. On the mountain we might almost have complained of cold, but the descent had brought us into a temperature resembling the finest parts of Europe, and our approach to the village just before sunset brought home strongly to our recollection. Our path lay through corn fields, orchards, and gardens. Apples, pears, and peaches, almost obstructed our way; and fields of potatoes and beans in blossom might, but for the swarthy and thinly clothed inhabitants, who gazed with surprise at our advance, and the luxuriance of the Nopal or the great American Aloe, in full bloom, have made us fancy ourselves in England. We rode up to the church, and on dismounting presently found ourselves surrounded by numbers of men and boys, all eager to render us any assistance in their power. A small room adjoining this edifice, called the comunidad, provided by Government for the reception of strangers, was pointed out to us as our residence for the night; where having spread our mattresses on the floor, and given the Indians directions for the suppers of ourselves and horses, we walked out to examine the church. It was the eve of the feast of St. Mark, or, as the Indians who accompanied us called him, Nostras Bueno Amigo (our good friend).

The church was gaudily ornamented with pictures and statues, and had that day been dressed with fruits, flowers, palm blossoms, &c., disposed in arches, chaplets, and a variety of other pretty devices, in honour of their patron.

Opposite the door, under a venerable cedar, of great size, was a small temple and altar, decorated in a similar manner, with the addition of several human skulls, quite clean, and as white as ivory. Round the great tree some men were employed in splitting pieces of candle-wood, a species of pine which contains a considerable quantity of resin, and which, being lighted, burns with a clear flame like a candle.

I rambled through the village and the surrounding plantations of the maguey or aloe: many of the plants were then producing the pulque. Night was approaching, and I hastened my pace, to reach our lodging, when the bell suddenly tolled in a quick manner, and in an instant the church-yard was brilliantly illuminated by the flame of eight piles of the candlewood, prepared for that purpose; the effect was heightened, by its being quite unexpected. On my entering the churchyard four men discharged a flight of rockets, which was instantly answered by a similar salute from every house in the place: this was the commencement of the fete for the following day. In a quarter of an hour the bonfires were extinguished, and the church doors closed; and we retired to our place of rest to take the homely supper provided for us by our new friends, which had been prepared in a house in the village. Our meal was not finished when a message requested our speedy attendance in the church: on entering, we found it illuminated, and crowded by numbers of persons, of both sexes. Dancing, with singular Indian ceremonies, had commenced in front of the altar, which to my astonishment I immediately recognised to be of the same nature as those in use before the introduction of Christianity. The actors consisted of five men and three women, grotesquely but richly dressed, in the fashion of the time of Montezuma. One young man, meant to personate that monarch, wore a high crown, from which rose a plume of red feathers. The first part of the drama consisted of the representation of a warrior taking leave of his family preparatory to going to battle;—a man and woman danced in front of the altar, and clearly expressed the parting scene, and knelt down and solemnly prayed for the success of his undertaking. The next act commenced with two warriors, superbly dressed; one, a Mexican, was distinguished by the superior height of his head-dress, and by a piece of crimson silk suspended from his shoulders: after dancing some time, a mock fight began, which, after various evolutions, terminated of course in the Mexican taking his enemy prisoner, and dragging him by his hair into the presence of his sovereign; when the dance

was resumed, and the vanquished frequently implored mercy, both from his conqueror and the monarch. The various parts were admirably performed:—No pantomime could be better, and I almost expected to see the captive sacrificed to the gods.

* * * * *

I would as soon trust myself alone in their cottages for the night, and could repose in as much security, as in those of an English peasant. The respect and civility with which they treat strangers border almost on servility. On going to and returning from Themascaltepec, I have passed four nights in the Indian town of St. Miguel de los Ranchos, in which is not a white inhabitant, and never met with more kindness, honesty, and hospitality in any country. I have spent some delightful hours in this little hamlet, which is about eighteen miles from Themascaltepec, and situated in one of the most enchanting valleys in the world, and they seem the most contented of mankind. I wished much to have brought one of them to England, but nothing could induce them to leave the lovely spot on which they are placed.

It would appear from all our author says upon this matter, that the Indian peasantry are a happy, simple, innocent, and ignorant race of people. Three centuries of civilization have neither injured their moral feelings nor improved their moral faculties. They are as good-hearted and weak-headed as ever. The early opinion of the Spanish settlers in America would seem, therefore, no longer either unjust or illiberal. We beg the reader to couple the preceding extract with this in which Mr. Bullock speaks of the disinterment of a Mexican idol, Teoyamiqui, the goddess of war:

Some writers have accused the Spanish authors of exaggeration in their accounts of the religious ceremonies of this, in other respects, enlightened people; but a view of the idol under consideration will of itself be sufficient to dispel any doubt on the subject. It is scarcely possible for the most ingenious artist to have conceived a statue better adapted to the intended purpose; and the united talents and imagination of Breughel and Fuseli would in vain have attempted to improve it.

This colossal and horrible monster is hewn out of one solid block of basalt, nine feet high, its outlines giving an idea of a deformed human figure, uniting all that is horrible in the tiger and rattle-snake: instead of arms it is supplied with two large serpents, and its drapery is composed of wreathed snakes, interwoven in the most disgusting manner, and the sides terminating in the wings of a vulture. Its feet are those of the tiger, with claws extended in the act of seizing its prey, and between them lies the head of another rattle-snake, which seems descending from the body of the idol. Its decorations accord with its horrid form, having a large necklace composed of human hearts, hands, and skulls, and fastened together by the entrails,—the deformed breasts of the idol only remaining uncovered. It has evidently been painted in natural colours, which must have added greatly to the terrible effect it was intended to inspire in its votaries.

During the time it was exposed, the court of the University was crowded with people, most of whom expressed the most decided anger and contempt. Not so however all the Indians;—I attentively marked their countenances; not a smile escaped them, or even a word—all was silence and attention. In reply to a joke of one of the students, an old Indian remarked, "It is true we have three very good Spanish gods, but we might still have been allowed to keep a few of those of our ancestors!" and I was informed that chaplets of flowers had been placed on the figure by natives who had stolen thither, unseen, in the evening for that purpose; a proof that, notwithstanding the extreme diligence of the Spanish clergy for three hundred years, there still remains some taint of heathen superstition among the descendants of the original inhabitants. In a week the cast was finished, and the goddess again committed to her place of interment, hid from the profane gaze of the vulgar.

Are not these facts a complete refutation of the Abbe Clavigero's petulant objections to Robertson's account of the state of religion amongst the Indians, and their incapacity to understand and relish the sublime doctrines of Christianity? An inhabitant of the city of Mexico talking of "three very good Spanish gods" and wishing for "a few of those of his ancestors" to keep the former company! Chaplets of flowers being secretly wreathed round the temples of the goddess Teoyamiqui, and anti-Christian ceremonies openly performed in a Christian church! Truly these people must have made admirable "rectors, canons, and doctors," as M. Clavigero will have it, and no doubt may have produced amongst them "as report goes, even a very learned bishop"! We should be glad to have the opinion of any

learned Indian bishop now existing on the character of Leo the Iconoclast, or to have his grace explain to us the precise degree of inspiration derived by the hermits of Mount Athos from an incessant contemplation of their navels.

Robertson is however not always right, nor Clavigero always wrong when he opposes him. The description of the ruins denominated "Montezuma's Bath," clearly proves that our countryman very considerable underrated the degree of civilization to which ancient Mexico had arrived before the Spanish invasion:

Whilst at our dinner, we were informed that at a distance of only two leagues was a place called Baño de Montezuma, and that it had formerly been used as a bath by that monarch. A gentleman of the town, Don Trinidad Rosalia, offered to escort us, and in a few minutes we were on horseback: after a smart canter through cultivated grounds, and over a fine plain, bounded by the mountains of the Cordilleras, we approached an hacienda and church,* and here I expected to find the bath of which we were in search, in some subterraneous place but learnt to my surprise that we had to mount a conical mountain called Tescosingo. We employed our horses as far as they could take us, but the unevenness of the ground at last obliged us to dismount, and having fastened them to a nopal tree, we scrambled with great difficulty through bushes and over loose stones, which were in great quantities on all sides, and at last perceived that we were on the ruins of a very large building—the cemented stones remaining in some places covered with stucco, and forming walks and terraces, but much encumbered with earth fallen from above, and overgrown with a wood of nopal, which made it difficult to ascend. In some places the terraces were carried over chasms by solid pieces of masonry: in others cut through the living rock: but, as we endeavoured to proceed in a straight line, our labour was very great, being sometimes obliged to climb on our hands and knees. By the assistance of underwood, however, at length, after passing several buildings and terraces, the stucco of which appeared fresh and of a fine peach colour, we arrived at about two thirds of the height of the hill, almost exhausted with our exertions; and great indeed was our disappointment when we found that our guide had mistaken the situation, and did not know exactly where we were. Greatly chagrined, we began to retrace our steps; and luckily in a few minutes perceived the object of our search. It was cut in the solid rock, and standing out like a martin's nest from the side of a house. It is not only an extraordinary bath, but still more extraordinarily placed. It is a beautiful basin about twelve feet long by eight wide, having a well about five feet by four deep in the centre, surrounded by a parapet or rim two feet six inches high, with a throne or chair, such as is represented in ancient pictures to have been used by the kings. There are steps to descend into the basin or bath; the whole cut out of the living porphyry rock with the most mathematical precision, and polished in the most beautiful manner. This bath commands one of the finest prospects in the Mexican valley, including the greater part of the lake of Tezcuco, and the city of Mexico, from which it is distant about thirty miles.

Night was fast approaching, and the sky portending a thunder-storm, we were obliged to depart; and now I had occasion to regret the hours I had unprofitably lost at the cock-fight. I had just time to make a hurried sketch for a model, and my son to take a slight drawing, when we were reluctantly forced to quit a spot which had been the site of a most singular and ancient residence of the former monarchs of the country. As we descended, our guide showed us in the rock a large reservoir for supplying with water the palace, whose walls still remained eight feet high; and as we examined farther, we found that the whole mountain had been covered with palaces, temples, baths, hanging gardens, &c. yet this place has never been noticed by any writer.

I am of opinion that these were antiquities prior to the discovery of America, and erected by a people whose history was lost even before the building of the city of Mexico. In our way down we collected specimens of the stucco which covered the terrace, still as hard and beautiful as any found at Portici or Herculaneum. Don T. Rosalia informed us that we had seen but the commencement of the wonders of the place;—that there were traces of buildings to the very top still discernible:—that the mountain was perforated by artificial excavations, and that a flight of steps led to one near the top, which he himself had entered, but which no one as yet had courage to explore, although it was believed that immense riches were buried in it.

The carving of the Sacrificial Altar and several other relics of antiquity, casts of which we saw in Mr. Bullock's collection, betray in our opinion a much higher state of the art which produced them than Ro-

* Every person who builds an hacienda is by law compelled to erect a church also.

bertson is willing to acknowledge. In the plate at the end of his own volumes containing certain engravings of Mexican sculpture, there are to our eye many indications of cultivated taste and great dexterity in the use of the chisel. Many of the figures are grotesque, but we cannot agree that they are either "awkward" or "destitute of propriety." They possess, on the contrary, a great deal of ease and just expression in their outlines and features respectively.

We will trouble our reader with no more extracts from Mr. Bullock's book, nor remarks of our own. It is enough to add, that a description of his imported curiosities is to be had for a few shillings at the Egyptian Hall, and is much fuller than any given in this expensive volume.

To conclude: Mr. Bullock thinks that the publication of "*Ackermann's Fashions*" would do more to forward the interests of English haberdashery with the people of New Spain, than any other method which could be devised,—especially if assisted by an exportation of "milliners," to that country at the same time. We think he is right, and would advise the worshipful Company of Haberdashers to hold a deliberation upon the best means of putting this theory into practice.

THE REVELATION OF BEAUTY

'Αρετάν γε μὲν ἐκ Διὸς αιτευ.
Theocrit. Idyll. 17.

Say not that heaven unveils to all alike
The beauty of creation; there are souls
Of subtler sense, and essence more refined,
With more capacity of pure delight,
Than the dull powers of vulgar intellect.
Whence then the inward energy which lifts
Man's gross desires, and weak intelligence,
Spite of these earthy and decaying organs,
This coarse imperfect vesture of the mind,
To the calm joys which testify his birth? *
Virtue alone can clear the internal sight
From the thick films of frail mortality,
Can keep the temple of the soul unsoil'd,
And raise the unpolluted shrine of Beauty.†
For only in such shrine will Beauty dwell:
There fixes she her hidden residence,
And while Experience still augments her treasures,
And musing Thought fresh sacrifices brings,
Each day unveils new charms. But if awhile
She show herself where Sin's corrupting taint
Infects the offering, and rude sensual Pleasure
Usurps the place of modest Contemplation,
Though god-like Genius bow before her altar,
And young Enthusiasm hymn her praise,
Brief will her visits be, and "far between."
Strike then the chords, ye followers of the Muse,
Strike ye the chords to Virtue!—for to her
The brightest laurels in your wreaths are due.
To her ye owe the hours of holiest thought,
When ye hold converse with Earth's mysteries,
And deep communion with the souls of Men.
To her the burning word, the breathing thought,
And the sweet sounds of sacred minstrelsy,
With all the honours of the lyre belong! S.

* Vid. Plotin. in Nat. Mal † Vid. Plat. in Phaedr. &c.

A PAGE OR TWO ON A PREFACE

TO A

NEW TRANSLATION OF DANTE'S INFERNO.*

We cannot afford, in our present Number, to allow much more than a page to a notice of a new Translation of the Inferno into French prose. We shall therefore content ourselves with the examination of a couple of pages in Mr Tarver's preface, in which he quotes certain passages from Mr. Cary's Translation for the purpose of showing how unfaithfully he has rendered them. As Mr Tarver has thought proper to charge Mr Cary's version of these passages with inexactness, we may be pretty sure he thinks his own much better: we shall therefore present our readers with the [illegible] translation, quoting at the same time the Italian, to enable them to see how far Mr Cary has departed from the [illegible] of the original. Mr Tarver, we think, cannot complain of our selecting the passages which he himself cites as contrasting with the [illegible] of his own translation, nor of our resting our opinion of the value of his book in general, upon the specimen of its merits which his preface affords us.

The following lines in Cary, he says, do not express the sense of the author. Dante, as most of our readers know, sees a panther at the foot of the mountain up which he is climbing.

Dante.	*Cary.*
Si ch' a bene sperar m' era cagione	——— so that with joyous hopes
Di quella fera la gaetta pelle,	All things conspired to fill me, the gay skin
L'ora del tempo, e la dolce stagione	Of [illegible] the morning dawn,
	And the sweet season.

Here is Mr Tarver's translation.

De manière que l'heure du jour et la douce saison du printemps me donnaient lieu d'espérer que je remporterais la belle peau tachetée de cette bête sauvage.

So that the morning hour and the sweet season of spring gave me reason to hope that I [illegible] off the beautiful [illegible] skin of that wild animal.

From this admirable translation we learn, among other curious matters, that on any fine spring morning, one may reasonably expect to catch a panther before breakfast!

Dante.	*Cary.*
Quella che con le sette teste nacque,	She who with seven heads tower'd at her birth,
E dalle dieci corna ebbe argomento,	And from ten horns her proof of glory drew,
Fin che virtute al suo marito piacque.	Cant. xix. [illegible] her spouse in virtue took delight.

Mr Cary's version is here almost literal, and the [illegible], a metaphor taken from heraldry, is well rendered by [illegible] of glory. But Mr Tarver kindly gives the lady *authority* over her husband, because she wore ten horns!

Celle qui naquit avec sept têtes, et qui dut son autorité à ses dix cornes tant que la vertu plut à son époux.

She who was born with seven heads, and who owed her authority to her ten horns, as long as her husband delighted in virtue.

The next passage, which is a close translation of the Italian, is changed by Mr Tarver into the following dull paraphrase, not a word of which is in the original.

Dante.	*Cary.*
Si che se stella buona o miglior cosa	——— That if aught of good
M'ha dato'l ben, ch' io stesso nol m' invidi.	My gentle star or something better gave me,
	Cant. xxvi. I [illegible] not myself the precious boon.

* L'Enfer de Dante Alighieri, traduit en Français. Par C. J. Tarver. 2 Vols. 8vo.

Que si ma bonne étoile, ou quelqu'autre cause superieure, m'a doué de quelques biens, je ne les tourne pas à ma perte, en en abusant.

That if my good star or some higher cause, have endowed me with any thing good, *I turn it not to my destruction, by abusing it*

Mr Cary has been sometimes guilty, according to Mr Tarver, of making his translation *more poetical* than the original, as in this instance

Dante

Non mi parean men ampi, nè maggiori
Che quei, che son nel mio bel San Giovanni
Fatti per luogo de battezzatori
C. xix.

Cary

Nor ample less nor larger they appear'd
Than in Saint John's fair dome, of me beloved,
Those framed to hold the pure baptismal streams

Mr Tarver reduces this as much below the Italian as Mr Cary has elevated his lines above it

Ils n'étaient ni petits ni plus grands que ces puits qu'on voit dans notre beau baptistere de St Jean, et qu'on a fait pour la commodité des prêtres lorsqu'ils baptisent

They were neither greater nor less than those which are seen in our beautiful baptistery of St John, *which ... made for the convenience of priests ... baptize*

Mr Cary's version is quoted in another place as erroneous though Mr Tarver renders the passage in the same m

Dante

Per mille fonti credo e più si bagna
Fra Garda e Valdimonica, Pennino,
Dell'acqua che nel detto lago stagna
C. xx.

Cary

Its name Benacus from whose ample breast
A thousand streams methinks, and more between
Camonica and Garda, issuing forth
Water the Apennine

Je crois qu'entre la ville de Garde et la vallée de Monica plus de mille fontaines arrosent les flancs des Alpes Pennines et vont ensuite deposer leurs eaux dans le lac

I ween that betwixt the city of Garda and the valley of Monica, more than a thousand fountains *water the sides of the Pennine Alps*, and then go to deposit their streams in the lake

Mr Cary, says the *Proser*, "n'a peut-être pas non plus examiné assez scrupuleusement les passages historiques ni les circonstances avec un peu plus d'attention, il n'aurait pas fait les fautes suivantes

——— The seer was he
In Aulis, who with Calchas gave the sign
To cut the cable

Here is the original, which bears the sense which Mr Cary has given it and no other

———Quel che dalla gota
Porge la barba in su le spalle brune,
Fu——————
Augure, e diede 'l punto con Calcanta.
In Aulide a tagliar la prima fune —C. xx

But this is not enough for our *Proser*, he insists that Mr Cary should have corrected the error into which he says Dante has fallen Virgil quoth he, "ne dit pas cela, *quoique Dante le lui ait fait dire*. Accordingly he mistranslates the lines in order to interpret them after his own fancy

Ce fut lui qui, de concert avec *Calcas*, indiqua le moment favorable pour couper les cables, et quitter l'Aulide.

He it was who, with Calchas, pointed out the favourable moment for cutting the cables, *and quitting Aulis*

In the same page he again finds fault with Mr. Cary, because he did not choose to new-christen Giovanni, which means (as every body knows) *John*, by the name of *Henry*, to whom Mr Tarver will have it that Dante alluded

Dante.	*Cary.*
Sappi ch'io son Bertram dal Bornio quelli Chedie di *al Ré Giovanni* i ma'conforti. C. xxviii	——— Know that I Am Bertrand, he of Born who gave *King John* The counsel mischievous.

This is unreasonable enough but it is still more provoking to find the same passage translated *by Mr. Tarver himself* in these precise words.

Sache que je suis Bertrand de Born, celui qui donna des conseils pervers *au roi Jean.*

Know that I am Bertram of Born, he who gave evil counsel *to King John.*

Mr. Tarver sums up his account of the merits of Mr. Cary's translation of Dante—which every body allows to be the best English translation existing of any Poet—in this indulgent fashion. "Les vers blancs que M. Cary a adoptes lui donnent certainement une grande altitude; il s'est aussi *debarassé* de la difficulté de traduire par stances: malgré cela, il lui arrive dans quelques endroits d'étre inexact, et parfois d'étre aussi obscur que l'auteur:" and he adds that, in spite of all the translations which have been made, up to his own, the Divine Comedy is as yet unknown; and that "il semble qu'Hercule *ait planté ses colonnes* À L'ENTRÉE DE LA DIVINE COMEDIE! C'est là que l'on s'arrête." This new Hercules, of whom we have now shown a *foot* to our readers, has placed some other *columns* in the way, which are quite as likely to prevent any one from entering upon the Divine Comedy: and they are now qualified to judge *ex pede* what his head is made of.

Mr. Tarver has a peculiar taste in spelling French, and even condescends now and then to make some improvements upon the Italian. Among other instances, he gives us *debarasse* and *dedomager* for *debarrasser* and *dédommager: Penine* for Pennine, *Calcas* for Calchas, &c. The genitive *DELL' Inferno* is used for *L'Inferno*, and stands in large capitals in two parts of his book, rendered by L'Enfer—so that the printer is clearly innocent of the blunder.

So much for our notice of Mr. Tarver.

CLOTILDA OF KYNAST.

A SILESIAN LEGEND.

THE castle wall is dark and tall,
  And the rock beneath is steep;
E'en to look over the castle wall,
  Your curdled blood would creep.

The maiden, who dwelt within that wall,
  O she was wondrous fair!
But of love she took no heed at all,
  Of lovers she had no care.

Far better she loved with horse and hound
  To rouse the forest deer;
Far better the wild horn's echoing sound,
  Than love-lute, pleased her ear.

With many a knight and baron bold
  She rode o'er mount and lea;
But whenever a lover's tale they told,
  She said, "it must not be."

'It must not be, till a knight so free
  Amid your band be found,
That, boldly, for the love of me
  He will ride yon rampart round.'

Now some were sick, and some were gone,
  And some had blamed the steed;
They dared not so much as think upon
  That strange and ghastly deed.

But land is dearest to sea-toss'd men,
  High fruits to the climbing boy;
'Tis a truth, repeated again and again,
  That danger sweetens joy.

And some there were of the throng who swore
  Round the castle wall to ride;
Both men and steeds, they flounder'd o'er
  And in the deep cleft died.

At length there came a comely knight,
  As e'er won woman's love;
His cheek was ruddy, his eye was bright,
  And his brow swan-white above.

There ne'er was fiercer knight than he
  In danger's desperate hour,
Nor one so gallant and so free,
  So mild, in lady's bower.

Clotilda's pride like a morning mist
  Fled from his sunny glance,
And her heart was rapt, ere yet she wist,
  In love's delicious trance.

And must he prove that perilous way
  To perish like the rest?
In vain she tried each fond delay,
  For he proudly claim'd the test.

He mounted his steed so light and free,
  He stroked his arching mane;
'O sure be thy foot, my roan!' said he,
  "Or it never shall prance again!

'O sure be thy foot, my gallant steed!
  'Tis a narrow path I trow;
Thou hast ever been good in the time of need,
  Thou hadst need be trusty now.'

He sprang on the wall—for a moment's space
  He waver'd and hung in air—
O, you might read in Clotilda's face
  The pale looks of despair!

Now balanced again, on paced the steed
  With cautious foot and light;
He sat as still on his lofty steed,
  As the moon on the vault of night.

Clotilda was fain her face to hide;
 That sight she could not brook—
There thunder'd a sound on the dark cliff side—
 All sense her frame forsook.

'Twas but a massy stone that fell,
 Spurn'd by the courser's heel,
And now 'tis past, and her knight is well—
 That bliss she cannot feel!

Her trance is o'er—her fearful eye
 Is gazing, wild and bright:—
Is that her dear knight standing by?
 O joyful, joyful sight!

"And art thou safe?" she whisper'd low,
 "Quite safe, my gallant youth!"
"And thou shalt find a maid may know
 How to requite thy truth."

"Lady! this heart is not for thee,
 Whom it can ne'er approve
The breast that harbours cruelty
 Must never hope for love.

"A Beauty, like the sunny beam,
 Should look benignly down,
Thy glance was like the lightning's gleam,
 A thunder-cloud thy frown.

"Beauty should be like a peerless flower
 That scatters fragrance round,
But thine has bloom'd, a baleful bower,
 That starves the wither'd ground.

"I love thee not. Where danger stirs
 'Tis there my duty leads.
For ill he merits knightly spurs
 Who shrinks from knightly deeds.

"But there is one, who looks for me
 Within her summer bower,
A maid of meek simplicity,
 A sweet and lovely flower.

"And when to that dear maid I tell
 How bright, how proud thou art,
She'll doubt that beauty's breast can swell
 Above so hard a heart.

"Adieu!"—Not long her native halls
 Enclose that haughty fair;
She withers within the convent walls,
 The novice of despair.

She grasps the cross, she tells the bead,
 But her thoughts are far away;
She mutters her Aves, she patters her creed,
 Unknown, till her dying day

THE DRAMA.

THE WINTER AND SUMMER HOUSES.

The past month has been unusually dull in the theatrical world, and has been remarkable only for the closing of a summer house, and the opening of the two great winter houses. The English Opera, after a short season of well-merited success, has closed its doors, and given Mr. Stevenson a brief holiday from his box books. The proprietor has, during the summer, made great exertions for the promotion of the public amusement, and has been unsparing in the expenditure of money to that end. He will have the solid gratification of finding himself well indemnified for his labour and liberality, by the returns of a rare season, and the sense of having fairly and truly advanced the character of his theatre. The production of such music as that which characterizes the wild and original opera of *Der Freischutz*, was a courageous and hazardous undertaking; but, at the same time, it was one which well became a National Opera House to dare. Its success has been, indeed, singularly distinguished; and, for once, the old proverb of "as the old cock crows, so crows the young one" has been reversed; for the two old cocks, Drury Lane and Covent Garden, have taken up the note of the *cockling*, and are content "to follow." At Covent Garden, the German opera has been got up with much pains, and doubtless at great cost; but in order to avoid a too servile imitation of the piece at the English Opera House, several alterations have been made in the characters and situations, not at all advantageous to the strange and dreary interest which hung over the one in which Braham sang. Some of the faulty incidents of the German drama have been rigidly and unfortunately adhered to, to the great injury of the finest scene in the opera, the incantation scene. The character of the lover of the huntsman's daughter (very well and boldly acted, and sung by Mr. Pearman) is at Covent Garden despoiled of all its wildness and enchantment; for instead of being lured by Caspar, the demon's friend, to visit the wolf's glen, and cast the magic balls, the lover is suffered to go singing his way through the three acts with the thorough no-purpose of a modern opera, while a drunken silly woodman (Keeley) is seduced to follow the life of bad lead. The scenery is fine, and the music spiritedly executed; but the whole interest of the piece is, in our opinion, jarred by the injudicious and unnecessary alteration we have mentioned. Miss Paton is the *lady* that plays Agnes or Bertha; and Mr. Bennett maintains his old plumber work with his accustomed energy.

Drury Lane has opened with a bill of great promise, though at present of very indifferent performance. A new melo drama, founded on that rich Arabian story, The Enchanted Horse, is advertised as coming forth, and will, perhaps, have been produced, ere our present number appears, in which that rider of riders, Ducrow, is "to witch the world with noble horsemanship." There is a list of gentlemen and ladies inserted as the company in the large bills on the sheep's backs about town, long enough to furnish a regiment of local militia. Mr. Elliston engages to produce *Der Freischütz*, and will, no doubt, melt down the old safety cistern at the top of the house, rather than not follow the example of so judicious a manager as Mr. Arnold.

The Haymarket Theatre still drags on a sickly summer season, in despite of Mr. Elliston's stud, and the Covent Garden bullets. It has tried old comedies and new comedies, old farces and new farces; Madame Vestris's ankle, and Mr. Liston's face; Dowton's chuckle, and Miss Kelly's natural humour; but still the poor pit benches have several bald places nightly, which it is heart-breaking to see. The summer must, indeed, have been a profitless one here, and putting a large stake upon the last hazard of the die, the gamester's old and fatal trick, is not likely to bring back a manager's losses. Mr. Dow-

ton, Miss Kelly, and several other of our best performers, have been retained at this late time, to make a season successful. The proprietor had better look to another year for indemnification for the past. A Mr. Hamblin has been enacting Hamlet with tolerable success for one night; but at present he is as like Hamlet the jeweller, as Hamlet Prince of Denmark. He has the oddest manner of managing his voice and action that can be conceived; and, until he chooses to steady himself into something intelligible, we shall refrain from pronouncing our opinion of his talents as a tragedian.

SKETCH OF FOREIGN LITERATURE.

FRANCE.

The Drama.—Notwithstanding the temporary closing of the theatres, on account of the illness and death of the late King, not only several small pieces have been brought out, but a regular comedy and tragedy, in five acts, and in verse. The tragedy is taken from the history of France, and the subject is the death of Marshal Biron, condemned for a conspiracy against the State, having actually entered into engagements with Spain and Savoy, for the purpose of dismembering France. The history is so recent, and so well known in the minutest particulars, that though it may contain good materials for a tragedy, it presents a host of difficulties, especially to a French writer bound down by the unities. On this head no reproach can be made to the author. He had laid the scene in the Bastille, where the Marshal is confined, while his trial is preparing. As he has been obliged to renounce the resources which the subject offered, it was of course necessary to find others, and to create some characters, to assist him in getting through five acts, which cannot be filled up with nothing. In this he has shown considerable skill. One of the officers placed over the prisoners is an old man almost a hundred years of age, who has fought under five kings, and who, though he has been but indifferently recompensed for his services, is a model of fidelity to his sovereign. The contrast between the serenity and content of this veteran, who finds his reward in the consciousness of having done his duty, and the insatiable and restless ambition of Biron, who, loaded with honours and favours, still thinks himself treated with injustice, produces an excellent effect; and the scene, where the old soldier, who served with Bayard, and was present at the death of that hero, relates the circumstances attending it, with the last words that he addressed to the constable of Bourbon, who fought in the enemy's ranks, is extremely striking from the similarity between the constable and Biron himself. Another character of the author's invention is Edmond, the son of Biron, which he has turned to advantage. It may be objected as a fault that the author makes Henry IV. visit Biron in prison after his sentence has been passed and made known to him. What can be the object of this visit? Is it to induce him to an act of repentance, to own his accomplices, and on this condition, to offer him his pardon? But the author should have recollected that the bare presence of the sovereign, after condemnation, brings pardon with it. Two pathetic scenes,—the first, between Biron and his wife; the second, between him and his son, from whom he hurries away, to go to meet his punishment, conclude the piece. In this last scene we learn the noble conduct of Edmond, who, having been sent by his father to join the rebels in arms for him, has recalled them to a sense of their duty to their sovereign. But Edmond, a mere boy of 14 or 15, is too young to take such a resolution; and how can it be imagined that a mob in insurrection would be influenced by a child, refusing the assistance they are going to give his father? The piece was very well received, but the author declined making himself known.

Le Mari a bonnes fortunes, by M.

Casimir Bonjour, met with brilliant and entire success, which it in many respects deserved. The following lines in the first act of this comedy express the moral of it:

Si vous chassez toujours sur les terres d'autres,
Peut-être on finira par chasser sur les vôtres.

The author's design is to prove that the best way for a husband to secure the fidelity of his wife, is to set her the example. Derville, retired in the country with his wife Adele, neglects her in pursuit of new conquests, in spite of the remonstrances of his mother, who points out the folly as well as the injustice of his conduct, and even hints that the presence of his cousin Charles, an amiable young man, who from his childhood had been brought up with Adele, may be attended with serious consequences: but Derville depending on the virtue of Adele, laughs at his mother's apprehensions, and the more so, as Charles, a zealous student of mathematics, sees in the most beautiful face, only lines and angles. Charles, however, is not so insensible as Derville thinks, he has even drawn Adele's portrait, which he has in the lid of a snuff-box. Adele having surprised him looking at this portrait, but without recognising it, is curious to know whose it is; and her maid having contrived to get the box in her hands, brings it to her mistress, who opens it. The mother comes in, while she has it in her hand; and Adele in her embarrassment says she has got Charles to paint it, to afford an agreeable surprise to her husband, whose birthday is to-morrow. The mother causes the box to be replaced in Charles's room, and the husband, the wife, and Charles, being all assembled, she begins to speak of the mysterious portrait. We know, says she, that you have privately painted Adele's portrait, to surprise her husband, make no further mystery, therefore, but produce it. Charles, disconcerted, presents it, and is complimented by Derville on his talent and the great resemblance of the portrait.

Adele and Charles are both sensible that it is prudent to part, and the latter accepts the place of secretary to an ambassador. Before he departs he is to have a farewell meeting with Adele, in the evening, in the Bois de Boulogne, which joins the garden. Derville has appointed to be there at the same time, to meet a lady, who he has the impudence to think will accept the assignation which he has proposed; but she shows his letter to Adele. He comes, however, finds Charles speaking with a lady, but does not recognise her, being prevented by Charles from coming near enough. He retires, thinking, too, that he has recognized the person, and even goes to stand sentinel, and hold his cousin's horse. In the conclusion, Derville, delighted that he has caught his cousin in an intrigue, relates the whole story to his wife and mother but his triumph is not a little abated when he learns from the latter the real state of the case. He confesses his errors, and promises to reform. The conclusion was highly applauded.

History, Memoirs, and Biography.—Under this head we have not much that is new or important. The death of Louis XVIII and the accession of Charles X have called forth a vast number of publications, few of which have any more than a temporary interest, though others, containing particulars of the lives of both these princes, may, perhaps, furnish a few facts for the historian. Count Segur who has published several volumes of a universal history, has given to the public some volumes relative to the history of France, which are very highly spoken of. One of the volumes, containing the life of St. Louis, is sold as a separate work. No part of the expected Memoirs of Madame de Genlis is yet published; but it is probable the public will not have to wait much longer for a work which cannot fail to be highly interesting, M. Ladvocat, the bookseller, having purchased the MS. at the price of 40,000 francs. The Memoirs of Carnot, drawn up, as it is affirmed, from his MSS. his inedited correspondence, and his writings, by P. F. Tissot, is another of those attempts to impose on the public, of which there have lately been but too many similar instances at Paris. This book is very nearly a reprint of Memoirs of Carnot, published at Brussels, in

1817. There is reason to believe that Carnot left no Memoirs in MS. M. Pigault-le-Brun has published his third volume of his History of France.

Fine Arts and Antiquities.—Panckekoucke has published the [illegible] cond great portfolio of the Description of Egypt, containing No. 139 to 146. These splendid plates, of the largest dimensions, represent the temples and the magnificent ornaments of the Thebais. Another volume [illegible] is published at the same time. M. Champollion, who is now at Turin studying the splendid collection of Egyptian Antiquities [illegible] by M. Drovetti, is going to publish Letters to the Duc de Blacas d'Aulps on that Museum. The first letter describing the historical monuments, with plates, will appear very shortly.

Voyages and Travels.—The fourth number of Freycinet's Voyage round the World is published; like the preceding, it belongs to the zoological department: no part of the narrative is yet printed. M. Mollien, author of Travels in Africa, has given to the world *[illegible] in Columbia*, 2 vols. 8vo. As they contain the latest account of the political state of that country, they will doubtless find [illegible]. M. Pichot [illegible] *[illegible]* [illegible] translation of the complete works of Lord Byron into the [illegible] of Sir Walter Scott.

Politics.—The [illegible] the commencement [illegible] or rather welcomed by the abolition of the censorship of the press, which had been [illegible] unexpectedly re-established at the close of the last reign, has given rise to a vast number of pamphlets [illegible] small, almost all of them directed [illegible] the Ministry [illegible] of the most remarkable of which is the New Reign and the Old Ministry, by M. Salvandy. The enemies of M. de Villèle have played him rather an unpleasant trick. On the publication of the declaration of Louis XVIII, dated from St. Ouen in 1814, which was the precursor [illegible] the charter, M. de Villèle, at that time Member of the General Council of the Department of the Upper Garonne, addressed to the deputies [illegible] the department some *Observations on the plan of a Constitution*, the leading articles of which he condemns, and says, "Let us return to the constitution of our fathers, which so long rendered France flourishing and happy." M. Say, well known for many excellent works on political economy, has published an interesting Memoir on the Origin, Progress, and probable Results of the English Sovereignty in India. Though it of course cannot contain any thing new [illegible] to English readers, who are at all acquainted with the subject, it [illegible] otherwise in France, where the [illegible] of the English power in India [illegible] understood. [illegible] by Mr. Gracoune, [illegible] short but interesting pamphlet: it contains among other things some particulars relative to Buonaparte's intentions in forming the great naval arsenal and basons at Antwerp.

Novels.—We find several mentioned in the French Journals, but none by authors of any note, except "The Gil Blas of the Revolution" by M. Picard, who [illegible] of the success of his work. It is in 5 vol. [illegible] The [illegible] [illegible] Bacon [illegible] is highly spoken of [illegible] picture of Provence in the twelfth century. [illegible] or the Citizens of Paris two hundred [illegible] years ago, is an attempt [illegible] the Scotch novels [illegible] gives a good picture of France [illegible] Malteste, [illegible] Walter Scott [illegible] the history of France.

The *Dictionnaire des Découvertes* is completed by the publication of the sixteenth volume, and the seventeenth, which entirely consists of tables.

HOLLAND.

The King of the Netherlands has presented Gold Medals to Mr. Bowring and Mr. Van Dyk for their translations of the Dutch Poets published in London.

GERMANY.

While England is doing little or nothing to promote the study of the Sanscrit language and literature, which from her political and commercial relations ought to excite the strongest interest; and while France makes the learned of Europe wait too long for the communications which they have a right to expect from a country, which, besides the treasures of its libraries, possesses so many learned men versed in oriental literature; we see in Germany works in Sanscrit, and upon the Sanscrit, rapidly succeed each other, equally distinguished by the merit of the execution, and by the important aid which they afford towards the study of this new branch of Oriental Literature. It is owing to the enlightened and munificent protection of His Majesty, the King of Prussia, and the labours of M. A. W. Schlegel and Mr. Bopp, that Germany has for years taken the lead of all the other continental nations in the study of the Sanscrit. The latter gentleman has just published "The Journey of Ardjouna (or Ardschuna) to the Heaven of Indra, in Sanscrit and German, by F. Bopp. A Comparative Analysis of the Sanscrit, and the Languages connected with it; by ditto; with other Episodes from the Maha-Barata, now first published in the original Language, translated into verse: with Critical Remarks.—The third and fourth volumes of Raumer's History of the House of Hohenstaufen have been some time published; the fifth and sixth, which will complete the work, will be ready by the end of the year.—A Life of the celebrated and unfortunate Ferdinand Von Schill, by J. C. L. Hakem, chiefly compiled from inedited MSS., is a highly interesting account of a man who will long be remembered in the history of the struggles of the Continent against the yoke of Buonaparte. Though the German literati continue honourably to distinguish themselves by the publication of useful books, in every department, and by valuable editions of the classics, we have not lately met with any thing that particularly commands our attention. We must, however, mention the "Elements of a new Theory of the Formation of the Earth," by K. F. Klöden, with seven coloured plates, which has excited considerable sensation in Germany, and has induced the King of Prussia to send the author a gold medal. Messrs. Boisserée, of Stuttgard, have published ten or twelve numbers of lithographic engravings of their very fine and curious gallery of paintings, by the ancient German masters. They are most worthy the attention of the artist and connoisseur; and will convince them, we think, that the German school merits a much higher place in the history of art, than has hitherto been assigned it. Though the Messrs. Boisserée's splendid work, the Cathedral of Cologne, is published at Paris, we rather mention here the appearance of the second number; and have great pleasure in adding, that the King of Prussia has given 100,000 dollars towards the completion of that most splendid monument of German architecture, according to the original plan. It is highly probable that the Messrs. Boisserie, by their magnificent publication, may have contributed at least to induce His Majesty to adopt a resolution so truly worthy of a German sovereign. We regret that the nature of our report does not admit of our doing justice to this great work; but when the whole is published, we may be tempted to dwell upon it at some length; at present we will merely add, that the text throws an entirely new light on the origin and history of that species of architecture, of which the Cathedral of Cologne is perhaps the most glorious specimen; and that it is indispensable to all architects and others interested in these subjects.

RUSSIA.

Inquiries into the History of the Ancient Religious, Political, and Literary Civilization of the People of the interior of Asia; especially of the Mongols and Tibetans, by Mr. J. J. Schmidt. This work, among a great number of facts and curious particulars relative to the history of the two nations above mentioned, and to the introduction of the religion of Boudha among them, contains also a great number of fanciful conjectures, and of etymologies which cannot be maintained.

REPORT OF MUSIC.

The Jewel-crowned Goddess is still wandering from town to town and from city to city (but not in humble guise), avoiding only the smoke and stir of this dim spot called London and Westminster. At this present writing her chief priests, matrons, and virgins, are as far north as Edinburgh and Glasgow, save only Madame Catalani, who is wherever cash is to be got in exchange for her own *notes*. These however, if the newly created Chevalier (her *caro sposo*) is to be believed, have been at a discount lately, for Newcastle is reported to be a loss (we know it to be a gain) to the good lady. But she really does suffer by conducting; for had she been content in her own proper department, and to take engagements, she would certainly have thriven better; and as those places where she has not been have thriven the best, the example will prove even more fatal probably to her future fame and prospects.

Just at the moment we closed our last report, the Festival at Norwich was terminating. It is the opinion of the ablest judges, including many of the most eminent professors, that it rivalled York in every thing but numbers, and even surpassed, in some respects this, the most glorious previous assembly of minstrelsy of this our age. The public spirit of the inhabitants of Norfolk and Norwich had been worked upon during four years, through the principal journal of that district (the Norwich Mercury), before the proposal for a meeting was made at the board of Governors of the Hospital, whose funds were to be assisted by this means. The pulse of the public was felt—a guarantee of three thousand pounds from individuals was obtained to guard against the possibility of loss. The patronage of the King and three Royal Dukes (York, Sussex, and Gloucester) was granted; the names of a large number of noblemen and gentlemen enrolled as Vice-Presidents; and a Committee of Management appointed, who went ardently to work. Sir George Smart was appointed to conduct, and a negotiation was commenced with Madame Catalani: that lady stipulated to bring Rossini to conduct (which she had no power to promise, it afterwards appeared), six principal singers, a leader, violoncellist, and double bass, and to divide the receipts with the Hospital, the committee defraying all other expenses. Had they assented, the Hospital would have suffered a heavy loss, and Madame Catalani obtained a very large profit. But they were wiser, and more faithful to their trust. They rejected the proposal with just indignation, and engaged Madame Ronzi de Begnis, Mrs. Salmon, Miss Stephens, and Miss Carew, together with Messrs. De Begnis, Vaughan, Sapio, Terrail, and Bellamy. Mr. Sapio was unfortunately seized with so severe a relaxation of the throat after his arrival in Norwich, as to be compelled to relinquish his engagement; and the committee commissioned a gentleman to go immediately to town to procure the assistance of Signor Garcia, who was brought down in time for the last two evenings. There were six concerts and a ball, and his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex was present at every concert. He was most enthusiastically received. The room where the concerts were held, was a very fine and spacious Gothic hall, consisting of a nave and two aisles. At one end an organ was erected by Gray,—a noble instrument indeed; which has since been purchased by the Corporation. At the other an extensive gallery for patrons. Galleries were raised also in the side aisles, the seats and the fronts of which were covered with the splendid crimson cloth used at the King's Coronation. It is a curious part of this relation, that previous to the festival upwards of 230*l*. was raised by showing the building in a state of preparation. The hall was lighted with gas, and when filled, as it was on one of the evening concerts, with more than two thousand well-dressed ladies and gentlemen, the spectacle was splendid beyond example. The music consisted of the usual selections, and went off with astonishing precision:

thanks to the unwearied attention and taste of Sir George Smart. But the capital perfection was the choral part of the performance, which was truly magnificent. His Royal Highness of Sussex, no mean judge of the art, was pleased to declare, that although he was present at three of the Abbey performances, he had never heard such effects before. The vastitude of the Minster at York, it was said by the professors who assisted at both places, diminished the volume of sound; and thus the Hall at Norwich being more compact, the results were not in proportion to numbers. Be this as it may, the amateurs of Norwich may well be satisfied with being allowed a comparison, and with so fine a series of concerts. The patronage of the aristocracy fell off shamefully, but the spirit of the middle classes was strongly excited, and declared itself nobly. The receipts were (including donations to the amount of 611*l.* 18*s.*) 6,762*l.* 0*s.* 6*d.*; the expenses 1,351*l.* 1*s.* 10*d.*, leaving a profit to the Hospital of more than 2,411*l.*, besides the property in the orchestra, and music purchased for the occasion.

The effects of the vocal band are chiefly attributable to the amateurs of Norwich, who formed a choral society, and, under the indefatigable and able superintendence of Mr. Edward Taylor, also an amateur, assisted by Mr. Buck the organist of the Cathedral, were instructed so as to sustain, in the manner above recited, almost the entire weight of the chorusses. The hall was crowded. Eight hundred and eighty-seven pounds were taken at an admission of fifteen shillings, and no less than 71*l.* 10*s.* for persons who gave five shillings each to sit in the orchestra and see the company. These particulars may serve as useful information to places who may desire to aid the funds of charity by means of music.

At Wakefield, were Mrs. Salmon, Miss Stephens, and Miss Travis, Messrs. Braham and Vaughan, Phillips and Isherwood. The plan here was singular in one respect. There being no room capable of containing the expected company—two were opened—the Musical Saloon and the Concert House. At the one was performed modern, and at the other ancient music. The festival lasted three days. We cannot forbear extracting a very just, but quaintly expressed criticism, from one of the local journals, with respect to Mr. Braham, as highly endowed a singer probably as ever lived, yet, fatally for his art and his age, deformed by as monstrous faults. "His best security," says the critic, "will be in attending, we apprehend, to these three things—not to sing too flat, not to decorate too much, and never to *push his energies to a shout.* Let him only be correct in his notes, chaste in his ornament, and limited in his strength, and if he cannot preserve his elevation, he will at least less slowly descend from his high station." The receipts were so near the expenses as to leave nothing for the charities. Mr. Braham and Mr. Phillips gave back 30*l.* of their engagement, but their example was not followed. Verily, some of our musical friends would do well to recollect, that charity covereth a multitude of sins.

The Newcastle Festival came next in succession. There Sir George Smart conducted, under an engagement, for Madame Catalani, who undertook the whole, stipulating to give the charity a fifth of the receipts. We have in a former report named the principal singers. Sickness, however, thinned their ranks. Mr. Sapio's relaxed throat continued. Mrs. Bedford was *Bedrid*, Signor de Begnis was seized with ophthalmia, and Madame de Begnis with an indisposition to quit her husband, so that all these mighty limbs were lopped off. Fortunately, Miss Goodall passed through on her way to Edinburgh, and was detained for *the Messiah*, and the last evening, and was received with great eclat. She was encored at night in *Bid me discourse*. Still more fortunately, the Newcastle audiences did not know how much they lost in the absence of the De Begnises, whose singing surpasses all that we have of foreign art at this moment. Madame de Begnis's execution of *Di Piacer* at Norwich, is described "as the finest specimen of consummate art" that ever was heard, in "the Critical and Historical Record of the Festival," an entire journal (a curious attendant circum-

stance we forgot to mention), which was published there on the occasion as a supplement to the newspaper, whose Editor has so long and so earnestly exerted himself to bring about the meeting. The total collected at Newcastle was about 4,000*l.* with the Ball money, the receipts of which were included in the general estimate, and of course were divided by the Chevalier with the charity. Madame Catalani, Miss Stephens, Mr. Braham, and Mr. Phillips, are highly extolled. Mori led with his accustomed fire.

Among these Festivals there is one which almost escapes the general eye—the Eisteddvod, or Cambrian Literary and Musical Session. This meeting takes its rise so far back as previous to the Christian æra, and has been continued at different periods, under various auspices, until the year 1819, up to which period, from 1771, it had been promoted by the Gwyneddigion, a society in London for the cultivation of the Welsh language. Of late years societies have been formed in the four provinces of Powys and Gwynedd, in North Wales, and Dyved and Gwent, in South Wales, for the encouragement of Welsh literature. The present Eisteddvod was held under the auspices of the Powys Cymmrodorion, at Welshpool, on the 7th, 8th, and 9th of September, Viscount Clive president. The main object of all these meetings has been the cultivation of the music and poetry of Wales; and for this purpose, medals are given to the authors of the best prose compositions in the English and Welsh languages, who recite them after the prizes have been adjudged. With these recitations are mingled Pennillion (epigrammatic verses) which are sung by the mountaineers for prizes, and performances on the triple harp by the minstrels. In the evenings miscellaneous concerts are held, and one morning is devoted to the performance of a selection of sacred music. The following were the subjects of the essays and verses this year:—

Essays.

1. On the causes and extent of the early intimacy and mutual intercourse between the Armoricans and Britons, and the traces of national affinity still existing between their descendants; adjudged to the Rev. T. Price, of Crickhowell.

2. On the propagation and establishment of Christianity among the Cymry, by the three zealous families of Bran ab Llyr, Cunedda Wledig, and Brychan Brycheinog, as commemorated by the Triad XLII. in Arch. of Wales; to Mr. John Hughes, of Wexham.

3. (In the Welsh language.) On the Welsh language, its excellency, the advantage of cultivating it, and the most likely means to ensure its perpetuity and success; to Mr. John Blackwell, of Berriew.

Verses.

1. For the best copy of *Verses in the Welsh Lyric Metre* on the folly of belief in witchcraft, and all other vulgar superstitions; to Mr. Edw. Jones, of Denbigh.

2. For the best Cywydd on the invasion of Anglesy by Suetonius Paulinus, and the consequence of that event; to Mr. Wm. Jones, of Carmarthen.

3. For the best Awdl on the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans. This prize was adjudged to Mr. Ebenezer Thomas, of Evionydd, who received the Bardic, and was installed by proxy into the Bardic Chair of Powys.

The amateur silver harp was presented to Mr. Henry Humphreys, of Pool, for his performance on the triple harp.

The premium for the best catalogue of MSS. in Welsh and English, relating to Wales, was adjudged to Mr. A. O. Peighe, of Nantglyn.

The same gentleman gained the reward for the best unpublished collection of old Welsh tunes.

Mr. R. Woodhouse, of Bettws, obtained the prize for the best original psalm tune in Archdeacon Pey's metre, and Mr. David Harris a remuneration.

The premium for the best original hymn in one of the present Welsh popular measures, was awarded to Mr. D. J. Morgan, of Llangoedmore.

The prize for the best set of variations on a Welsh air for the triple harp, was adjudged to Mr. John Hughes, of the Royal Denbigh band.

In singing the Pennillion, or epigrammatic verses, a fine trait of feeling was evinced by two of the competitors, labourers. Two were left to contend for the prize; and upon their coming forward to sing, they declared that as they were neighbours they must decline contending against each other. The President stated that he would give a medal to the unsuccessful candidate, and thus terminated this friendly contention.

Mr. J. Jones obtained the medal as the best performer on the triple harp, who had never obtained a silver harp at any Eisteddvod.

The principal performers were Miss Stephens, Miss Carew, Masters Smith and Parry, Messrs. Vaughan, Smith, Collyer, Parry, and Rolle. The Lindleys, Nicholson, and Harper, assisted by an effective band of amateurs from Shrewsbury, led by Mr. Tomlins of that city, with some London performers, composed the band, which consisted of nearly 100 performers. The entire arrangement and conducting was under the direction of Mr. Parry, the Editor of the Welsh Melodies. The selection of ancient music performed at the church was excellent; the neighbourhood of Welshpool and Shrewsbury furnishing upwards of fifty chorus singers greatly aided the performances. The whole performance gave the highest satisfaction; and when it is recollected that the Festival was held in a small town, amid the mountains of Wales, the receipts, which amounted to nearly 2,000*l.* may be considered as highly creditable to the inhabitants. The surplus money is applied, in donations, to aged and indigent bards and minstrels—in the publication of scarce MSS. tending to throw light on the early history of the Bretons; and it is the intention of the Cymmrodorion to send a qualified person among the Bretons, in order to ascertain what affinity they bear in their customs, manners, and language to the Welsh, and then to publish the account.

After the Festival Lord and Lady Lucy Clive gave a most magnificent fête at the Castle; the splendour of the scene was beyond description. Upwards of 400 persons were present.

Thus must end our article for this month, with the exception of a brief notice of the very few compositions that are offered to an empty town. Der Freischutz is got to Covent Garden. Of all the music that has lately been produced, this is the most extraordinary. Its contrivance is the most curious, and it is wrought up in a few passages, tesselated together, in a most singular manner. It is certainly not vocal, except in so far as respects a very few traits of melody; but the accompaniments picture, in the liveliest manner, the scenes, passions, sentiments, and incidents of this romantic drama.

Mr. Kalkbrenner and Mr. Cramer have two very splendid compositions for the Piano Forte.

L'Heureux Retour, a Divertimento for the Piano Forte, composed by Philip Knapton, is a tasteful lesson; the introduction and march are spirited, and perhaps the trio recommends itself more particularly to our notice from the resemblance it bears in its concluding passages to a certain part of our old favourite *There be none of beauty's daughters*. The rondo combines originality with much elegance, and concludes a very agreeable composition.

The Rose, the Lily, and Lavena, three airs with variations for the Piano Forte. Lessons combining much facility of execution with pleasing melody, and thus carrying their own recommendation to those who are not far advanced in conquering the difficulties of the instrument.

The arrangements consist of a tenth dramatic Divertimento by Bruguier on "Ah perche la morte." No. 2 of Amusemens des Sœurs, with No. 6 of Les Belles Fleurs; also Mr. Klose's Operatic Divertimentos, Book 4, on the airs from Weber's Opera of Preciosa.

There was a time, ballad, *The Paphian Flower*, duet by Alexander D. Roche. These are light and pleasing, particularly the former, which has the rare merit amongst these little things of being both original and agreeable.

Where may sweetest Peace be found, a ballad by I. S. Graeff, is not simple enough either to do justice to the words to which it is adapted, or to have much title to the name appended to it, either as regards the voice part or the accompaniment.

Here's a health to thee, Mary, and *The voice of a stranger*, ballads by G. Herbert. The first of these combines very sweet melody, with the simplicity and plaintive tone called for by the expression of the words, and both compositions do credit to the abilities of the composer.

VIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

Having in our last number detailed the circumstances which preceded and attended the death of Louis XVIII, we now resume our narrative, which naturally falls into the events which followed it. As soon as propriety allowed, after his decease, the body of the King was exhibited to the people. On a plain bed, surmounted by a green canopy, it was placed in a half reclining posture, in its hands a crucifix, and on its head a cap trimmed with lace; a melancholy spectacle, and one which might have been spared. As soon as the coffin could be completed, the royal remains were placed in it, and it was transferred to the throne room of the Thuilleries, where another public exhibition took place, to please those loyal subjects, who seem to have flocked in greater numbers and with as much homage round his bier as they were represented to have done around his throne. The hall of the Marshals, and the long suite of apartments intervening between that and the throne room, were dimly lighted and hung with black; the meaning of this seems to have been to give greater effect to the show-room itself, which was one blaze of gold and brilliancy! There, elevated from the ground, covered with a gorgeous pall of cloth of gold, and surrounded with innumerable burning tapers, stood the royal coffin, upon which were placed the crown, the sword, and sceptre. All around the platform were ranged mace-bearers and heralds, splendidly arrayed, intermingled with the officers of the crown, and crowds, of course, of ecclesiastical attendants, who chaunted from time to time the service for the dead. Nearest to the coffin, with downcast eyes and dejected countenance, sat the mourner of many changes, the court-spectre, Talleyrand. The French are remarkable for rendering their spectacles *imposing*, and this last touch was certainly *par excellence;* they should stop here, nothing can exceed it. The old regime—the sans culotterie—the republic—the empire,—and all the different, and sometimes frightful, *phases* of the revolution had glared and passed; and here, even by the corpse of the first monarch of the restoration, sat the only man who had survived every change, and triumphed through them all! Ex-royalist—ex-republican—ex-priest—ex-bishop—ex-minister—there, he crouched, the cameleon of the state; now livid with death's hue, but contemplating his brightest change in the beam of the successor! What a spectacle! He was in the room when Louis died—watched, through his tears, the countenance of M. Portal the physician, as he leaned over the monarch; and the moment the decease was authenticated—"Go, go, and *tell his Majesty*," said Talleyrand. That moment and that speech might be said to have concentrated the character of his life. The funeral of Louis took place on the 23d of September, and was celebrated with all the pomp which the occasion called for. The troops under arms amounted to 11,000, and the day passed off in the greatest tranquillity, although, as might have been expected, the entire population of Paris was in motion. The procession set forth with the sound of cannon, and all the bells of the city tolled a mournful knell. The housings of the horses were of black cloth fringed with silver, and the heads ornamented with plumes of feathers. The funeral car itself was remarkable for its magnificence; the upper part formed a canopy, surmounted by the crown of France, supported by four genii, seated, and with inverted torches. The canopy was adorned with velvet, enriched with fleurs-de-lis in gold, and supported by four angels bearing palm branches; at the head was the crown of France, and at the feet, the sceptre and hand of justice. Upon reaching St. Denis, the royal remains were presented by the Grand Almoner to the Dean of the Royal Chaptre, preceded by the Canons and the Clergy. The coffin was then temporarily

placed under a canopy erected in the midst of the choir, ornamented with the royal mantle of cloth of gold, and surmounted by the crown covered with crape. At the reception of the remains the usual prayers were recited, and after the "Magnificat" they were conveyed to the chapel of St. Louis, which was converted into a *chapelle ardente*, and there they are to continue for thirty days, before their final deposition in the vault of the Bourbons. It is a remarkable fact, that the clergy, whose place had been assigned in a programme previously published, did not attend the ceremony; the absence of a body generally obsequious enough in its homage to majesty, whether dead or alive, has caused general observation, and been variously accounted for. The Dauphin, the Duke of Orleans, and the Duke of Bourbon, were in the same carriage, habited in deep mourning, and wearing long mantles. An account has been published in the Gazette de France of the medical examination of the body of the late King, made subsequent to his decease; amongst other passages it contains the following, sufficient of itself to show the consummate art by which life was, under such circumstances, so long protracted. "Both legs, from the knees downwards to the feet, were of a substance approaching the consistency of lard; it was of a yellow colour, and the cellular membranes, the muscles, and *even the bones, were converted into it!* The instruments penetrated with facility even into the bones! The right foot, and the lower part of the leg, as high as the calf, was sphacelous; the bones were softened, *four toes had dropped off successively* by the progress of the disease! A short time after death, the body was washed with the *chloride* of M. Labarraque, which immediately destroyed every sort of bad smell: it was embalmed with this chloride and corrosive sublimate." Surely the prolonged existence of this sovereign may be well styled the triumph of medicine. It is said, that even thus M. Portal, the chief physician, declared that the king might still survive for a long time, if he could resolve "to eat lying down and to live lying down;" upon which Louis is reported to have asked, "How could you have me reign in bed?" We remarked in our last number on the extraordinary fortitude with which Louis met death, and every subsequent account goes in corroboration of the statement. The day before his decease he said to the present king who stood by his bed-side—"Judgment will soon be passed on my reign; but, whatever may be the opinion which may prevail, I assure you, brother, that every thing I have done has been the result of long deliberation. I may have been mistaken, but I have not been the sport, the slave of events; every thing has been conducted and argued by me." It is not consistent with the plan which we have laid down for ourselves, nor would it accord with our limits, to enter into a detailed analysis either of the late king's reign or character; he was placed certainly under perilous and difficult circumstances, and the "judgment" passed has been upon the whole, as perhaps it ought to be, favourable both to his intentions and his intellect. In four days after the funeral of Louis, the new monarch, Charles X, entered, in grand state, his good city of Paris. At half after eleven on the forenoon of the 27th, he stepped into his carriage at St. Cloud, and on his arrival at Porte-Maillot, mounted on horseback, although the rain fell in torrents. At half past twelve he was met at the barrier l'Etoile by the Municipal Body, whose Prefect presented him, after an appropriate congratulation, with the keys of the city of Paris.—Charles replied—"I leave the keys in your care, because I know that I cannot commit them to more faithful hands. Keep them, then, gentlemen, keep them. It is with sentiments of deep sorrow and sincere joy that I enter within these walls, in the midst of my good people—of joy because I know well that I wish to occupy myself in consecrating my life, to my last hour, to secure and consolidate their happiness." The King arrived at Notre Dame a little after two, where he had to encounter the congratulations of the clergy presented by the Archbishop of Paris, to whom he thus addressed himself

—"Sir, my first duty, as it was my first care, on an occasion so afflicting to my heart, was to prostrate myself before the Lord, to solicit from him, through the intercession of the holy Virgin, the strength and courage necessary to enable me to fulfil the important task which has been imposed upon me. Without him we are nothing—with him, we can do every thing. Assist me, gentlemen, with your prayers; I solicit them not so much for myself as for France, which my brother has rendered so happy. Yes, notwithstanding the grief I feel, I am confident that with the support of the most High, I shall succeed, not in making you forget the loss you have sustained, but at least, in softening its bitterness." Charles then took the place which was reserved for him in the church, when a grand *Te Deum* was performed. Although the day was most unfavourable to the ceremony, still every street and avenue through which the king passed was crowded to the utmost, and of course, as on all similar occasions, the loyal enthusiasm of the Parisians was at its height. The king received upwards of four hundred petitions, and even returned his personal thanks to a young female, who at some risk pressed through the guards to present him one; with the prayer of which he since has complied. The good people are in raptures at a gallantry which looks rather like a relic of the youth of the Count d'Artois than a type of the age of the priest-reformed Charles. The day passed off well—the king spoke to every one, even to the national guard; and, as he re-entered the Thuilleries, exclaimed—"I am not fatigued and I am satisfied." The first act of his reign was to bestow upon the Dukes of Orleans and Bourbon the title of "Royal Highness." He has declared that he will preside in person at his council, and the Duke d'Angoulême, whose opinions are said to weigh much with his royal parent, attends the sittings also. Charles is reported to have said to the Duke of Orleans (who, on being pressed, told him the people feared an increase of regal influence during his reign), that their fears were groundless, as "all should be kept *in their places*." This is believed to be meant as a hint to the clergy, whose pretensions to royal favour were rather too openly expressed. We hope sincerely the anecdote may prove authentic. Indeed, from the little we have seen of Charles X, we are inclined to augur favourably of him; the second act of his reign was a popular, and just, and wise one, the discontinuance of the Censorship of the Press. He could scarcely have commenced with an act of better omen, and, as friends of the press, we say to him sincerely —"I pede fausto." There have been no ministerial changes, nor are any mentioned as being in contemplation.

We regret very much to state that a dissension of a serious nature has arisen between the English ministry and the provisional government of Greece, which must tend to neutralize the efforts and perhaps ultimately defeat the cause of those brave men, in aid of whom the prayers of every pious patriot and every grateful scholar in christendom are offered. The point in dispute, if we may credit the advocates of our Cabinet, seems to be merely verbal; and if so, we cannot sufficiently deprecate the hyper-criticism which ministers choose to exert at such a moment, and upon such an occasion. Even admitting us to be ever so much in the right, which is very doubtful, and the Greeks to be egregiously in the wrong, still some little allowances on our part would but barely expiate our anti-Christian neutrality in such a contest. The point at issue is the right of aid, on the part of neutrals, to the enemies of the Greeks. It seems that the provisional government of Greece, goaded by the continual infringement of neutrality, issued a proclamation, containing, amongst others, the following obnoxious paragraph. "That as the masters of sundry European vessels have freighted their ships to the Turkish government, for the conveyance of ship's stores, and provisions, in opposition to the advice of their Consuls, and in contravention of the principles of neutrality professed by their respective sovereigns, in the present contest in which Greece is engaged, all such vessels, together with their crews, shall be considered as no longer be-

longing to any neutral nation, but as enemies; and shall, as such, be attacked, burned, or sunk, together with their crews, by the ships of the Greek fleet, or by any other armed Greek force that may fall in with them." This proclamation denouncing none, be it observed, except those caught in the fact of aiding and assisting their enemies, appears to have excited the wrathful indignation of the British government, and to have called forth from them the following most Christian and most chivalrous reply. By the bye, it seems rather suspicious that the British appear to be the only people upon sea or land who consider themselves aggrieved by this most natural proclamation of the provisional government. The proclamation of Sir Frederick Adam, our commissioner to the Ionian Islands, after reciting the paragraph above quoted, declares, "that whereas his Majesty, for the vindication of the rights of that neutrality, the duties of which he has himself strictly and uniformly observed during the existing hostilities, and for the protection of the commerce as well as of the lives of his subjects and of the Ionian people placed under his exclusive protection, has directed the Lord High Commissioner to require, in his Majesty's name, of the provisional government the immediate recal of a proclamation so contrary to the law of nations and to every principle of humanity and of the intercourse of civilized countries: And whereas the Lord High Commissioner has accordingly required, in his Majesty's name, the recal of the said proclamation, and the provisional government have refused to recal the same: And whereas such refusal has been notified to the Commander-in-Chief of his Majesty's naval forces: Be it known that, in conformity with the instructions to that effect given by the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, the said Commander-in-Chief will forthwith proceed to seize and detain all armed vessels, or vessels carrying armed men, fitted out by, or under, or acknowledging the authority of the provisional government of Greece; and that those instructions will continue in force until the said proclamation shall be fully and authentically recalled by the provisional government, and the said recal duly notified by the Lord High Commissioner to the Commander-in-Chief of his Majesty's naval forces! The present shall be printed in three languages, English, Greek, and Italian." The promulgators of this purely Turkish production need not trouble their heads about the languages in which it will be conveyed throughout the world. Our enemies will take care to have it written in choice French, aye, and in most classic *Russian*. We cannot trust ourselves with a commentary upon such a document; but we will just ask two simple questions while we are upon the subject. Firstly, what Englishman is there who would not gladly see the English ship "attacked, burnt and sunk," which was employed in aiding the infidel barbarians against our brother Christians, and we hope one day to call them brother free-men? Secondly, were any of the persons who authorized this proclamation so tenderly alive to the rights of neutrality—were any of them in office when *we bombarded the friendly town of Copenhagen*, and plundered Denmark of her fleet, lest forsooth, it *might* fall into the hands of our enemy? When these two questions are answered, it will be time enough for us to enter the arena of a humiliating verbal criticism.

We are much rejoiced to balance this disheartening intelligence with an account, not of the valour of the Greeks, with which we have been long acquainted, but of the glorious events to which that valour has led. Successive victories on the part of the Greek naval forces may be said to have now brought the present campaign to a final and successful termination. The Turks have attempted much, and failed in every thing. Our accounts do not rest upon mere conjecture, they are fully confirmed by the decisive, but very modest, dispatches of George Sactouri, the Vice-Admiral of the patriot fleet. The first of these is dated the 17th of August, off the island of Samos, which island it was the avowed object of the Turks to lay desolate. On that day the Greek

fleet "destroyed a frigate and a corvette of Tripoli, of the first rank, and a brig of Tunis, together with several transports, which the enemy had previously prepared for the transporting of his troops." There was a report that the brave naval commander Canaris had been destroyed in this engagement; but we have hopes, as the death of so distinguished an officer is not expressly mentioned in the dispatch, that he is still preserved for his country, though it must be confessed, that the wording of the paragraph leaves the affair, so far as his life is concerned, rather doubtful. It is as follows: "This gave an opportunity to the brave Captain Canaris to go against this frigate, in the fire-ship which he himself commanded, and he succeeded towards eleven o'clock, a. m. in grappling her whilst in full sail. In a short time she was all in flames, and the fire having penetrated to the powder magazine soon blew her up, and the sparks and pieces of wood which flew on all sides not only destroyed all who were on board, *to the number of* 600, but several on the neighbouring coasts, and burned nearly 20 transports which were in readiness to transport the troops to Samos." The second dispatch is dated August 23, off the same island. Its substance is contained in the first paragraph. "On the 21st instant, we dispersed 40 transports of the enemy laden with troops, with which they intended to have effected a landing on that part of the island of Samos called Kariovasi. We succeeded in gaining possession of four and in sinking six; and the rest, being closely pursued by us, were obliged to run aground on the coast of Asia." Next day the Greek fleet cast anchor in the channel, and the greater part of the enemies' fleet, which was drawn up on the opposite coast of Asia, was dispatched to attack them. When the Greek commander thought they had approached near enough, he ordered two of his fire-ships to sail amongst them; on perceiving which, the enemy fled in all directions! Well may Sactouri exclaim, "What a disgrace for those fine and large frigates of the Sultan, which he boasted so much about, to be put to flight by two of our fire-ships! It was then that the Samiots who from the land were spectators of our movements, lifted up their hands to heaven, imploring our God to shower down his blessings on our vessels." The prayers of the Samiots were heard, and their happy island has been, we hope, for ever preserved from the wretched fate of Scio and Ipsara. The Turks fled as fast as possible, to effect a junction with the long-promised armament of Egypt; we should not omit that Sactouri adds, that "on all sides of the island the Samiots were determined to conquer or perish." So far our readers perceive that we have quoted the very words of the Greek Vice-Admiral, and therefore the intelligence is quite authentic. What follows, is founded upon rumour, but still a rumour coming through various channels and far from improbable. It is said, that on the 7th of September, in the neighbourhood of Stankos, the Greek fleet engaged the combined Turkish and Egyptian armaments, and completely defeated them, having taken one corvette and thirty transports, and totally destroyed two corvettes, three frigates, and two brigs. One half of the Greek fleet are represented as having returned to Hydra, and the rest had gone in pursuit of the flying enemy. This intelligence, though not actually official, is very probable. The previous engagements which are known to have occurred must have produced a powerful moral influence on the respective squadrons; and, as we before observed, the account comes from various quarters. A similar detail had reached Constantinople, when the Grand Vizier had been deposed, and the same fate was supposed to await the Reis Effendi. The Capitan Pacha's head will, in all probability, pay the forfeit of its escape from the fire-ships. Such is the blessed lot of a fortunate aspirant to the honours of barbarian despotism. The Greeks have been also successful in their land engagements. The dispatch of their commander Gouras, giving an account of the defeat of 4000 Turks by 550 men under his orders, says, "We succeeded in routing the enemy completely, to the full extent of the term, for—*we were Greeks, and at Marathon*—after an obstinate contest of

12 hours." The Turks lost in this engagement 700 killed, and had an immense number wounded; four standards were also among the spoils of the day. Upon the whole, we think we may congratulate the friends of religion, liberty, and literature, upon the complete failure of all the bloated prophecies and cruel boasts of the barbarian with respect to this campaign. His ferocity has been registered in fire, and blood, and ruin; but it has been followed by a terrible and humiliating retribution. We must not forget to add, that a recent arrival has announced the entrance of Sir Frederick Adam into Napoli di Romania, the Grecian capital, where all differences between the provisional government and the British government had been adjusted; the Greeks having modified their proclamation thus, "That they will treat all neutral vessels found in the enemies' fleet as hostile vessels, and as no longer under the protection of their respective countries, and that they shall be tried according to the martial law, and the law of nations." The British commissioner expressed himself satisfied with this—he received a salute of 101 guns, which was returned by the British ships, and he departed. We, of course, do not profess ourselves so well versed in the law of nations as those who doubtless can turn to the chapter and verse of old Vattel, by which the attack on Copenhagen can be justified; but we again repeat our regret that such minute criticism should have on such an occasion originated on our part. Our apathy, during this contest, is any thing but creditable; and we cannot but consider the deeds of valour we have just recorded as burning reproaches upon those Christian cabinets who leave their brethren to wage an unequal struggle against the ruthless oppressors of Greece, and the avowed enemies of the Christian religion.

Dispatches have been received from Lieutenant Colonel Sutherland, the commander of our forces on the African coast, conveying intelligence of the defeat of the Ashantees, and the termination of their disastrous campaign. It seems that Assai Tootoo Quamina, the reigning King at the commencement of the hostilities, had died, and the crown had devolved upon his brother, Adoo Assai; which latter barbarian left his capital of Coomassie with all the forces he could muster, and the avowed intention of driving the English out of the country. To say the truth, we cannot blame him—it is quite natural that they should wish to banish the invaders of their native soil, but not so easily to be accounted for why we should explore that soil for the sake of its fevers and atrocities. Adoo, it appears, was so confident of success, that he sent a "sanctified boy" to our advanced posts, with a message to Colonel Sutherland, that "if the walls of Cape Coast Castle were not high enough he ought to build them higher; and, that if they were not sufficiently furnished with cannon, that he should land those belonging to the ships of war, but that all could not prevent his throwing the whole into the sea." This was no idle threat on his part, for he approached within a mile of the castle, with no less than 16,000 well appointed fighting men, and after skirmishing and manœuvring for several days, at last came to a general engagement with us on the 11th of July, which, after five hours hard fighting, terminated in his defeat and flight. Our force only amounted to 5000 and 53 men, of whom but 285 were regulars; our loss amounted to one officer, and 103 men killed, and 118 wounded, which proves pretty clearly that we gained no very easy victory. The Fantees, our Allies, behaved well during the engagement, though very ill for some time before it. The loss of the enemy is not ascertained, but it must have been very great, and their army during the retreat was continually thinned by desertion. A dispatch from Commodore Bullen to the Admiralty, dated the 22d of July, states that from two prisoners brought in on the preceding day, it appeared that the Ashantees were in full retreat to their Capital, suffering severely from famine, caused by their having laid waste the country in their advance, and severely afflicted by dysentery and small pox. Thus, for the present, has this contest terminated; and, after all, the victory which we have gained cannot be estimated at the cost of the paper on which we

record it. We have allied ourselves with Wassaws and Fantees, and all sorts of savages—we have lost some brave men, and exposed many others; and even the remnant are still in a precarious and perilous situation, and all for what? We are yet to learn the advantage either political or commercial. As to military glory, ours can scarcely be increased by an Ashantee triumph; and, in a religious point of view, we much fear that our missionaries will not soon outnumber with black Christians the white ones we have lost there.

Advices have been received from India giving a detail of the Burmese war, in which we have hitherto been uniformly successful. The Burmese have, after some feeble resistance, lost the town of Rangoon, a place which is represented to be of some importance; they seem ill qualified to offer any successful opposition to the skill and discipline of European troops. Their king, however, is said to be determined upon warfare, and to have placed under the command of one of his generals a force of 30,000 men. It is gratifying to be enabled to state, that seven of our own countrymen, besides several others, were rescued from immediate death by our success at Rangoon, in the fort of which place they were found heavily ironed, doomed to certain execution. The details of the various skirmishes would occupy much space, and possess no general interest; the results, however, were uniformly in our favour, and, indeed, likely to continue so.

By the accounts from Spain, we learn that that unfortunate country is still in the disastrous situation which might be expected. The French, it is confidently said, are, in pursuance of their treaty, about to withdraw a great majority of their forces in the ensuing January, when it is far from improbable that a general re-action may really commence. The man must have taken but a superficial view of human nature, who can suppose the people of the Peninsula really satisfied with the sway of a king, who, in addition to his own misdeeds, has subjected them to the insults of a foreign domination. Letters from Paris state that Ferdinand had negociated a loan in that city to the amount of 8,000,000*l.* without any mention of the Cortes, or stipulation for their re-payment! We can scarcely give any credit to this report: though money and wisdom do not proverbially keep company, we can scarcely fancy a being on two legs ideotic enough to advance a guinea upon such security.

The American papers are still filled with the triumphant progress of La Fayette through the United States. All classes rival each other in the expression of their homage. On his return from Portsmouth to Boston, he received a notice from the bank of that town that 20,000 dollars lay there to his credit—who the patriotic donor was cannot be discovered. On the 26th of July he visited the field of battle at Bunker's Hill, and made the following reply to a deputation who addressed him on behalf of the people of Charlestown. "With profound reverence, Sir, I tread this holy ground, where the blood of American patriots—the blood of Warren and his companions, early and gloriously spilled, aroused the energy of three millions, and secured the happiness of ten millions, and of many other millions of men in times to come. That blood has called both American Continents to Republican independence; and has awakened the nations of Europe to a sense, and in future I hope to the practice, of their rights. Such have been the effects of resistance to oppression, which was, by many pretended wise men of the times called rashness, while it was duty, virtue, and has been a signal for the emancipation of mankind." The merit of these few words is not their eloquence but their truth; and to those who laugh at liberty as a sounding name—to those also who maintain, as we have heard an English minister do lately, that a national debt is a national advantage, and, of course, that all the taxes which follow are so many cheap benefits—to those who call all argument mere declamation, and indulge in their sarcasm upon figures of speech, we cannot do better than appeal in their own style to figures of arithmetic, and therefore for their exclusive benefit we subjoin, without a comment, the New York Market List of the 31st of July, requesting our readers

to lay alongside of it the London Prices Current of the same date—"we guess," as our friend Jonathan Doubikins would say, "that they will find a pretty damned particular considerable difference." West India coffee, 7*d*. to 9*d*. per lb. Hyson tea, 4*s*. to 4*s*. 7*d*. per lb. Bohea, 1*s*. 4*d*. per lb. Gunpowder tea, 5*s*. to 5*s*. 7*d*. per lb. Souchong, 2*s*. 1*d*. to 2*s*. 11*d*. per lb. Raw sugar, 4*d*. to 4½*d*. per lb. English salt, 2*s*. per bushel. Port wine, 3*s*. 8*d*. to 9*s*. 6*d*. per gallon. Madeira, 8*s*. 6*d*. to 14*s*. per gallon. Sherry, 6*s*. 3*d*. to 6*s*. 6*d*. per gallon. Claret, 15*s*. to 16*s*. per dozen. Bourdeaux brandy, 3*s*. 10*d*. to 4*s*. per gallon. Hollands gin, 3*s*. 6*d*. to 3*s*. 11*d*. per gallon. Jamaica rum, 3*s*. 1*d*. to 3*s*. 10*d*. per gallon. Whiskey, 1*s*. 1*d*. to 1*s*. 2*d*. per gallon!! Add to this list, the high price of labour and the rapid progress which the country is making, and, we think, the man must be a little fastidious who will not be content to acknowledge them to be a very sufficient balance against the disadvantages of which we hear so much, and which are inseparable from every infant nation. In time too, a change of system may perchance give them the luxury of a national debt.

Our domestic intelligence is, as usual during the Parliamentary recess, extremely limited. A report had been very prevalent for some weeks past, that Parliament was to be assembled before Christmas to finish some of the current business of the year, and then to be finally prorogued previous to a dissolution. A Cabinet Council has, however, been held upon the subject, the consequence of which has been the further prorogation of the Houses to the 6th of January; we observe the Gazette does not add that they are to meet then 'for the dispatch of business,' a phrase generally used in the notice previous to their actually assembling, so that it is possible there may be a still further prorogation. All accounts, however, agree in stating, that the following will be the last Session of the present Parliament, and a canvass has already commenced in many places.

Some Whig Clubs in Cheshire, and in the North, have taken the trouble of putting forth what they call declarations of their principles; the way in which these declarations have been received by the public, proves the trouble to have been very unnecessary. In truth, the Whigs have long ceased to enjoy any consideration as a party—without the talent of many who are opposed to them, there seems to be little other difference than the want of office. Any one who has observed those who style themselves Whigs latterly, cannot avoid seeing that they are merely Tories out of place, without the candour to acknowledge the appellation.

The accounts of the revenue for the quarter ending the 10th of October, exhibit an increase of 64,000*l*. beyond the corresponding quarter of last year. The revenue of the Post-Office has also increased nearly 100,000*l*. on the year's calculation; and there has been in the Excise Department an increase for the quarter of 270,000*l*. On the entire year, however, there seems to be some slight falling off, but not to the amount of the remission of the taxes.

A Mining Company to a very considerable extent has been formed in Ireland, in which speculation many English capitalists have embarked. They have commenced with much activity, and have published a declaration that they will, upon application, survey gratis estates supposed to contain coal, if the proprietors will agree to lease, upon satisfactory terms, such royalties as may be discovered. The list of the Directors published contains many very respectable names, and there is no doubt that the mineral wealth of Ireland is abundant. Indeed, the employment in that country of the overplus of the dormant capital of this, would, we are convinced, not only change the face of Ireland into a state of happiness and industry, but prove a source of considerable profit to the adventurers themselves. How much more patriotic, and much more advantageous also, would such speculation be, than the mad adventures in Spanish and Poyais Loans! and how much more beneficially would the infatuated peasantry of that country be employed in thus exploring the treasures nature has conferred on them than in listening to the

ravings of bigotry, or seconding the selfish calculations of a hollow faction! There are now returns from a census taken in 1821, and now in the progress of publication, of the population of that country, from which we have made the following summary. In Leinster there are 1,785,763 inhabitants; in Munster, 2,005,363; in Ulster, 2,001,095; in Connaught, 1,053,918; making a total of 6,846,949.

We are sorry to announce the death of Mr. Sadler, jun. the aeronaut; he was killed in a balloon descent, in consequence of the breaking of his grappling iron. It was his thirty-second ascent. The deceased was a very meritorious man, and has left a wife and family so unprovided for as to render them the objects of a public subscription. It is proceeding liberally.

AGRICULTURE.

The reports from the different counties are as various as they are numerous, particularly as regards the productiveness of the wheat crop. It however appears, from their general tenour, that it is about an average crop, although perhaps the quality is not first-rate. Barley is below an average, and the oat crop is thin. In Lincolnshire, one of the great oat counties, the greater part of the crop is still lying on the ground, much of it rotted from the immense quantity of rain, and most of it injured irretrievably. Barley just previous to harvest, when some judgment could be formed of the crop, rose considerably in consequence of the belief that the demand would be large, the merchants' stocks being very short, and from the appearance of a thin crop. A larger quantity has since been poured into the market, and by thus meeting the immediate demand has in some degree lowered its value. The rise in wheat has been a source of surprise, there is some reason to believe, among the millers, who very generally expected that it would be much lower after harvest. They therefore manifested a proportionate reluctance to purchase. The consequence has been, that their stocks are at an exceedingly low ebb. In the meanwhile, corn, instead of falling, has first gently, and since rapidly, advanced. The millers having an immense influx of water, and a large demand, began to show more eagerness to buy. This anxiety on their part has caused a further advance. The farmers being now too much occupied in sowing, have sent but comparatively little wheat to market, and the regular supply being thus lessened, a still stronger impetus has been given to the market. In all probability, the farmers, urged by the rise, will thrash largely, glut the market, and the price will again fall to its ordinary level.

There is some reason to apprehend that the ports will be opened in November, if the farmers do not send some considerable quantity of barley into the market. Orders are said to have been already transmitted for immediate purchases to a large extent in Germany, Prussia, and Silesia.

It is a fact worthy of note, that notwithstanding the duty of six shillings per quarter on Foreign oats, the importation between the 21st of August, when the ports were first opened, and the 2d of October, 1824, has been 42,000 quarters more from the ports between the Eider and the Bidassoa than in 1820, when no duty was in existence. The whole amount of the importation, including 80,000 quarters in granary, has amounted to 332,220 quarters, and if to this are added the same number of quarters as were imported in six weeks in 1820 (144,000 quarters) it will appear that nearly 500,000 quarters will have been thrown on the British market at the end of that period. This vast importation has not been apparently productive of any very great evil to the agriculturists, since the demand has been so incessant that almost the entire quantity brought into the market has been sold. Whether this demand has been created by the supposition that the price of oats will advance, or whether by absolute consumption, it is impossible to say.

The average arrivals are of—wheat 6459, barley 1411, oats 28147, flour 7274, fine flour 275 barrels.

The average price ending Oct. 9, for wheat 57*s.* 3*d.*, barley 35*s.* 7*d.*, oats 20*s.* 3*d.* Flour has risen 10*s.* per sack.

The turnip crop still remains as promising as at the first part of the season, and grass being also plentiful has created everywhere a demand for stock. The late wet weather has much injured the clover seed, particularly in Norfolk and Suffolk.

Hop picking is finished, and the growth has fully answered the expectations of the most experienced judges. At Worcester fair, 1319 pockets of new, and 7 of old hops were weighed, and 2500 in the market. They fetched from 6*l.* 6*s.* to 7*l.* 12*s.* At Wey-hill fair, 7000 pockets were brought to market, the Farnhams were bought at from 10*l.* to 12*l.*, country from 8*l.* to 10*l.* At Maidstone, bags were sold at from 4*l.* 10*s.* to 5*l.* 5*s.* per cwt. and pockets at from 5*l.* to 6*l.*

The supply of beasts has been unusually large, and the trade very brisk. Mutton is sold at 4*s.* 6*d.*, and beef at 4*s.* 2*d.* per stone. At St. Faith's fair, Norfolk, beef was sold as high as 6*s.* 2*d.* per stone.

COMMERCE.

(*London, Oct.* 20.)

Cotton.—The market has been any thing but brisk for this month past, only during the last week the favourable accounts from Liverpool caused more firmness, and rather higher prices were in some instances asked, especially for good Surats, which have been most in request; but not above 1100 bales have been sold, viz. 200 Bengals, 5*d*. to 6*d*.; 600 Surats, 5*d*. to 6¼*d*.; 30 Madras, 6*d*. to 6½*d*.; 260 Pernams. The sale of cotton at the India House at the latter end of September, 16,486 bales declared, was very unfavourable. All the Company's, amounting to 2369 bales, taxed at 5*d*. per lb. were refused; and the greater part of the licensed was also bought in, for account of the proprietors, but rather above the previous market currency. The Surats being almost all of inferior quality, and unsuitable either for export or home consumption, there appeared no disposition to purchase them; and, with the exception of about 1000 bales of the better descriptions, which sold briskly at an advance of ⅛*d*. to ¼*d*. on previous rates, the whole were bought in at a reduction of ¼*d*. to ⅜*d*. per lb. For the Madras there were no buyers, and only a part of the Bourbons were disposed of, in some instances 1*d*. per lb. below the Company's last sale.

At Liverpool, the sales in four weeks were 50,250 bags, the arrivals only 20,196; the sales in the fourth week having been nearly 20,000 bags, at improved prices, of course gave an impulse to the London market.

Sugar.—The market has been heavy throughout the last month, except that in the second week the demand for refined revived considerably: lumps were 76*s*. to 77*s*. and the demand for foreign sugars improved: some sales of good white Havannah were reported at 39*s*. and fine yellow 28*s*. 6*d*.

The market was very heavy last week; brown descriptions sold so low as 51*s*. and free browns 51*s*. 6*d*. the good qualities 60*s*. and upwards maintained the previous prices, but the market was in a very languid state, the buyers evincing no disposition to purchase to any extent.

The stock of sugar compared with last year has rather diminished, and as the deliveries are rather more considerable lately, it was anticipated there would be a brisk market this morning; there is certainly an improvement, and the holders are much more firm, but this is not the anticipated briskness; the purchases to-day are estimated at 1000 casks.

The demand for refined subsided last week, and though no reduction in the prices could be stated, yet the market was exceedingly heavy.—Molasses were brisk at 26*s*. 6*d*. and no parcels to any extent could be purchased under 27*s*.

The refined market yesterday forenoon evinced some disposition towards an improvement; the grocers appear to be more inclined to buy, and the low goods are also in more demand, and generally looking more firm; Molasses are 27*s*.

In foreign sugars no purchases to any extent were reported.

By public sale, 48 chests Pernambuco sugar, grey 27*s*. white 30*s*.

Coffee.—The market for these last four weeks has been uniformly reported heavy, and the prices declining. On Friday, last week, the request appeared in some measure to revive, and the ordinary descriptions of Jamaica, which have lately been so depressed, sold more freely, and at rather better prices; in the other descriptions there was no alteration; St. Domingo 59*s*. to 60*s*.; Brazil 56*s*. to 58*s*.

The public sale this forenoon consisted of 27 casks Jamaica, and 1035 bags Foreign; ordinary Jamaica 54*s*. to 56*s*.; the quantity was too small to afford a criterion of the market; the Foreign consisted of good ordinary Brazil 56*s*. to 57*s*.; ordinary to good ordinary St. Domingo 58*s*. to 59*s*. The Coffee market may be stated the same as last Friday; Foreign 1*s*. to 1*s*. 6*d*. lower than on Tuesday last; the British Plantation descriptions without any variation.

Spices.—There has been a brisk demand for Pimento and Nutmegs; that for Nutmegs has subsided, and the market is steady at 3*s*. 6*d*. A small parcel of Pimento sold last week at 9¼*d*, but the nearest price is 8¼*d*.

Rum, Brandy, and Hollands.—The inquiries after Leeward Island Rum continue considerable, the market is in consequence exceedingly firm, and the prices rather improving: very few parcels, even of under proofs, offer under 1*s*. 4*d*.: the sales are chiefly for export, and though they are not extensive, yet the request has the effect of making the holders very firm; all other descriptions of Rum are comparatively neglected.—The late accounts from France state the vintage was not concluded, and as the weather here has been very bad, the Brandy market continues to improve; 2*s*. 9*d*. is now the nearest quotation for parcels housed—In Geneva no sales are reported.

Silk.—The trade has been very brisk. The sale at the India House commenced on Monday; the China silks sell from 2*s*. to 4*s*. per lb. higher than the preceding sale.

Oils.—The news from Davis' Straits being by no means favourable, though we have nothing of a very late date, the purchases by the trade have been considerable, and lately the speculators have paid great attention to Whale Oil, as likely to advance

very materially; several parcels of Greenland Oil have been sold at 26*l.* but there are now few or no sellers under 27*l.* to 27*l.* 10*s.* The accounts from the outports all mention a great rise: at Hull the price is quoted 26*l.*; in Scotland the general quotation is about 30*l.* Two cargoes of Spermaceti have lately been sold to the trade at 42*l.* Rape Oil is 2*l.* per tun higher, and very brisk at the improvement.

Hemp, Flax, and Tallow.—The great advance in Oils has tended to improve the Tallow market, which even previously evinced every appearance of an improvement; the last prices of Tallow of 1823 was 34*s.* 6*d.* and of new 35*s.* but we believe to-day there are buyers at both prices. —In Flax there is little variation.—Hemp is higher.—The price of Tallow at half past four o'clock, 35*s.* 6*d.*

Indigo.—The Company's sale, which commenced on Tuesday 19, went off with spirit at an advance of 3*d.* to 6*d.* per lb. on the fine and good, and of 6*d.* to 9*d.* on the middling qualities, as compared with the July sale.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The following works are in the press:—

Walladmor: "freely translated from the English of Walter Scott;" translated from the German.

Picturesque Views of the principal Monuments in the Cemetery of Père la Chaise, near Paris; also a correct View of the Paraclète, erected by Abelard; with concise descriptive Notices. Drawn by John Thomas Serres, Marine Painter to his Majesty. Atlas 4to. 10 Plates.

A Hebrew and English Psalter, with Notes, Critical, Philological, and Illustrative, and a brief Analysis of each Psalm. By W. Greenfield.

Travels among the Arab Tribes inhabiting the Countries East of Syria and Palestine. By James Buckingham.

Theodric, a Domestic Tale. By Thomas Campbell, Esq.

The Historical Works of Sir James Balfour of Kinnaird, Lord Lyon King at Arms to Charles the First and Second. From the Original, and hitherto unpublished Manuscripts, preserved in the Library of the Honourable the Faculty of Advocates. In 4 Vols. 8vo.

Memoirs of the Life of J. P. Kemble, Esq. including a History of the Stage, from the Time of Garrick to the present Period. By J. Boaden. In 2 Vols. 8vo.

Queen Hynde, an Epic Poem. By James Hogg.

Illustrations of Lying in all its Branches. By Mrs. Opie.

The Last Moments of Napoleon. By Dr. Antommarchi. 2 Vols. 8vo.

Recollections of Foreign Travels, or Life, Literature, and Self Knowledge. By Sir E. Brydges, Bart.

An Original System of Cookery and Confectionery, embracing all the Varieties of English and Foreign Practice, with numerous illustrative Plates.

Revelations of the Dead Alive, from the Pen of a successful Dramatic Writer.

The Cambrian Plutarch, or Lives of the most Eminent Welchmen. By J. H. Parry.

The Gaelic Dictionary, by Mr. Armstrong, that was announced to be published by Subscription, and which was destroyed at the late Fire at Mr. Moyes's, will be but little delayed by the Accident, the Publisher having made arrangements for the re-printing the Sheets destroyed, at the same time that the other part of the Work is going on.

The Rev. Mr. Fry's History of the Christian Church, which was nearly ready for publication, and which was destroyed at Mr. Moyes's late Fire, is again at press, and will shortly make its appearance.

A Course of Sermons for the Year; containing two for each Sunday, and one for each Holiday; abridged from eminent Divines of the Established Church, and adapted to the Service of the Day. By the Rev. J. R. Pitman.

New Landlord's Tales. In 2 Vols.

A Second Series of Sayings and Doings.

Don Esteban, or Memoirs of a Spaniard, written by Himself. In 3 Vols.

An Historical Inquiry into the principal Circumstances and Events relative to the late Emperor Napoleon.

Urania's Mirror, or a View of the Heavens, consisting of 32 large Cards, on which are represented all the Constellations visible in the British Empire. Accompanied with a familiar Treatise on Astronomy. By J. Aspin.

Le Nouveau Tableau de Londres de Leigh, ou Guide de l'Etranger dans la Capitale de l'Angleterre.

James Duncan's (late Ogle, Duncan, and Co.) Catalogue of Books. Part II. Containing a most extensive Collection on Theology, English and Foreign, Oriental Manuscripts, &c. at unusually low prices, in consequence of James Duncan retiring from this branch of the business.

Time's Telescope for the Year 1825.

An Explanatory Dictionary of the Apparatus and Instruments employed in the various Operations of Philosophical and Experimental Chemistry, with 17 Plates. By a Practical Chemist.

Tales of Irish Life, with Engravings, from Designs by George Cruikshank.

The Spirit of the Age, or Contemporary Portraits. One Vol. 8vo.

The Opinion of the Catholic Church,

for the first three Centuries, on the necessity of believing that our Lord Jesus Christ is the True God. Translated from the Latin of Bishop Bull. By the Rev. T. Rankin.

A new Process for Tanning Leather, in a quarter of the usual Time, without extra Expence. By Mr. Burridge, Author of a Treatise on the Dry Rot.

An Essay upon Civil Architecture, containing Descriptions of some original Methods for preventing Terra Firma Dry Rot, by a new System of Architecture for Houses, &c. By Mr. Burridge.

Horæ Poeticæ, or Effusions of Candor. By a British Officer. Small 8vo.

A Narrative of the Condition of the Manufacturing Population; and the Proceedings of Government which led to the State Trials in Scotland, for administering Unlawful Oaths, and the Suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, in 1817. By Alexander B. Richmond.

History of the Commonwealth of England. By William Godwin. Volume the Second. 8vo.

Edinburgh, the Modern Athens. By a Modern Greek.

Journal of a Residence in Columbia, in the Years of 1823 and 1824. By Captain Charles Cochrane, of the Royal Navy. 2 Vols. 8vo.

Greek and English Lexicon, principally on the Plan of the Greek and German Lexicon of Schneider. The Words are Arranged in Alphabetical Order, noting such as are Poetical, of Dialectic variety, or peculiar to certain Authors, or classes of Writers. By J. Donnegan, MD. Member of the Royal Medical Society of Edinburgh.

The Botanic Garden, or Magazine of Hardy Flowers; intended as a popular Manual for Botanists and Florists. To be published Monthly.

The Private Journal of Madame De Campan, with Extracts from her Correspondence. Editions in French and English. One Vol. 8vo.

WORKS LATELY PUBLISHED.

History and Biography.

Memoirs of Painting, with a Chronological History of the Importation of Pictures, by the Great Masters, into England since the French Revolution. By W. Buchanan, Esq. 2 Vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 6*s.*

The History and Antiquities of the Parish and Palace of Lambeth. In 8vo. and 4to. with 20 Engravings on Copper, and 20 on Wood. Part I. to be completed in 10 Parts.

The East India Military Calendar; containing the Services of General and Field Officers of the India Army. By the Editor of the Military Calendar. 2 Vols. 4to. 5*l.*

Medicine and Surgery.

The Lectures of Sir Astley Cooper, Bart, FRS. on the Principles and Practice of Surgery. With Additional Notes and Cases, by Frederick Tyrrell, Esq. Vol. I. 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*

Miscellanies.

The Conversations of Lord Byron. By Thomas Medwin, Esq. 1 Vol. 4to. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

Remarks on the Intended Restoration of the Parthenon in Scotland. 8vo. 5*s.*

Greece in 1823 and 1824; being a Series of Letters and other Documents on the Greek Revolution, written during a Visit to that Country. By the Hon. Col. Leicester Stanhope. 13*s.*

The Contributions of Q. Q. to a Periodical Work: with some Pieces not before published. By the late Jane Taylor. In 2 Vols. 9*s.*

A Synopsis of Ancient Arms and Armour (chiefly taken from Dr. Meyrick's excellent Work), and extracted from the "Encyclopedia of Antiquities." By the Rev. T. D. Fosbroke, MA. FSA.

Select Proverbs of all Nations, &c. &c. with Notes and Comments. By Thomas Fielding. 18mo. Price 5*s.*

Richmond and its Vicinity, with a Glance at Twickenham, Strawberry Hill, and Hampton Court. By John Evans, LL. D. Price 4*s.*

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Horæ Canoræ Subsecivæ; being the Poetical Miscellanies of Harlequin Proteus, Esq. 18mo. 5*s.*

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Narrative of Lord Byron's Voyage to orsica and Sardinia, during the Summer id Autumn of the Year 1821. Compiled om Minutes made by the Passengers, and xtracts from the Journal of his Lordship's acht the Mazeppa, kept by Capt. Benm, RN. Commander. Foolscap 8vo. 3s.

Theology.

The Minister's Last Appeal to his People; a Farewell Sermon preached in the Parish Church of Louth, on Sunday, Sept. 12, 1824. By the Rev. R. Milne. 8vo. 1s.

The Natural History of the Bible. By Thaddeus Mason Harris, DD. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

A Sermon, with particular Reference to the recent Persecution in the West India Colonies. By Richard Winter Hamilton. Minister of Albion Chapel, Leeds. 8vo. 1s. 6d.

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

Rev. W F. Miller, MA. late officiating Minister i the coast of Essequibo, appointed by the Governor-General, Sir Benjamin D'Urban, to the iving of George-town.—The Rev. J. Still, LLB. the Prebend of Stratton, in Salisbury Cathedral, oid by the death of the Hon. and Rev. Thomas lfred Harris.—The Rev. J. B. Smith, to the Perstual Curacy of Bamburgh, near Horncastle.—he Rev. John Lewis, MA. to the Rectory of Rienhall, with the Rectory of Ingatestone, and the erpetual Curacy of Buttsbury annexed.—The Rev. pencer Madan, MA. Student of Christ Church, xford, and Canon Residentiary of Lichfield, to the icarage of Batheaston, Somersetshire.—The Rev. V. Jeane Gooden, BA. of Oriel College, Oxford, o the Rectory of Nether Compton, with the Recory of Over Compton annexed and united, in the ounty of Dorset.—The Rev. Michael Hare, MA o the Vicarage of Laddington, Wilts.—The Rev. V. Fortescue, to the Rectory of Nymet St. George's, evon.—The Rev. Jonathan Chase Matchett, M. to the Rectory of St. Augustine, Norwich; nd to the Curacy of St Mary in the Marsh, n the precinct of the Cathedral, Norwich.—The Rev. Edward Thurlow, Clerk, LLB. to the Rectory t Langham St. Mary, Suffolk.—The Rev. Joseph oadeley, to the Vicarage of Blewberry, Berks.—he Rev. T. Brown, to the Rectory of Hemingtone, Suffolk.—The Rev. James Vaughan, MA. ector of Wraxall, Somerset, to the Rectory of Walton, in Gordano, in the same county.—The ev. Henry Taylor, to the Vicarage of North loreton, Berks.—The Rev. W Oliver, to the iving of Fulford, Staffordshire.—The Rev. W. rench, DD to the Vicarage of Creetingham, Suffolk.—The Rev. J. B. Smith to the perpetual Curacy of Bamburgh, near Horncastle.—The Rev. B. Michell, BD. Fellow of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, to the valuable Vicarage of Winsford, Somersetshire.—The Rev. John Toplis, BD. Fellow and Tutor of Queen's College, Cambridge, to the Rectory of South Walsham, St. Lawrence, Norfolk.—The Rev. T. G. Ridley, AM. to the Rectory of Heysham, near Lancaster.—The Rev. Humphry Cholmeley, MA. Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, to the Rectory of Hempstead with Lessingham, Norfolk.

OXFORD.—On Oct. 7, the nomination of a Vice-Chancellor for the ensuing year, by the Rt. Hon. Lord Grenville, Chancellor of the University, was approved in full Convocation; after which the Rev. George William Hall, DD. Master of Pembroke College, resigned the Vice-Chancellorship; and the Rev. Richard Jenkyns, DD. Master of Balliol College, was invested with that office, and nominated his Pro-Vice-Chancellors, viz.—The Rev. George William Hall, DD. Master of Pembroke College; the Rev. John Collier Jones, DD. Rector of Exeter College; the Rev. George Rowley, DD. Master of University College; and the Rev. Ashhurst Turner Gilbert, DD. Principal of Brasennose College.

CAMBRIDGE.—The following Officers are appointed for the ensuing year:

Proctors.—Thomas Dickes, MA. Jesus College; Henry Tasker, MA. Pembroke Hall

Taxors.—John Lodge, MA. Magdalen College; Hastings Robinson, MA. St. John's College.

Moderators.—John Warren, MA. Jesus College; Temple Chevallier, MA. Catherine Hall.

Scrutators.—William G. Judgson, MA. Trinity College; Thomas Greene, BD. Corpus Christi College.

BIRTHS.

Sept 19.—The lady of Lieut.-Col. Sir James R. Colleton, Bart. a son.

Oct. 1.—At Downing Lodge, Cambridge, the lady of Mr. Serjeant Frere, Master of Downing College, a daughter

— At Sidmouth, the lady of C. J. F. Combe, Esq. a daughter.

2. At Elmham Hall, Norfolk, the lady of the Hon. George John Milles, a son and heir.

— At Seven Oaks, Lady Eardley Wilmot, a son.

5. The lady of Capt. Spencer, CB. RN. a son.

7. At Surbiton House, Kingston, Surrey, the lady of Alderman Garratt, the Lord Mayor elect, a son.

— The lady of Dr. Golding, a daughter.

8. In Portland-place, the lady of M. Stewart Nicholson, Esq. a daughter.

13. At Walmer, Kent, the lady of Rear-Admiral Harvey, a daughter.

— At Kirthington Park, the lady of George Dashwood, Esq. a son.

15. In Bedford-row, the lady of Charles Lane, Esq. of Montague-street, Russell-square, a daughter.

— The lady of J. H. Reynolds, Esq. a daughter.

SCOTLAND.

At Eglantine, the lady of the Hon. A Annesley, a daughter.

At Campsall-park, the lady of Sir Joseph Radcliffe, Bart. a son and heir.

At Dundalk House, the Countess of Roden, a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

Sept 23.—John Propert, Esq. of Duke street, Portland-place, to Julia Ann, only daughter of Robert Ross, Esq. of Charles-street, and late of Cork.

25. At Mary-le-bone church, John Bateman, Esq of Oak Park, in the county of Kerry, to Frances, youngest daughter of Nathaniel Bland, Esq. of Lower Berkeley street, Portman-square.

28. Archibald Robertson, Esq. MD. of Northampton, to Lucy, only daughter of the late Samuel Pell, Esq. of Tywell Hall, in the same county.

— By special license, Lord Henry Seymour, only brother to the Marquis of Drogheda, to Mary, second daughter of Sir Henry Parnell, Bart. MP. for Queen's County; and niece to the Marquis of Bute and the Earl of Portarlington. The newly-married pair immediately set off for the Continent.

30. At St. James's Church, by the Dean of Canterbury, Robert Philip, eldest son of Richard Tyrrwhitt, Esq. of Nantyr Hall, Denbighshire, to Catherine Wigley, eldest daughter of Henry St John, Esq. and grand-daughter of the Hon and Very Rev. Andrew St. John, late Dean of Worcester.

Oct 1.—At Walthamstow, the Rev John Bridges Ottley, of Oriel College, Oxford, to Caroline, daughter of the late Benjamin Travers Esq

— The Rev John Barlow to Cecilia Anne, youngest daughter of Ewan Law, Esq of Horsted place, Sussex

4 At Wilton near Taunton, Captain Loftus Owen, of the 7?d regiment, to Mary Sophia, youngest daughter of the late General, Sir Anthony Lorington, Bart

6. At Christ Church, Surrey, Joseph Maynard, Esq of Keppel street, Russell square to Letitia second daughter of the late Gilbert Handaside Esq of Great Surrey street

7 B W Procter, Esq to Anne Benson Skepper, eldest daughter of Basil Montagu, Esq of Bedford square

12 Captain George St John Gifford, to Isabella, daughter of John Christie, Esq Hackney Wick, Middlesex

12 At Lincoln, Thomas Postlethwaite, Esq of Great Coram street, Brunswick-square, to Sarah Mary, only child of Thomas Norton, Esq of Lincoln

13 At St. George's, Hanover square, Henry Lyster, Esq of Rowton Castle, in the county of Salop, to Lady Charlotte Barbara Ashley Cooper, daughter of the Earl of Shaftesbury

— By the Hon and Rev Thomas Monson the Rev Edward Wyvill, Rector of Fingal Yorkshire, to Mrs Dodworth, of Cowling Hall, in the same county

— In the Isle of Thanet, George Frederick Smith, Esq son of Laney Smith, Esq of Sidney House, Homerton, to Penelope, youngest daughter of the late Robert Gray Spedding, Esq of Harefield, Middlesex

14 At East Grinstead, Henry, eldest son of Henry Streatfield, Esq of Chiddingstone, Kent, to Maria, daughter of M Dorrien Magens Esq of Hammerwood Lodge, Sussex, and widow of the late John Pepper, Esq of Bigod's House, Essex

14 At St George's, Hanover square, Charles Murray, Esq of St Peter's College, Cambridge, third son of Major Gen J Murray (late Lieut Governor of Demerara), to Frederica Jane, second daughter of the late Frederick Groves, Esq

15 At Beaconsfield, Pascoe St Leger Grenfell, Esq son of Pascoe Grenfell, Esq MP of Taplow House, Bucks, to Catherine Anne, eldest daughter of the late James Du Pre, Esq of Wilton Park, in the same county

16 Christopher James Magnay, Esq of College Hill, eldest son of Alderman Magnay, to Caroline third daughter of Sir Charles Flower, Bart of Mill Hill, Middlesex

18 At Marylebone Church, by the Rev G Ford, Richard Ford, Esq of Gloucester Place to Harriet, daughter of the Right Hon the Earl of Essex

20 Joseph Solomons, Esq to Rebecca, daughter of the late Joseph Montefiore, Esq

21 By special license, at Ayston, Rutlandshire, Sir Philip Musgrave, Bart MP of Edon Hall, Cumberland, to Elizabeth, third daughter of Mr and Lady Mary Fludyer, of Ayston

23 At St George's, Hanover square, Captain Webster to Miss Boddington, only daughter of Samuel Boddington, Esq of Upper Brook-street.

IN SCOTLAND.

At Riccarton House, (Oct 4) Wm Kaye, Esq of the Middle Temple Barrister at Law to Mary Cecilia eldest daughter of James Gibson Craig, Esq of Riccarton, Mid Lothian

ABROAD.

At Mauritius (June 16), by the Hon and Rev Edward Finch, Captain Marshall, of the 82d Regt to Mary, daughter of James Hervey, Esq of Ardwick Green, near Manchester

At St Kitt's (July 23), R Cleghorn Esq to Maria, daughter of the late Rt Hon George Berkeley, Speaker of the Assembly of that Island

DEATHS.

Sept 18.—At Colchester, Lady Catherine, relict of Sir J Marsh, of Reading

19 At the cottage of his friend, Mr Hill, at Chelsea, Henry Cooper, Esq Barrister at law This gentleman, who was rising fast into eminence in his profession, and was already become a leader on the Norfolk Circuit, had been for some time past employed in collecting materials for a life of the late Lord Erskine, with whom he had been particularly intimate

24 At Toxteth Park, near Liverpool, Mrs Roscoe, wife of W Roscoe, Esq Author of the Life of Lorenzo de' Medici, &c

25 In Bryanstone street, Robert, eldest son of Robert Selby, Esq and nephew to the Rt Hon the Earl of Shrewsbury

26 In Foley Place, aged 25 Samuel Joseph, second son of Edward Ash, MD

29 At Loudham Hall Suffolk, Lady Sophia Macdonald, wife of James Macdonald, Esq MP for Calne

30 At the house of her son in law George Cobb, Esq of Broughton Castle, Oxfordshire Mrs Wheatly, relict of the late J Wheatly Esq

— At Castor, near Peterborough, in his 7? th year, the Rev Stephen White, LLD Vicar of Lenton, Lincolnshire, and Rector of Conington, Huntingdonshire

— Mr Wm Sadler, who ascended in his balloon about two o'clock the preceding day, from the yard of the Bolton Gas Works and was precipitated from a height of about 20 to 25 feet by which accident several of his ribs were broken, and he was much bruised He had performed 31 aerial voyages

Oct 3 At Sydenham, Pury Hutchinson, Esq of Bloomsbury Square

4 At his Lordship's residence, in Hill street, Berkeley square, Viscountess Templeton

5 In his 74th year, the Rev Thos Roberts, Vicar of Tottenham, and Rector of St Peter's, Cornhill

6 Aged 20, Caroline, eldest daughter of G J Joseph, Esq ARA

10 At his house, in the New Road, Innes Duncan, Esq MD of the Hon East India Company's Service

13 In Queen Ann street Sir James Bland Lamb, Bart

— At the house of his Brother, Dr Meyer, of Broad street Buildings, after a few hours illness, John Conrad Meyer, Esq

17 At Cuckfield Sussex Susanna wife of Charles Augustus Falk Esq MP and daughter of Marmaduke Hart, Esq of Hampstead

— In the Sanctuary, Westminster, aged 70 Hannah wife of the Rev Edward Smedley and daughter of the late Geo Bellas, Esq of Walley, Surrey, formerly Deputy Registrar of the High Court of Admiralty

Lately, at Bath, the Hon Sarah Jones, youngest daughter of Viscount Ranelagh

IN SCOTLAND

At Arbroath aged 42 Mr D Carey, late Editor of the Statesman Newspaper, and Author of the Pleasures of Nature, the Reign of Fancy the Lord of the Desert, and several other Poetical Productions also of some Novels For the last 20 years Mr Carey had been constantly employed in writing for the public press

At Dundee, aged about 90, Mr Sealey, Professor of Dancing, who danced a minuet with the celebrated Nancy Dawson, at the Court of George II

ABROAD.

At Accra, on the Western Coast of Africa, Assistant Surgeon Alexander Mackay Geddes MD youngest son of John Geddes, Esq of Edinburgh

At Calcutta (June 12), Sir John Macdonald, KCB late General in the Hon Company's Service, aged 76

At Gastouni in Greece (Aug 11), aged 25, Lord Charles Murray, a younger son of the Duke of Athol The remains of this heroic young nobleman were interred on the day following his decease General Constantine Bozzaris, Georgio Sessini, and all the population of the place attending the obsequies A funeral oration was pronounced by the Archbishop

At Geneva, Miss Rowina Burnside, niece of Col. Robt Wright, of the Royal Artillery.

At Copenhagen, aged 94, M Rothe, father of the bookselling trade in Denmark

THE

LONDON MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1824.

CONTENTS.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR TAYLOR AND HESSEY.

ADDRESS.

Our subscribers and friends have long been urging us to take higher ground, and to establish our work on a scale which its acknowledged merits and powerful resources entitle it to adopt. We have, accordingly, for a very considerable time past, been perfecting a plan for a change, which, we trust, will be found to be as eligible as it will be decided. Nor is it on light grounds that this change will be resorted to; for it had, indeed, become quite impossible, from the present limited form of the Magazine, to allow of that vast additional strength being called into use which we have been enabled to command.

Peculiar circumstances have, within the last year, enabled us greatly to extend our literary connexion: arrangements have, in consequence, been made for commencing the New Year with a New Series of the London Magazine, a Series which, for the increased stores of its literary wealth, and for its typographical neatness, shall be worthy of being placed in the library of the reader as a work of more than temporary interest. Our plan, we trust, will be found such as to admit of our doing justice to the public, our contributors, and ourselves.

The New Series will be enriched with Essays from the pens of several of the most distinguished writers of the age; and, as the numbers of our contributors have been largely increased, this department will be marked with that variety which is the highest charm of the periodical essayist.

Subjects of Antiquities, Science, and Art, will receive our particular attention, and we have reason to believe that much light will be thrown by some of our papers on many controverted points. In Geology, especially, we have some curious articles relating to recent interesting Discoveries.

The Poetry of the London Magazine will be—*poetry*; a characteristic which it must be owned has seldom attended those little ricketty children of the Muses whose birth-days are invariably on the first of the month. The Poetry, in fact, of the London Magazine will be found to be the very reverse of Magazine poetry in general.

In the Reviews and Notices of new works, the plan of the New Series will be found to be peculiarly improved,—as the most ample arrangements have been made not only for giving full and impartial articles upon the

modern publications of ability of our own country,—but also for procuring analytical notices of the most popular foreign productions, and at an earlier time than any of our contemporaries can possibly accomplish.

The Drama will also meet with an attention which (to our shame, in a parenthesis, be it spoken) it has not hitherto experienced in the LONDON MAGAZINE. It will be the object of those to whom this department will be entrusted, not only to give a faithful and fair Review of the productions of our living Dramatic Authors, but to endeavour at correcting the present vitiated taste of the town, by directing the public attention to those old Writers whose Works, like wine, become enriched by their age.

Even in the Monthly Summary, at the end of each Number, improvements will be found to be introduced: and those matter-of-fact Notices, which have generally been looked upon as makeweights to the valuable material of a Magazine, will become important, from the care with which they will be compiled.—Our Reports shall be such as might be given in evidence.

THE LONDON MAGAZINE AND REVIEW (for the Work will even "take and bear the name and arms" of a Review) will of necessity be very considerably increased in size—and its form and appearance will be improved to the utmost extent of which a periodical work is capable. Each page will be handsomely printed, without that white space which has hitherto given a newspaper-look to the work. As far as printing goes, it is our intention, in future, to tempt no more the fate "of gods, men, and *columns*." A slight alteration (an alteration which we trust will not be considered more unreasonable than any other,) will also take place in the price:—each Number will in future be charged 3*s*. 6*d*.

The above is a brief outline of the change which THE LONDON MAGAZINE is about to undergo. We shall leave the Public to judge, from the New Series itself, whether we have not for once accomplished that very unusual production—a *true* Prospectus of a Periodical Work.

THE LION'S HEAD.

E. of O. S. who requests that his contribution may not be considered a *gratuitous* one, or, in the room of remuneration, that he may have "the favour of a gentle damnation,"—must, we grieve to say, take his place amongst the unpaid magistracy of our literary country. We beg therefore to be damning him for his contributions in the heartiest and most gentlemanly way, and to assure him that his little papers shall be covered up and sent home as he directs.

We should be very glad to insert a few of the stanzas of M. E. A. if we could dispose our readers to peruse them with the same feelings which the writer's very modest and pleasing letter created in us. But unfortunately the verses are not strong enough to go alone.

Fizgig (an Elegiac writer, we presume, from his name) is kind, in entertaining "a particular regard for us and our interests,"—but we must, under favour, protest against his mode of showing it. A man may regard us, without making us poetical presents.

The five stanzas of Wm. D——h are wholly inadmissible: is that *growl* satisfactory?—since the author requests one from Lion's Head

If M. S. should chance to see our present Number (and what contributor does not look at the next Number?)—she will see that we are compelled to refuse her MS. So the one MS may be had by the other if it be desired. This mode of reply will save us the writing to W——, and M. S. the postage.

The gentleman who has taken a musical farewell of his country from Plymouth Sound, will excuse our refusing to become an echo to his sense. His lines, like the lines of the craft around him, appear to have suffered severely in the late storms. Some of them read as heavy as if he had been accustomed to heave the lead with them.

We might perhaps squeeze J. M.'s verses into a *February* Number;—but that month might not suit. Every place is booked in our December conveyance.

Z.'s two editions of his Elegiac verses have safely come to hand. We can hold him out no hope—and indeed from the tone of his mind, as betrayed in his sad-coloured poetry, we apprehend he expects none.

Many other articles "too tedious to mention," are left at our Publishers'

THE

London Magazine.

DECEMBER, 1824.

THE FANARIOTES OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

The Fanariotes are a class of Greeks, who inhabit a quarter of Constantinople, called the *Fanar*, which is situated on the border of the sea, in face of the arsenal, and is the former residence of the European ambassadors who have abandoned it for Péra.

The Turkish law forbids every Mahometan to learn the language of any infidel nation; from this sapient law it results that the Sublime Porte has always need of interpreters to manage its diplomatic affairs. At first Jews, or renegade Christians, were employed for the purpose; for some time, however, they have been replaced by the Fanariotes, whose official duty it has become. At first, this office of translator was not one of any consideration, and the person charged with it bore merely the name of *Grammaticos*. When the Grammaticos had read over to the ministers the contents of the papers they put into his hands, he retired into the great hall, and waited among the other servants until he was again called for. In the year 1669, under Mahomet IV, a Grammaticos, named Panayotaki, on his return from the siege of Candia, where he had assisted the Grand-Visir, Coprogli-Achmet, convinced the ministers that it would be much to the advantage of the Sublime Porte to place the interpreter on a regular footing, and give him official rank and confidence. The Divan applauded the sentiments of Panayotaki, gave him apartments in the palace and the title of Divan *Terziman*, or Drogman of the Divan, and after serious deliberation added to these honours the permission to let his beard grow. His successors continued to enjoy these advantages: they even obtained an augmentation of honour. The privilege of wearing long robes was accorded to them, and they were permitted to dress like Turkish noblemen, with the exception of the turban, for which was substituted a cap trimmed with ermine; they were authorized to ride on horseback, and to be followed by three or four servants, wearing *kalpaks*, or huge fur-caps—privilege unheard of for a Greek. These dignities excited the ambition of the Fanariotes; the best off among them set about to instruct their children in Turkish and Italian, and afterwards French, that they might in good time arrive at the dignity of wearing a beard, and riding on horseback. After a time, another Drogman, or interpreter, was added to the Drogman of the Divan, viz. the Drogman of the Navy, whose business it is to accompany the fleet of the Capitan Pacha when he penetrates into the Mediterranean to collect the annual imposts. It may easily be imagined that these men, the only medium of communication between the ignorant ministers of the Porte and the rest of Europe, quickly gained a very important influence over the Ottoman counsels; and it is not common with wily and dexterous Greeks to neglect to turn such influence to their own advantage. They did not continue long satisfied with a moderate salary and the privilege of wearing a beard and riding on horseback followed by three servants in *kalpaks*. They began to cast a longing eye upon the provinces of Wallachia and

Moldavia, which had hitherto been governed by the native princes, though under the authority of the Sublime Porte. All means that the most dexterous intrigue and the most restless ambition can employ to gain a point, were put into action by the Fanariotes. The unfortunate *Bassaraba Brankovano*, the last of the native Hospodars, was deposed and miserably perished, with the whole of his family, accused of the crime of high treason. The Divan, seduced by the fallacious promises of their Drogmans, confided the direction of these fine provinces to them, and Mavrocordato was the first Fanariote Greek who, in 1731, left the banks of the Bosphorus to take possession of the sovereignty of Wallachia. The Divan, while it deposed the indigenous princes, and clothed the Fanariotes in their spoils, did not propose to deprive the natives of all influence in their government. Various posts were reserved for the native Boyards, such as those of Chief-Justice, Mayor, Secretary-General, of the districts and cantons. The place of Governor was filled conjointly by two, the one a delegate of the Fanariote Prince, and the other a native Boyard. The Receiver-General, or Grand Treasurer, was also a native Boyard. But the high situation of Minister of the Interior and for Foreign Affairs, of the Police, the Executors of the Orders of Criminal Counsel (the Sheriffs), the Grand Intendant of the Court, the Second Treasurer, the Commercial Judge, the equerries, the military officers, and a multitude of other posts, were given to the Fanariotes in the suite of the Hospodar, who from the moment of their appointment took the title of Boyard. Four places were reserved to the Mahometans. These are, 1. The *Divan Effendi*, to superintend the execution of the Mahometan laws. 2. The *Bechel Aga*, who is charged with the police as regards Mahometan travellers, since the law of the Prophet interdicts all interference with one of the faithful on the part of an infidel. 3. The *Mehter-Baschi*, or chief of music. 4. The *Bayracter*, or standard-bearer.

From the moment that the Divan has fixed that this or that Drogman shall be promoted to the high dignity of Hospodar of Wallachia or Moldavia, the Prince takes the title of Highness, and surrounds himself with Wallachians and Moldavians, who by their fortune or character have the greatest influence among the Boyards and people of the province to which he is appointed. He promises to some places and appointments, to others the hands of his daughters, which always go with the highest offices. These promises are repeated, until the Prince, having seated himself in his government, does not feel it necessary either to keep them or to make any more.

The morning after his appointment the Prince dispatches with all possible haste to his province a Fanariote agent, under the title of *Kaïmakam*, who, until his arrival, performs the part of his representative. The first care of the Kaimakam is to assemble all the grandees of the country, and to demand of them—1st, that the palace of his Highness shall be completely furnished anew with the most costly and elegant materials; and, 2d, that an immense number of chariots shall be immediately sent to Constantinople, to transport the goods and chattels of the Prince and his suite. Every request is immediately complied with; and the Kaïmakam, during the one or two months of his agency, employs himself in deposing the officers of the former Hospodar, and installing temporary ones. The native Boyards are meanwhile racking their inventions to gain the favour of the new Prince. The most obvious and the most powerful means are magnificent presents, which all over the East have a magical influence on great men. The richest among them send to Constantinople the most superb equipages, which however can only be of service during the journey; for the Turkish laws forbid the use of them in the capital. Others send considerable sums to assist in his outfit. The precautions which the Boyards take in this point are so great, that they ordinarily deposit with their bankers in Constantinople a sum of money to be forwarded to whatever Fanariote may be elevated to the dignity of Hospodar, on the very day of his nomination. In addition to these prudent largesses, the new Hospodar is besieged with the offers of the richest financiers to a large

amount, on the credit of his future revenues, and with the knowledge of his present poverty. The very moment the election is known, all the tradesmen of Constantinople are seen knocking at the door of his Highness, and begging him to take the stock of their [illegible] the bazaars off their hands. But the crowd of bankers, bearers of presents, and tradesmen, is nothing in comparison of the multitude of flatterers who flock about his Hospodarship. All of them have been always his fervent admirers—the eulogizers of his high qualities, and their praises may be said in some sort to have determined the Divan in its wise choice. The dissimulation of the Prince is at least a match for the baseness of his flattering friends. Then [illegible] the countenance [illegible] the [illegible] of the wily Fanariote [illegible] to his [illegible] [illegible] as they [illegible] His promises [illegible] is only [illegible] at Bucharest or Jassy [illegible] list of [illegible] to the Divan who seldom deny the requests of a newly-appointed Hospodar. Thirty days are the term allowed to the new Prince in which he must make his preparations, at the expiration of which, should he not be ready to depart, he is bound to pay a fine of about 16*l* or 17*l* a day to the Aga of the Janissaries. This fine he often *voluntarily* incurs in order to leave an agreeable recollection of him in the memory of the Aga.

The Hospodar leaves Constantinople with all the honours of a Pacha, and leaves near the Divan a representative called the *Buhe-Capi-Kihaya*, who is the medium of all correspondence between him and the Grand Visir. His first station is at the village of *Arnaut-koy*, about three miles from the capital, where he pitches his tent for some days to arrange the ceremonies of his march. His suite is composed of 200 armed Greek Albanians and of 300 other persons, forming his own household and that of the Fanariote friends who are permitted to accompany him, and whom he immediately, on his arrival, installs into all the first places of honour.

The equipages are ordinarily of great magnificence; and proceed by very short days' marches. The Prince dispatches before him one of his chief tails, accompanied by a Boyard, who takes the title of *Cenaut* and who performs the part of a courier in the most solemn and important style of announcement. The entertainment is always at the expense of the Greeks who inhabit the country through which he passes. He arrives at last within view of his principality about the hundred and twentieth or thirtieth day from his departure from Constantinople, and makes a halt within a few leagues, that all may be ready the next day for his solemn entry.

The [illegible] behaviour of a Hospodar is [illegible] curious. His dignity is of a very different kind from that which [illegible] when they [illegible] pretend to be seen by their inferiors. When he appears in public or in his palace [illegible] he lets his head [illegible] and half shuts his eyes [illegible] and pretends not to be able to hear when any question is put to him which he does not choose to answer. He never looks on either side, but keeps a constant [illegible] holding a chaplet continually between his fingers, while with the other hand he chinks some newly-struck gold coin, called *Roubies*, which he keeps in his pocket for that purpose. If he speaks, it is with a very soft gentle voice and in a sing-song tone—a kind of recitative. This is the kind of dignity into which an intriguing and hypocritical Fanariote invariably sinks, either as the natural consequence of his former habits and his present elevation, or because it is understood to accord with the Fanariote notions of what is princely or Hospodarish.

Nothing can equal the tender attentions of the Boyards, and especially the Boyards from the Fanar. The latter approach the person of the Hospodar with most remarkable eagerness; two or three of them seize his arms and raise him from the ground, so that in walking he scarcely reaches the floor with the point of his toes, while two or three other lords take up the tail of his robe, and thus with all the air of a wretched paralytic, he passes into his apartments, followed by a train of do-

mestics. When he is put down there he throws away his chaplet, and, putting his money in his pocket, he snatches his pipe with some agility. At that instant a loud Stentorian voice is heard in the hall, when the Prince is seated: this is the cry of the *Tchaouche*, one of his grooms, for coffee and the coffee-bearer. The moment he has sung out *Cafe! Cafe-i-Bachi*, the coffee-bearer of his Hospodariat Highness appears with a little cup richly set with diamonds, which is immediately presented. If he wishes to take a meal, the same ceremonies take place. At mid-day a *Tchaouche* cries out a sort of speech to the steward, the butler, and the cup-bearer, and finishes with these words, *and all of you, gentlemen, attached to the service of the table of his Highness prepare yourselves.* Scarcely is the Prince seated at table, when thirty or forty unseen musicians strike up with their violins and Pan-pipes of fourteen reeds, known in this country by the name of *Miskals*. These musicians are the people known in this country by the name of gypsies, and in France of Bohemians: Immense numbers of them inhabit Moldavia and Wallachia; and are called *Tzingans;* some leading a settled life, and some, as elsewhere, wandering from place to place. They are said to be very admirable musicians, and capable of executing the richest compositions of Europe with rare precision, though they play entirely by ear and do not know a single note.

The Prince never asks for anything at table, all is prepared for him, his bread even is cut into little morsels, and every thing being offered to him, he refuses that which he dislikes. The wine is held in small glass decanters, and the cup-bearer, who is always one of his nearest relations, keeps standing behind him, constantly holding out to him a glass half filled with it. When the meal is finished a *Tchaouche* utters the cry for coffee. It is by that time one o'clock, and another *Tchaouche* shouts out of a window to inform the city that his Highness has dined and is going to take coffee, and the instant after is going to take his repose. From that moment all is buried in the deepest silence, a universal calm spreads itself over the palace, where business of every kind is suspended.

It must not be supposed that this interval, of about three hours, is spent entirely by the Prince in sleep. He employs it, according as he understands it, for the happiness of his subjects. These are his three hours of meditation, of freedom, and, nominally, of leisure though it is often the time when he is most actively employed. At four o'clock the noise of the innumerable clocks of Bucharest, which amount to about two hundred, and also that of the *holy plates*, announce that the Prince is not to be supposed any longer asleep. The *holy plates* are certain pieces of copper suspended by two cords, which the priests before the introduction of bells used to strike with mallets, for the purpose of convoking the faithful. The usage is still preserved by the Moldavians, who call the sacred plates *Symandra*, the name they bore at Constantinople, when they were applied to the same use.

The dress of the Hospodar does not differ from that of a noble Turk at Constantinople, except in the head dress. In place of the turban, he wears a cylindrical cap in imitation of the Kan of the Crimea, composed of yellow cloth, and covered round the lower part with sable. The Prince and the Boyards are alike distinguished from their inferiors by the length of their beards; but no subject, Boyard or not, is permitted to line his slippers with red—this is a privilege which the Hospodar reserves to himself.

A Boyard is easily discerned from a common inhabitant of the principality by the enormity of his *kalpak*. This head dress is composed of the skins of seven or eight black lambs, skinned for that purpose *before they are born*. It is of the form of a balloon, and is surmounted at the summit by a red banderoll, which marks the class to which the Boyard belongs. The son of the Prince likewise wears a *kalpak*, but with this difference, that his banderoll is white instead of red. The ordinary circumference of these *kalpaks*, but only in the principalities, is *five feet* to five feet and a half. Since the grandeur of the Boyard is invariably measured by the magnitude of his *kalpak*, it may readily be supposed that it is difficult to set limits to it.

size. Its dimensions are often so enormous, that a Boyard, if he be a very *great* man, is unable to admit a friend to sit by the side of him in his carriage.

Luxury and an absurd love of magnificence are the prevailing foibles of the native Boyards. Their habits are generally of great costliness; some of them have wardrobes worth six or seven thousand pounds, and some even richer ones. If to the wardrobe is added the expense of equipages, jewels, plate, and furniture, some idea may be formed of the extent to which these gentry love finery. The Fanariote Boyards, of course, attempt to rival the natives in magnificence; and as they are miserably poor to begin with, they use every means of getting money advanced, and employ every species of extortion to pay it off.

By the Sublime Porte, the Hospodar is allowed a very limited revenue, arising from a tithe upon sheep, bees, &c. the working of the mines, the customs, &c. which are altogether valued only at 7 or 800*l.* a year. In a very short time, however, he contrives to amass immense treasures—and the means which he takes are well known. Since 1783, the year in which after the abdication of the Kan, the Crimæa became a Russian province, the Sublime Porte, deprived of the resources afforded by this fertile peninsula for the provisions of the capital, has directed its views towards Moldavia and Wallachia, whence it now draws the wheat, the sheep, the butter, cheese, tallow, honey, wax, wood, &c. &c. According to its ordinary manner of proceeding, the Porte frequently sends firmans for the purchase of the articles it requires, and fixes at the same time the quantity wanted, and the maximum of price it chooses to give. This price never rises to a third of the real value of the object bought. The receipt of one of these firmans is always an occasion of joy to the Hospodar. He immediately assembles the Boyards, his faithful tools, and communicates to them with an air of zeal the order of his Highness the Sultan. Suppose that the order requires a hundred thousand measures of corn, and forty thousand sheep; the Boyards deliberate, for, according to the laws, it is necessary that they should declare whether the *tcharans,* that is, the cultivators of the land, are capable of complying with the order. The Boyards are so interested in making a decision in the affirmative, that they invariably declare without investigation that the country is in a situation to furnish the demands. After this, his Serene Highness enters his cabinet, and makes himself the partition of the impost. The partition, as one may suppose, is never founded literally upon the order of the firman. As the price accorded to the inhabitants represents only a third part of the value of the article furnished, the Prince, like a good speculator, quintuples the quantity demanded, and in place of a hundred thousand measures of wheat imposes five hundred thousand, which are collected by the governors of the provinces with admirable promptitude; the surplus he quickly converts into money for his own use. Should the Porte wish to construct a fortress, or to repair any of those that already exist on the confines of the empire; it demands, by its agents, of the inhabitants of the country ten thousand workmen (for instance), and a certain number of carts and waggons. It fixes the price of labour in one case, and of hire in the other. The Hospodar arranges with the contractor named by the Porte, and fifteen hundred workmen only are employed, whilst the country is charged with the whole expense of the ten thousand artizans enacted by the firman. The same collusion is practised as regards the carts, and in every other matter demanded by the Divan. The Hospodar employs an immense number of other means to augment his income, of which it may be useful to give one more example. The wines of Moldavia and Wallachia are of a very light kind, and apt to turn sour. The proprietors of the vineyards export the surplus wine, and import a quantity of *eau-de-vie,* known under the name of *rack* in Transylvania, whence it is derived, and of *Hulirka* in Moldavia, which corrects the acidity of their own meagre beverage. An immense consumption of this spirit takes place in Moldavia and Wallachia, which is a very great favourite with the inhabitants, and is exceedingly cheap. Occasionally the Prince

imposes a very heavy duty on this liquor, having an understanding with certain speculators who have previously laid in a large stock, and take advantage of the impost to run up the price. The prohibition of the article brings on smuggling, and active preventive service is set on foot, and considerable confiscations are always accruing to the Prince. He, however, not content with the enormous high price he charges, and the forfeited goods, actually smuggles himself to a large amount. In time, however, the supply, from the action of different causes, together with the preventive service, fails, and a scarcity is universally complained of. Petitions are presented to the Prince for the repeal of the duty, and the finishing stroke is put to all this villainous imposture and extortion by his granting the repeal to the petitioners for a sum of money. Another resource of which the fertile genius of the Hospodar avails himself is that of diminishing the nominal value of the foreign money immediately before the time at which the duties are paid, and doing precisely the converse when the payments are to be made. The money of the Grand Seignior is the only coin with which he dares not take these liberties, but it is exceedingly rare in the provinces. It would be tiresome even to allude to the ten thousand other modes which these Princes have invented to fleece the unfortunate multitudes who are placed at their disposal.

The wife of the Hospodar has revenues independent of her husband, and assists him on her own account in grinding the wretched lives of his dominions. She is entitled to a capitation tax on the Bohemians or Tzinganis, or gypsies of the country, who amount to thirty or forty thousand. They are considered as her property, and she has the right to sell any of them where and when it pleases her. Between the Princess and the wives of the native Boyards a perpetual contest in luxury and magnificence is maintained. Should it, however, unfortunately happen that the spouse of the Hospodar is clearly outdone, the successful rival falls under her high displeasure, and is immediately banished the court. The exile, however, only endures for a short time, until the Princess has succeeded in getting from Vienna or Holland some costly decoration or set of ornaments, which she thinks must give the superiority to her. At that moment the imprudent rival is recalled to court, and put to shame by the exhibition of the newly procured splendour.

It is the invariable practice with the Turkish government that each Hospodar, who resides out of Constantinople, leaves an accredited agent near the Divan, with whom the ministers of the Sultan alone communicate. He receives the orders and sends them to his patron, and again he receives and forwards his despatches, and to him they look for the satisfaction of any questions they may put to him with respect to the conduct of his principal. It has been already mentioned that the agent or representative whom the Hospodar leaves is named the *Bache Capi Kiaya*. The choice of this delegate is one of the greatest importance, for the destiny of the patron may be said to be in his hands. The Hospodar usually chooses him from among his nearest relations. He is surrounded by a numerous suite in the pay of the Hospodar, and he himself touches considerable emoluments. Not content, however, with any degree of precaution which he has used in the election of this representative, the Prince usually appoints a secret spy upon the conduct of the *Bache Capi-Kiaya*; for, among these people, where intrigue and perfidy are the order of the day, there is no point of confidence above the reach of suspicion.

The office of the *Bache Capi Kiaya* is one of incessant vigilance, activity, and intrigue. It is his business to execute the orders of his Prince and to transmit those of the Divan—to distribute, with all possible prudence, the presents due to the powerful members of the government—to study their character, and to dispose them to the interests of his master. On the other hand, he has to counteract the intrigues of those deposed Hospodars who have not fallen under the sabre of the *Capidgi-Bachi*, and those of the new aspirants to the Hospodariat—the ambitious Fanariotes who pick up and invent all kinds of calumnies against the Fanariote already in possession. The news of the

day is ordinarily the approaching disgrace, or sudden death, of one of the Hospodars. These reports, perhaps, have no foundation, or the event is averted by a well-placed bribe of considerable amount; for, as we have seen, the Hospodar is in a situation to make pecuniary sacrifices for the conservation of his head or his place. The Turkish administration is invariably corrupt, and as regardless of any thing like justice as it is profoundly ignorant of legislation and government. When the protectors of his master's enemies are corrupted, the *Bâche-Capi-Kiahaya* gets all he asks—and he generally asks the death or exile of the rival; the Turk being glad enough to get rid of one solicitor and gratify another by the same stroke. These results do not in the least damp the ardour of the aspirants. The Fanariote never despairs when intrigue is the means—his ingenuity is never at fault: flattery of the basest kind—insinuations the most treacherous—address, dexterity, and the art of bribery, are all perfectly familiar to him; and in Turkey every thing turns upon the most trifling circumstance, or is brought about by the most corrupt and flagitious measures. An humble reverence made at a lucky moment, an insinuation adroitly let fall, or a bribe opportunely administered, are the secret springs of political measures in Turkey. No principle directs the Ottoman government—Pachas are decapitated, and Hospodars deposed or exiled, for paltry reasons, which Europe in general, and even its diplomatic agents, never suspect.

A Turk never despises the friendship of the Fanariotes, being well aware of the number of occasions in which they may be useful to him. Though his haughtiness and his religion prevent him from soliciting, it is his policy never to refuse, any thing. The Turks know that the greatest number of places are obtained through the Fanariotes: and as every Turk is by the law qualified for any office, the protection of a Fanariote is always a reason for hope. The secret influence of this body is incalculable: as they procure almost all favours, and yet can themselves fill no post, they are the patrons of every body, and are constantly exercising their power. This is the secret of their influence and their intrigues—the law removes them from the dignities of the empire, and the Koran makes them necessary to it. It is impossible, within the limits of a few pages, to describe the myriads of ways by which they make themselves essential to the minister of the Porte, and, by consequence appropriate almost the entire management of the Ottoman empire.

But to return to the *Bâche-Capi-Kiahaya*. It has been mentioned that the Hospodariats are given to the Drogmans of the Divan as a reward for their services in their office of interpreter. When therefore a Drogman has been a decent time, or shorter, in the discharge of his duties, he begins to get uneasy at the length of time the Hospodars are permitted to remain in possession of their sovereignty; he accordingly applies to the *Bâche-Capi-Kiahaya* of one of the Hospodars, and bargains with him, that if he will not oppose his designs on the *other* Hospodariat, that he shall be the next Drogman of the Divan. If he consent, by their united power they generally succeed,—the *other* Hospodar is ousted—the *Bâche-Capi-Kiahaya* becomes Drogman, and generally retains his office of delegate also, and waits awhile until it is his turn to play the same game. If however he has retained the agency, he has an advantage. In a short time he writes to his principal, that he is grieved to observe that his credit is declining with the Divan—that his enemies have become exceedingly formidable, and that it really would be his wisest plan, in order to avoid a catastrophe, to voluntarily abdicate. If his advice succeeds, the *Bâche-Capi-Kiahaya* steps into his place; if not, the Drogman resorts to violent means. He goes to the Divan, and in the most formal terms he renounces his charge, and declares, with an air of the profoundest affliction, that he has reasons for thinking that his Highness has entered into very dangerous relations with European powers, and that he considers that his flight, and the abduction of his treasures, will be the next step he will take. The Sublime Porte, always ready to take umbrage, deposes the accused Hospodar, and dispatches a *Capidgi-Bâchi* for his head Most princes however receive

previous intelligence of the fate which impends over them, and have run away before the *Capidgi-Bâchi* arrives. Such was the motive which caused the emigration of the Hospodar Princes Ghika, Manòl-Vodà, Suzzo, Ypsilanti, Caratza, &c. &c. When the Prince is fairly gone, the Divan recompenses the fidelity of the Drogman with his spoils.

It is not however always that the Drogman succeeds—other Fanariotes are frequently elevated, and one of the means they use to obtain their end is sufficiently curious to deserve mention. A Fanariote prince, who is intriguing for a Hospodariat, gets up a crowd of creditors, real or pretended, whose care it is to pursue him, and, whenever he appears, to cry out to him for a settlement of their claims: and every Friday, when the Sultan goes to the Mosque, to attack him with their demands and complaints against the Fanariote; till at length the Sultan, touched with compassion at the unhappy situation of the Prince, gives him one of the Hospodariats, that he may escape from the fangs of his creditors.

When a Hospodar is to be deposed, the Sublime Porte, on this occasion, mistrusts the *Bâche-Capi-Kiahaya*, even when there is no direct cause of complaint against him; if, on the contrary, there is, the head of the deputy falls as well as that of his principal. The Firman of deposition is carried by a secret agent to the Metropolitan of the province, who immediately assembles the native Boyards, and orders them to watch that the deposed Prince does not purloin the contents of the chest of the High Treasurer, nor take his flight into a foreign country. Generally however the Prince, as has been said, has previous information, and has taken his measures. As soon as he receives his secret intelligence, he calls for the High Treasurer, or *Grand-Vestiar* as he is called, and desires to be informed of the state of the chest. If it is much filled, in a few hours he has made such demands upon it that scarcely enough is left to pay the salaries of the clerks. Not however to raise the suspicions of the *Grand-Vestiar*, he at the same time gives him unsealed orders upon all the governors and receivers of the different districts to pay in all that they may hold in their hands. The *Vestiar* receives the orders with the greatest zeal, and instantly expedites them all over the province. But these orders, though drawn up exactly in the usual form, contain a secret sign, unknown to the Vestiar, which informs all his Fanariote agents that the Prince is deposed. At the sight of this sign, they take care of themselves; and, in as short a time as possible, clear the field for their successors.

Generally speaking, the secret intelligence from Constantinople is sent by the *Bâche-Capi-Kiahaya;* when, however, he happens to be the *successor*, or the intelligence, for other reasons, has not been sent, the scene is far otherwise. Nothing can equal the consternation of the court—the Fanariote Boyards weep and run about in despair — and the Prince, abandoned by every body, is obliged to walk upon the soles of his feet, and, if not disposed of by a *Capidgi-Bâchi*, takes refuge in some private house in the city until all the Fanariotes in the province assemble from the country, when they all make the best of their way to Constantinople, each at his own expense.

The native Boyards have less reason to be afflicted, and prepare for the reception of the *Kaimakam* of the new Hospodar. The Mahometans in the late Prince's government likewise lose their places; but, as is their way, they take the change easily. On an occasion of a melancholy breaking up of this kind, the *Divan Effendi*, made to Zallony, the physician of the deposed Hospodar, and some others present, on the day of the receipt of the Firman, a very characteristic little speech. "My friends," said he to them with a cheerful air, "do not despair—God sends all things- every thing is written above—observe me, although I lose my all, I am not sad—because destiny so wills it—and the prophet himself could not change *that*. Besides, the signs of this catastrophe are by no means bad: eight days ago I observed a shoulder of roast lamb which I ate—it was much marked with pale spots, but I saw no red ones—which signifies that the blood of our Prince will not be shed —come, be comforted."

When the deposed Prince arrives

at Constantinople, he can no longer reside in the Fanar, for no one with three tails, except the Grand-Vizir, can take up his abode in Constantinople; and, previous to his departure to his province, he has received all the honours of a Pacha. He consequently betakes himself to his country seat on the banks of the canal, where he at first lives in the profoundest solitude—silence reigns in his establishment—the windows of his house are almost all closed, and the curtains of those left open are let down—few lights are discerned at night—and, in short, all wears the external appearance of misfortune and mourning. Sometimes the Prince employs some chemical mixture to turn his beard white. These and other practices are resorted to, until the suspicions of the Turks are destroyed and their compassion excited. At length, he ventures to admit a few friends; and when he is encouraged to hope that he shall not be asked any questions about his former government, he appears in public again, enters Constantinople, and recommences his intrigues to be restored to his principality. Since a Hospodar seldom possesses his place more than two or three years, the number of these Ex-Hospodars occasionally becomes great. The violence of their conflicting intrigues then however so blazes out, that the Divan gets impatient, and by decapitating some, and exiling others, reduces them to a reasonable quantity.

Each of the Ex-Hospodars retains a kind of court about him: for it is only from their own Prince that the Boyards receive their title and dignity; by his restoration alone can they hope for a renewal of their places and their revenues; he alone has the power of depriving them of their rank, and by a mere intimation to the Drogman of the Divan, can reduce them to simple *Rayäs* again. Besides the actual Boyards, there are, of course, a crowd of Fanariotes about him, who, in the expectation of his return to his dignity, spend their time in '*soliciting the Grand Kalpak*,' as dancing attendance upon him is commonly called. The Prince has moreover other holds upon the allegiance of his Boyards. Without his permission, the children of the first rank of Boyards and his relations, and it is seldom accorded to others, cannot learn the Turkish language. Now as this language is the high road to preferment, for without it no man can be a Drogman, the attainment is matter of the utmost importance. The consent of the Prince is an occasion of great joy, the *Hotgia*, or master of the Turkish, is received with enthusiasm, and all the other masters are dismissed, that the young Fanariote may give his undivided attention to his instructions—presents are heaped upon him—his pay is ten times the amount of that of any other instructor in languages; he is overwhelmed with the most delicate attentions, and is, in short, received by the whole family, with a kind of veneration. In order to encourage his industry, a promise is generally held out to him that, should his pupil ever be made a Hospodar, he shall be his *Divan-Effendi*,—a promise sometimes kept, but ordinarily broken. It should be observed that there are other reasons for valuing a *Hotgia* highly, for he can only teach his language at the sacrifice of his faith. The law not only interdicts the faithful from learning languages, but likewise from teaching the idiom of the Prophet to infidel ears. The Prince of course only grants this privilege sparingly among the children of his Boyards, for he does not wish to create unnecessary rivals; and when he does accord it, he throws obstacles in the way of success; for he always stipulates that the child shall only begin to learn Turkish after he is instructed in Greek and French; the consequence is, that the boy is disgusted with the difficulties of the language, and makes but slow progress; whereas, in the case of his own sons, the Prince takes care that they suck in Turkish with their mother's milk, and until the speaking of that language is accomplished all other instruction is withheld.

The Fanariote education embraces little more than the three necessary languages, except under the head of manners and knowledge of the world; a great deal of what is taught in the latter department is embraced in the following morsel from the speech of a prince to his sons, "My children,

remember that you must never cease to appear in the eyes of the noble Turk submissive, charitable, generous, and eloquent; it is important to be attentive and humble even to the people of his suite. When you enter into the chamber of a lord of the empire, make a low reverence as you enter; arrived in the middle of the room, make another, describing a semicircle, so as always to let the door be seen. On approaching his lordship, prostrate yourself on your knees, take up the hem of his robe, and after having carried it to your forehead, kiss it. Sometimes the generosity of his lordship will prevent this; in that case gather up the fringe of his sofa in your hand, and kiss it before you carry it to your forehead: then raise yourself and retreat to some little distance from his lordship, without ever turning your back upon him. If, by a sign, he invites you to sit down, hasten to throw yourself on your knees in one of the extremities of the chamber, taking care that no Turk is behind you. If his Grandeur has the goodness to inquire after your health, answer, *My Lord, I kiss the dust of your feet;* and in all your answers take care only to employ the third person plural."

While the sons receive such lessons as these, we may be certain that the education of the daughters is not neglected; they take to intrigue as naturally as their fathers and brothers, and excel them, if possible, in ignorance and pride. The young ones are very handsome, and their manners light and vivacious in the extreme. To talk with excessive rapidity is particularly genteel; to move the features with extraordinary agility while speaking is accounted interesting; and all well-bred ladies of the Fanar constantly set off their thoughts with the oath of *Na-zi-ô-Afthendis,* "by the life of our Prince." The highest mark of gentility, however, is accidentally to mix up a few Moldavian or Wallachian words with their conversation, which are to be understood as having been picked up when the speaker formerly attended the Prince in his sovereignty. This is as decided a distinction as the Grand Kalpak. They are very social, and, like other idle people, spend their days in the circles of their respective princes, in cards, dancing, eating, and promenading, and, above all, in talking over what they *used* to do in the principalities.

We have been induced to compile these particulars both on account of their own novelty and singularity, and of the interest which the Greek Revolution has excited for every thing connected with it. It was in the provinces of Moldavia and Wallachia that the present contest may be said to have commenced, and through the insurrection in these countries the Fanariotes have lost their privileges. After the defeat of Ypsilanti, the government was settled anew by the Divan, and the ancient laws and privileges of the country restored to the native Boyards, two of whom were appointed by the Turkish council to head the principalities. These measures were the result of conferences between delegates from the two countries and the ministers of the Porte, at which the Sultan assisted *incognito.* For an account of Moldavia and Wallachia, and of the insurrection which led to the deprivation of the Fanariotes, we refer our readers to Mr. Blaquiere's History of the Greek Revolution. We ourselves, for the details of the foregoing pages, have been indebted to a book which was published a few months ago at Marseilles, and which has not as yet probably reached this country. It is written in French by a Greek physician of the name of Zallony, who has had abundant opportunities for making the observations which he has recorded in this very curious and valuable volume. We transcribe its title below.*

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* Essai sur les Fanariotes, où l'on voit les Causes Primitives de leur Elevation aux Hospodariats de la Valachie et de la Moldavie, leur Mode d'Administration, et les Causes Principales de leur Chûte; suivi de quelques Reflexions sur l'Etat Actuel de la Grece. Par Marc-Philippe Zallony, Docteur en Médécire, Ancien Médécin de Jussuff-Pacha (dit *le Borgne*), Grand Visir, et de son Armée, de plusieurs Pachas, Muphtis, Ulémas, Ministres de sa Hautesse, et de divers Princes, Hospodars, Fanariotes, &c. &c. Marseille, Avril, 1824. 8vo. pp. 342.

THE ERRORS OF ECSTASIE.*

A few years ago we saw a portion of an unfinished poem in manuscript, entitled, "Recollections of Frenzy, by a Maniac." The scene of it was an apartment in Bedlam, and the opening incident was the adoption of a means of curing madness, which was discovered near the end of the last century, and was said to be practised with success in some peculiar cases. It consisted in causing a drop of water to fall incessantly, with exact regularity of interval, from the ceiling to the floor. This was said to compose the patient and produce sleep when other means were ineffectual. "The Errors of Ecstasie" reminded us of this production, as being *ejusdem farinæ*, though this was in lyrics, and the Errors is in blank verse. Such a design cannot be good. The rhapsodies of poems should be very short when incidental; but a work of which the scheme and construction is rhapsodical will never be read, and therefore it must be said to be bad, as all other things are when they will not answer the purpose they were made for. The errors of youth, which are excused as being such in life, are not the least offensive errors in writing; and we fear that the work we are noticing is of the order of books which see no second edition. Those who are susceptive of like trains of thought, those who are familiar with the usages of poetry and tired of its common-places, who would be ready to apprehend at a glance a novel image, or a delicate peculiarity of expression, could not fail to perceive that the work is remarkable. There are passages in it, which, were they to be quoted as belonging to some poet of acknowledged pre-eminence, would not be considered as insufficient titles to his place. There is a good deal in it which is more characteristic of our earlier poetry than of the present, but there is an obvious ambition which belongs to our times. In former ages there were few poets; and very few who could be the contemporary competitors of those who are now known to us. The latter consequently wrote composedly, without the now prevalent feeling that either they must push their ideas beyond one man's or another's, or they would never be heard of. Success brought them less of immediate gain and honour; and the impulse to write, though it might be a strong one and govern their whole lives, was not so impatient and importunate, in as much as their object was not one of instant acquisition, nor like to those which instigate the actions of daily life. Poets, and amongst them several writers of merit, have lately been struggling in a crowd. Some of the lowest order have been respected for nothing else than a smart jacket, and others of the highest have passed without notice, because they wore the star of their order within. We could mention several poems which our readers would hear of for the first time, though the writers of them, in the world where they shall come to light, will not be degraded to the level of some who are popular now.†

The ambition which we allude to has led the author occasionally to unnatural efforts, which seem such even in a professed rhapsody. These we do not intend to point out, nor the Hibernicisms of the poem, and of rather an interesting preface. Juvenility and nationality cannot be helped. The poem is short, the scene a woodland by moonlight, the former part a monologue by one of the characters called Mystic, and the rest a dialogue between him and the Moon. The design we shall not pretend to explain, our readers may collect what they can of it. In his monologue, Mystic first contemplates the scene in which he is placed, and opens the description of it with the following short passage. It is needless to call the reader's attention to its beauties of language.

* The Errors of Ecstasie: a Dramatic Poem, with other Pieces. By George Darley. London. Whittaker, 1822.

† In speaking thus, however, we do not allude to our present poets of the very first eminence, whom we do not question to be the greatest of their time.

(*A distant bell sounds, and ceases.*)

The sullen acclamation of the time
Yon Moon ascended to her midnight throne,
Hath died upon the gentle pulse of night,
And borne amid the thronging courts of
Heav'n,
Where lessening stars grow pale before the
Queen,
Their suffron cheeks turn'd to cinereous
white,
She rules supreme o'er all their singular
fires (P 3)

There are subsequent parts of the description which give the reader the same minute perception of landscape objects that he may have in reading Cowper

Through dusky glens now peeps the zenith
Queen,
Raining her light upon the glittering turf,
White hoods are thick upon the dale, the fir
Lights all its prickly spires, and the tall
reeds
Sharpen'd with visionary cusps of steel,
In scatter'd groups, gleam down the silver
vales

* * * * *

Such is the sovereign stillness of the time!
Such is the grand ovation of the Moon!
Her footsteps strown with heaps of glitter-
ing flowers,
She walks beneath the sublime arch o' the
world,
In calm, and bright, and deep serenity
(P 7)

Mystic next proceeds to inquire why he cannot be at rest like all things else, and, after some metaphysical meditations, finds sufficient reasons, which are given with the bitterness of reality, and remind us of Otway The roughness of versification is not out of place He finds that he is standing on the brink of death,—

Loaden with weighty griefs and sallow
cares
Press'd by misfortunes [illegible] acquired,
And ere youth's rose hath summer'd on its
stalk
Turn'd to a wretched weed, with[illegible] and
pale,
Stung by a venomous [illegible] that bites my
core
Sickness—which binds me with an [illegible]
crown,
[illegible]ing with its drowsy weight my head,
Last Poverty, upon a carrion steed,
Cheering his bleak dogs, Hunger and Na-
kedness,
With slaughter-red mouths, and sharp re-
morseless fangs,
To tear my flesh to s[illegible] my [illegible]
Lap my old blood, and hunt me to my
grave—
To stand, I say—this world upon my back,
Galling my un[illegible]atlantic shoulders; these
fell dogs
Close at my heels pursuing—and the next
Small fluxion of the longitude of time,
My burthen hurl'd, back to the injurious
skies,
My grim tormentors baffled in the teeth,
To rest in senseless quiet, joyless ease,
In the short compass that a corpse can mea-
sure,
Laid stretch'd upon th' eternal bed of
silence,
Pent up in futile boards or chok'd with clay
(P 9, 10)

There is sometimes a mixture of metaphysics in the poem which would be better expurgated We never saw metaphysics and poetry combined with advantage, except in Mr Coleridge's productions and those too are in all other respects *sui generis*, and of a kind which the world seems to think more extraordinary than entertaining The following fantasy is more poetical than the metaphysics

I seem like one lost in [illegible] the sea
Down, down beneath the billows many a
mile
Where nought of their loud eloquence is
heard,
Save a dead murmur of the rushing waves
Fleeting above, more silent than no sound
Over my head, as high as to the moon,
The [illegible],
Pure and translucent, through whose total
depth
The imminent stars shoot in refracted rays
And whiten all the bottom of the flood
The sea bed hath a scenery of its own,
And nought less wondrous than the realms
of air
Hills, dells rocks, groves, sea flowers and
sedgy caves,
In crystal armour lock'd—scatter'd around!
Here, like a mortal tenant of the sea
Or fabulous merman [illegible] the wave,
I stand, the sole surveyor of the scene,
Alone, amid the deserts of the deep
(P 1[illegible], 16)

The line in Italics is so distinguished, because we desire to point out the character of versification observable in this and in some other passages especially and which belongs to much more of the poem in a less eminent degree That power of numbers which modulates the mind in which they are repeated has been perhaps less frequently exemplified since the prevalence of lyrical verse, which is so pleasing to the *ear* that a further power is not attempted The merely auricular melody carries it off with a good grace, the

senses are gratified, and, at the same time, impressed more or less, according to the force of the words, but not according to the impression on the sense. In the line which we have indicated, any one with a mind and ear apprehensive of such things cannot fail to perceive a *motion of ascent*. To impress the idea of altitude it was necessary that the mind of the reader should rise from the bottom to the top, and accordingly it rises foot by foot with the verse. Blank verse, for the very reason that it is less metrical, favours more than any other the exercise of the higher and less sensual powers of versification. We shall have occasion, indeed we could not quote a page and avoid it, to give some further specimens of felicity in the modulations of language. Before we proceed, we gather up one or two which have been left behind.

——— This truth dumb Earth
Speaks out! and Ocean o'er its *undulant flood*, &c.

* * * * *

This truth—borne on the *plural* voice o' the waves, &c. (P. 12.)

If I am disregarded of sweet charity
If heaven has let me down the winds of chance,
The rack and light leaf of its termagant blasts, &c. (P. 14.)

Since Hope—who first my young ambition led,
Following with eager steps her protean form
Through every permutation of variety—
Since Hope, e'en Hope, deserts me, and recedes
Into the frail material of the air
Mid dying hues and melancholy sighs,
With her last finger pointing to the grave—— (P. 14, 15.)

We are now to proceed. Mystic's vision and meditations are interrupted by the singing of a nightingale, and when the nightingale ceases, Mystic *sings himself*. This occasions a mistake on the part of the Moon (to whom the songs are addressed) who takes Mystic for the nightingale; but presently she comes nearer to the mark;

Art thou not he, by name implicative
Mystic, the darkly thinking son of Mystery?

Here!—
(cries Mystic, answering to his name.)

This, if it appear absurd, belongs to the extravagance of the design; nor are the remarks of the Mountain or River Spirits introduced by Walter Scott less hyper-physical than this. Her Serene Highness commences her address with an allusive metaphor not unbecoming the altitude of her station.

Poor errant worm! that sparklest i' the dusk
Of a most gloomy vale;
What dost thou here, amid th' unwholesome damps
O' the breathing earth?

She then takes occasion to advert to the many miseries which she has to endure the sight of, in her various phases.

——————— I've seen
Such piteous acts, that I have sought to vail,
And blest the dark transgression of the clouds
Which hid me from such woes.
Partial! Oh, no!
Mine eye hath seen too much.
I deck the pall,
Which Night spreads over many a tombless corse,
Stretch'd on the desert sands, or distant shores,
With all my best of brightness.
O, I weep,
Weep e'en to dissolution, when I see
Wand'ring near some lone monument, far, far,
From his poor maiden, her dear lover lorn;
(My memory wears the scarf of sorrow yet,
And paints in tears his image on my brain;)
Down sits he on th' uncomfortable stone,
His breast uncased to th' acrimonious winds,
Thinking on her he loves; speaks not, but sits
Filling his gentle bosom with his tears;
Kisses the wind that seems to blow to home,
Loads it, a faithless messenger, with sighs;
Then looks he in my face, endeavouring
To catch some false resemblance of his love—
I smile, he sighs; I brighten, and he droops;
Then, hopeless, heartless, bitterly lies down,
And all his burial lamentations are my tears.

Each hour I mourn some wretchedness like this——
Mercy!——
Ev'n now amid th' Italian wave
There plunged a reckless, white-invested thing!——
She sinks—alas!—and o'er, the heedless waves
Roll silently; now—now again she floats—

But stretch'd and senseless, like a sheet of foam,
And screaming sea-fowl pluck her dainty form. (P. 23, 24, 25.)

In this last part, a passage of genuine poetry be it observed, we would remark the skill with which the parts of the picture are chosen. The scene is one on which the moon looks down. It is an *Italian* sea;—which images to the mind the stillness and deep hue peculiar to the seas of that country and the skies reflected in them. That which plunges into this still and deep-blue sea is a *white-invested* form. Nothing could bring the effect more vividly to the eye. The form immerges, and again floats on the surface, "but stretched and senseless like a sheet of foam." Analysis rather spoils than aids the effect of such a passage, but we give it, as critics, to point out the strong faculty of combination, and the taste with which it is exercised.

Mystic pursues the specification of his mental maladies; and we characterize the following passage, or rather it characterizes itself, as one of Shaksperian spirit.

I'm framed, the fool of Sensibility!
I cannot see a young flow'r i' the grass
Smile at my foot which kills it in its prime,
And yet not think of undeserved death;
I cannot look ascaunt the mighty deep,
Shaking the firm strand with its plangent waves,
And cry, "'tis good in faith," or "sooth 'tis fair,"
But my whole spirit rushes through my eyes,
And mingles with the motion of the flood,
The blind tumultuations of the main;
Nor yet subsides, with the subsiding sea,
But tasks invention to out-measure nature,
And puts imagination to the stretch
In framing vast ideas of the Deluge.
(P. 26.)

The Moon rebukes this violence of sensation, and appears prepared with some good advice, but Mystic interrupts her:

Veil'd spirit! must I then untune my soul,
Or make it vibrate with unnatural pulse?
What! shall I tell the nightingale, "Be dumb!
Thou speak'st not sweeter language than the jay,
Or any other ruffian-throated bird
Which strangles sound in noise?"
Shall I apostrophize the busy stream,
That, quarrelling with its testy pebbles, brings
Such liquid modulations out of stones
As might ashame the lutes of seraphim,
With "Cease, thou babbler! Prithee, grate no more
Upon thy file-fraught bed; the stridulous saw
Shatters the ear with lesser dissonance?"
(P. 25.)

The Moon further expostulates, and again Mystic answers:

Mystic. Why then I'll pray the Heav'ns to strike me surd!
To paralyze the tetchy nerves o' the brain,
Dry up the tubes and organs of sensation,
And turn my heart to preferable stone!
I'll rob the ditch-roots of their lazy pith,
The green ores of their nocuous potency,
Mix the narcotic juices for a drink
To kill the fine vibrations of the brain,
And dull the vigilant sense to lethargy—
* * * * *

Moon. Still in extremes!

Mystic. Hear me, sweet Spirit! Though I stand
A pensive, poor, and visionary boy,
With bloodless cheek, in shudd'ring attitude,
The bitter salutation of the night,
Thus, like a rigid statue—or, more like,
A living representative of stone,
A wretched mockery of the human form,—
Wishing for some impetuous thunderbolt
To scatter me beyond the ken of God,
Beyond the hope or pow'r of resurrection,
The chance of future bliss appropriate,—
I would not change the temper of my blood
For that which stagnates in an idiot's veins,
To gain the sad salvation of a fool.
(P. 31, 32.)

A Poet's complaints of poverty are thought very whimsical and entertaining by the well-fed. We indulge them with the following:

Mystic. Dear inspiration of my better thoughts!
Is't not desertion, total casting-off,
When I am thus a debtor to such shreds
For covering, that the shroud looks comfortable?
When the crackling skin scarce keeps the skeleton,
And the famish'd blood grows thin and ichorous?
When the rootless hair drops from the scull——
Look here!——
Give me a dart and grave-cloth in my hand,
For I am Death's pale vicar upon earth!
(P. 36, 37.)

Mystic, though appearing to have profited little by the conference, is loth to be left; but the Moon grows

pale on observing the approach of day, and hastens her departure.

No more! My words are past, my lips are seal'd.
Mystic. Not thus! not thus! Ah do not leave me thus.
Moon. See'st thou not yon red cloud upon thy plane,
Just in the eye o' th' east? The van of day
Burns on its brow. Th' ascension's in its prime,
And soon shall see my fall. I fade! I fade!
Mystic. O stay!—one moment yet—O render me
One poor response——
Moon. Haste then. I fade! I fade!
The flow'rets are rathe risers; curious ears——
I would not have them blow my words adown
Th' intelligent, tell-tale winds awaken'd.
Yare!
Mystic. Pale Sister of the flagrant God of Day!
Say, shall I die, when I do die? Shall Fame
More sweet than that intemperate lord of fire
Shaking redundant radiance from his hair!
Breathe no proud anthem over me?
Moon. Farewell!
I must not speak—Morn comes—Earth wakes—Farewell!
Mystic. Ah! yet—ah! cruel—say——
Moon. Farewell! Farewell!
Mystic. One word! one little word! ha! say——
Moon. Farewell!

There is an end of the poem. Though it is a work of youth, and, as we have said, in parts deformed by extravagance, it will not be lightly treated by those who are capable of comprehending its merits. All its merits it is not to be expected that any large class of readers will perceive; but we have quoted passages which few will have read without admiring. The public have been satiated, and poetry is now little relished. With regard to that taste for it which is left, it is of a kind which we desire to see improved, and it belongs to such men as this author, in the approaching maturity of his powers, to correct and amend what is amiss in it. Certain *minora sidera* who have become apparent in the present twilight of our poetry (we speak of only the last five or six years) have prided themselves on the weaknesses of their nature as composing the poetical temperament. Intellect is a dry property of the schools, and never interferes with the muster of lamentable phrases which they designate as the language of passion. Or, if in some there be a portion of intellect, it is employed for the lowest purposes of vanity or gain in the corruption of religious faith. Of these poetical people there are better and worse. The best of them are weaklings whose follies and affectations, and ambition to be thought libertines and freethinkers, deserve little more than nursery castigation. The worst are to be described in language which we would rather borrow than invent, "a sort of men whose fifth element is malediction, whose life is infamy, whose death damnation, whose days are surfeiting, whose nights lecherie, yea such as Nanna could never teach Pippa, nor Comare and Balia discourse of, and whose couches are Spintrie; whose communication is atheism, contention, detraction, or paillardise; most of lewdness, seld of virtue, never of charitie; whose spare time is vanitie or villanie."

This poet deserves to be strongly contrasted with the writers of whom we speak. His is a work as well of intellect as of temperament, although his fancy has been inadequately controlled. His poetry, though faulty enough, is to be blamed for the wildness of imagination, not the weakness of sensuality. There are no effeminacies, no allusions to the innocence of adultery and the omnipotence of love. His are not the tones of a discontented infidel or an emasculated melodist.

The language of the author is too abundant in uncommon words. We do not object to such words in moderation, especially when, as often in this book, they are peculiarly suitable to the verse. In this case also they belong to the language of a scholar, and appear to have been derived from a familiarity with various branches of knowledge. But some belong too peculiarly to such branches to be fit for general use; and the frequency of their occurrence makes the whole appear somewhat whimsical and eccentric. It is not without reason to give a preference to uncommon words upon particular occasions, for most of our common ones, by the wear and tear of ages, have

lost the point and fine edge of their meaning. We see and hear them daily applied to improper purposes, and have a less definite sense of the meaning which is justly belonging to them. It is from this cause that words which are more or less obsolete and uncommon derive their greater aptitude and more acuminated significance. But the effect is injured when they appear often and with insufficient cause.

There are a few smaller pieces appended to the poem, of which some are fanciful and pretty, others are without merit. The following deserves to be quoted:—

The Rebellion of the Waters.

"Arise!—the Sea-god's groaning shell
Cries madly from his breathless caves,
And staring rocks its echoes tell
Along the wild and shouting waves.
Arise! awake! ye other streams
Than wear the plains of ruin'd Troy,
Ida's dark sons, have burst their dreams,
And shake the very hills for joy."

Press'd by the King of Tides, from far,
With nostril split, and blood-shot eye,
The web-foot minions of his car
Shriek at the wave they lighten by.
The noise of total hell was there,
As fled the rebel deeps along;
A reckless, joyous prank they dare,
Though thunder fall from Neptune's tongue. (P. 56.)

THE OLD OAK.

TRANSLATED FROM THE DANISH.

1.

Here have I stood the pride of the park
In winter, with snow on my frozen bark;
In spring, 'mong the flowers that round me were spread,
And among my own leaves when summer was fled
Three hundred years my top I have raised,
Three hundred years I have sadly gazed
O'er Nature's wide extended scene,
O'er rushing rivers and meadows green,
For, though I was always willing to rove,
I never could yet my firm foot move.

2.

They fell'd my brother who stood by my side
And flung out his arms so wide, so wide
How I envy him, for how blest is he,
As the keel of a vessel he sails so free
Around the whole of the monstrous earth!
But I am still in the place of my birth
I once was too haughty and proud to complain,
But am now become feeble from age and pain,
And therefore I often give vent to my woes
When through my branches the wild wind blows.

3.

A night like this, so calm and clear,
I have not seen for many a year;
The milk-white doe and her tender fawn
Are skipping about on the moon-light lawn;
And on the verge of my time-worn root
Two lovers are seated, and both are mute;
Her arm encircles his youthful neck,
For none are present her love to check
This night would almost my sad heart cheer,
Had I one hope, or one single fear.

G. O. B.

SONNET.

I woke, and she was there—a moment there,
Distinctly visible by that soft light,
Which, beaming from herself, suffused her quite.
Ne'er yet had I beheld her half so fair:
No mournful trace, no shade of earthly care,
Darken'd her countenance, so lovely bright:
Her vestment fell in folds, and it was white
As purest cloud, floating in summer air.
Too soon that vision faded from my view;
Yet did the vision smile, e'en as it faded;
But still I gazed through night's invidious hue,
For the loved face, and angel form it shaded.
I only saw the moonbeam glimmer through
The quivering vine which my dim lattice braided.

THE CANADAS.—EMIGRATION.

Two subjects of higher import than those embraced by the prefixed title could scarcely be blended into one article. Nor are they of particular British, but of general national interest. This may not at first sight appear evident. How the several empires of the earth are to be affected by such remote influences, as a wilderness on the north bank of the St. Lawrence, and the dis-location of a few uneasy Scotch and Irishmen, can exert, is not perhaps a matter of intuition. But if we penetrate the question, wider views, and clearer ones, may spread before the eye of the mind: a vista may open into that boundless prospect to which we have alluded. Some of the political contingencies will of course be found to be distant and doubtful; others more near and probable; whilst the remainder are of so imminent and certain a description as to merit a far greater portion of regard than they have yet obtained. Thus it will be a long time before China sensibly perceives the increasing weight of the Canadas and the Emigrants in her own or the opposite scale; France will acknowledge it earlier; but a very few years may elapse ere it trims the balance between Great Britain and the United States, or for ever depresses it in favour of the latter nation. This we look upon as an axiom in politics: that the beam *must* shortly tremble between these two empires; and if so, the Canadas will necessarily furnish that influence which is either to establish an equilibrium, or destroy it wholly. It is for this vital reason that we, as ardent lovers of our constitution and country, for the respective permanence and prosperity of which we are deeply anxious,—now seek to attract general notice to the state of the Canadas and the subject of Emigration. Our remarks, however, shall be brief; confident that a word in some cases is enough to catch public attention and fix it.

The plentiful harvest of dishonour, which this nation reaped in its last American war, was the result, as is well known, of ignorance and imbecility not to be paralleled in the annals of administration. So gross was the former, that, amongst other things, *water-casks* and *wood* were dispatched from England at a vast expense, both of time and money, to our ship-carpenters on the borders of the Ontario, a fresh water lake in the midst of an universal forest! So extreme was the latter, that with a navy powerful enough to sink the whole American fleet with the very wind of a broadside, we were baffled on the lakes, beaten on the seas, insulted on our own shores, and disgraced all over the world. Let us hope that the new members and supports which administration has lately taken in exchange for its old ones, may have imparted

strength and stability to the whole body. Whatever may be said of the permanent functionaries, we have at least reason to congratulate ourselves and each other that the interests of the *British* nation are no longer confided to a Secretary incapable of speaking plain English, and a Chancellor of the Exchequer scarcely able to speak at all. If we must go down the hill of destruction, it is some consolation to be led to our fate by a man of eloquence and a man of understanding, not by Shallow and Silence.—Having adverted to the ignorance in which the nation and its ministry are, even as yet, we surmise, profoundly immersed upon the subject of Canada and its internal economy, we cannot but indulge ourselves in a remark, which we would fain hope might have its proper effect in the proper quarter. This prolific soil of ours is the fruitful mother of adventure, commercial, military, philosophical, and foolish: we furnish officers to be roasted by the Anthropophagi of Sierra Leone, and missionaries to be ridiculed by the savages of Siberia; we explore the deserts of Africa, and the wilds of Tartary; we dispatch one connoisseur to bring us paradoxical bones from the pyramids, another to turn Turk for a sight and a specimen of Palmyrene marble, a third to gather shells on the Erythræan shore, and a fourth to inspect the architecture of the Esquimaux; this ship sails to the poles, that to the tropics; we do all this, and a great deal more, for the prospect of remote or equivocal advantages, for abstract, insignificant, ridiculous, or no purposes. But in the mean time we sit down in fat contented ignorance of some of our own provinces and colonies: Ontario is taken for a salt water lake, Canada for a woodless country; nay, to step no farther than from Port-Patrick to Donaghadee,—Ireland is thought by one half of us to be nothing but a purgatory of Orangemen, by the other *one* paradise of White-boys. For our own part we much question whether a late minister, upon being shown the map of his native land, could have put his finger on his birth-place: we are pretty sure that neither he nor any of his assessors at the council-board could positively have sworn that there was timber for a fleet of cock-boats in all Canada.* It is, we acknowledge, scarcely to be expected that antiquaries or inquisitors should proceed of their own accord to such unclassic ground as Hibernia and the Canadas, or be sent thither by their patron societies: the local history of such countries is neither very seductive to a student, nor altogether indispensable to private individuals. But with ministers the case is different; to them an accurate, and minutely topographical knowledge of the provinces under their governance is absolutely necessary, for the purposes of enabling them to act upon occasion with promptitude, vigour, and success. A geographical spy or two, with a modicum of secret service-money in his pocket, or the prospect of a place on the pension-list, would in all probability have furnished such information respecting the Canadas as would have rendered the late American struggle less disastrous, or, at all events, somewhat less disgraceful. We should never have so appositely illustrated the proverb of "carrying coals to Newcastle," nor have committed that illimitable series of blunders which made us the scorn of our enemies, the shame of our friends, and the laughter of all Europe. Or why not oblige the delegated authorities there to furnish the necessary information? Why not make their services in this way the price of their places? Are they so dull that they cannot?—They must be admirable officers! Are they so idle that they will not?—They must be meritorious pensioners! But if such unprofitable servants must be retained for past services or present convenience, are there no men to be found who would write descriptions of Canada for money? If they were mere statistical accounts, mere geographical surveys, without any attempt at philosophising, or "seeming wise," such a quantity of local knowledge

* In support of this conjecture, we beg leave to remind the reader, that upon the same memorable occasion which called for wood and water-casks to supply the necessities of Lake Ontario,—a couple of gun-brigs, to act upon the Lakes, were also dispatched to Quebec, ministers not being aware that certain things called *Rapids* intervened between that city and the ultimate destination of the said gun-brigs.

might be collected from their united contents, as would in the event of a war, or any other circumstance requiring the interposition of government, considerably lighten the darkness in which ministers must walk without it. They would be able to reflect back some of the light, and illuminate the paths which were to be trod towards glory, the steps which led on to success. By such an industrious provision as this they might enter the Cabinet with systems prepared and minds made up; as competent to decide upon what was to be done, the when, the where, the why, the how, as if the Canadas were within range of a bomb from the centre of the council-board. With such facilities as ministers possess they should be as familiar with every "concession" in our American colonies as with the lids of their own snuff-boxes; as intimately conversant with the great lines of demarcation there, as with their own signatures. We see no reason why they should be a whit less particularly informed upon the state of our possessions at one side of the river St. Lawrence, than the American Cabinet of theirs on the other. The President of Congress visits Fort Niagara as seldom perhaps as our Prime Minister visits Fort George. At least there ought to be no such difference as should render a nation which hardly knows the sound of a cannon, equal at the end of a campaign to one which has scarcely known the sound of any thing else for the last century. Any fracas between us and the United States should, as yet, be but play to one party and death to the other. It is only by a combination upon our part of ignorance and imbecility such as "conducted us" through the last war that the Americans can for a long time attempt to meet us in the field or on the waves, without being trampled into the dust of the earth or swept off the face of the ocean.

But independent of prospective prudence such as this, the welfare of these colonies demands the present attention of government in a peculiar degree. Unlike other distant members of the empire they have little internal strength to support themselves, and therefore cannot be left to themselves without danger. The custom of making over a province to some prætor or pro-consul, and leaving him to himself to peculate or tyrannise, or both, or neither, according as he may be inclined, is a very old one, and as bad as it is old. History will confirm this assertion, if it be not too axiomatical in its nature to admit of a proof. We profess ourselves unable to see why the supreme council at home should not have the governor of Canada little less under their eye than the *Custos Rotulorum* of Westmorland; nor why they should not be able to urge or control him with nearly the same dexterity as they do the Lieutenant of Dover Castle. Supposing them as well acquainted with the internal economy of the country as they might be, we can discern no reason why they should not rule it with as much credit to themselves and benefit to the inhabitants, as the duchy of Cornwall or the principality of Wales. There is certainly *some* difference in the difficulties of governing Canada and the Island of Jersey, but nothing proportionate to the existing difference in the goodness of their respective governments. On the present enlarged scale, and with the present rapid mode of intercourse between the two countries, there is no evil which might not be remedied, no injury which might not be redressed, no beneficial institution which might not be promoted, no mischievous practice which might not be restrained, with a little more delay, but with little less certainty in the one place than in the other. On the above hypothesis (i. e. exact local knowledge on the part of ministers), there is at least no abuse but such as is tolerated here which ought to prevail there; nor is there any error in policy or government but those committed with impunity at home, which should exist two months longer in the Canadas. Nay the arm of government being less shackled there by public opinion, or at least by public power, should exert itself more vigorously to the benefit of the people: but how can this be done if the head which directs the arm be empty or addled? how can this be done when by reason of defective information or shallowness of understanding, the arm, not knowing where or in what manner beneficially to exert

itself, must either lie inactive, or strike about at random, knocking down a friend instead of an enemy, demolishing what is harmless, and wearying itself to no purpose or a bad one, like that of Don Quixote among the puppets? Besides, a grown-up state is very often best left to itself to work out its own prosperity, but an infant state requires the supporting hand of its parent. The former has experience and judgment to direct it what to do for its own benefit; it has also wealth and physical power to carry its projects into execution. Ministerial interposition is, in this case, impertinent, and ministerial assistance superfluous. But in the other case experience and judgment, wealth and physical power, are all and equally wanting to the infant community, which should therefore be supplied as far as may be, from the maternal resources, or by maternal regulations. Here indeed would interposition be kind and assistance useful; and it is exactly here that neither are forthcoming. Like the relatives of a man beginning the world who will neglect him whilst he is struggling with the waves of fortune, but as soon as he has got his chin above them "encumber him with help," so ministers have ever been found ready to interfere with prosperous colonies and to leave unhappy ones to themselves. The government of a great state, which has many colonies, will always find as much matter for internal administration among the latter as within the former. Canals, harbours, docks, arsenals, public institutions, such as schools, colleges, hospitals, &c. encouragement of agriculture, commerce, and manufacture, regulation of official services, inspection of accounts, and supervision of conduct, with numberless other details, would give full employment to an active Colonial Secretary, and would properly engage much of the attention of the council itself. We are not quite sure but that the interests of the empire would be as much advanced by our ministers directing their vigilance to these neglected matters, as by watching an insolent association of three or four forked animals — blasphemously "self-denominated—the Holy Alliance.

Adverting particularly to the subject of Canada, we beg leave to ask whether the following passages from a work now before us* contain nothing worthy of ministerial interference or public notice.

Tobacco, though very little cultivated in either of the provinces, seems to thrive well wherever it is tried: But, I think, it could not be planted to such an extent as would render it profitable as an article of commerce, except in the London and Western Districts of the Upper Province. The soil and climate of these districts are so very favourable to its growth, that some samples have been recently exhibited in the Western District, not at all inferior in quality to any ever produced in the United States. If the attention of the farmer in these two Districts were almost exclusively directed to the production of Tobacco and Hemp, they would undoubtedly return a profit sufficient to compensate him for his labour, and to stimulate his exertions, which, however trifling it might be, would be more than he can now derive from the cultivation of any kind of grain. For it is a fact universally acknowledged in Canada, that a bushel of wheat, in the present depressed state of affairs, costs the farmer thirty per cent. more than he can obtain for it, if his time be estimated at the common price of a day-labourer. There is, however, no spirit for enterprise in the country; and, as it has been well observed by a late writer, "all plans for its improvement, however rational or practicable, are doomed to linger for want of supporters." The Colonial Government seems so little concerned about the prosperity of the country, that no encouragement to agriculture, or to any thing else, can be expected from that quarter. It seems to be a matter of perfect indifference to the existing authorities of the country, whether its inhabitants dwindle out their lives in penury and toil, or enjoy the comfortable independence which might certainly be the lot of every industrious Canadian, if those measures were adopted by their rulers which appear to every unprejudiced mind as practicable as they are indispensable to happiness and comfort; But more of this hereafter.

Hemp is another article, the cultivation of which, though now totally neglected, would be much more likely to enrich the Provinces and benefit the parent State, than any other article of commerce with which we are acquainted. The soil and climate of Canada are allowed to be quite as favourable to its growth as those of Poland and Russia; and, although it is admitted by all persons of

* Talbot's Five Years' Residence in the Canadas. 2 vols. 1824. Longman & Co.

agricultural knowledge to be a most profitable plant, and productive of much wealth wherever it is exclusively cultivated, the two Canadas cannot at present afford a sufficient quantity to hang their own malefactors. Government, in its wisdom, has recently proposed to purchase the naval supplies of this article from the Canadians, provided they can furnish them at as cheap a rate as they are obtained in Russia. This surely, at first sight, is a generous offer from a government, whose liberality to its subjects is without a parallel in the annals of the world! Would not a wealthy and independent father pay his needy mercantile sons a never-to-be-forgotten compliment, if, in the plenitude of his wisdom and affection, he were to inform them "that if they would supply him with groceries and other articles of domestic consumption, at as cheap a rate as he could purchase them from a perfect stranger, he would be graciously pleased to deal with them, but not otherwise!"

If government entertained any doubt, that the Canadians could not supply the Navy with a sufficient quantity of hemp, it would perhaps be bad policy to offer them any competent encouragement for cultivating it extensively, as ministers might thereby incur the displeasure of Russia, who, to retaliate, would very probably, in the event of their want of success in the Canada market, refuse to afford Great Britain the usual supplies. But, as it has been ascertained by actual experiments, that these fruitful provinces are capable, and the colonists willing, to supply the navy, if suitable encouragement be given them, the government has no just reason for indulging in these fearful apprehensions. It is impossible however, while the price of labour continues high, and while the navigation of the country remains in its present unimproved condition, that the Canadians, especially those of the Upper Province, should be able to grow hemp and transport it for sale to the Quebec market at a cheap rate, unless some efficient aid be rendered by the parent country. If his Majesty's ministers were to take into consideration the depressed state of agriculture in Canada, and would offer a small premium to such persons as should raise a given quantity of hemp annually, and if they would engage besides to purchase at the Russian price the quantity produced, they would very soon find themselves independent of a foreign power. The Russian price would fully compensate the farmer for the trouble and expense incurred in raising and preparing the hemp; and the premium, however trifling in amount, would, if paid in cash, operate as a powerful stimulus to his exertions: but, without this encouragement or something equivalent to it, the Canadians never can supply the British navy. It has been suggested, by a respectable writer,* that, if the government would appoint agents in different parts of the provinces to purchase the article when prepared for sale, and to pay for it in specie, very favourable consequences would probably result. In support of this statement, it is argued with great justness, that if no such persons are appointed, the profit of this article, as well as of every other, will be entirely engrossed by a few speculating characters, who, like the merchants at present, would monopolize the whole trade with government. The Canadian farmers are actually too poor to purchase the machinery necessary for the proper manufacture of hemp, or to send it to any distant market; but if an agent were appointed in each district, with authority not only to buy the hemp, but also to advance small sums for the purchase of machinery, to such persons as could give good security for its repayment in hemp, all difficulty would very shortly be obviated, and the farmers of each township would in a few years be enabled to transport the produce to the Kingston market, and eventually to that of Quebec; when the country agents, if not instantly dispensed with, might be gradually reduced. After the temporary reward had imparted a strong impulse to agriculture, had given a fresh and salutary direction to industry, and had opened a new and profitable market for this sort of produce, it might be discontinued; and regular commercial enterprise would then achieve all that remained to be done for the encouragement of the farmer, by making its way to the best market for the purchase of hemp, and by discovering the cheapest and readiest mode of conveyance.

In the year 1822, the provincial parliament of Upper Canada voted the sum of 300*l.* for the purchase of machinery to manufacture hemp, and 50*l.* a year for three years to keep it in repair. The machinery was to be purchased by the Lieut. Governor, by and with the advice of the executive council, and placed in that part of the province in which his Excellency might think it was more immediately required. Since the voting of the money I have not heard any thing of the machinery; but, as yet, there has been no need of it.

The writer to whom I have just alluded, observes: It is very extraordinary, that, although the British government has several times, since the commencement of the present century, exerted itself in some degree to promote the culture of hemp, not only in Canada but in the East Indies, those exertions have been hitherto utterly fruitless. It is said, that the East India climate is too

* Mr. Lambert.

hot, and consequently that the hemp produced there is too fine for large cordage. This may probably be the cause of failure in that quarter; but no such deteriorating effects are produced by the heat of the Canadian climate. The *Society for the Encouragement of Arts* say, in the Preface to the 21st volume of their Transactions, that they have ascertained by actual experiment, that Canada can furnish hemp for the use of the navy, equal in quality to that which is imported from the Baltic. Monsieur Vondervelden, in a letter to the Society, attributes the bad success in Canada to the attachment which the Canadians have always evinced to old customs, and to the opposition and prejudice of their priests, who would derive no advantage from the cultivation of hemp, as it is not, agreeably to the existing laws, a tytheable article. The seigneurs and merchants also gave it considerable opposition; the one from a conviction that it would destroy the profits of their wheat-mills, from which their greatest revenues are derived; and the other, because they were apprehensive, it would have a powerful tendency to set aside that system of barter which they had long found to be more profitable than a ready money trade.

Only some of these difficulties exist at present in the Lower Province; and, I think, the principal among them might be obviated by making hemp a tytheable article. But in Upper Canada, which, on account of the superiority of its soil and climate, is much better adapted to the growth of hemp, a still smaller number of obstacles would be experienced than in the Lower Province; and it is the opinion of the best-informed men in the country, that if a plan like that which I have now described were pursued, a sufficient quantity of hemp might be reared, in less than five years, to render the British Government completely independent of foreign supplies, and to save us from the humiliating necessity of annually paying the sum of a million and a half to a foreign power, for an article, which, by a little encouragement on one hand, and by industry and perseverance on the other, we might raise in our own colonies, to the great benefit of Canadian settlers.

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The people of Canada annually pay to the Republican Americans upwards of 100,000 dollars in specie for Salt alone,—every shilling of which might be kept in the Province—

i. e. if the smallest encouragement were extended to its manufacture there, by the government, — the country abounding in saline springs.

Of all British dependencies, the Canadas are perhaps the most important and the most neglected. They are what mathematicians would call a *conjugate* portion of the empire, little less vitally requisite to its perfect integrity than if they were all contained within the one boundary. The question respecting the utility of colonies may be disputable in some cases; in this it is not. Our Canadian empire is a curb in the mouth of the most arrogant and ambitious people on the face of the earth; a people who would *swallow* us if they could, and with whom we shall, one day or other, have to contend in a death-struggle,—a struggle not for glory or dominion, but for life. That day is distant, but it is inevitable: we should be prepared for it. Canada is the first morsel which the Western Leviathan will attempt to gulp; and it must be rendered such as shall choke him: if not, it will be but as a whet to his appetite. Prompt, bold, and wise measures should be taken to convert that country into one bulwark. By "martello towers," fortifications, fleets, and soldiers? No! Not by these alone, nor by these chiefly: but by manning it with subjects, loyal because they are well governed, brave because they are free, and powerful because they are prosperous. Let their manufactories be encouraged, their internal commerce facilitated, their agriculture promoted, and, above all, their local government purified, invigorated, and rendered acceptable to the people. This is the only means of doing well that which should be so done, or not done at all. To do less than this is to do worse than nothing. It would be only cultivating a future province for the Union, fostering another head for the hydra. Never let this be left out of sight: Canada is either as one for us, or, lost to the States, *much more* than as two against us. Not like Hanover lost to Russia, where, both from its distance and situation amongst other kingdoms, its resources would be of little avail to the gainer; not even (taking into consideration the relative force of the two provinces) like Ireland lost to France; but rather like Normandy, when it was wrested from us by the latter kingdom, adding the weight of another member to the force of a consolidated body. We

talk of Greece as a bridle for the Cossack; but where is the foot-lock for the Yankee?—It is *Florida!**

If the view which we have here taken of the ultimate importance of the Canadas be correct, nothing can be easily imagined more worthy of our serious attention than the affair of Emigration. It is well known that the majority of the Canadian population are French in their pedigree and in their manners: we suspect moreover that they are French in their *hearts*.† Now to correct this lurking anti-British feeling, Emigration from Great Britain is the only means which can be devised. Indeed, whether it exists or not, our conduct should be the same. By Emigration we could man the soil with such a tenantry as would, in process of time under a liberal form of government, render the north bank of the St. Lawrence impregnable to the Yankee, and throw him back with ruin and disgrace on his own boundary if he attempted to transgress it. Here then is a necessity turned into a possible advantage: we *must* get rid of our superfluous population, and we *may* not only do this by encouraging its emigration to Canada, but, by rendering its settlement there commodious and happy, convert that which was a burthen to oppress, into a bulwark to defend, us. But by its very nature this superfluous population, being in a great measure the scum not the cream of society, will require the more wisdom and ability in the local authorities to exalt and purify its debased condition, till it becomes eventually that which we would make of it, and which might be made of it. The Union itself was a scion from such another rascal stock; yet what a goodly tree it is already!—Why then might not Canada, by means of emigration, be equalized, for its dimensions, with the United States? Its natural advantages are fully as great as those of the opposite shore. Why *has* it not been equalized? It moves, not the envy, but the anguish of a good subject to hear and read the different accounts which travellers give of the American and the British side of the St. Lawrence: activity, enterprize, public spirit,—*power*, on the one; inertia, timidity, public spiritlessness,—*debility* on the other. Wherefore,—why is this? Shall the democrat tell us to our face that it arises solely from the different forms of government prevailing on the opposite shores? Shall he not only tell, but *seem to prove* it to our face? O let it not be said! Let not a form of government which all historians from Herodotus to Sismondi tacitly unite to condemn, have this practical evidence of its superiority over that which Cicero* praised as a beautiful vision, and Montesquieu as a realized dream!—Or shall we have to confess that Puritanism sketched out a mighty empire which a more orthodox creed has been unable to imitate even in miniature? Whichever ground we take, whether we stand forth as the reprobators of democracy or sectarianism,—tell us to look across the St. Lawrence, and we must be dumb. The sincere lovers of monarchy and episcopacy *should* be furnished with a practical answer to a practical argument.

In this national point of view the question of Emigration is of momentous significance. As it regards individuals also, if not as universally, it is more immediately important. The eventual prosperity of the empire, the present happiness of a great many of our countrymen, are deeply involved in it. For the double purpose of affording the Emigrating and the permanent population (amongst which ministers may find some benefit in enrolling themselves) of the three United Kingdoms some infor-

* The supine indifference with which we beheld Florida ceded to the Union, marks with a most expressive character, either the want of public spirit or of common political foresight, which allowed that measure to take place almost without regretting it. How many men-of-war frigates will the ports of Florida fit out in the next twenty years, to take our honest "fifties" in tow after a broadside?

† In this suspicion, which (all circumstances considered) is not a very rash one to indulge, we are countenanced by the opinion of an intelligent friend who resided many years in the Canadas. His experience leads him to conclude that although the inhabitants would rather remain under our government than that of the *Bostonois* as they usually designate the subjects of the United States, they would decidedly prefer reverting to the dominion of France.

mation upon this subject, we will quote a few paragraphs relating to it from the volumes lying on our table. They may furnish matter of reflection to both parties, some reasons perhaps for change of opinion respecting Emigration, and some motives for change of conduct in principle or in detail. The subject has been hitherto much misrepresented and of course much misunderstood.

In the first settlement of the country, as might naturally be expected, the shores of the St Lawrence and of the Lakes Ontario, Erie, and St Clair, became the choice and the property of those persons who first arrived in the Province. The banks of the rivers which empty themselves into these lakes, and all the circumjacent country, have, since the termination of the war, been entirely settled. So that it is now impossible to procure land, except by purchase, in any part of Upper Canada in which the various [illegible] advantages of situation are attainable. But this is of little consequence to any, except to the poorest class of emigrant. For those who carry [illegible] their fund in their pocket may purchase land in the best and most eligible townships with less than is paid for a Government grant in the midst of interminable forest. This is an assertion which may surprise persons [illegible] acquainted with this country [illegible] the [illegible] of others who are well enough acquainted with it; but it is [illegible] assertion [illegible]

This matter of Government *grants* is important to be made known. Before the year 1819 the fees on obtaining such grants were, for 200 acres, the sum of 5*l.* [illegible]*s.* 9*d.*, to which was to be added 1*l.* 4*s.* [illegible]*d.* for every hundred acres more. *After* the same period, the fee for 200 acres was augmented to 16*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*, and the additional fee for every additional hundred acres was increased to 7*l.* 11*s.* 1*d.*

And now that unfortunate emigrants find money more easily than it could be procured heretofore, the fees are raised to the following enormous amount:—Fifty acres to pauper emigrants *gratis*; for 100 acres, 12*l.*; for 200, 30*l.*; for 300, 60*l.*; for 400, 75*l.*; for 500, 125*l.*; and for every additional hundred acres up to 1200, 25*l.* is to be paid.

These sums are payable in three equal instalments. The First, on the receipt of a location ticket, which is always obtained as soon as the Council have determined on the quantity of land to which the applicant is entitled. The Second, on filing a certificate of settlement-duty. And the Third, on receipt of the *fiat* for a patent. Every British subject, of what stamp soever his creed, is entitled, on his arrival at the seat of government for Upper Canada, to receive any quantity of land, within the provincial limit of 1,200 acres, which he may possess the means of cultivating, and for which he is willing to pay the required fees.

I do not question the right of the Government to charge such enormous fees on lands which it has fairly purchased, and is of course entitled to dispose of in such way and manner as may most effectually accomplish the objects which it has in view. But if it be the wish of England to increase the population of Canada, and thus render it of some value to the parent country, I very much doubt the policy of those measures which the Canadian Government is now pursuing. Since the increase of the fees, I have known many emigrants who came here with a determination of settling in the country, but who, on finding that the Government, instead of freely granting land to the unfortunate emigrant objects, was actually [illegible] turned their backs on the British [illegible] and immediately went over to the United States, to add strength and numbers to an already formidable rival. I can very confidently state, that, since the new scale of fees was adopted, there have not been [illegible] hundred acre lots of land taken up for [illegible] which were previously [illegible]. The object of increasing the fees [illegible] must have been [illegible] unless [illegible] were to [illegible] portion of their loyalty, [illegible] of the thing [illegible] with [illegible] to deal with private individuals on much more advantageous terms. But these persons, if I may be allowed such plainness of speech, have much more money than wit. For land, in townships which have been long settled, and whose contiguity to navigable rivers gives them a decided superiority over government lands, can now be purchased for less money than is required in accepting a grant of an equal number of acres from Government.

You must not, however, suppose that I mean to represent the Lieutenant Governor and Council as a company of land speculators, who dispose of their forests in the same manner as private individuals. I am [illegible]. There is a very particular difference in the method which they adopt. For instance, if you feel disposed to accommodate the Government with your cash, you

must humbly petition for its value in land, and be particularly attentive to the manner in which you receive their munificent gift, taking especial care, in look and word, to express no other sentiments than those of unfeigned thankfulness.

But if your inclination should lead you to trade with private land-owners, you find yourself quite differently circumstanced. Instead of being the suppliant, you become the supplicated. In the one case, you must obtain a royal *fiat* for the disposal of your cash; in the other, you are presumed to possess a legitimate right to do so of your own accord. In dealing with the former, you must relinquish your own judgment altogether, and allow the Lieutenant Governor and Council to select for you, in such places as they may deem expedient, the article which they may be graciously pleased to *grant* you. Whereas, if you treat with the latter, you are at perfect liberty to exercise your own judgment, and to make such selection of land as may appear most likely to conduce to your future welfare and respectability. The honour, however, of an interview with his Excellency and the different members of the Executive Council, and the pleasure of contemplating an enormous seal suspended from your deed, with the Royal Arms thereon impressed, are considered by some [illegible] sufficiently substantial to counterbalance the paltry saving which [illegible] dealing with men in the humble walks of life. Who is there so vile, that would not give four or five hundred dollars more for a deed with half a dozen honourable signatures and the imposing seal of Chancery thereto annexed, than for a title with the signature of an obscure individual, and the simple impression perhaps of a steel-bottomed thimble?

It is supposed by many persons in Canada, that the Supreme Government at home is wholly ignorant of the amount of fees claimed from emigrants on their obtaining land. But this, I think, is certainly an absurd supposition. Surely it is not possible that his Majesty's Ministers can be so ignorant of the affairs of Canada as not to know exactly how the Executive Government is exercising its prerogative. For my part, I cannot entertain an idea so derogatory from their acknowledged vigilance. I believe, nay, I know, they are as intimately acquainted with the matter as I am myself; and I think that persons who come to Canada under the impression of being able, on their arrival here, to obtain gratuitous grants of land, take very little trouble to be rightly informed on the subject previous to leaving their native country: For, I am well assured that all applicants at Earl Bathurst's office for information on this subject regularly receive due attention. Instances of persons being induced to emigrate to this country by the confident hope of obtaining a gratuitous grant of land are too frequent; and, I am sorry to add, they are sometimes treated by the Executive Government here with a degree of contempt, for which it is difficult to account. The Lieutenant Governor and Council seem to think that they, and they only, are the persons to whom applications for land should be made, and appear resolved to convince all who have been so presumptuous as to make application elsewhere, that it would have been better for such applications to have been deferred until the will and pleasure of the Government were ascertained.

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It is very impolitic, for those who can afford to pay for land, to pursue the latter course—rent cleared farms; but, in the case of poorer emigrants, I consider it much better to do so than to accept of a *grant* of fifty acres from the government. To persons acquainted with America it would be unnecessary to say, that fifty acres are insufficient for the support of a moderate family. Allowing twenty acres for fuel, which would only be reserving a quantity sufficient for the same number of years, and dividing the remaining thirty into pasturage, meadow-land, and tillage, it might, if well managed, barely maintain a family. But a man who is in the possession of this small quantity of land, is in a situation little superior to that of the Irish peasant. Like him, he is compelled to toil hard all day, and to find at eventide that he has earned what is hardly enough to prolong his existence,—a sort of prison-allowance, which prevents him from dying of hunger, while at the same time it removes him very far from repletion. Like him, he has no hope of improving his circumstances, or of attaining to that independence for which he braved the dangers of the deep. His field is too contracted, and the means of extending it are not within his reach.

It is admitted by all persons acquainted with the Canadas, that 100 acres of land are as small a quantity as an agriculturist should ever consent to cultivate in this country. This may appear very extraordinary to English or Irish farmers; but it is nevertheless a fact, which could easily be demonstrated. The severity of the winter makes it necessary for every farmer to provide a large quantity of forage for his horses and cattle, and the excessive heat and drought of the summer render the meadow-lands rather unproductive. The high price of labour, and the shortness of the tillage season, preclude the possibility of cultivating the lands in that excellent manner which would render them as productive as English soils; and these circumstances united with the low price of produce, and the exorbitant cost of British

merchandize, prove the necessity of farming on a large scale, and the difficulty of existing on a *grant* of 50 acres.

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This lamentable decrease in the imports and exports, and consequent deficiency in the revenue, are attributed to the alterations in the laws of England, which regulate the importation of corn, flour, and meal into the United Kingdom. By these laws, the grain of the Canadas has been effectually excluded from the British market. The Canadians complain, and I think not without cause, that, whilst they are compelled to resort almost exclusively to England for a great variety of her manufactures, for which their staple commodities were formerly taken in exchange, they are prevented from sending to foreign countries such articles of their own produce as are excluded from the British markets, where they might obtain in exchange the merchandize of which they stand in need.

It is not necessary to possess any extraordinary powers of mental vision to perceive, that a colony whose imports, amounting only to 863,156*l*. exceed her exports by more 350,000*l*., must inevitably become bankrupt, unless some measures are promptly resorted to for her salvation. I think, however, the evils here complained of, which are now becoming daily more general, might be greatly alleviated, if not entirely removed, without adopting any measures that would have the slightest tendency to affect the agricultural interests of the parent state. That it would be highly impolitic to admit colonial or any other produce into the ports of the United Kingdom, so long as you are able to grow what is sufficient for your own consumption, is a fact, which every disinterested man will acknowledge. At the same time, it is, in my humble opinion, a great hardship that we, I speak as a Canadian, should be compelled to purchase your manufactures when you will not accept of our staple commodities in exchange. On the very principles of "Free Trade," on which you seem inclined to act whenever we, as colonists, ask the slightest boon at your hands, we certainly ought to be allowed to avail ourselves of the advantages which are to be derived from commercial intercourse with foreign markets. Perhaps, if proper encouragement were given to the culture of hemp and tobacco in Canada, the balance of trade, which is at present decidedly against us, might be turned in our favour. It has been said, that England annually pays, to a foreign power, upwards of a million and-a-half, for the single article of hemp; every pound of which might be saved to the British empire, by promoting the culture of that plant in Canada.

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If, however, the Supreme Government would manifest a spirited desire to improve the internal navigation of the Canadas, and to encourage the cultivation of hemp and tobacco, sufficient would be done for pauper emigrants, and particularly for young men, by landing them on this side of the Atlantic. Immediate employment might then be reckoned upon with certainty, and would be easily procured; and an industrious man, within the limits of a single year, could not fail to obtain a sufficient sum to establish him upon his own lands. If the Canadas are properly regarded, as a valuable portion of the British Empire, surely something more should be done for them than has ever yet been attempted. Sure I am, that if some of those hundreds of thousands which are almost annually voted away by the Imperial Parliament, for the further decoration of buildings already sufficiently splendid, and the support of establishments already too munificently endowed, were devoted to the improvement of this portion of the British Colonies, a great benefit would speedily devolve on the people of England. If the extension of your commerce be desirable,—if the enrichment of your remotest dependencies be an object worthy of regard,—if the possession of valuable territories, capable of receiving and sustaining millions of your overgrown population, now almost literally perishing for want of employment,—if these be advantages, and if Canada be worth the paternal care of your Government,—why has she not experienced greater attention? Why does she not obtain a portion of that liberality which the Parliament of England, so frequently and laudably displays?

The total expense of transporting a family consisting of eight persons (without servants) from Europe to Upper Canada is estimated at about 680*l*. The writer is supposing the case of an Englishman worth 1500*l*. desirous of emigrating to Canada; he goes on to say:

For this sum, *viz*. 681*l*., the emigrant will be able to defray his expenses from his native country to Upper Canada, to obtain 500 acres of land, to clear and fence 25 acres, to erect a house and barn, and to provide himself with the necessary farming utensils, stock and furniture. For 300*l*. more, he may have 75 acres cleared, which in addition to the other 25, will make 100,—a quantity sufficient for any Canadian farmer.

I only mention these facts, to show the impolicy of Government in charging such enormous fees on wild and uncultivated land. By the statement which I have made, and which, you may rest assured, is perfectly correct, it appears that 500 acres of land, received from the Government, when improved in the way that has been described, will cost no less a sum to the proprietor than 315*l*. This land, it should

be recollected, must of necessity be far retired from navigable waters, and at a remote distance from any kind of market. Who then will be so far infatuated, and led blind-fold by a mistaken spirit of loyalty, as to accept such land from Government on the usual conditions, when he may purchase an equal quantity in the same advanced state of cultivation, for far less than that sum, on the banks of Lakes Erie, Ontario, and St. Clare?

I shall therefore consider the emigrant of 1500*l.* to be settled on 500 acres in any part of the Province which he may select, with the quantity of stock, farming utensils and furniture already mentioned, at the expense of 616*l.* As 884*l.* of the 1500*l.* yet remain, his prospects may be supposed to be decidedly favourable.

But if he will not attend to his own business, and sometimes put his own hands to the plough, he must have more labourers and other servants, than he can afford to pay. Properly to cultivate 100 acres of land, will require the constant labour of three men; the annual expence of whom, exclusive of their board, will be 90*l.* For the support of his own family, his labourers, his oxen, his cows, and his sheep, 40 acres will be sufficient, if judiciously cultivated. There remains, therefore, the produce of 60 acres for the payment of his labourers, and for the procuring of clothing for his family,—supposing that his wife is unwilling or unable to manufacture any. In the due cultivation of 60 acres of land, 40 acres may produce a yearly crop, which, if in a fertile part of the country, will amount to 25 bushels per acre. This quantity, according to the present price of grain, which is two shillings and sixpence per bushel, will amount to 125*l*; out of which 90*l.* must go to pay for hired labour; so that, making no deductions whatever for the failure of crops, the wasting of grain, or other contingencies, only 35*l.* are left for clothing a wife and six children.

If a person of this description therefore were, in addition to his labourers, to keep only one inside servant, whose wages would amount to 15*l.*, his whole farm would be found little more than sufficient for the support of his household establishment. The interest of his 884*l.*, and the increase of his stock, would however be fully equal to meet all his necessary demands: So that, it may be said, that, with economy, frugality, and good success, he may live comfortably, without drawing on his banker for any thing beside the interest of his money.

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It may, perhaps, be considered, that 40 acres of land will produce more grain than would suffice for the support of a family, consisting of eleven persons. Forty acres would certainly produce more grain than could be consumed by eleven persons; but how are horses, cows, and oxen to be fed through a tedious Winter of nearly six months' continuance? And how is pork to be fattened, in sufficient quantities for the consumption of so large a family? Ten acres of meadow-land will be scarcely sufficient to yield hay enough for a pair of horses, two yokes of oxen, half a dozen cows, and fifty sheep. Fifteen acres of pasturage will be no more than adequate to the sustenance of fifty sheep throughout the Summer, admitting that the cows and oxen find a subsistence in the forests; and five acres will scarcely yield oats enough to feed the horses. There remain therefore only ten acres for the maintenance of the family. If you will take the trouble of estimating the quantity of grain, hay, and pasturage, necessary for the support of such a stock, and the flour which a large family will annually consume, and compare the result of these calculations with the average produce of land in Canada, you will find my statements to be perfectly correct.

The conclusion of the whole matter is, that a respectable emigrant, on leaving England with 1,500*l.*, may settle himself in Canada on an estate of 500 acres, support a large family comfortably, and die worth upwards of 800*l.* in specie, if he is not imprudent or exceedingly unfortunate.

We have thus laid before our readers the few facts concerning the Canadas and Emigration which we have been able to glean from the volumes of a writer, himself a denizen of those countries, and an emigrator from Ireland. It is so difficult to obtain information of this kind, that we make no apology for selecting it from the worst-written book without any exception we ever read in our lives. A coxcomb or a tailor however is the right person to apply to for what we wish to know respecting dress; a ploughman, though "as ignorant as dirt," for what we would learn of his simple art; and in the same way an emigrator from these countries, and a denizen of Canada, may be good authority on such subjects as those alone upon which we have quoted Mr. Talbot. But for its utility in this point of view we should have resigned his work on "Canada" long since, as we do now,—to the trunk-maker.

THE LAND OF LOGRES.

On speaking lately to a friend who is engaged in a laborious work relating to our national antiquities, about the right limits of the land of Logres, I found to my surprise that he had never before heard of such a place. Hence I am led to conclude that many others of my countrymen are equally unaware that, among the names which have at different times been given to this portion of the globe, that of Logres is one. Britain, Albion, England, are appellations familiar, it is to be hoped, the world over. But Logres is a stranger even at home. M. de Roquefort, who had to explain the word in his glossary of the Romance language, treats it thus: "According to Borel," says he, "it [illegible] I see none but the Locriens, [illegible] people in Greece, to whom this name can be applied." When the same gentleman was afterwards employed in editing a certain old French poem called the Lais de Marie, Logres again lay in his way, and though he had gained a little more light, yet it was scarcely sufficient to prevent his stumbling again at the same block. "The land, the country, the kingdom, the city of Logres or Loengres so often spoken of, made a part of Glamorganshire in the province of Wales." (Vol. i. p. 3[illegible].)

Now let us hear the account which a learned Welshman gives of the matter. Mr. Owen, in his dictionary of that language, under the word Lloegr (which he derives from llaeg, to open or break out), defines it to be "that part of ancient Britain which was inhabited by the Belgians, properly speaking; also England south of the Humber, exclusive of Wales, Cornwall, and Devon; but now it is the popular name of England in general.—Lloegria."

This calls to my mind an awkward accident that befel me when I was yet a younker, following my father in a ride through North Wales. On a sign-post by the road-side (I think it was not far from Conway) some wicked Dick Tinto of the land had shadowed forth the appearance of two doltish-looking heads, and underneath them had inscribed in characters so plain, that he who ran might read the following distich:

We three
Loggerheads be.

These words, as I was sauntering along on my horse, and in spite of all admonitions to the contrary lagging some way behind, these words I unwittingly pronounced, and thus on the instant, according to the old Florentine's phrase,

I was made third, and so learned a band,
Sì ch'io fui *terzo* tra cotanto senno.

I have since thought that the trap was laid by some facetious Cambro-Briton to catch an unwary traveller from the land of Logres like myself, and that Loggerheads might mean "heads from Logres," or men from Logres, *[illegible]*.

In vindicating to our country this its old [illegible] name, I may be allowed to add one or two passages from a [illegible] writer who [illegible] use of it. Spenser [illegible] in the Faery Queen:

But Albanact had all the northrene part,
Which of himself Albania he did call;
And Camber did possesse the westerne quart,
Which Severne now from Logris doth depart.

[illegible]

And [illegible] and Albany [illegible]

Thus it appears that Logris or Loegria is the country bounded by Tweed to the north and Severn to the west. [illegible] of the Lais de Marie [illegible] and Albany, together [illegible]

La Loengre [illegible]
[illegible] p. 32.

Milton [illegible] where he speaks of

Fairy damsels met in forest wide
By knights of Logres, or of Lyones,
Lancelot, or Pelleas, or Pellenore.
[illegible]

The same author, in his History of England, calls it Loegria. His three sons (the sons of Brutus), Locrine, Albanact, and Camber, divide the land by consent. Locrine had

the middle part, Loegria; Camber possessed Cambria or Wales; Albanact, Albania, now Scotland. But he in the end by Humber, king of the Huns, who, with a fleet, invaded that land, was slain in fight, and his people driven back into Loegria." (Book i. p. 20. Ed. 1677.) How full of interest is this first book of Milton's work to those readers who have any thing of what I should call a poetical patriotism! It comprises the best portion of our history, our heroic age. There were giants in those days. The records of our Saxon forefathers are, for the most part, confused, dull, and insipid. Since the Normans all is a mere matter of yesterday. The very names become such as one meets every day in the streets, and may read upon the shop-windows. The tinker, in Shakspeare, boasts himself of his Norman descent; "your Slys," says he, "came in with the Conqueror." But when we are told of our ancestors (if indeed any of their blood yet runs in our veins) who lived in the days of Heli the Priest, when we hear of Brute and Corineus, and Estrildis, and "the virgin daughter of Locrine," it is then that we feel ourselves to be somebody, and may, perhaps, have a pedigree worth the looking after. Yet it is on Milton's record of this æra that his biographer Johnson has observed: "Why he should have given the first part which he seems not to believe, and which is universally rejected, it is difficult to conjecture." Let Milton be suffered to give his own reasons, and no reader need be at a loss to conjecture why he did not omit this part of our history. "Seeing that oftimes relations heretofore accounted fabulous have been after found to contain in them many footsteps and reliques of something true, as what we read in poets of the Flood, and giants little believed till undoubted witnesses taught us that all was not feigned; I have, therefore, determined to bestow the telling over even of these reputed tales; be it for nothing else but in favour of our English poets and rhetoricians, who by their art will know how to use them judiciously." (P. 7.) And again, when he has said why he passed rapidly over the story till the time of Brutus, he adds: "But now of Brutus and his line with the whole progeny of kings, we cannot so easily be discharged; descents of ancestry, long continued laws and exploits not plainly seeming to be borrowed or devised, which in the common belief have wrought no small impression; defended by many, denied utterly by few." (P. 11.)

ORIGINAL LETTER OF EVELYN'S.

(Giving an Account of a portion of his unpublished Work upon Gardens.)

Evelyn, in his interesting and most entertaining Diary, gives a short account of a visit he paid to Sir Thomas Browne, at Norwich, in 1671, and mentions that he had long been in habits of correspondence with that physician, antiquary, and philosopher. It does not appear that any of their letters are preserved in the library at Wotton, but having accidentally met with an original epistle in Evelyn's own hand, and one which has never before been printed, we cannot but hope our readers will think it an acceptable illustration to Mr. Bray's valuable volumes. The pages to which it will be more peculiarly applicable are vol. i. p. 145, vol. ii. p. 90.

JOHN EVELYN, ESQ. TO SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

Honour'd Sir,—By the mediation of that noble person Mr. Paston, and an extraordinary humanity of your owne, I find I haue made acquisition of such a subsidiary, as nothing but his greate favour to me, and your communicable nature could have procur'd me. It is now therefore that I dare promise myselfe successe in my attempt; and it is certaine, that I will very

justly owne your favours, with all due acknowledgements, as he most obliging of all my correspondents. I perceive you haue seene the protoplasma and delineation of my designe, which, to avoyde the infinite copying for some of my curious friends, I was constrain'd to print, but it cannot be imagined that I should haue travell'd over so large a province (though but a garden) as yet, who set out not many moneths since, and can make it but my diversions at best, who haue so many other impediments besieging me, publique and personall, whereoff the long sicknesse of my *unicus*, my onely sonn, now 5 moneths afflicted with a dubble quartan, and but 5 yeares old, is not one of the least; so that there is no danger your additionalls and favours to your servant should be prevented by the perfection of my worke, or if it were, that I should be so injurious to my owne fame or your civility, as not to beginn all a new, that I might take in such auxilliaries as you send me, and which I must esteeme as my best and most effectuall forces. Sir, I returne you a thousand acknowledgements for the papers which you transmitted me, and I will render you this account of my present vndertaking. The truth is, that which imported me to discourse on this subject after this sorte, was the many defects which I encounter'd in bookes and in gardens, wherein neither words nor cost had bin wanting, but judgement very much; and though I cannot boast of my science in this kind, as both vnbecomming my yeares and my smale experience, yet I esteem'd it pardonable at least, if in doing my endeauour to rectifie some mistakes, and advancing so vsefull and innocent a divertisement, I made some essay, and cast in my symbole with the rest. To this designe, if forraine observation may conduce, I might likewise hope to refine upon some particulars, especially concerning the ornaments of gardens, which I shall endeavor so to handle, as that they may become usefull and practicable, as well as magnificent, and that persons of all conditions and faculties, which delight in gardens, may therein encounter something for their owne advantage. The modell, which I perceive you have seene, will aboundantly testifie my abhorrency of those painted and formal projections of our cockney gardens and plotts, which appeare like gardens of past-board and march-pane, and smell more of paynt then of flowers and verdure: our drift is a noble, princely, and vniversall Elysium, capable of all the amœnities, that can naturally be introduced into gardens of pleasure, and such as may stand in competition with all the august designes and stories of this nature either of antient or moderne tymes; yet so as to become vsefull and significant to the least pretences and faculties. We will endeauour to shew how the aire and genious of gardens operat vpon humane spirits towards virtue and sanctitie. I meane in a remote, preparatory and instrumentall working. How caues, grotts, mounts and irregular ornaments of gardens do contribute to contemplatiue and philosophicall enthusiasme; how Elysium, Antrum, Nemus, Paradysus, Hortus, Lucus, &c. signifie all of them *rem sacram et divinam*; for these expedients do influence the soule and spirits of man, and prepare them for converse with good angells; besides which they contribute to the lesse abstracted pleasures, phylosophy naturall and longevitie: and I would have not onely the elogies and effigie of the antient and famous garden heroes, but a society of the *Paradisi Cultores*, persons of antient simplicity, Paradisean and Hortulan saints, to be a society of learned and ingenuous men, such as Dr. Browne, by whome we might hope to redeeme the tyme that has bin lost, in pursuing vulgar errours, and still propagating them, as so many bold men do yet presume to do. Were it to be hoped, *inter hos armorum strepitus*, and in so generall a catalysis of integrity, interruption of peace and propriety, the hortulane pleasure, these innocent pure and vsefull diversions might enjoy the least encouragement, whilst brutish and ambitious persons seeke themselues in the ruines of our miserable yet dearest country, *quis talia fando*——?—But, Sir, I will not importune you with these matters, nor shall they be able to make me to desist from my designe, so long as you rëanimate my languishings, and pardon my imperfections. I greately thanke you for your discourses, and the acoustic diagramme &c. I shall be a faithfull reporter of your favours to me. In my philosophico-

medicall garden you can impart to me extraordinary assistances, as likewise in my coronary chapter, and that of transmutations, c. i. lib. 3. Norwich is a place, I understand, which is very much addicted to the flowry part; and what indeede may I not promise my selfe from your ingenuity, science and candor? And now to shew you how farr I am aduanced in my worke, though I haue drawne it in loose sheetes almost euery chapter rudely, yet I cannot say to haue finished any thing tollerably, farther then chapter xi. lib. 2. and those which are so compleated are yet so written, that I can at pleasure inserte whatsoeuer shall come to hand to obelize, correct, improve and adorne it. That chapt. of the history of Gardens being the 7th of the last booke, is in a manner finished by itselfe, and if it be not over tedious, I thinke it will extreamely gratifie the reader: For I do comprehend them as vniversally as the chapter will beare it, and yet am as particular in the descriptions as is possible, because I not onely pretend them for pompous and ostentative examples, but would render them usefull to our travellers which shall goe abroad, and where I haue observed so many particularities, as, happly, others descend not to. If you permitt me to transcribe you an imperfect summ of the heads, it is to let you see how farr we correspond (as by your excellent papers I collect) and to engage your assistance in suppliing my omissions; you will pardon the defects in the synchronismes, because they are not yet exactly marshalled, and of my desultory scribbling.

CHAP. VII, LIB. 3.

Paradise, Elysian fields, Hesperides, Horti Adonidis, Alcinoi, Semyramis, Saloman's. The pensile gardens in Babylon, of Nebucodonosor, of Cyrus, the gardens of Panchaia, the Sabean in Arabia felix. The Egyptian gardens out of Athenæus, the Villa Laura neere Alexandria, the gardens of Adominus, the garden at Samos, Democritus' garden, Epicurus's at Athens, *hortorum ille magister*, as Pliny calls him. That of Nysa described by Diodorus Siculus; Masinissa's, Lysander's, the garden of Laertes, father of Ulysses, ex Homero. Theophrastus', Mithridates gardens; Alexandrus' gardens at Sydon, Hieron's Nautilus gardens out of Athenæus; the Indian king's garden out of Ælian; and many others, which are in my scattered adversaria, not yet inserted into this chapter.

Amongst the antient Romans.—Numa's garden, Tarquin's, Scipio Africanus's, Antoninus Pius's, Dioclesian's, Mæcenas', Martial's gardens; the Tarentine garden, Cicero's garden at Tusculum, Formia, Cuma; the Laurentine garden of Pliny junior, Cato at Sabinus, Ælius Spartianus' garden, the elder Gordian's, Horti Cassipedis, Drusi, Dolabella's garden, Galienus', Seneca's, Nero's, the Horti Lamiani, Agrippina's, the Esquiline, Pompey's, Luculla's most costly gardens, &c.

More moderne and at present.- Clement the 8th's garden; the Medicean, Mathæo's garden, Cardinal Pio's; Farnesian, Lodovisian, Burghesean, Aldobrandino's, Barberini's, the Belvedere, Montalte's, Bossius's, Justiniane's, the Quirinal gardens, Cornelius's, Mazarini's, &c.

In other Parts of Italy.—Ulmanni's at Vacenza, Count Giusti's at Verona, Mondragone, Frescati, D'Este's at Tivoli. The gardens of the Palazzo de Pitti in Florence; Poggio, Imperiale, Pratoline, Hieronymo del Negro's pensile garden in Genoa, principe d'Oria's garden, the Marquesi Devico's at Naples, the old gardens at Baiæ, Fred. Duke of Urbine's garden, the gardens at Pisa, at Padoä, at Capraroula, at St. Michael in Bosco, in Bolognia; the gardens about Lago di Como, Signior Sfondrati's, &c.

In Spaine.—The incomparable garden of Aranxues, Garicius' garden at Toledo, &c.

In France.—Duke of Orleans at Paris, Luxemburg, Thuilleries, Palais Cardinal, Bellevus, Mormes, Jard. Royal, &c.

In other Parts of France.—The garden of Froment, of Fontaine Beleau, of the Chasteau de Fresnes, Ruel, Richelieu, Couranet, Cauigny, Hubert, Depont in Champagne, the most sumptuous Rincy, Nanteuile, Maisons, Medon, Dampien, St. Germain en Lay, Rosny, St. Cloe, Liancourt in Picardy, Isslings at Essonne, Pidaux in Poictiers. At Anet. Valeri, Folembourg, Villiers, Gaillon, Montpellier, Beaugensor, of Mons. Piereskius. In Loraine, at Nancy, the Jesuites at Leige, and many others.

In Flanders.—The gardens of the Hofft in Bruxelles, Oroenendael's neere it, Risewick in Holland. The court at the Hague, the garden at Leyden, Pretor Hundius' garden at Amsterdam.

In Germany.—The Emperor's garden at Vienna, at Salisburgh; the medicinall at Heidelburg, Caterus' at Basil, Camerarius' garden of Horimburg, Scholtzius' at Vratislauia, at Bonne neere Collen, the elector's there: Christina's garden in Sweden made lately by Mollet; the garden at Cracovia, Warsovia, Grogning. The elector's garden at Heidel-

burg, Tico Brache's rare gardens at Vranebuige, the garden at Copenhagen The Duke of Hostein s aden, &c.

In Turk y, the Ist and other Parts—The grand Su nor's in the Seraglio th garden at Tunis, and old Cuthage, the garden at Cairo, at Fez, the pensil garden a Pequi in China, also at Tunplan and Porassen, St Thomas garden in the isl d neere M Hecla, perpetually verdant In Persia the garden at Ispahan the garden o Tauibu h, the ms garden in Schamachie neere the Caspian ... the city of Cassum or Arsacia the garden lately made at Suratt in the East Ind by th great Mogoll s daughter, &c

In America—Montezuma's floating garden, and others in Mexi Ih l ct Azcapuzalco's, the garden of Cusco, the garden in Nova Hispania Count Mauri rare garden at Bonesta in Brasile

In England—Wilton, Dodington, Sp n hers a Hatfield, Lord ool s Oxford Kirby, Howard s Durden's my elder brothe Geo Evelyn s ... else in England, it may be y owne po e garde ... kind ... not be vnworthy mentioning

The Gardens menti ned ... n tu e &

Mir c dous and c ... garden ... with flowers &c

Romantique and p ... Sid , Sp r, ... Poliphile, &c All these I have ... dy described ... to their dignity and merite

But this paper, and my reverence to your greate patience mindes me of conclusion,

Worthy Sir
I am your most humble and
most obliged Servant
J Evelyn

Lond 28 Jan
Co Garden

Sir, I beg the favour of you when you see Mr P ton to make my service acceptable and to let him know how greately I thinke my selfe obliged to him for this civillity

I make bold to send you another paper of the chapter ... I have there added another chapter concerning Hortulan entertainment and I intend another for wonderfull plants &c

If you thinke me worthy of the continuance of these ... to your servant, your letters will infallibly find me by this addresse For Mr John Evelyn at the hanke and ... on Ludgate Hill London

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In the foregoing Letter we have scrupulously followed Evelyn's ortho graphy, which will sufficiently account for the singular appearance that some very well-known places make in our present article The Letter alto- gether may be considered as very curious chiefly as it gives the most perfect list of celebrated gardens any where to be found and again as it affords a fair idea of the plan of what, if executed, would have been one of our author's most interesting and delightful works Among the MSS at Wotton there are parts of two volumes with the running title of Elysium Britannicum consisting of miscellaneous observations on a great variety of subjects, but nothing digested, except a printed sheet of the contents of the intended work. So Mr. Bray, who has given a copy of this printed sheet at vol ii pp 90, 91. of the Memoirs, which shews that it is evidently the same alluded to more than once in the Letter to Sir Thos Browne

ON DE BERANGER AND DE LA MARTINE,

AND OTHER FRENCH POETS OF THE MODERN SCHOOL.

The two poets, that seem to share most largely with Delavigne the popular suffrage in France, are De Beranger and De la Martine. The former, whom court-disfavour and legal persecution have kindly assisted to lift into notoriety, must not be confounded with Berenger the author of some pleasing fables and fugitive pieces; for he is quite another-*guess* sort of person. Sooth to say, Berenger may lie unquestioned on any lady's book-case, married or single; while Beranger suggests the cautionary adage "touch not, taste not." He is, in fact, the Captain Morris of the neighbour nation: he writes drinking-songs, and he writes love-songs* (not to profane the name), and he writes political squibs and pasquinades on the Jesuits, distinguished by more wit than reverence. Take a specimen:

Hommes noirs, d'ou sortez-vous?
  Nous sortons de dessous terre,
Moitie renards, moitie loups;
  Notre règle est un mystere:
Nous sommes fils de Loyola;
Vous savez pourquoi l'on nous exila;
  Nous rentrons; songez à vous taire,
Et que vos enfans suivent nos leçons:
    C'est nous qui fessons,
    Et qui refessons,
Les jolis petits, les jolis garçons.

Les Reverends Pères.

And this saucy burden, I grieve to say, runs through the ballad with a *Cacoethes Quotiens* pertinacity of intercalation. He has also a *jeu d'esprit* (that will not throughout bear quotation) purporting to be a proclamation at the time of Lent: in which all the ills of mankind, from the murder of Abel to the emancipation of our infants from swaddling clothes, (contrived, slily hints the poet, to show them "qu'ils sont nés d'etre esclaves,") are laid at the door of Rousseau and Voltaire. I shall give one stanza, from which it will be seen that the author is not of the Deliverance-of-Europe side in politics.

Pour avoir des gardiens sûrs
  On prodigue l'or aux Suisses;
Nos soldats ne sont pas purs,
  On voit trop leurs cicatrices:
S'ils étaient à Waterloo
C'est la faute de Rousseau:
S'ils meurent de misere,
C'est la faute de Voltaire.

Mandement des Vicaires-Generaux de Paris.

The "Champ d'Asyle" is free from moral objection, and shows that Beranger could have done better as a poet, if he had not made it his ambition to be sung in the *cabarets*. I think it may bear translation.

* There is less mischief in these, because less disguise and insidious refinement, than in Parny's. The latter is the *French* Little. The same remark applies to the licences which these two poets take with religion. Highly wrought and polished blasphemy has in it more of malignity and guilt than burlesque irreverence. Beranger affects an Epicurean air; but his ridicule is pointed rather at the abuses of religion, as exemplified in the practice and preaching of the monkish priesthood, than at religion in itself.

THE RETREAT.

Un chef de bannis courageux, &c.

'Twas a chief of valorous exiles
  Sought a shelter o'er the wave,
From a jealous savage nation
  An asylum for the brave:
" Europe banish'd us! ye children
  Of the forests! hear our story;
Indians! listen—we are Frenchmen,
  Take ye pity on our glory!

" That it is still quails the monarchs,
  Drives us from our straw-roof'd shed.
Thence we sprang our rights avenging;
  Twenty kingdoms bow'd the head:
Peace we conquer'd, long retreating
  As our banners onward came;
Indians! listen—we are Frenchmen,
  Take ye pity on our fame.

" Albion trembled in her Indies,
  When our soldiers' joyous shout
From the pyramids' dark chambers
  Forced the ancient echoes out:
Centuries are too short to number
  These exploits so high in story:
Indians! listen—we are Frenchmen,
  Take ye pity on our glory.

" From our ranks a man emerging
  Said, 'The God of earth am I:'
Vagrant kings in haggard terror
  Crouch'd before his lightening eye;
From afar they hail'd his palace,
  As their God conjured his name:
Indians! listen—we are Frenchmen,
  Take ye pity on our fame.

" But he falls—his veteran soldiers
  With one comrade plough the deep;
Wandering to your distant climate
  They their country's blessings weep:
May that country rise for ever
  From the Loire's fierce wreck and shame!
Indians! listen—we are Frenchmen,
  Take ye pity on our fame.

" He was silent. Then a savage
  Answer'd, 'God the storm hath stay'd:'
Warriors! share ye in our treasures—
  Rivers, fields, and forest-shade:
On the tree of peace inscribe we
  Words of one of warlike name;
" Indians! listen—we are Frenchmen,
  Take ye pity on our fame."

Soil of refuge! thou art hallow'd!
  Here th' asylum—city place:
Haven sure 'gainst faithless fortune
  For the hapless of our race.

Here, perchance, our sons, relating
  Deeds that shall transcend our story,
Shall exclaim "Lo! we are Frenchmen!
  Take ye pity on our glory!"

De la Martine, author of the Meditations Poetiques, is, as his title intimates, a serious poet. He is the most in vogue, as times are, for he blends adroitly loyalty and devotion: his address to the infant Duke of Bourdeaux will supply an instance in point.

Quand des pasteurs la troupe errante
Parlait d'un Moise nouveau,
  De la nuit déchirant la voile
  Une mysterieuse étoile
Les conduisit vers un berçeau:
Et comme ces rois de l'Aurore,
Un instinct, que mon ame ignore,
Me fait *adorer un enfant!!*

No doubt the instinct of *legitimacy*. There is a strange rhapsody with the title of *Desespoir*: a title which is meant, I suppose, to give out that it is all *pretend*, as the children say.* Truly I am glad of it. The poem is a sort of railing remonstrance with the Deity for his permission of moral evil and human suffering; groans, tears, shrieks,—and what is odd enough, blasphemies, it is broadly asserted in no very chosen terms, are the "incense" in which he particularly delights. This dashing tone of Manicheism is, indeed, discovered by our modern poets and romance-writers to be the grand secret of the true sublime style: but I am at a loss to perceive by what right the author of "Desespoir" takes Lord Byron to task, and calls him "fallen angel." Let us look a little at this mentor of Childe Harold.

Lorsque du créateur la parole féconde
Dans une heure fatale eut enfanté le monde
    Des germes du chaos,
De son œuvre imparfaite il detourna la face,
Et d'un pied dédaigneux le lançant dans l'espace,
    Rentra dans son repos.

This it is to be a loyalist and a devotee: if poor *Beranger* had written this superb effusion, all the saloons in Paris would have cried out "*ah l'impie!*"

De la Martine has the credit with our English critics of *profound thoughts*. The above, I take it, is one of them. I should rather call them far-fetched conceits. There is something of false sentiment and laborious artificial prettiness in his general poetry which betrays effort, and consequently weakness. His inquiry of a moonbeam, that straggles through the rift of a cloud, is in this taste, and, I doubt not, is quoted and petted with much lisping approbation:

Je songe à ceux qui ne sont plus—
  Douce lumiere! *es-tu leur ame?*

This glitters; and so does ice. He sometimes rings the changes on the same thought by way of eking out a stanza: and in his elegiac musings, he gets too often upon stilts, and tires himself with striving after great and surprising thoughts. Thus he talks of leaping up and clinging to the sun, and whirling with him round the hemisphere: and this is merely to tell us that however wide his light extends, it can discover no spot which is joyous in his eyes. A very common thought, which did not require all this contortion to express it. On another occasion, having compared himself to a withered leaf, he suddenly puts on a stout air, as if he meant to be sublime in earnest; and, accordingly, he calls on the north winds to snatch him, *Monsieur de la*

* The poet relieves himself of a good portion of this hypothetical scepticism in the piece entitled La Foi; and then makes all square by describing himself as "exhalant la doute et le blaspheme;" of which the following is a tolerable sample:

Reponds moi *Dieu cruel!* s'il est vrai que tu sois,
J'ai donc le droit fatal de maudire tes lois.

Martine, from the face of the earth. This *profound* way of writing has a name among us, and we call it *Della Cruscan.* Readers have been struck at first sight with an appearance of more observation of natural imagery than is common with French poets. There is a solemn soothing tone in his colouring, and a sort of romantic effect in his local scenery, which indicate pictorial and poetic feeling; but in the associated reflexions there is, as I have before hinted, a poverty of sentiment. There is a mixture of frippery and common-place in many of those lyrical meditations, which are intended to record either his own solitary reveries or the tender philosophy of his mistress, while soliloquizing and apostrophizing time in a boat on the lake by moonlight. His best pieces seem to be those of a religious and argumentative cast. The poem on Prayer, indeed, is embroidered here and there with his characteristic affectations. Thus having conceived the idea of the universe being the temple of Deity (he had not far to reach for the conception), he goes on to designate earth as the altar, the skies as the dome, the stars as the tapers, and the evening clouds as the fumes of frankincense. What follows is better, and will not suffer by being taken out of its original dress.

But is the temple voiceless? where the hymns
Raised to the monarch of this marvellous world
All round is silent. 'Tis the heart alone
Speaks in that silence: 'tis the reasoning thought
That gives the universe a voice; that mounts
On night's pale gleams and on the breeze's wings,
A living incense to the God on high;
Gives language to creation, and with things
Material interbreathes the adoring spirit.

A still more favourable extract shall be given in the original verse.

La mort m'entoure en vain de ses ombres funèbres,
Ma raison voit le jour à travers ces ténèbres.
C'est le dernier degré qui m'approche de toi.
C'est le voile qui tombe entre ta face et moi.
Hâte pour moi, Seigneur, ce moment que j'implore;
Ou si dans tes secrets tu le retiens encore,
Entends du haut du ciel le cri de mes besoins:
L'atome et l'univers sont l'objet de tes soins:
Des dons de ta bonté soutiens mon indigence;
Nourris mon corps de pain, mon âme d'espérance;
Réchauffe d'un regard de tes yeux tout-puissants
Mon esprit éclipsé par l'ombre de mes sens;
Et, comme le soleil aspire la rosée,
Dans ton sein, à jamais, absorbe ma pensée.

There would, indeed, be a "weariness of the flesh" were I to comment on all the miscellanies in verse which catch the eye on the bookstalls of the Palais Royal in red or blue marble covers, with plates in which whiskered French poets, *bene ocreati* in Hessian boots, and with rigidly bent hats, are occupied, to the glory of Parisian costume and of lithography, in taking down lyres from cypress-trees. It will suffice to notice a few. Some are *emeriti;* others still eat salad.

La Harpe has put together enormous bundles of verses: Discourses in Verse, crowned by the *Academie Française*, odes, and other things. In tragedy he was the pupil of Voltaire, who said of him that "he could heat the oven, but did not know how to bake." *Il sait chauffer le four, mais il ne sait pas cuire.* His best play is the "Comte de Warwick," in which, however, he makes Warwick die fighting for the house of York instead of for that of Lancaster. In his "Cours de Litterature," (for which the French call him their *Quintilian,* as they call Marmontel their *Longinus,* on the credit of his "Elemens de Litterature,") La Harpe bestirred himself to show that French literature was all

in all he tossed Shakspeare gored Milton, and trampled Pope. The same pert and petulant vanity pied itself in our faces when he writes verses himself. In his Dithyrambic to the Shade of Voltaire we have this couplet.

Auprès d(Crébillon Eschyle a pris place
Et contemple surpris de se voir surpassé,

is v ll l nu 't be nd in th epitre un 'es effets de la nature champetre he calls *St Lambert* le vainqueur de Thomson pitch of impudence at which he had already arrived in his prose critiques. It may be worth while just to look at St Lambert.

The author of the 'Saisons' wishes to persuade us and it must be owned has succeeded in persuading himself that he has struck out a path entirely distinct from that trodden by Thomson. "Thomson it seems aimed at making Nature admired it is St Lambert's object to make her beloved." An antithesis, ... with a Frenchman but the blunder ... the same sort as that which the French stumble in ... to Milton as if he could ... with the gloomy and the terr... and pictures ... beauty, are with- in the province of both poets. However, after the formal announcement of a new theory of rural poetry, and after the bragging laurels of St Lambert's critic, we should at least have looked for something original and it will not be easy for a believer in prefaces and critical flourishes to trust his own eyes, when he finds a mere Frenchified silhouette of Thomson's gorgeous but masterly picture, not merely the general plan but the minutest details being without ceremony adopted from the English poet. In short we have the phenomena and labours of the province severally detailed and described with the interchanged relief of episodical tale: the worthy poet has even given us a bathing scene entitled, '*Damon and Lise*,' which is a paltry version of *Damon and Musidora* degraded by French grossness. If the reader of the annexed passage (not at all an unfavourable specimen in point of diction and versification) be reminded of 'O quis me gelidis in vallibus Haemi' will he not be equally reminded of Thomson? Yet M St Lambert who goes through the loves of the animals and all the old Virgilian as well as Thomsonian common-places really dreams that he is all the time no less original than charming.

Oh! ... ... somets profonds
O ... ... des monts,
... ... verdure?
Qu ... ... dans la valle obscure
Ou ... monts de ... ...
... ...
... ... jaillir ses eaux précipitées,
... ... argentées
... ... les humides vapeurs
... ...
... l'aspect des eaux leur ... ...
... ... pensée,
... ... ombre ... fraicheur,
... ... les feux de l'équateur

But what materially injures the effect of the rural details of the poem and what would alone suffice to determine Thomson's immeasurable superiority of taste and feeling, is the poet of simple nature is the pedantry of St Lambert style. Thomson is a little too ... but he does not rummage out from the Pantheon the old dust powdered gods and goddesses ... and *Flora* and *Ceres* and the rest whenever he has occasion to mention the sea or the wind or the harvest.

Let us come back to our own times.

Millevoye has made some clever versions from the Iliad. When he says of Achilles,

son *enorme* poitrine
Rayonne sous l'acier—

he shows an attention to the Ho-

meric traits of barbarian * bulk of stature which Pope wants. Millevoye complimented Napoleon with a poem on Austerlitz, and dedicated to the Empress the metrical romance of "Charlemagne at Pavia." It is written in irregular rhyme, and in ten-syllable verse, and is airy and elegant. The machinery is supplied by the machinations of an enamoured and vindictive fairy. The following pretty invocation has equal merit in the numbers and the imagery:

"Sylphes brillans, aimables infidèles,"
Illusions, compagnes d'amour,
Prenez vos luths et parfumez vos ailes;
Si tant de fois votre invisible essaim,
Glissant dans l'ombre aux heures du mystère,
Fit soupirer la vierge solitaire,
Et souleva l'albâtre de son sien;
Si par vos soins le miroir de la nue,
Qui se colore aux flammes du matin,
Lui présenta dans un riant lointain
Du jeune amant l'apparence inconnue:
A la lueur du magique flambeau
Accompagnez mon nocturne voyage;
"Je vous prepare un triomphe nouveau:"
Elle se tut: dans la troupe volage
Un bruit flatteur doucement circula;
Comme le bruit du mobile feuillage,
Ou l'abeille aux montagnes d'Hybla."

VIGÉE is an agreeable writer; but his subjects are too local and temporary to excite much interest among us. He takes the tone of Pope, from whom he borrows, and has written an epistle on the "Utility of Criticism," and two satires, "*Les Visites*" and "*Ma Journée*."

LE GOUVÉ is the French Rogers. He is the author of "Les Souvenirs," "La Sepulture," "La Melancolie," and "Le Mérite des Femmes." In the latter he defends the sex, like a *preux chevalier*, against Milton and Pope, and ransacks all history in their favour:

Tout commande l'amour, même l'idolatrie,

exclaims the gallant Frenchman. The style of Le Gouvé partakes of the common French defect: it is too didactic. The poems are rather essays in verse than poems. We meet, however, with pleasing passages; as in the allusion to the cemeteries of Switzerland.

Là, les siens, près du temple,
Vont déposer sa cendre en un bocage épais,
Y plantent des lilas, des roses, des œillets,
Arrosent chaque jour leurs tiges abreuvées;
Il semble qu'en ces fleurs, par leurs mains cultivées,
Ils raniment l'objet près d'elles inhumé,
Et respirent son ame en leur souffle embaumé.

LACENIO.

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* Homer describes Achilles returning his sword by the circumstance of his pressing his *heavy* hand on the hilt: Pope had not the courage to retain this; but says tamely and taylor-like,

"In the *sheath* return'd the shining *blade*."

Dryden saw the beauty, and tried to seize it, by transferring the force of the epithet to the verb:

"And in the shining scabbard *plunged* the sword;"

but this suggests rather impetuosity of feeling than gigantic strength. Cowper has it—

"——— On his silver hilt the force
Of his *broad* hand impressing, sent the blade
Home to its rest:—

This is too much laboured; *more suo*.

IN MY BOWER SO BRIGHT.

In my bower so bright
As I lay last night,
 The moon through the fresh leaves streaming,
There were sounds i' the air,
But I could not tell where,
 Nor if I were waking or dreaming.

'Twas the sound of a lute
To a voice half mute,
 That sunk when I thought it was swelling;
And it came to my ears
As if drown'd in the tears
 Of the being whose woes it was telling.

Some accents I heard
Were like those of the bird
 Who the lee-long night is mourning;
And some were like those
That we hear, when the rose
 Sighs for her Zephyr's returning.

The tones were so sweet,
I thought it most meet
 They should not be tones of gladness,
There are notes so fine,
That were melody mine
 They should only belong to sadness

And the air-creature sung,
And the wild lute rung
 Like the bell when a cherub is dying.
I can tell no mo,
But the tale was of wo,
 For the sounds were all lost in the sighing.

And still it sung on
'Till the stars were gone,
 And the sun through the dews was peeping:
When I woke in my bower,—
Every leaf, every flower,
 Every bud, every blossom—was weeping!

FOREST LEGENDS.

No. II.

BRADGATE IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

There is scarcely any period in the annals of England more replete with trying or interesting events, than the latter part of the reign of the ill-fated Charles; when the hand of the child was lifted against the father!—brother against brother!—each adhering with frantic eagerness to the cause he had espoused, totally heedless of the confusion and misery such strife must entail upon their families.

During this era of public calamity, no part of England partook more

largely or entered more actively into the different feuds, than Leicestershire and the adjoining county of Nottingham. Scarcely a peasant remained inactive, to such a pitch was party spirit carried; and it is well known, that most of the principal families were subject to the greatest reverses of fortune, which they bore with heroic fortitude, so ardent were they in the cause they had undertaken.

Numerous are the incidents handed down to us, from these eventful times; but the following tale, descriptive of circumstances connected with the then noble mansion at Bradgate, and affording some account of it, in its pristine splendour, has interested us, since we confess a strong attachment to the place, even in its present dilapidated lonely state! and we are anxious to impress others with the same favourable feelings.*

It was near the hour of noon, on a fair summer's day, that a party of young maidens were observed taking their course along the valley which separates some of the highest eminences of Charnwode.

They were gaily dressed, in what might be considered their best holiday attire; and as the bright rays of the sun fell full upon them, they exhibited a pleasing and interesting spectacle. Most of these damsels bore a small basket upon their arm, containing some little trifle, such as kerchiefs, ribbons, or fruit, according to the means they severally possessed.

The truth is, these young maidens were pursuing a journey, in their imagination of no small import, being no other than a visit to a certain wise woman, called Deborah Priestly, a person well known in that neighbourhood, who had the reputation of possessing more craft than was usual in the art of foretelling events. The weather was hot and sultry, not a cloud was visible to disturb the deep azure of the heavens, or break the long unvaried line of blue vapour that spread itself over the sides and summits of the hills, making the very flowers to droop through weariness, and the flocks to herd together in every shadowy nook, in search of shelter.

The woman, Priestly, had fixed her abode in a spot, lonely enough, but one well adapted to her vocation, being seated about half way up a considerable eminence, whose top, crowned with dark granite, hewn and shapen by nature into a thousand fantastic forms, hung in frowning grandeur over it. Close by the mud-built cottage of the dame, but rather above it, issued a small stream, which, springing from amongst the rocks, and falling with considerable velocity over them, served by its monotonous sound to impress the mind with a still more powerful feeling of solitariness! One ragged half decayed oak bent its withered trunk across it, serving the double purpose of sheltering the habitation with its few remaining branches, and of affording a passage over the stream when swollen by the rain that occasionally poured into it from the summit of the acclivity: and which, with the exception of a few evergreens cultivated by the miserable tenant of the cottage, was the only foliage worthy of commemoration on that side of the eminence.

By the side of this little brook, which from Dame Priestly's habitation descended in a winding course along the valley, paced the already mentioned maidens, in close and eager converse, each countenance exhibiting a faithful picture of what was at that instant passing in her heart. In outward appearance the group seemed composed chiefly of the lower order of females; but the Dame's habitation was the resort of rich as well as poor, male as well as female!—Persons of all rank, of all ages, were at times observed stealing along the road that led to her abode, seeking for advice in the trying difficulties of the times; and, to do her justice, the old woman had penetration and adroitness sufficient to make herself useful to such as had faith enough to seek her.

In this party, however, there were two, who differed greatly from

* Bradgate is still a fine ruin on the verge of Charnwode in Leicestershire; but as it has been already so amply and pathetically described by a very pleasing and popular writer, in the LONDON MAGAZINE, we shall not at present notice it farther.

the rest, and these lingered apart, as though they were either ashamed of their errand or their company.—Whichever it might be, no two damsels ever afforded a stranger contrast than they did to each other, and they seemed as if they were themselves conscious of it; for, though a feeling of pride appeared to draw them from their companions towards each other, they neither looked or spoke, but kept as far apart as the narrowness of the rocky ascent would permit. One of these maidens, to judge by external appearance, seemed born to command; her form was erect, her step firm, she advanced haughtily, whilst marks of scorn and pride were legibly imprinted upon her brow; her dress was costly, and the basket which she bore upon her arm, in which her little offering was deposited, glittered with many a splendid gewgaw. The tread of the other was more elastic, she seemed something of the "fairy tribe" as she bounded over the mossy surface, so light and agile were her movements. The dress of this young girl, though far above that of her companions, saving the one who, like herself, had lingered behind, was so modest and indefinite as to render it difficult to determine in what sphere of life she moved, had not her extreme beauty, and the elegance with which she moved, bespoke her of high rank; yet so unassuming was she withal, that it should seem as if the very circumstance drew down upon her the envy of her companion, who every now and then greeted her with a glance of scorn as she passed silently along. Despite of this annoyance, the poor girl continued her way; and though a shade of anxiety seemed spread over her countenance, she met the regards of her associate with so sweet and irresistible a smile as might have disarmed a heart less alive to philanthropy: as it was, she amused herself by gathering the wild flowerets that grew among the rocks; and having culled several, wiped them carefully, and picked away every bit of loose grass from athwart their stems, she formed them into a little bouquet, and placed them in her bosom.

Having paused for a moment under the excessive heat to which they were exposed, the younger of these females stepped aside from the path they were pursuing, and, bending over the stream, took a draught of its refreshing coolness; but that action, natural as it was, drew down upon her the censure of her companion, on whose features sat a double portion of the scorn before so manifest, as she murmured:

"It is an evil course, lady, that turns aside either right or left, when Dame Priestly's dwelling is the goal sought for! Bitter will be the portion of her who dares it."

"I know of no evil likely to befal those who intend none," said the other simply; "I seek the abode of Deborah for good, not ill, and I doubt me much, if the old woman will concern herself whether I slake my thirst at this fair stream or not."

No farther altercation passed, but the scornful fair one drew the folds of her rich robe more closely about her, and darting another look of contempt, advanced onwards;—the younger one followed her example, but it was not till she had tarried an instant, to press again the clear beverage to her lips, and tie up her locks, which from the action had fallen wantonly upon her shoulders.

Eager in expectation and in hope, and refreshed by the momentary pause they had made, the youthful party went rapidly on, and as the white curling smoke of the Dame's cottage became contrasted with the deep blue sky, each heart beat lighter and more animated.

"There is old Deborah's dwelling!" exclaimed the foremost female. "Think you the old lass will be propitious to-day?"

"And why not?"

"Nay, she is not always in good humour; when I was here some weeks ago, she would neither accept my present, nor hear me speak, but called me, 'silly minx,' and bade me go home to tend my father's kine, like a fool as I was!"

"Well, she shall not serve me so," said another, a pert young maiden, somewhere between eighteen and twenty—"For my share, I'll not budge till she has ——"

"Aye, we shall see," said the first.

"And we *shall* see," said the same, whose name was Alice; "No—no—

she must solve all my perplexities, for I am not going to waste my time and my money for nothing."

She spoke in so determined a tone, and tossed her head first on one side, and then on the other, so pertly, that Ally's companions looked at her with astonishment; they however answered not, but drawing mechanically around her, by their actions showed as if they voluntarily placed themselves beneath her banner.

Deborah Priestly was picking a few pot-herbs in her little garden, for the purpose of rendering her scanty meal more toothsome, when the voices of the party reached her ear. She looked hastily over the low hedge, and perceiving their approach, gathered her herbs together, at the same time exclaiming,

"So, so, an my old eyes deceive me not, there is more profitable work in store than gathering of pot-herbs. —Well, 'It's an ill wind that blows nobody good,' as the proverb sayeth, and 'Where no counsel is, the people fall!'—Aye, aye, it's all right."

The Dame had leisure, not only to gain her dwelling, but to place herself in her high narrow backed cane chair, with all the usual solemnities and formalities customary on high occasions, ere the youthful party entered her habitation. When they did, she was sitting with her back towards the door, one leg crossed over the other, and a hand, whose lank sinewy fingers seemed to have long disclaimed kindred with any thing like mortality, resting carelessly upon a blue linsey-woolsey apron that covered her knee. She neither moved nor spoke, as Ally and her companions with light step advanced into the interior of the dwelling, but sat with eyes uplifted and lips that moved without sound, apparently altogether unconscious of her present intruders. But Ally was not easily intimidated; she placed her basket upon the hewn block, and advancing towards her, peeped into the old woman's face, with a look in which anxiety and impertinence were almost equally blended, at the same time exclaiming:

"Be the weirds abroad, or at home, good Dame?—Ah,—I see it is the latter."

"The weird of destruction will hover over you, ye silly fool," said the beldame bitterly, withdrawing her sharp grey eye from the object it had hitherto rested upon, and fixing it upon the maiden with an expression of contempt and anger.—"What, is it you, Ally Spenser, who cannot let a body rest?—And why are you here again, troubling decent orderly people with such silly crotchets as float through your brain?—Have I not warned you to desist from such fooleries?"

"You have, mother, but——"

"Well then, I say again, get you gone, silly wench; aye, and all of you, for Deborah Priestly hath higher work to perform than what can appertain to such love's geer, as you desired to be informed of."

She waved her hand authoritatively as she finished, but the maidens, either appalled by her manner, or unwilling to return without the intelligence they sought, stood motionless, gazing on her with an expression quite the reverse of what their countenances had before exhibited. A pause of some moments ensued; at length Alice ventured somewhat more diffidently:

"Will you really send us back through all this broiling sun without one word?"

"Aye, marry will I," answered the Dame spitefully, "and all the like of you, ye silly butterflies.—And so, you would be scorching your wings, forsooth, and expect that Old Deb should lend a hand towards hastening your destruction?—Nay, nay, the country might well cry out upon me then, and say I did them wrong.—But it must not be.—So get you gone, I say again; and see you come no more hitherward, till the tide of war shall have ebbed, for there will be bloody work of it."

Despairing of success, and accustomed to her intimidating manner (for Dame Priestly ruled the neighbourhood with a rod of iron), the mortified damsels moved in gloomy silence from the hovel, watched by the old woman till several had disappeared; then, as if suddenly recollecting herself, she added, in the same stern accents:—

"Yet stay,—I see two among you who even now may tarry.—I mean yonder tall fair one whose lip speaketh disdain, whose brow teemeth with pride!—Let this damsel remain,

and with her the one whose robe of fairest white seems to vie with the lilies that bedeck her bosom!—These two I have tidings for."

Pleased that they at least should not have come on a vain errand, the two females stepped nimbly aside; but the Dame noticed them no farther till the receding footsteps of their companions were no longer to be heard in the valley, and then, moving her eyes slowly from the door of her cottage to its present inmates, she thus addressed them:—

"And you, Hamoise of Ravenstone, and Marian of Bradgate, what are you come hither to learn?"

She regarded them doubtfully, as she uttered the question; indeed so peculiarly forbidding was the expression of her countenance at the moment, that the younger one involuntarily shuddered; the Lady Hamoise replied:

"Had the fame of Deborah Priestly been less abroad, good Mother, perhaps neither my present companion nor myself had now visited you. As it is, I at least would know (since doubtless you profess not what you cannot vouch for), whether Ralph of Ravenstone and the bold Baron who so recently rode away beside him, may prosper in their undertakings? Whether those they honour with their affections may expect them to return triumphantly, laying laurels at their feet?"

The voice of the maiden was slightly agitated as she spoke, but her manner savoured so much of pride and sarcasm, as she touched upon the peculiar calling of the old woman, that Deborah felt highly offended.

"We are not ignorant of the lofty character of the Lady Hamoise, she replied disdainfully, nor the condescension she has stooped to, in seeking our humble dwelling; and we shall answer faithfully."

She fixed her eyes keenly upon her, as if she would have read what was passing in her mind, remained a few moments silent, and then in a slow and solemn accent began:

"Brief be the tidings that have ill on them!—Shall the House of Ravenstone go free?—No. Ralph of Ravenstone must return to the walls of his forefathers, shorter by the head than when he quitted them! They shall bury him silently, for there shall be no tear shed over his remains, save what shall flow from the eyes of her who now asks his destiny! Aye, and the bold Baron whose gilded rowels are now sheathed in the sides of his courser,—he shall flee for safety over the great waters! and the lady of his love shall behold him no more!

"Such is your fortune, fair dame; accuse me not, if I have dealt honestly by you."

She gave the usual token for departure as she ceased, and reseated herself in the chair she had risen from at the commencement of the Lady Hamoise's address. Her manner seemed to indicate a determination not to be troubled with farther questions; but her auditor did not appear inclined to put any; for haughtily gathering up her robe once more, with a look in which terror, malice, and disdain were strongly blended, she moved from the cottage.

"Aye—aye, get thee gone, proud daughter," said Deborah, relaxing somewhat of the severity before so conspicuous in her features; "for the day is not far distant when that heart must grieve, that eye change its present lofty glance for one of sorrow and affliction!" She turned towards the other damsel.

"Well, my pretty lapwing, and what wouldst thou crave with old Deborah?"

"Alas, need you ask that question," said the young girl tremulously, "you who are so fully aware of all that hath befallen me?"

"Say rather, those who are dear to thee," returned the old woman. "Well, well, I see I have touched a chord that vibrates, but I seek not to pry into young maidens' hearts. Thou art worthy brave Leonard's love, and 'tis pity the knot was not tied ere these bloody feuds began. But what wouldst thou now with me?"

"When I think on the evils that this unhappy contest has heaped upon the dear Countess and her family!—when I think upon her son—estranged as he now is from friends and home—and when I heard you, my good Dame, heap misery upon the daughter of Ravenstone ——"

"Soft ye, soft ye, fair damsel, couple not the proud Hamoise with

thine own gentle heart. Why, maiden, thou wert not formed in the same mould! Such a doom as thou hast just heard me pronounce over her would drive thy lowly spirit from its earthly tenement! But it will sit light upon her. She hath courage for that, and more too." But to thy own affairs now.

"I doubt but few beams of joy may light upon them," said Marian.

"Why, look ye, sweet one, for I love you too sincerely to deceive you. When a son is opposed to his father!— when the hand of the brother struggles with that of his own natural kinsman!—what think you must be the result of all these things? Woe to the wife who caresses, woe to the mother who bore them. And such is the Lady at Bradgate's lot. Such is thine, fair Marian!"

Marian sighed.

"Where hath the young lad hid himself?" demanded Deborah. "Is he sick of strife and of bloodshed? Will he turn to the anxious hearts of those who love him?"

"I would ask that of you," said the maiden, "that is my errand here; of you, Deborah, who know every thing."

"Whist, silly one, impute no more knowledge to me than is becoming me. Yet thus far I will enlighten thee. The hour is not yet come that shall restore a son to his parent!—a husband to thee, Marian! Leonard still struggles with fate. When that hour does arrive, I will myself inform thee of it. So hie thee home to thy patroness, and say to her that old Deborah devotes herself to the weal of her family—the care of her son; nor hound nor hawk of his shall be injured, whilst he listens to the advice of those about him."

"Oh, keep your faith, good Dame, keep your faith but in this instance, watch over the life of young Leonard, and the blessing of every heart be with you."

"Of thine too, fair maid; is it not so? I love to raise a blush upon that cheek," said the old woman patting her.

The face of Marian rested for an instant on her shoulder; she pressed her ruby lips to hers, and her whole countenance was lit up with gratitude, as receiving some instructions from the beldame for the private ear of the Countess—she turned her steps homewards.

It was in the memorable year 1647, when the King's affairs had become so desperate that even his firmest friends seemed ready to give way to despair, that Dame Priestly kept her promise towards the inhabitants of Bradgate. With camblet gown, hood, and coif, of the purest white, the old woman seized the knob of her ivory-headed cane, and with more agility than might have been expected from her years took the way to the hall.

Leonard, a younger son of the noble owner of the domain, had adhered firmly by the Stuarts, whilst his father and elder brother had been no less strenuous in the cause of the Parliament. Many had been the broils and heart-rendings this unhappy division of opinions had brought upon the family; for the fiery and high-spirited Leonard, impatient of control, and reckless of aught that might be urged unto him by his more prudent relatives, stuck closely by his king. Nor was it till that monarch was too completely encoiled in the web of his enemies to admit of relief, that he suffered himself to be prevailed upon to listen to the wishes of those who loved him. With his family he had but little intercourse; a few hearts leaned unto him, but those were of the softer kind. Yet, desperate as the situation of Leonard seemed to be, there was still one alternative, and this, after due consultation with the shrewd Deborah, the anxious Countess determined to adopt. It was to unite the fates of her discarded son and the betrothed Marian together, to send them from her into temporary banishment, and to trust to fortune for happier hours!

Harsh as the measure might seem, as regarded the welfare of the gentle girl, the lady deemed it wise to adopt it; for she well knew the influence she possessed over the mind of Leonard, and she hoped that much good might be the result.

It was late one evening, and after a long and final conversation with her maternal guardian, that Marian quitted the hall, to steal silently into the spacious park which surrounded it. Her countenance was mournful, and the trembling drop of sorrow yet rested on her cheek - she moved

onwards beneath the stately rows of chesnuts that led from the mansion, whose thick foliage shaded both her and its walls from the rude gaze of the stranger; but it was with the feelings and the air of one who is half doubtful, half wishful of what she is about to do—whose heart is anxious for the success of her expedition, but who trembles under the performance of it.

When she had gained the extremity of the spreading chesnuts, the last glimmer of twilight was fast fading from the hills. A dark mist had already spread itself over the valley, which, as she immerged into it, communicated its chilling influence to her face and bosom. But Marian heeded it not, her mind was too sensibly alive to the task she had undertaken to regard either the moisture of the air or the approaching darkness. She took her way across the park, nor paused until she reached one of the pastures which opened upon the forest. Here Marian rested; for the noise of fifes and of drums at that moment sounded fearfully upon her ear, and made her heart beat with terror. A few seconds she listened—the sounds died gradually away, and the tinkling of the solitary sheep bell was the only noise which succeeded them. Encouraged by the tranquillity that again appeared to reign, the affrighted maiden advanced with cautious foot into the open waste; but she had not wandered far, when she was again startled by the sharp voice of some one near to her. It was Dame Priestly, on whose countenance sat so much wildness and apprehension as to communicate itself to Marian.

"The lark of Bradgate from its nest at so cheerless an hour? Wot ye not that hawks and buzzards are abroad, fond girl? And what if they should crop your flight, pretty maid?"

"Gracious powers," said Marian eagerly, "what mean you? Those sounds, ——"

"Aye," said Deborah, all the cant of her profession rushing into her voice and words, "Those sounds savour of captivity and murder! You left the Lady Countess free to walk through the domains of her husband, unfettered by the commands of any one; could you behold her now, you would find her sitting in the lonely turret of her chamber, in terror and in silence, weeping over the evil fortunes that oppress her!"

"So soon this change?" cried Marian.

"You may say soon, poor child. The commands of tyrants lack not agents to put them into execution. Suspicions are abroad that young Leonard hides him hereabout."

"And what of him?" shrieked Marian.

"Aye, there is indeed the danger." She laid her finger wildly upon her lip, glanced her phrensied eye upon the maiden, and resumed in the same appalling accents—"But never fear, pretty one, my faith is pledged to thee, and when was it ever broken? Where no risk is, small must be the glory. I will guide thee to him; nor shall all the followers of Cromwell prevent me."

She laid her hand upon the mantle of the trembling Marian, and urged her forward, till they reached a low hovel formed amidst the excavations of the rocks, and as the door opened, a hand half thrust out caught the maid and drew her hastily within.

"Is it you, dear girl? So long, and so impatiently expected! Oh, how drearily have the moments passed."

They were the well known accents of love, and they sank upon the ear and heart of the damsel with ten-fold sweetness, as contrasted with the shrill notes of Deborah, which even still dwelt upon them. For a short period the old woman suffered them to enjoy the transport of meeting without interruption; it was but a short one.

"Away, away," she exclaimed impetuously, "ere the chains of your enemies encircle you. But there is one task yet." She looked mournfully upon them. "Come, unhappy pair, a last look at the Countess you must take. To her embrace you cannot now go."

She quitted the hovel with a rapid uneven pace, followed by Leonard and his Marian, nor rested, till the walls of Bradgate became perceptible amid gloom and distance.

The mansion was built in a quadrangular form, of brick, so strongly cemented together as to appear capable of withstanding the ravages of many ages. A Gothic chapel, de-

corated with the tomb of many a noble ancestor, reared its head in the centre of the building, at the corners of which rose four square towers, serving the double purposes of staircase and vestibule to the apartments severally connected with them. Between two of these towers, looking full west, was the range of rooms usually devoted to the Countess's use, and the only side of the building not encircled by the stately chesnut trees, in which it was almost entirely embosomed. The view from these apartments was lovely and picturesque, looking up a fair romantic valley, through which the youthful fugitives now trod.

The roar of the waters, rushing over the steep declivities on one side of them,—the occasional hoarse croak of the raven, disturbed from his repose as he sheltered among the rocks,—and the distant hum of men's voices, pacing to and fro between the walls of the mansion,—all contributed to the dreadful emotion with which the hearts of the travellers were already fraught—added to which, the pale beams of the moon, partially breaking from behind a cloud and shining brightly upon the windows of their home, rendered those emotions still more keen. Involuntarily they paused. Leonard and Marian pressed their hands upon their hearts. It was a painful struggle betwixt affection and necessity. "Alas, my mother! and my friend!" burst at once from their lips, as, scarcely conscious of the action, they sank upon their knees and gazed with wild and eager looks upon the building.

Deborah regarded them earnestly. "Poor wanderers! dearer at this moment to the heart of your parent than when you glided in costliness and pomp within the walls of yonder stately hall! Well may you mourn to go hence. But let it be a lesson unto you."

"Hush, Dame," said Marian, gently, forgetting her own sorrow in her anxiety to spare the feelings of her companion. "Drive not the arrow beyond its barb, the point is quite keen enough, believe me. And you, dear Leonard (turning towards him), when you behold those fair walls, on which the moon plays so mildly, does not your heart carry you beyond them? Are not the cheering scenes of infancy present? The tennis court—the bowling-green—the latticed summer-house by the river, on whose banks, beneath whose willows we have sat together, little dreaming of such an hour as this —"

She covered her face with her hands as she ceased, and resting it upon them, sobbed bitterly. The distressed youth threw his arms fondly around her; but Deborah, who, notwithstanding her rugged nature, loved the lady and her children with an affection as ardent as it was sincere, interrupted them hastily.

"Nay, waste not the precious moments in grief which can now avail you not. Look rather to the brighter side of the picture; and see, the Countess herself, the noble dame who reared you, appears to greet and bless you!"

The words of the beldame were correct; at an open casement, with arms stretched out, and eyes that seemed as if they would dive into futurity, stood the anxious mother watching for the objects of her solicitude, wistful, yet almost dreading to behold them.

"There she stands!—the best of mothers, and of wives!"—cried the energetic Deborah, waving her hand triumphantly over the prostrate couple, and pointing towards their agonized parent.

"But again I say to you, Weep not, for '*the lot is cast into the lap, and the whole disposing thereof is from above!*'"

She raised them gently, and having succeeded in sufficiently tranquillizing their spirits, so as to admit of their receiving the farewell wafted by the lady, she conducted them in safety beyond the skirts of the forest.

S.

FAIR ANNIE OF LOCHROYAN.

A TRADITIONAL VERSION OF THE ANCIENT ROMANTIC BALLAD.

Sweet Annie built a bonnie ship
  And set her on the sea,
The sails were a' of the damask'd silk,
  The masts of silver free.
The gladsome waters sung below,
  And the sweet wind sung above,
Make way for Annie of Lochroyan,
  She comes to seek her love.

A gentle wind came with a sweep
  And stretch'd her silken sail,
When up there came a reaver rude,
  With many a shout and hail.
"O touch her not, my mariners a',
  Such loveliness goes free,
Make way for Annie of Lochroyan,
  She seeks Lord Gregorie."

The moon look'd out with all her stars,
  The ship moved merrily on,
Until she came to a castle high,
  That all as diamonds shone.
On every tower there stream'd a light,
  On the middle tower shone three:-
"Move for that tower, my mariners a',
  My love keeps watch for me."

She took her young son in her arms,
  And on the deck she stood—
The wind rose with an angry gust,
  The sea-wave waken'd rude.
"Oh, open the door, Lord Gregory, love,
  Oh open and let me in,
The sea-foam hangs in my yellow hair,
  The surge dreeps down my chin.

"All for thy sake, Lord Gregory, love,
  I've sail'd a perilous way,
And thy fair son is 'tween my breasts,
  And he'll be dead ere day.
The foam hangs on the topmost cliff,
  The fires run on the sky;
And hear ye not your true-love's voice,
  And her sweet babie's cry?"

Fair Annie turn'd her round about,
  And tears began to flow,
"May never a babie suck a breast
  Wi' a heart sae full of woe.
Take down, take down that silver mast,
  Set up a mast of tree,
It disnae become a forsaken dame
  To sail sae royallie."

"Oh rede my dream, my mother dear—
  I heard a sweet babe greet,
And saw fair Annie of Lochroyan
  Lie cauld dead at my feet."

And loud and loud his mother laugh'd,
  "Oh sights mair sure than sleep,
I saw fair Annie, and heard her voice,
  And her babie wail and weep."

O! he went down to yon sea-side
  As fast as he could fare,
He saw fair Annie and her sweet babe,
  But the wild wind toss'd them sair;
"And hey Annie, and how Annie,
  And Annie winna ye bide?"
But aye the mair he call'd Annie,
  The broader grew the tide.

"And hey Annie, and how Annie,
  Dear Annie, speak to me?"
But aye the louder he cried Annie,
  The louder roar'd the sea.
The wind wax'd loud, the sea grew rough,
  The ship sunk nigh the shore,
Fair Annie floated through the foam,
  But the babie rose no more.

Oh! first he kiss'd her cherry cheek,
  And then he kiss'd her chin,
And syne he kiss'd her rosie lips,
  But there was nae breath within.
"Oh! my love's love was true as light,
  As meek and sweet was she—
My mother's hate was strong as death,
  And fiercer than the sea."

THE LIFE OF HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

Henry Kirke White was born at Nottingham, on the twenty-first of March, 1785. His father, John, was a butcher; his mother, Mary Neville, was of a respectable family in Staffordshire. Of the school-mistress, who taught him to read and whose name was Garrington, he has drawn a pleasing picture in his verses entitled Childhood. At about six years of age he began to learn writing, arithmetic, and French, from the Rev. John Blanchard; and when out of school was employed in carrying about the butcher's basket. Some lines "On being confined to School one pleasant Summer Morning," written at the age of thirteen, by which time he had been placed under the tuition of a Mr. Shipley, are nearly equal to any he afterwards produced. Next year he was made to work at a stocking-loom, preparatively to his learning the business of a hosier; but his mother, seeing the reluctance with which he engaged in an employment so ill-suited to his temper and abilities, prevailed on his father, though not without much difficulty, to fix him in the office of Messrs. Coldham and Enfield, attorneys in Nottingham. As his parents could not afford to pay a fee, he was (in 1799) engaged to serve for two years, and at the end of that term he was articled. Most of his time that could be spared from the duties of the office was, at the recommendation of his masters, spent in learning Latin, to which, of his own accord he added Greek, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese. Some knowledge of chemistry, astronomy, electricity, and some skill in music and drawing, were among his other voluntary acquirements. White was one of those, who feel an early and importunate craving for distinction. He had already been chosen member of a literary society in his native town; and soon after his election, as Mr. Southey relates,

"he lectured upon genius, and spoke extempore for about two hours, in such a manner, that he received the unanimous thanks of the society, and they elected this young Roscius of Oratory their Professor of Literature." He next became a writer in several of the Monthly Miscellanies; and (in 1803) put forth a volume of poems. A few words of unfortunate criticism in one of the Reviews, which in a few years more he would have learned to smile at, had nearly crushed his hopes as an author; when Mr. Southey, into whose hands both the Review and the Poems themselves chanced to fall, generously came to his relief. The protection of one so deservedly eminent could not fail of affording him some comfort; though he still complained that "the Review went before him wherever he turned his steps, that it haunted him incessantly, and that he was persuaded it was an instrument in the hands of Satan to drive him to distraction."

It is not usual to hear a poet, much less a young poet, complaining that Satan is busied about his concerns. But his mind, which had before been disposed to scepticism, was now determined with such force to an extreme of devotional feeling as scarcely to retain its due balance. In what manner the change was effected, it is not very material to enquire; but the different accounts which Mr. Southey has given of the matter according to the information he received at different times, may serve to show how little dependance is to be placed on relations of this kind. At first he tells us "that Mr. Pigott, the curate of St. Mary's, Nottingham, hearing what was the bent of his religious opinions, sent him, by a friend, Scott's Force of Truth, and requested him to peruse it attentively, which he promised to do. Having looked at the book, he told the person who brought it to him, that he would soon write an answer to it; but about a fortnight afterwards, when this friend enquired how far he had proceeded in his answer to Mr. Scott, Henry's reply was in a very different tone and temper. He said, that to answer that book was out of his power, and out of any man's, for it was founded upon eternal truth; that it had convinced him of his error; and that so thoroughly impressed was he with a sense of the importance of his Maker's favour, that he would willingly give up all acquisitions of knowledge, and all hopes of fame, and live in a wilderness unknown till death, so he could ensure an inheritance in heaven." In a subsequent correction of this statement, Mr. Southey informs us that Scott's Force of Truth was put into his hands by his friend and fellow-pupil Mr. Almond, since Rector of St. Peter's, Nottingham, with an entreaty that he would peruse it at his leisure; that the book produced little effect, and was returned with disapprobation; but that afterwards in a conversation with Mr. Almond, he declared his belief with much vehemence and agitation. This was soon after he had reached his eighteenth year. Maturer judgment "convinced him that 'zeal was to be tempered with discretion; that the service of Christ was a *rational service;*' that a strong assurance 'was not to be resorted to as the *touchstone* of our acceptance with God,' that it was not even the necessary attendant of religious life;" as more experience of his spiritual associates discovered to him that their professions of zeal were too frequently accompanied by want of charity; and that in matters of religion, as in every thing else, they "who feel the most, generally talk the least."

That even before his conversion, as it is rather improperly called, he was not without a sense of religious duty, may be inferred from his having already chosen the Church as a profession in preference to the Law. To this alteration in his plan of life he might have been directed by a love of study, or by the greater opportunities held out to him of gratifying his literary ambition; but it is unreasonable to suppose that he would have voluntarily taken such a measure, if his own conviction had run counter to it. The attorneys to whom he was bound, were ready enough to release him; since, though well satisfied with his conduct and attention to their concerns, they perceived him to be troubled with a deafness which would incapacitate him for the practice of the law. The means of supporting him at the University

were accordingly supplied by the liberality of the friends whom he had gained; and after passing a twelvemonth with the Rev. Mr. Grainger, of Winteringham, in Lincolnshire, to prepare himself, he was in 1805 entered a sizar of St. John's, Cambridge. Here his application to books was so intense, that his health speedily sank under it. He was indeed "declared to be the first man of his year;" but the honour was dearly purchased at the expense of "dreadful palpitations in the heart, nights of sleeplessness and horrors, and spirits depressed to the very depths of wretchedness." In July, 1806, his laundress on coming into his room at College, saw him fallen down in a convulsive fit, bleeding and insensible. His great anxiety was to conceal from his mother the state to which he was reduced. At the end of September, he went to London in search of relaxation and amusement; and in the next month, returned to College with a cough and fever, which this effort had encreased. His brother, on being informed of his danger, hastened to Cambridge, and found him delirious. He recovered sufficiently to know him for a few moments; but the next day sank into a stupor, and on the 19th of October expired. It was the opinion of his medical attendants, that if he had lived his intellect would have failed him.

He was buried in All-Saints' Church, Cambridge, where his monument, sculptured by Chantrey, has been placed by Mr. Francis Boott, a stranger from Boston in America.

After his death all his papers were consigned to the hands of Mr. Southey. Their contents were multifarious: they comprised observations on law; electricity; the Greek and Latin languages, from their rudiments to the higher branches of critical study; on history, chronology, and divinity. He had begun three tragedies, on Boadicea, Ines de Castro, and a fictitious story; several poems in Greek, and a translation of Samson Agonistes. The selection which Mr. Southey has made, consists of copious extracts from his letters, poems, and essays.

Mr. Southey has truly said of him, that what he is most remarkable for is *his uniform good sense.* To Chatterton, with whom this zealous friend and biographer has mentioned him, he is not to be compared. Chatterton has the force of a young poetical Titan, who threatens to take Parnassus by storm. White is a boy differing from others more in aptitude to follow than in ability to lead. The one is complete in every limb, active, self-confident, and restless from his own energy. The other, gentle, docile, and animated rather than vigorous. He began, as most youthful writers have begun, by copying those whom he saw to be the objects of popular applause in his own day. He has little distinct character of his own. We may trace him by turns to Goldsmith, Chatterton, and Coleridge. His numbers sometimes offend the ear by unskilful combinations of sound, as in these lines—

But for the babe she bore beneath her breast;

And—

While every bleaching breeze that on her blows;

And sometimes, though more rarely they gratify it by unexpected sweetness. He could occasionally look abroad for himself, and describe what he saw. In his Clifton Grove there are some little touches of landscape-painting which are, as I think, unborrowed.

What rural objects steal upon the sight,

* * * * *

The brooklet branching from the silver Trent,
The whispering birch by every zephyr bent,
The woody island and the naked mead,
The lowly hut half hid in groves of reed,
The rural wicket and the rural stile,
And frequent interspersed the woodman's pile.

Among his poems of later date, there is one unfinished fragment in this manner, of yet higher beauty.

Or should the day be overcast,
We'll linger till the show'r be past;
Where the hawthorn's branches spread
A fragrant cover o'er the head;
And list the rain-drops beat the leaves,
Or smoke upon the cottage eaves;
Or silent dimpling on the stream
Convert to lead its silver gleam.

FRENCH SCHOOL OF PAINTING.

Those who have visited Paris well know the difficulty, not to say impossibility, of acquiring accurate information upon any subject whatever, whether politics, literature, the arts, society, &c. In London, the most perfect stranger requires no guide beyond the daily newspapers, and periodical works, weekly, monthly, or quarterly, with which our coffee houses, booksellers' shops, and club rooms abound; but should these even be silent upon any specified point of public or private interest, we doubt whether there is a tradesman connected directly or indirectly with the point in question, who would not afford the requisite information, and put the inquirer in a way to satisfy his curiosity. Not so in Paris; an Englishman, well versed in the language and manners of the country and people, can only hope to attain his point at a very inconvenient expense of time and trouble, and must even then often make up his mind to vexation and disappointment. Are his pursuits political? the recent censorship has extinguished the partial glimmering which heretofore existed; to the press he therefore looks in vain; and the system of espionage has so completely paralysed all colloquial freedom, that it will be equally vain to hope for information from the casual intercourse with such society as chance may throw in his way. In literature, he will find difficulties nearly as insurmountable, connected, if not originating with the same cause. They are a talking, but necessity has denied them the power or pleasure of being a communicative people. Let an English traveller go into a Parisian bookseller's shop, and ask for the productions of the day; should good fortune bring him in contact with the actual publisher of a recent work, that work will be presented, but, beyond this, he will hear nothing above the common routine. On the Boulevard, or Palais Royal, he will inquire in vain for works on Natural History or Science; for these he must cross the river, defile (in more senses than one the word is applicable) through the filthy streets diverging from the Quai des Augustins, and pick out his way to the Rue de l'Ecole de Medicine. I speak feelingly and experimentally upon this subject, for well do I remember the better half of a valuable day lost in wandering from shop to shop, in search of a work of some note. By one bookseller assured, in spite of the evidence of my own senses, that no such work existed; by another, that he believed it to be in progress; by another, that, if published, it must be out of print, for he had neither seen nor heard of it;—it was only by persevering efforts that I was at last fortunate enough to run it to earth in its birth-place, in the remote recesses of Rue de la Seine. The same difficulty exists with regard to the Arts. David and Gerard are names tolerably familiar to the generality of our readers, but it may be doubted whether many (unless professed artists) know even by name half a dozen of the seven hundred and ninety painters, engravers, sculptors, and architects, of whose works I am about to speak, hoping and believing that in thus saying I am not guilty of illiberality or prejudice towards my Gallic friends; for it is surely next to an impossibility that any well-informed foreigner should in this country be ignorant of the works or names of Lawrence, Beechey, Phillips, Wilkie, Callcott, Hilton, Chantrey, cum multis aliis. But in France, more or less, it must be admitted as a general axiom that the right hand knoweth not what the left hand doeth (saving and excepting with all due deference the *police*, which knoweth well, and watcheth vigilantly over the workings of every hand, and heart, and head, within its enfilure). To other sources then must the traveller look for information; and, accordingly, he will gratefully and joyfully hail the announcement of a public exhibition, which will do what a public press and public intercourse ought, but does not. It had been given out that at twelve o'clock, on the 25th of August, the long expected day of the "fête de St. Louis, au Musée Royal des Arts," there

would be an "Exposition des Ouvrages de Peinture, Sculpture, Gravure, Lithographie, et Architecture, des Artistes vivans."

Now curiosity is to the full as much alive in the good city of Paris as vanity; accordingly much was said, and thought, and expected from this grateful display of talent.

On the day of Louis XVIII. the sun rose in more than usual brilliance; a long succession of lovely weather had afforded ample time and opportunity for preparations; a few seasonable showers had in the course of the preceding week washed the dust from every leaf and flower throughout the gardens of the Thuilleries and the Champs Elysées; the oleanders, the pomegranates, the myrtles, and the orange trees rivalled each other in a rich profusion of beautiful blossoms, a gentle breeze filled the air with their fragrance, while in mid air the flag of the Bourbons waved, contrasting its pure and dazzling white with the deep clear blue of a cloudless sky. But neither these nor the multifarious and innumerable amusements prepared had attractions sufficient to eclipse the feast of art provided within the walls of the Louvre. Accordingly, the moment the doors were opened, a crowd (composed for the greater part of materials which in England would have constituted a mob, including the various dangers and consequences therewith connected) entered with all that politesse and attention to mutual accommodation, in which France stands unrivalled. In less than a quarter of an hour about a dozen rooms, more or less spacious, were completely filled, without the slightest breach of order or decorum on the part of a single individual.

It is impossible to attempt a detailed criticism of about 2500 works of art. Amidst a glare of glowing tints it requires time for the mind to settle into sober observation, and the eye to repose with tolerable calmness upon the vast field spread out before it. It may be remarked, first, that the pictures, as far as relates to numbering, are very badly arranged;—the names of the artists being placed in the catalogue alphabetically, with a list of their works numerically inserted below, it is impossible to discover a particular picture, the whole being scattered abroad, according to size, subject, or caprice, over the wide extent of the various rooms; with this limitation only, that the paintings are in great measure separated from the drawings, the drawings from the engravings, these again from the lithographic productions; and, lastly, in spacious rooms below are collected the models and sculptured marbles. To such as had not visited the Louvre in all its former glory, or even in its more recent state, shorn of its radiance, the present exhibition must have inflicted the miseries of the cup of Tantalus. Immediately on entering, full in front, a sentry paced before the gates leading to the galleries of ancient sculpture. "On n'entre pas ici" was the reply to many an anxious intruder, who saw before him in their vaulted chambers ranks of gods and demi-gods, in every attitude of dignity and grace, like the senators of Rome awaiting in silence the rush of the Gauls. Above stairs a similar disappointment awaited him; a suite of rooms in the old Louvre contained the greater part, but the anti-room and about thirty yards of the grand gallery were opened for the remainder. A barrier like a gulph separated the ancient and modern schools of perfection and imperfection, beyond which the eye was lost in the interminable vista, where all was silence and solitude. Not so on the modern side of the barrier,—a dense crowd filling up every foot of vacant space, and the air vibrating with the loquacious murmurings of we know not how many thousand French tongues.

The first glance is, however, sufficient to convey a tolerably accurate idea of the French school; it is like their character we seek in vain for rest and quiet, there is an indescribably vivacious bustle in their general style; a spectator fully enters into the perils of Prince Bahman in ascending the mountain of speaking stones; the idea of tongues in trees and in the running brooks becomes familiar. There is, generally speaking, neither depth nor solidity in their touch, yet they have merits of no ordinary stamp, peculiar to themselves; there is a sharpness and lightness very fascinating, and sometimes

a Canaletti sort of clearness which actually cuts the eye, like a fresh stereotype print on a sheet of shining hot-pressed vellum paper. That they have not neglected the opportunities circumstances have placed within their reach is very evident in the touch and style. A slavish imitation of the old school is observable throughout: one old master, however, it is as evident they have too much neglected; one far antecedent to Cimabue and Giotto, visible in the works of the best, but superior to all —Nature. I have heard some even of our British artists maintain seriously that Nature ought not to be too closely imitated. This is incomprehensible doctrine to those who are disposed to look on painting as the representation of nature. Amateurs may be accused (and perhaps justly) of superficial views, and incapacities of entering into the depths of the subject; but, however, such as we are, we have our pleasures, and amongst them there is none greater than this double power of enjoying nature in pictures, and pictures in nature. It may almost be called a sixth sense—it gives to every kind of scenery its peculiar charm; whether in the brightness of a summer's sun, or the gloom of winter's storm, whether on the mountain top or the flat wide heath, we discover alike a series of beautiful pictures in the varied styles of our best artists; we trace the catching lights of Dewint--of Turner—of Callcott. In human life again we may equally pick out our groups after the manner of Wilkie, of Mulready, of Leslie. And in this view of the subject it is that the grand difference—*superiority* I would say of the English, in contradistinction to the French school, is so remarkable. In France no scenery recalls an artist's peculiar touch. The absence of nature is more or less perceptible in all. Where, but amongst opera dancers and the stiff formal characters of the French tragedy, has David sought the figures which stand in formal attitudes on his canvas?* But this deficiency is most glaring where forest scenery is concerned; and I gladly allude to it because it affords an opportunity of qualifying the censure passed. If a French artist does not pay that attention to nature which she justly merits, may it not be that, in many instances, it is for want of opportunity of making acquaintance with her? Few countries, considering its vast and varied extent, possess so little of what is really picturesque in forest scenery. A traveller may traverse the "gay regions" in various directions without meeting with a single instance of a genuine mass of picturesque foliage. In France, there is a deficiency of hedges, and consequently of hedgerow timber, to which we in England are indebted for some of our finest specimens of woodland beauty. Their forests are not like ours—cider and charcoal divide the honours of the field.—Accordingly the traveller's eye is wearied with avenues of apple trees, and as, in a country devoid of coal, wood becomes a prominent feature in domestic economy, from orchards it seeks relief in vain among groves formally planted with the regularity of a Roman Quincunx, "omnia paribus numeris dimensa," which if allowed to rise above the rank of underwood, are composed of naked stems, every lateral branch being lopped off when large enough to cut up into a billet. With this impression upon the mind, I looked over the rooms in vain for a fair representation of this finest feature in natural landscape. An ample supply indeed of well finished and tolerably touched middle distances, but not one specimen of a well represented tree in a foreground could I discover. Again, a French artist has no conception of wandering about the country in search of the rural and picturesque. A cabriolet may take him in every direction, north, south, east, or west of Paris, for a day's jaunt, but it will not bring him into contact with any thing deserving a minute's exercise for his pencil. He may pace up and down the gardens of the Thuilleries, and Champs Elysées, amidst clipped avenues and formal shrubs; but neither there nor elsewhere will he see the massive groups of elms which adorn Hyde Park,

* David has no works in the present exhibition, but exhibits one in the Rue du Richlieu, representing Mars attired by Venus, at the rate of two francs a head—a price, in our humble opinion at least 150 centimes more than it deserves.

the rich foliage of Kensington Gardens, or the beauties of a Richmond-hill, or, in a word, the countless pictures of nature in her loveliest forms, which are scattered with profusion in every direction round London. As it has been before observed, his peculiar excellence lies in that which is forced upon his observation, and is, if we may so say, ever above, below and round about him—atmospheric clearness. We will venture to pronounce that no man ever had or can have an idea of the truth of Canaletti's pictures until he has crossed the Channel. Whether from clouds, vapours, coal fires, we presume not to decide, but so it is that England is shrouded by an atmosphere most triste and sombre. Nothing can form so striking a contrast as the view of Paris from the heights of Montmartre or Nôtre Dame, and of London, from Highgate-hill or St. Paul's. The former presents a picture clear and vivid beyond conception; the golden dome of L'Hôpital des Invalides glitters as though the gilding of Napoleon were the work of yesterday; every tower and turret rises up clean and sharp to meet a clear bright sky in which the clouds float as distinct appendages. In the view from Highgate-hill, the scene below may be matchless, innumerable spires and steeples here and there rising from a boundless mass of fog or smoke may remind the spectator of the extent and wealth buried below, but after all it is "ignotum pro magnifico." * Again, let an observer stand at the bottom of Portland-place, or Wimpole-street, and look before him: the distance, if he be a pedestrian, seems infinite and appalling; but when the attempt is made, a few minutes bring him to the end of the apparently boundless space. How different in Paris! who has not lost his patience and strength in accomplishing what appeared to the eye but a step? In fact, in Paris on a clear day there is no such thing as middle distance; the most remote points are as distinctly made out and defined as the nearest buildings, and seem as tangible as the moving scenes of a camera obscura. It may be a question how far on the whole this is favourable to a painter's eye. It certainly takes off from that diversified appearance which shades and partial obscurities afford; it operates as a check to imagination, and induces a sort of matter-of-fact style which must tend more or less to render painting an art more of knack than genius: nothing can be more dangerous than this; and the consequences I conceive to be sufficiently exemplified in our views of the French school. Accordingly, there we find much of this excellence throughout (I mean the brightness and clearness of their atmosphere), but nothing beyond it. Many of their productions have so much of what is really excellent in this point, that the indifferent handling of the rest frequently excites astonishment. It would seem as if there was a certain point beyond which they could not pass. After all, it might be a curious discussion, and one worth the attention of more experienced judges, how far they have really profited by their superior opportunities. It is impossible to look round the room without perceiving how much they are indebted to the old masters, and how little to their own unassisted genius. With the same encouragement and favourable circumstances, might not the British school have ranked higher in the nobler regions of Scriptural and historical painting? for on the subject of encouragement, a doubt may arise whether painting in our country *has* that share of patronage, either public or private, which, as an art, she is entitled to expect. Our neighbours have, at all events, one source of patronage of which we are unfortunately destitute. The spirit of the Catholic religion is not, like ours, adverse to the introduction of paintings within its cathedrals and minor places of worship.

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* Burke says, "that all edifices calculated to produce an idea of the sublime ought to be dark and gloomy. In buildings where the highest degree of sublimity is intended, the materials and ornaments ought neither to be white, nor green, nor yellow, nor blue, nor of a pale red, nor violet, nor spotted; but of a sad and fuscous colour, as black or brown, or deep purple, and the like"—arguing upon such data, where shall we find a more sublime view than from the top of St. Paul's?

In a few instances indeed we may find exceptions to the rule, but they are only exceptions. With them, on the contrary, it forms almost an essential part of their church furniture; and the consequence is that, in the exhibition we are now speaking of, religious subjects, good, bad, and indifferent, form a prominent feature. In looking over our catalogue, the following data are selected from which some estimate may be formed of the extent of the patronage they enjoy:

The whole exhibition exclusive of prints consists of about	1800
Ordered by Le Ministère de la Maison du Roi	35
Ordered by Le Ministre de L'Interieur, of which the greater part are sacred subjects	27
Ordered by Le Préfet du Departement de La Seine	25
Ordered by Monseigneur le Duc d'Orleans	6
Ordered by La Societe des Amis des Arts	7
Ordered by Members of the Royal Family	11

and as not more than 100 are marked in the catalogue as still in the hands of the artists, we may conclude that the greater part of the remainder are also disposed of.

Politics are again a considerable source of encouragement. Napoleon knew well the powerful effect of rousing a Frenchman through the medium of his senses. He well knew how to touch a chord which would vibrate through the very *sanctum* of their souls; he could suit right well "their folly to the metal of his speech;" a shout, a word, a look, administered at the proper moment, has been known to dispel the gloom excited by months of tyranny; and painting, with equal success, was an engine with which he powerfully worked upon their feelings.* Every scene of his eventful life found its record in painting or engraving. The blow was scarcely inflicted at Austerlitz, Marengo, &c. ere the effect was exhibited before exulting Parisians. And the Bourbons *passibus æquis* as far as intention, though *lento pede* as to dignity of subject, have followed his example. Vernet at the head of a feebler troop has recorded the progress of M. Le Duc d'Angoulême from the banks of the Bidassoa to the Pillars of Hercules. He is visible in every attitude: no opportunity, however trifling, is omitted of exhibiting him within or out of reach of shot, shell, and sword. Anxious, if possible, to ascertain the state of public feeling in these ignobly warlike transactions, I lingered and lost much time (which might have been better bestowed as far as related to the subjects) before several of these achievements, in hopes of collecting a few remarks; but, singularly enough, not a comment ever reached my ears;

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* As an instance of how far this was carried, there is a painting by Gilbert (No 767)—The *Capture* of the British Frigate Amethyst by the French Frigate Le Niemen. Thus speaks the Frenchman: "Après six heures de combat, M. Dupolet, qui commandait Le Niemen, fait amener la frégate Anglaise. Il se disposait à amariner sa prise lorsquil aperçoit une autre frégate ennemie a une portee et demie de canon. Quoiqu'extremement endommagé, il se decide à tenter les chances d'un nouveau combat. L'Amethyst rehisse son pavillon, et la frégate Francaise mise entre deux feux pendant toute la nuit, ne se rend qu'à cinq heures du matin (le 5 Avril, 1809) après avoir eu 44 hommes tues et 72 blessés." [The French official account of this action may be seen in the Naval Chronicle, vol. xxi. p. 93; and Sir M. Seymour's Letter to the Admiralty, in vol. xxii. p. 343.]

We quote no more of Sir Michael Seymour's account than the following. "From one till past three, a. m. on the 6th. the action was severe, after which the enemy's main and mizen masts fell, his fire became faint, was just silenced, while ours continued as lively as ever, when the Arethusa appeared; and on her firing, he immediately made a signal of having surrendered. The main and mizen masts of the Amethyst fell at the close of the action, and she had eight killed and 37 wounded."

It is unnecessary to remind an Englishman that false accounts cannot easily be pawned upon the public without immediate contradiction. A free press in a free country utterly precludes the possibility of such an attempt. A Frenchman alone, who has yet to learn the full value of these privileges, may think differently, and die in the belief that an officer of Sir Michael Seymour's character would tamely surrender his ship to an enemy of equal force, or dishonourably rehoist his flag, had the Amethyst been compelled to strike to the Niemen!!

the spectators seemed to regard them with apathy and silence. The only words at all connected with scenes of blood and battle burst from a sallow-faced figure, who exclaimed to a companion, on seeing the defence of the gates of Paris by the national guard under Marshal Moncey, "ah, le tricolor! (the tricolour cockade) voila quelque chose qui vaut mieux que les guerres en Espagne."

It would be satisfactory to be enabled to state with any accuracy the scale of prices asked by different artists, but as the exhibition opened so short a time before the conclusion of my visit no opportunity of ascertaining them occurred. I suspect them however to be high, having heard of an insignificant sketch being valued at 80 francs. Of M. Isabey's Seppia sketches (few of them deserve the name of finished drawings) the public had an opportunity of judging, when they were exhibited in London a few years ago. After all "what is the value of a thing, but as much money as t'will bring;" and the only allowable regret is that their popular taste does not admit of a better and purer style; but this can only be accomplished by a revolution, utterly hopeless, in national feeling. A flimsy washy sketch on a bright gaudy square foot of canvas is sure to attract attention. "Ah que c'est joli ce genre ci!" was the remark of simpering Frenchman as he pored over a daub of this description: a dozen specimens in modest sober colouring would have blushed unseen before the eyes of such a critic.

I have exceeded the intended extent of my observations on this subject, but cannot conclude without saying a few words on the separate departments of Engraving, Lithography, and Sculpture.

Of the first of these I feel disposed to speak in very favourable terms. A portrait of Miss O'Neil in mezzotinto proves that they are well qualified to lay a rich ground, and handle the scraper in a masterly manner; but I recollect no other specimen worth notice in this style. In line engraving there were several fine prints, finished with a strength, spirit, and clearness, quite equal, if not superior to the best of our own school. Foreigners, indeed, have usually ranked high in the use of the graver. May not this be accounted for, without wishing to detract from their talent and merit, by certain local causes? In countries where the necessaries of life are so much cheaper, an artist may be enabled to bestow a greater portion of time and attention than in a country like England, where a similar, or even a larger, remuneration would not procure him an equal proportion of the comforts required by an Englishman of any education and talent. But, however partiality may induce us to estimate our own works, in Lithography there can be no question as to their decided superiority.* We have in London the presses of Mr. Hulmandell and some others, to which the art is indebted for many improvements and several beautiful productions. But if an opinion may be ventured respecting an art so full of mystery and chemistry, I should say that the fault is less with the printer than the artist. To produce a good lithographic print, the drawing must be made by one who fully understands what he is about. He must, in the first place, be able to draw extremely well in chalks with reference to richness and delicacy of touch. In the next place, he must be able to draw well with reference to the future operations of the printer. He must know how, and in what degree to feed the stone, so as to produce proper depths of shade and tint. He must do all this with reference to the powers of the acid, which may perpetuate or efface his delicate lines, and finally to the roller, which is to administer the ink preparatory to its passing under the ordeal of the press. Probably the inquisitive mind of a French artist, added to the more frequent practice of drawing in chalks as an essential part of his education, qualifies him peculiarly to excel in lithography, especially when we again consider

* A splendid work may be shortly expected by M. le Baron Denon, consisting of several hundred plates, illustrating the progress of painting by a series of prints from the best masters of every age. It is to be regretted that only 250 copies are printed, the whole of which have long ago been subscribed for.

the comparative cheapness of labour and means of subsistence.*

I close my remarks with their School of Sculpture, where again, though with much diffidence (for it is not from a transient glance that we ought to speak decisively), I feel inclined to award the palm of excellence to the French chisel. Not that they can produce an artist to vie with Chantrey. There was nothing in the Louvre at all comparable to his dignified statue of Watt, or the reposing children in Lichfield cathedral; but though there were none who shone pre-eminent, there were a greater proportion who deserved to rank high in the class of excellence. I do not indeed recollect one amongst their works manifesting so much bad taste in composition, style, and execution, as we see in many of those monuments which disfigure rather than adorn some of our cathedrals.

Y.

* Two inventions (I can scarcely call them improvements, but as they are in their infancy it would be uncandid to judge too severely) exist in Paris; one by M. Senefelder, Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle, No. 31, which he calls L'Aquatinte Lithographique, ou maniere de reproduicer les desseins faites au pinceau, 1 vol. 4to. 12 planches, price 10 francs. The effect certainly bears a resemblance to the Aquatinte, but is very coarse. The other is Lithochromie, ou tableaux a l'huile par impression, by M. C. Malapeau. Quai Malaquais, No. 7, where about 50 specimens may be seen. The effect is that of bad oil painting, varying in price from 8 to 100 francs.

THE LOST WALKING-STICK.

The influence of inanimate objects of perception in awakening those vivid feelings which time or chance may have associated with them, is too striking to have been passed over without some attempt at explanation. The portrait—the letter—or the gift of a deceased friend are cherished by us, as if in *them* were really condensed all those inestimable qualities on account of which he was dear to us; and, if they happen to be lost, we have an illusive feeling that the pleasurable recollections, of which these inanimate objects were, in a manner, the representatives, are, at the same time, erased from our memory.

We never view the gift of one to whom we were strongly attached when living, or visit those scenes which are hallowed to us by the recollections of departed worth,—in fact, we never look at any object that is connected with his memory, without experiencing a revival of delightful images and feelings, over which, indeed, sorrow throws a shade of melancholy tenderness—the sad tenderness of pleasure to us gone by for ever. "Formerly," said an old man, pointing to the mansion of a deceased friend, "I had only to climb these steps, to forget all the miseries of life;" as if the very steps had imbibed some of the charm of their former owner's virtues. Nor will this kind provision of nature appear unaccountable, when we observe the wonderful influence of custom and association in inseparably uniting ideas between which there need be no natural kindred; and when we reflect on what it is, in which the real tenderness of friendship consists—not merely in admiration of virtue or brilliant genius—or in gratitude for repeated acts of kindness—but in that long and cordial intimacy, which more frequently takes root in youth, and on which time has no power save to mature and to strengthen.

It is by the principle of *association* that writers on the philosophy of mind explain the influence of external objects in suggesting particular trains of ideas: and we know that Mr. Locke maintained, that the fearful ideas we are wont to associate with darkness have really no more to do with darkness than light, but are the offspring of our education in the nursery. As an instance of the effect of association in cementing together ideas that in themselves are not at all of kin, we cannot forbear quoting one from Mr. Locke—for the same reason that he gave for mentioning it—its "pleasant oddness." "It is of a young gentleman, who having learned to dance, and that to great perfection, there happened to stand an old trunk in the room where he learned. The idea of this remark-

able piece of household stuff had so mixed itself with the turns and steps of all his dances, that though in that chamber he could dance excellently well, yet *it* was only whilst that trunk was there, nor could he perform well in any other place, unless that, or some such other trunk, had its due position in the room. If this story," proceeds Mr. Locke, "shall be suspected to be dressed up with some comical circumstances, a little beyond precise nature, I answer for myself, that I had it some years since from a very sober and worthy man, upon his own knowledge, as I report it." But perhaps the power which inanimate objects of sense exercise over the combined images of memory is in no instance more strongly evinced, than in the poignant regret we feel for the loss of a thing with which were associated some tender recollections of friendship. From a tendency of the mind to concentrate—to embody, as it were,—in an object, the feelings it may give rise to, we feel, on the loss of such an object, as if a particular amount of pleasurable recollections were, at the same time, rent from the memory.—But this will appear more evident from a perusal of the two following letters. Of the first, we will give but extracts; for there is a warmth of grief expressed in it at the loss of a mere walking-stick, which would appear ridiculous to those unacquainted with the exaggerating disposition of the writer. The other, which professes to explain that vividness of our associate conceptions which is occasioned by the presence of the suggesting object of perception, is given entire. And here it may be necessary to explain the sense in which these two words—*perception*—*conception*—are used in these letters. By perception is meant, a sensation with a present reference to its cause, the external object: by conception is meant, those states of memory or imagination which may, or may not, have a present reference to external objects.

"You will, I am sure, laugh at my bewailing so bitterly the loss of what is intrinsically of such little value—a walking-stick; but, indeed, you would not, if you could but see the great gap it has made in those musings of memory which served to beguile me, during the many solitary hours entailed on me by absence from friends. I have told you that it was the parting present of our mutual friend, Harry B——d, and had been our companion at school, at college, and afterwards in our tour through Greece and Italy. I well remember the occasion on which it was given to him. It was during the vacation that followed after the death of the only parent I have ever seen—my father. B. wrote a letter privately to his uncle George, giving him an account of the peculiar loneliness of my situation; on receipt of which, that kind-hearted man took chaise immediately, and brought Harry and me home with him to his hospitable mansion in Westmoreland. We one day had a trial of leaping—an exercise, you may remember, I excelled in. B. made an extreme effort to beat me, and sprained his ankle. Many days passed before he was able to stir out; and he then required the support of this same stick, the loss of which has caused me such heartfelt grief. It was given to him by the worthy parish rector, a constant and most welcome visitor at his uncle's; a man of refined intellect, with the greatest simplicity of manners—who practised without ostentation the benevolent precepts that he preached; a man, indeed, as B. and I had often occasion to remark, very, very different from some of his brethren with whom it was afterwards our lot to become acquainted. Out of respect to this excellent man, B. took the stick with him, on our return to school. In Cambridge, where we first knew you, you may remember the cautious respect with which B. used to lay it by; for it had, in fact, become to us both a kind of memorial of the past pleasure of our boyhood. When we met you in Florence, you recognised it as the inseparable companion of our travels, and, if I mistake not, it was you who then called it B.'s Doppelganger, without which he could not move."

Here follows a love episode, in which the stick played a very distinguished part; to which, by the bye, we shrewdly suspect the value of the stick was more owing than our friend would be perhaps willing to confess.

"You were one of many friends who lamented the sad ravages the beatings of a heart too big for its case had made in his naturally deli-

cate constitution; and you endeavoured to cheer the drooping spirits of those who believed, alas! too truly, that they were gazing on him for the last time, by your sanguine declarations of health recovered under the balmy influence of a southern sky. I accompanied him to Plymouth. There was a forced kind of merriment in our conversation at parting, that ill accorded with the sadness which sat heavily on our hearts; and, although Harry tried to elicit some flashes from his playful wit, the faint gleams served but to throw a melancholy lustre over his pallid countenance, so as to remind us of the phosphoric flame which is said to flit round the decaying tenants of the charnel-house. We were both silently gazing on our old companion—the stick, when he was summoned on board. He sprang up—put the stick in my hand. 'Take this,' said he, 'it may remind you of the many delightful scenes we have visited together—it will prevent you forgetting a friend who—while—' He averted his head—his lip quivered—a tear moistened his eye—he faulteringly squeezed my hand, and dropped into the boat. The vessel got under weigh, and soon melted from my sight—I have twice visited his grave at Naples.

"During the many years of gloom that have since rolled by, and when the bleakness of my solitary and wandering life has made me droop or feel unhappy, the sad but delightful reveries which the sight of that stick always induced—the *oases* of the dreary desert of my existence—never failed to cheer and revive me. When the weather did not admit of my taking it out to walk with me, I used to place it opposite to me after dinner, and sit for hours rehearsing the many mellowed emotions of joy and woe that were associated with it. I knew it in my boyhood—it was a chum in college, and a companion in my travels; and it witnessed the torture, the gloom, which ensued from my ill-placed attachment—the cause of the dark shadowings of my subsequent existence."

Here follows an account of the most vivid of these associate recollections, which are, in fact, a history of the writer's life, but are too long for extract.

"From you, my dear R. the last of a knot of five of us who used to meet at poor Harry B——d's chambers, and who afterwards met amid the ruins of the 'Eternal City,' I expect a long letter of consolation; perhaps you could devise some expedient that might alleviate this, believe me, the most trying misfortune of my chequered life. Indeed, I am almost tempted to cry out with Lear,

You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief, as age; wretched in both.

"Write soon, and direct as usual."

My dear friend,

I heartily sympathize with you on the loss of your old ivory-headed companion, and readily enter into the feelings its absence must occasion you; for I know where the spring lies whence these feelings flow.

They indirectly arise from a tendency of our nature (which your friend, J— L—, would call the prosopopœiaising tendency) to animate, when vividly excited, those external objects that give rise to our emotions, or with which long acquaintance has made us familiar; a tendency, to which the bold personifications of poetry owe their charm, and which, if I mistake not, has been given as an instance of the tacit influence of an innate disposition to ascribe the changes of the external universe to a spiritual or mental agency. It is well described by Akenside, when he speaks of

The charm
That searchless Nature o'er the sense of man
Diffuses,—to behold in lifeless things
The inexpressive semblance of himself,
Of thought and passion.

But, though I am perfectly alive to the pain which the loss of your stick inflicts upon you, I cannot admit that it is irreparable; for I will not readily believe, that the associations, on account of which the stick was cherished by you, were embodied so exclusively in it, as to render all other modes of appealing to the memory ineffectual. Habit, I am aware, had rendered it in some measure essential to your comfort. It was so identified with the incidents of your eventful life, that it was, in fact, a symbolic history of your heart's strongest feelings; and, like an Egyptian hieroglyphic, through the influence of time, had become, in a manner, the sole record of the re-

volutions which age and circumstances had produced in the empire of your affections. This being the case, it would be foolish to offer you as a substitute any similar object, with the hope that it might in time succeed as representative of the various emotions which were associated with its predecessor. Such another stick would, I fear, only remind you of your loss, without suggesting those inestimable remembrances which rendered the other so valuable to you. Not that, if you feel inclined, I would altogether dissuade you from a trial; it is probable you would ultimately succeed in investing the new stick with a great relative value; but not without such pain as would, I am sure, damp the ardour of your perseverance. Material expedients being, then, to say the least, uncertain, I would recommend you to seek among the internal sources of intellect for a remedy, which, if it do not altogether assuage the bitterness, may, at least, blunt the keenness of your feelings. It is needless to say, that you cannot do this effectually, without having some conception of the mental progress by which a mere stick has been animated (if I may so express myself) into a vivid representative of your most heart-stirring recollections. I will say a few words on this interesting process, and leave it to your own leisure and reflection to make a more elaborate analysis. It is, perhaps, unnecessary to premise to you, that in this, as in all other attempts at an analysis of our feelings, we do not thereby expect, or even wish, to extinguish these feelings: quite the contrary. The intention of every such inquiry into the nature of any of our passions and emotions is to make them less painful, and, if possible, more purely intellectual: in this we may not succeed; but we never fail to render them more vivid and lasting. By thus blending the emotions of the heart with the reflections of intellect, we improve the temper of both; while the feelings of one become more intense and energetic, those of the other are rendered more bland and imperishable. From the temperate deductions of reason our conduct of life derives its harmony; to the feelings of the heart it is indebted for its melody; and what melody is to harmony, is the sad tenderness of remembered passion to the more purely intellectual feelings of our nature. 'Tis true, these inestimable remembrances, which pass soothingly over the mind like the melancholy of soft music, are apt to darken and shut out the glare of every-day mirth; but, in the shade which they throw before them, are to be seen those glow-lights of the heart which are invisible in broad sunshine.

The apparently disproportioned grief that we feel at the loss of any of the gifts, the sacred gifts of friendship, or for the loss of any object with which we have been long familiar, arises from a temporary illusive belief (which philosophy may indeed point out, but cannot eradicate) that the amount of delight which was associated with the particular gift or object, is, as it were, *deled* from the memory by the removal of the object that was wont to suggest it. That object—your stick for instance, had become the embodied representative of those images and emotions of pleasure which casual circumstances had associated with it; and, by being thus rendered the suggester of a particular amount of delight, was invested, by an illusive tendency of the mind to reflect back and diffuse over an object, the pleasure or pain it suggested. This illusive tendency of the mind to reflect back the delight or uneasiness which the presence of inanimate objects produces; to invest them, as it were, with its own qualities or feelings, is the cause of the pleasure which your old ivory-headed companion afforded you, and indirectly of the pain or regret its absence now inflicts on you. To you who are so intimately acquainted with the theory of the acquired perceptions of sight, and of the beauty we ascribe to external objects, it is unnecessary to offer any illustration of this tendency of the mind to diffuse its own feelings over the objects that give rise to them, and of thereby commingling the associations connected with an object, with its simple perception, so as to give to the complex whole a unity, which indeed requires a dexterous analysis to separate into its elementary feelings. The *colours* of bodies, which seem to us spread over that wide surface of landscape that terminates in the remote horizon, are, as you well know, *mental*, not *corporeal* modifications.

the effect, indeed, of a few rays of light that impinge on the retina; but an *effect* only, not a *part* of the radiance; and you also know that this colour, which exists but as a sensation of our mind, is diffused by us over, and incorporated, as it were, with the objects from which the rays that occasion the sensation flow, which objects, I need not say, are not *mind*, but *matter*. This, which is a familiar truth with those accustomed to philosophical investigations, would sound oddly, in fact, paradoxically, to the ear of the multitude; as would another analogous fact, that the beauty we ascribe to objects exists—*not* in the objects we name beautiful, but in the mind that perceives the object; that it is the mind alone which is the source of beauty; that objects appear beautiful, because the mind spreads over them, if I may say so, the mantle of its own pleasurable feelings—feelings which, you know, are mostly associate, and thus embodies in those objects termed beautiful the delightful emotions which they serve but to suggest. "If no *eye*, that is to say, no *mind*," asks Dr. Brown, "were to behold it, what would be the loveliest of those forms on which we now gaze with rapture? *A multitude of particles more or less near or remote.*" "A beautiful object," says the same philosopher, "when considered by us *philosophically*, like the unknown causes of our sensations of *colour* in bodies considered separately from our visual sensations, is merely the cause of a *certain delightful emotion* which we feel: a beautiful object, as felt by us, when we do not attempt to make any philosophic distinction, is like those *coloured* objects which we see around us, an object in which we have diffused the delightful feeling of our own mind."

If I were not writing to one who is so much better acquainted with the subject than I can pretend to be, I would say something about the origin of our visual feelings, and of our feelings of beauty, which I imagine it would not be a hopeless task to attempt investigating; at least, the elements of our visual judgments are not so difficult to trace. The great principle in our visual feelings is the principle of association, by which the notions derived from touch are suggested immediately by the visual feelings which co-existed with the sensations of touch; in the same manner, as the words of a language, when a language has been fully learned, suggest whatever the words may have been used to denote. But too much of this with you.

I am sure I have said more than enough on that process of the mind by which it endows inanimate objects with the agreeable (or opposite) qualities of the associate remembrances, which it by accidental connexion, perhaps, is enabled to suggest—arising, as I have said, from a tendency of the mind to reflect back on external objects the images or feelings which they happen to give rise to. There is a part of this process however, and, as it appears to me, by far the most interesting part, on which I will offer a few remarks; to you, who have not read the works of the late Dr. Brown, they will, I presume, be somewhat new; for it is a process which no other writer on the philosophy of mind, that I am acquainted with, has ever attempted to explain, with the exception of Mr. Stewart, whose explanation, as I shall have occasion to show you, is but partly correct. It is to Brown, who, in my mind, is by far the soundest of the Scotch metaphysical writers, that we are indebted for the perfect explanation of this very interesting process; and the following remarks do not pretend to be more than a greater extension, or a more remote application, of the principle laid down by him than perhaps his limits could admit of. The process I mean is that by which the interesting remembrances which perceptible objects, i. e. objects of sense, awaken, are rendered of a more vivid and tender character than the *same* remembrances when they present themselves as the casual associations of some object of memory; why the group of associate conceptions, which your stick, for example, merely served to suggest, were more vivid and tender when your stick was before your eyes, than when these recollections occurred spontaneously in the absence of that inanimate object. When an air, or song, that is associated with home, or with the scenes or friends that render home delightful, strikes our ear, i. e. becomes an object of sense, the emotions it *then* excites

are infinitely more heart-stirring than if the same air occurred as part of a train of thought, or even if the attention were called to it in conversation. In Paris, I was acquainted with a lady, the widow of an Irish patriot, who never heard Campbell's fine song, The Exile of Erin, or some of Moore's beautiful melodies, without being overpowered to a degree that would have been truly alarming, if a flood of tears had not come to her relief. This did not arise, as you might suppose, from that exquisite sensibility which attends (a very rare endowment) the musical ear; for a friend of her's, and indeed the lady herself, told me that she had not even a common-place relish for music, but that her emotion was caused by the sad and sorrowful recollections memory had associated with these particular airs. This was strikingly evinced one evening, when I was speaking to her about those traditionary scraps of history which Moore has intertwisted in his poetry of the Irish melodies:—traditions, by the bye, which I look upon as fabulous,—but which she, and I believe all the genuine sons and daughters of the "Emerald Isle" adopt with the same implicit credence they do the gospel, or, if we were to judge from the late success of an honourable English missionary volunteer and his comrade, the gallant Scotch captain, perhaps with a little more. It required, she told me, and as indeed was very evident, a great effort to give me a hasty sketch of the stories involved in these unrivalled lyrics; but when I began to repeat the words of the "Minstrel Boy," for correction if misquoted, her feelings were so overpowering, that, on coming to the words "Land of song, said the warrior bard," I was beckoned to desist—she was in a flood of tears. This proves to you, that her emotions were not the effect of music, but of associations, influenced in a manner I will now attempt to explain.

I reminded you of the philosophic theory of vision—that, when we look at an object—a tree, for example—of the separate parts—the form, the size, the distance, the colour, which constitute our complex perception of the tree,—the colour is the only one with which the eye is *directly* engaged; that the remainder of our belief is therefore associate or imaginary, showing that Swift's remarkable definition of vision (the art of seeing things that are invisible) is by no means paradoxical. And, nevertheless, our belief of the size, form, &c. of the tree, is as immediate and irresistible as our belief of its colour. How comes this? Because the *reality* of the sensation of colour, *one part of the complex whole, is diffused over the other, the associate parts of the perception.* In like manner, if the mind, by that tendency of which I have spoken, has made a sensible object, your walking-stick, for instance, one part of a complex whole; when that sensible object is present, and suggests, and blends with, those inestimable images of memory, on account of which it is so highly valued, *the reality of its existence* is unconsciously shared with, or *spread* over, the associate conception,—*the remaining part of a complex whole.* To this vague feeling of reality which the presence of your walking-stick, one part of a complex whole, shadowed over the interesting ideas that it suggested, is owing the greater vividness of your feelings when the stick was before your eyes, than when the same ideas occurred as part of a current of memory. But this will appear more evident, from a very interesting example of the influence of perceptible objects over the associate feelings which they awaken, quoted by Mr. Stewart, which I will give you with his explanation. "Whilst we were at dinner (says Captain King), in this miserable hut, on the banks of the Awatska, the guests of a people with whose existence we had before been scarce acquainted, and at the extremity of the habitable globe, a solitary half-worn pewter-spoon, whose shape was familiar to us, attracted our attention; and, on examination, we found it stamped on the back with the word *London*. I cannot pass over this circumstance in silence, out of gratitude for the many pleasant thoughts, the anxious hopes, and tender remembrances, it excited in us. Those who have experienced the effects that long absence, and extreme distance, from their native country produce on the mind, will readily conceive the pleasure such trifling incidents can give."

The following is Mr. Stewart's explanation of this and analogous phe-

nomena. "This influence of perceptible objects in awakening associated thoughts and associated feelings, seems to arise, in a great measure, from their permanent operation as exciting or suggesting causes. When a train of thought takes its rise from an idea or conception, the first idea soon disappears, and a series of others succeeds, which are gradually less and less related to that with which the train commenced; but, in the case of perception, the exciting cause remains steadily before us; and all the thoughts and feelings which have any relation to it crowd into the mind in rapid succession, strengthening each other's effects, and all conspiring in the same general impression." Before I direct your attention to the principal circumstances in which this elegant explanation is defective, I beg leave to remark to you, I am sure unnecessarily, that the perceptible object which forms a part of a group of vivid feelings must be in itself interesting—your stick from the associations connected with it—the spoon, spoken of by Captain King, from its being so unexpectedly met with in a part of the globe far remote from the home it brought to their recollection,—that, in fact, the vividness of the associate conception is directly as the interest embodied in the co-existent object of perception. Mr. Stewart's explanation satisfactorily accounts for the longer duration of the relative feelings, from the permanence of the exciting cause; but it does no more: it does not account for the *vividness* of those feelings—or rather, it is an explanation directly opposite to the fact. For if Mr. Stewart's explanation were true, the excited state of feeling the mind evinces at the presence of an interesting object of perception would not be a *sudden burst of* emotion, as, you know, is the case, but would be the *result* of a train of associate images that crowd into the mind in rapid succession,—"all conspiring in the same general impression." Now, the force and extent of the illusive reality of the associate conceptions is partly owing to the *suddenness* of the effect of the perceptible object;—so that, if Mr. Stewart's explanation were true, the *longer* the *interval* between the perception of the object and its effect on the kindred images, the *more vivid* and overpowering would be the emotion,—in contradiction to the direct evidence of the case, which shows that the intensity of the emotion is directly as its suddenness,—that it is, in fact, owing to the co-existence, to the oneness, of the ideas of perception and conception, i. e. of the sensation of the external object and its associate feelings.

I have not time now further to illustrate this the great defect of Mr. Stewart's explanation. I will only remark that the same error exists in Mr. Alison's theory of Beauty, which ascribes the pleasure we feel when gazing on a beautiful object to the exercise of the mind in recalling, or gathering together, its agreeable associations. The error of both of these very elegant and ingenious writers may be explained in this way. We all know that the greater the number of our pleasurable associations, the greater will be our excitement when gazing on an object that excites them. So, if we say, that of five persons who view any fine statue of antiquity, one has but one association, another five, another ten, another twenty, and another fifty, we shall justly conclude, that he who has fifty pleasurable associations will be more vividly excited than the rest, in the proportion of fifty to twenty, fifty to ten, to five, to one. So far, Mr. Stewart and Mr. Alison are correct: where they err is, that they seem to believe, that the man who has fifty associations must travel through fifty stages of feeling before he arrives at the ultimate vivid emotion; that he will consequently be a longer time than the others in summoning or gathering together his prior recollections, in the proportion of fifty to twenty, to ten, &c.; as if indeed, fifty, or a hundred, or a thousand, were not as much *one state* of mind, as one, or five, or ten. As this is an interesting subject, and would itself require a letter to make it less obscure, I will shortly return to it. What I have said of the suddenness of the effect, and of the diffusion of the reality of an external object of sense, will appear more evident from the following exceedingly interesting case. "During the time I passed," says the celebrated Dr. Rush, "at a country school, in Cecil County, in Maryland, I often went, on a holiday, with my school-

mates, to see an eagle's nest, upon the summit of a dead tree in the neighbourhood of the school, during the time of the incubation of that bird. The daughter of the farmer, in whose field the tree stood, and with whom I became acquainted, married, and settled in this city (Philadelphia) about forty years ago. In our occasional intercourse, we now and then spoke of the innocent haunts and rural pleasures of our youth, and, among other things, of the eagle's nest in her father's field. A few years ago, I was called to visit this woman, when she was in the lowest stage of typhus fever. Upon entering her room, I caught her eye, and, with a cheerful tone of voice, said only—*the eagle's nest.* She instantly seized my hand, without being able to speak, and discovered strong emotions of pleasure in her countenance, probably from a *sudden* association of all her domestic connexions and enjoyments with the words I had uttered. From that time she began to recover. She is now living, and seldom fails, when we meet, to salute me with the echo of—the eagle's nest!"

This is a beautiful and indeed important instance of the effect of an interesting object of external sense, in suddenly awakening its associate images; and well illustrates "the utility of a knowledge of the faculties of the mind to a physician." Dr. Rush reports this case in his lecture under that head. Apply Mr. Stewart's explanation to this case, and you will see how lamentably it fails. On the contrary, how clear and intelligible it appears when examined according to Dr. Brown's simple theory: the diffusion of the reality of the external object (Dr. Rush), one part of a group of interesting remembrances, over the awakened associate conceptions, the remaining portion of the group or complex whole. I need not dwell upon the suddenness of the effect, or on the many important inferences that may be deduced from this interesting case, but leave it to yourself to reflect on.

You are now, I presume, able to apply to your own case the remarks I have made, which, indeed, have extended to a greater length than I intended; but the subject is extremely interesting, and one that, as far as I know, has not been before so minutely investigated. I need not now attempt to explain to you the emotion of the widow of the Irish patriot, on hearing those songs which were intertwined with every recollection of her heart, with her husband's unhappy death. (He cut his throat an hour before he was to be led to the scaffold.) The simple explanation of that, and analogous phenomena, is, you now know, the diffusion of the reality of the suggesting object over the feelings suggested.

In this explanation of a very interesting phenomenon, which it would be impertinent, with you, to endeavour to make plainer, you see, my dear friend, there is no distorting of facts, or straining of theory, in order to give plausibility to a paradoxical hypothesis. There is nothing assumed in it, beyond what takes place every time we direct our eyes to some object, which, you know, we are doing three-fourths of our ordinary life. Many every-day occurrences which appeared to you strange and unaccountable, will now, that you have the key of their apparent anomaly, be neither one nor the other. The effect which the sound of the national air, first heard amid his native hills, has on the Swiss soldier, will no longer surprise you, when you bring to mind that that sound is not then merely the *remembrance* of a well-known air, but a *real* constituent of a complex whole of delightful emotion. The emotion which our young friend P. displays at the sight of a red shawl, and the more sad one that is excited in him, when the song—"Home, sweet Home," is sung, which you know he cannot altogether disguise even in the bustle of a crowded theatre, will no longer appear mysterious to you, when you reflect that the reality of these perceptions of sight and sound is diffused over feelings which, I fear, have too strong a hold of his mind. By the bye, it puzzled me very much, why *he* should be affected by that or any other song, for his friends say he has no taste for music; and you and I know his associations with the word—home, cannot be of such a nature as to give tenderness to their recollection.

I must break off abruptly, but shall perhaps recur to the subject.

R. R.

NOTES FROM THE POCKET-BOOK OF A LATE OPIUM-EATER.

FALSIFICATION OF THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

I AM myself, and always have been, a member of the Church of England, and am grieved to hear the many attacks against the Church, [frequently most illiberal attacks] which not so much religion as political rancor gives birth to in every third journal that I take up. This I say to acquit myself of all dishonorable feelings, such as I would abhor to cooperate with, in bringing a very heavy charge against that great body in its literary capacity.—Whosoever has reflected on the history of the English constitution—must be aware that the most important stage of it's developement lies within the reign of Charles I. It is true that the judicial execution of that prince has been allowed by many persons to vitiate all that was done by the heroic parliament of November 1640: and the ordinary histories of England assume as a matter of course that the whole period of parliamentary history through those times is to be regarded as a period of confusion. Our constitution, say they, was formed in 1688-9. Meantime it is evident to any reflecting man that the revolution simply re-affirmed the principles developed in the strife between the two great parties which had arisen in the reign of James I, and had ripened and come to issue with each other in the reign of his son. Our constitution was not a birth of a single instant, as they would represent it, but a gradual growth and developement through a long tract of time. In particular the doctrine of the king's vicarious responsibility in the person of his ministers, which first gave a sane and salutary meaning to the doctrine of the king's personal irresponsibility [" The king can do no wrong"], arose undeniably between 1640 and 1648. This doctrine is the main pillar of our constitution, and perhaps the finest discovery that was ever made in the theory of government. Hitherto the doctrine *that the King can do no wrong* had been used not to protect the indispensable sanctity of the king's constitutional character, but to protect the wrong. Used in this way, it was a maxim of Oriental despotism and fit only for a nation where law had no empire. Many of the illustrious patriots of the Great Parliament saw this; and felt the necessity of abolishing a maxim so fatal to the just liberties of the people. But some of them fell into the opposite error of supposing that this abolition could be effected only by the direct negation of it; *their* maxim accordingly was—" The king *can* do wrong", i. e. is responsible in his own person. In this great error even the illustrious wife of Col. Hutchinson participated*; and accordingly she taxes those of her own party who scrupled to accede to the new maxim, and still adhered to the old one, with unconscientious dealing. But she misapprehended their meaning, and failed to see where they laid the emphasis: the emphasis was not laid, as it was by the royal party, on the words " can do no *wrong*"—but on " The king": that is, wrong may be done; and in the king's name; but it cannot be the king who did it [the king cannot constitutionally be supposed the person who did it]. By this exquisite political refinement, the old tyrannical maxim was disarmed of it's sting; and the entire redress of all wrong, so indispensable to the popular liberty, was brought into perfect reconciliation with the entire inviolability of the sovereign, which is no less indispensa-

* This is remarked by her editor and descendant Julius Hutchinson, who adds some words to this effect—" that *if* the patriots of that day were the inventors of the maxim [*The king can do no wrong*], we are much indebted to them." The patriots certainly did not invent the maxim, for they found it already current: but they gave it it's new and constitutional sense. I refer to the book however, as I do to almost all books in these notes, from memory; writing most of them in situations where I have no access to books.—By the way, Charles I., who used the maxim in the most odious sense, furnished the most colorable excuse for his own execution. He constantly maintained the irresponsibility of his ministers: but, if that were conceded, it would then follow that the king must be made responsible in his own person;—and that construction led of necessity to his trial and death.

ble to the popular liberty. There is moreover a double wisdom in the new sense: for not *only* is one object [the redress of wrong] secured in conjunction with another object [the king's inviolability] hitherto held irreconcileable,—but even with a view to the first object alone a much more effectual means is applied, because one which leads to no schism in the state, than could have been applied by the blank negation of the maxim; i. e. by lodging the responsibility exactly where the executive power [*ergo* the power of resisting this responsibility] was lodged.—— Here then is one example in illustration of my thesis—that the English constitution was in a great measure gradually evolved in the contest between the different parties in the reign of Charles I. Now, if this be so, it follows that for constitutional history no period is so important as that: and indeed, though it is true that the Revolution is the great æra for the constitutional historian, because he there first finds the constitution fully developed as the "bright consummate *flower*," and what is equally important he there first finds the principles of our constitution *ratified* by a competent authority,—yet, to trace the *root* and growth of the constitution, the three reigns immediately preceding are still more properly the objects of his study. In proportion then as the reign of Charles I is important to the history of our constitution, in that proportion are those to be taxed with the most dangerous of all possible falsifications of our history, who have misrepresented either the facts or the principles of those times. Now I affirm that the clergy of the Church of England have been in a perpetual conspiracy since the æra of the restoration to misrepresent both. As an illustration of what I mean I refer to the common edition of Hudibras by Dr. Grey: for the proof I might refer to some thousands of books. Dr. Grey's is a disgusting case: for he swallowed with the most anile credulity every story, the most extravagant that the malice of those times could invent against either the Presbyterians or the Independents: and for this I suppose amongst other deformities his notes were deservedly ridiculed by Warburton. But, amongst hundreds of illustrations more respectable than Dr. Grey's I will refer the reader to a work of our own days, the Ecclesiastical Biography [in part a republication of Walton's Lives] edited by the present master of Trinity College, Cambridge, who is held in the highest esteem wherever he is known, and is I am persuaded perfectly conscientious and as impartial as in such a case it is possible for a high churchman to be. Yet so it is that there is scarcely one of the notes having any political reference to the period of 1610-60 which is not disfigured by unjust prejudices: and the amount of the moral which the learned editor grounds upon the documents before him—is this, that the young student is to cherish the deepest abhorrence and contempt of all who had any share on the parliamentary side in the "confusions" of the period from 1610 to 1660: that is to say of men to whose immortal exertions it was owing that the very revolution of 1688, which Dr. W. will be the first to applaud, found us with any such stock of political principles or feelings as could make a beneficial revolution possible. Where, let me ask, would have been the willingness of some Tories to construe the flight of James II. into a virtual act of abdication, or to consider even the most formal act of abdication binding against the king,—had not the great struggle of Charles's days gradually substituted in the minds of all parties a rational veneration of the king's *office* for the old superstition in behalf of the king's *person*, which would have protected him from the effects of any acts however solemnly performed which affected injuriously either his own interests or the liberties of his people. —Tempora mutantur: *nos et mutamur in illis.* Those whom we find in fierce opposition to the popular party about 1640 we find still in the same personal opposition 50 years after, but an opposition resting on far different principles: insensibly the principles of their antagonists had reached even them: and a courtier of 1689 was willing to concede more than a patriot of 1630 would have ventured to ask. Let me not be understood to mean that true patriotism is at all more shown in supporting the rights of the people than those of the king:

as soon as both are defined and limited, the last are as indispensable to the integrity of the constitution—as the first: and popular freedom itself would suffer as much, though indirectly, from an invasion of Cæsar's rights—as by a more direct attack on itself. But in the 17th century the rights of the people were as yet *not* defined: throughout* that century they were gradually defining themselves—and, as happens to all great practical interests, defining themselves through a course of fierce and bloody contests. For the kingly rights are almost inevitably carried too high in ages of imperfect civilization: and the well-known laws of Henry the Seventh, by which he either broke or gradually sapped the power of the aristocracy, had still more extravagantly exalted them.—On this account it is just to look upon democratic or popular politics as identical in the 17th century with patriotic politics. In later periods, the democrat and the patriot have sometimes been in direct opposition to each other: at that period they were inevitably in conjunction.—All this, however, is in general overlooked by those who either write English history or comment upon it. Most writers *of* or *upon* English history proceed either upon servile principles, or upon no principles: and a good *Spirit of English History*, that is, a history which should abstract the tendencies and main results [as to laws, manners, and constitution] from every age of English history, is a work which I hardly hope to see executed. For it would require the concurrence of some philosophy with a great deal of impartiality. How idly do we say, in speaking of the events of our own time which affect our party feelings,—"We stand too near to these events for an impartial estimate: we must leave them to the judgment of posterity"! For it is a fact that of the many books of memoirs written by persons who were not merely contemporary with the great civil war, but actors and even leaders in it's principal scenes—there is hardly one which does not exhibit a more impartial picture of that great drama than the histories written at this day. The historian of Popery does not display half so much zealotry and passionate prejudice in speaking of the many events which have affected the power and splendor of the Papal See for the last 30 years, and under his own eyes, as he does when speaking of a reformer who lived three centuries ago—of a translator of the Bible into a vernacular tongue who lived nearly five centuries ago—of an Anti-pope—of a Charlemagne or a Gregory the Great still further removed from himself. The recent events he looks upon as accidental and unessential: but in the great enemies, or great founders of the Romish temporal power, and in the history of their actions and their motives, he feels that the whole principle of the Romish cause and it's pretensions are at stake. Pretty much under the same feeling have modern writers written with a rancorous party spirit of the political struggles in the 17th century: here they fancy that they can detect the *incunabula* of the revolutionary spirit: here some have been so sharpsighted as to read the features of pure jacobinism: and others* have gone so far

* Amongst these Mr. D'Israeli in one of the latter volumes of his 'Curiosities of Literature' has dedicated a chapter or so to a formal proof of this proposition. A reader who is familiar with the history of that age comes to the chapter with a previous indignation, knowing what sort of proof he has to expect. This indignation is not likely to be mitigated by what he will there find.—Because some one madman, fool, or scoundrel makes a monstrous proposal—which dies of itself unsupported, and is in violent contrast to all the acts and the temper of those times,—this is to sully the character of the parliament and three-fourths of the people of England. If this proposal had grown out of the spirit of the age, that spirit would have produced many more proposals of the same character and acts corresponding to them. Yet upon this one infamous proposal, and two or three scandalous anecdotes from the libels of the day, does the whole *onus* of Mr. D'Israeli's parallel depend. Tantamne rem tam negligenter?—In the general character of an Englishman I have a right to complain that so heavy an attack upon the honor of England and her most virtuous patriots in her most virtuous age should be made with so much levity: a charge so solemn in it's matter should have been prosecuted with a proportionate solemnity of manner. Mr. D'Israeli refers with just applause to the opinions of Mr. Coleridge: I wish that he would have allowed a little more weight to the striking

as to assert that all the atrocities of the French revolution had their direct parallelisms in acts done or countenanced by the virtuous and august Senate of England in 1640! Strange distortion of the understanding which can thus find a brotherly resemblance between two great historical events, which of all that ever were put on record stand off from each other in most irreconcileable enmity: the one originating, as Mr. Coleridge has observed, in excess of principle; the other in the utter defect of all moral principle whatever; and the progress of each being answerable to its origin! Yet so it is. And not a memoir-writer of that age is reprinted in this, but we have a preface from some red-hot Anti-jacobin warning us with much vapid common-place from the mischiefs and eventual anarchy of too rash a spirit of reform as displayed in the French revolution—*not* by the example of that French revolution, but by that of our own in the age of Charles I. The following passage from the Introduction to Sir William Waller's Vindication published in 1793, may serve as a fair instance: "He" (Sir W. Waller) "was, indeed, at length sensible of the misery which he had contributed to bring on his country;" (by the way, it is a suspicious circumstance that Sir William* first became sensible that his country was miserable, when he became sensible that he himself was not likely to be again employed; and became fully convinced of it, when his party lost their ascendancy:) "he was convinced, by fatal experience, that anarchy was a bad step towards a perfect government; that the subversion of every establishment was no safe foundation for a permanent and regular constitution: he found that pretences of reform were held up by the designing to dazzle the eyes of the unwary, &c.: he found in short that reformation, by popular insurrection, must end in the destruction and cannot tend to the formation of a regular Government." After a good deal more of this well-meaning cant, the Introduction concludes with the following sentence: the writer is addressing the reformers of 1793, amongst whom—"both leaders and followers," he says "may together reflect—that, upon speculative and visionary reformers," (i. e. those of 1640) "the severest punishment which God in his vengeance ever yet inflicted—was to curse them with the complete gratification of their own inordinate desires." I quote this passage—not as containing any thing singular, but for the very reason that it is *not* singular: it expresses in fact the universal opinion: notwithstanding which I am happy to say that it is false. What "complete gratification of their own desires" was ever granted to the "reformers" in question? On the contrary, it is well known (and no book illustrates that particular fact so well as Sir William Waller's) that as early as 1647 the army had too effectually subverted the just relations between itself and parliament—not to have suggested fearful anticipations to all discerning patriots of that unhappy issue which did in reality blight their prospects. And, when I speak of an "unhappy issue," I would be understood only of the immediate issue: for the remote issue was—the revolution of 1688, as I have already asserted. Neither is it true that even the immediate issue was "unhappy" to any extent which can justify the ordinary language in which it is described. Here again is a world of delusions. We hear of "anarchy," of "confusions," of "proscriptions," of "bloody and ferocious tyranny." All is romance: there was no anar-

passage in which that gentleman contrasts the French revolution with the English revolution of 1640-8. However, the general tone of honor and upright principle, which marks Mr. D'Israeli's work, encourages me and others to hope that he will cancel the chapter—and not persist in wounding the honor of a great people for the sake of a parallelism, which—even if it were true—is a thousand times too slight and feebly supported to satisfy the most accommodating reader.

* Sir William, and his cousin Sir Hardress Waller, were both remarkable men. Sir Hardress had no conscience at all; Sir William a very scrupulous one; which however he was for ever tampering with—and generally succeeded in reducing into compliance with his immediate interest. He was however an accomplished gentleman: and as a man of talents worthy of the highest admiration.

chy; no confusions; no proscriptions; no tyranny in the sense designed. The sequestrations, forfeitures, and punishments of all sorts which were inflicted by the conquering party on their antagonists—went on by due course of law; and the summary justice of courts martial was not resorted to in England: except for the short term of the two wars, and the brief intermediate campaign of 1648, the country was in a very tranquil state. Nobody was punished without an open trial; and all trials proceeded in the regular course, according to the ancient forms, and in the regular courts of justice. And as to "tyranny," which is meant chiefly of the acts of Cromwell's government, it should be remembered that the Protectorate lasted not a quarter of the period in question (1640—1660); a fact which is constantly forgotten even by very eminent writers, who speak as though Cromwell had drawn his sword in January 1649—cut off the king's head—instantly mounted his throne—and continued to play the tyrant for the whole remaining period of his life (nearly ten years). Secondly, as to the *kind* of tyranny which Cromwell exercised, the misconception is ludicrous: continental writers have a notion, well justified by the language of English writers, that Cromwell was a ferocious savage who built his palace of human skulls and desolated his country. Meantime, he was simply a strong-minded—rough-built Englishman, with a character thoroughly English, and exceedingly good-natured. Gray valued himself upon his critical knowledge of English history: yet how thoughtlessly does he express the abstract of Cromwell's life in the line on the village Cromwell—"Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood!" How was Cromwell guilty of his country's blood? What blood did he cause to be shed? A great deal was shed no doubt in the wars (though less, by the way, than is imagined): but in those Cromwell was but a servant of the parliament: and no one will allege that he had any hand in causing a single war. After he attained the sovereign power, no more domestic wars arose: and as to a few persons who were executed for plots and conspiracies against his person, they were condemned upon evidence openly given and by due course of law. With respect to the general character of his government, it is evident that in the unsettled and revolutionary state of things which follows a civil war some critical cases will arise to demand an occasional "vigour beyond the law"—such as the Roman government allowed of in the dictatorial power. But in general Cromwell's government was limited by law: and no reign in that century, prior to the revolution, furnishes fewer instances of attempts to tamper with the laws—to overrule them—to twist them to private interpretations—or to dispense with them. As to his major-generals of counties, who figure in most histories of England as so many *Ali Pachas* that impaled a few prisoners every morning before breakfast—or rather as so many ogres that ate up good christian men, women and children alive, they were disagreeable people who were disliked much in the same way as our commissioners of the income-tax were disliked in the memory of us all; and heartily they would have laughed at the romantic and bloody masquerade in which they are made to figure in the English histories. What then was the "tyranny" of Cromwell's government, which is confessedly complained of even in those days? The word "tyranny" was then applied not so much to the mode in which his power was administered (except by the prejudiced)—as to its origin. However mercifully a man may reign,—yet, if he have no right to reign at all, we may in one sense call him a tyrant; his power not being justly derived, and resting upon an unlawful (i. e. a military) basis. As a usurper, and one who had diverted the current of a grand national movement to selfish and personal objects, Cromwell was and will be called a tyrant; but not in the more obvious sense of the word. Such are the misleading statements which disfigure the History of England in its most important chapter. They mislead by more than a simple error of fact: those, which I have noticed last, involve a moral anachronism: for they convey images of cruelty and barbarism such as could not co-exist with the national civilization at that time; and who-

soever has not corrected this false picture by an acquaintance with the English literature of that age, must necessarily image to himself a state of society as rude and uncultured as that which prevailed during the wars of York and Lancaster—i. e. about two centuries earlier. But those, with which I introduced this article, are still worse; because they involve an erroneous view of constitutional history, and a most comprehensive act of ingratitude: the great men of the Long Parliament paid a heavy price for their efforts to purchase for their descendants a barrier to irresponsible power and security from the anarchy of undefined regal prerogative: in these efforts most of them made shipwreck of their own tranquillity and peace; that such sacrifices were made unavailingly (as it must have seemed to themselves), and that few of them lived to see the "good old cause" finally triumphant, does not cancel their claims upon our gratitude—but rather strengthen them by the degree in which it aggravated the difficulty of bearing such sacrifices with patience. But whence come these falsifications of history? I believe, from two causes: first (as I have already said) from the erroneous tone impressed upon the national history by the irritated spirit of the clergy of the established church: to the religious zealotry of those times—the church was the object of especial attack; and its members were naturally exposed to heavy sufferings: hence their successors are indisposed to find any good in a cause which could lead to such a result. It is their manifest right to sympathise with their own order in that day; and in such a case it is almost their duty to be incapable of an entire impartiality. Meantime they have carried this much too far: the literature of England must always be in a considerable proportion lodged in their hands; and the extensive means thus placed at their disposal for injuriously colouring that important part of history they have used with no modesty or forbearance. There is not a page of the national history even in its local subdivisions which they have not stained with the atrabilious hue of their wounded remembrances: hardly a town in England, which stood a siege for the king or the parliament, but has some printed memorial of its constancy and its sufferings; and in nine cases out of ten the editor is a clergyman of the established church, who has contrived to deepen "the sorrow of the time" by the harshness of his commentary. Surely it is high time that the wounds of the 17th century should close; that history should take a more commanding and philosophic station; and that brotherly charity should now lead us to a saner view of constitutional politics; or a saner view of politics to a more comprehensive charity. The other cause of this falsification springs out of a selfishness which has less claim to any indulgence—viz. the timidity with which the English Whigs of former days and the party to whom they* succeeded, constantly shrank from acknowledging any alliance with the great men of the Long Parliament under the nervous horror of being confounded with the regicides of 1649. It was of such urgent importance to them, for any command over the public support, that they should acquit themselves of any sentiment of lurking toleration for regicide, with which their enemies never failed to load them, that no mode of abjuring it seemed sufficiently emphatic to them: hence it was that Addison, with a view to the interest of his party, thought fit when in Switzerland, to offer a puny insult to the memory of General Ludlow: hence it is that even in our own days, no writers have insulted Milton with so much bitterness and shameless irreverence as the Whigs; though it is true that some few Whigs, more however in their literary than in their political character, have stepped forward in his vindication. At this moment I recollect a passage in the writings of a modern Whig bishop—in which, for the sake of creating a charge of falsehood against Milton, the author has grossly mis-translated a passage in the *Defensio pro Pop. Anglicano*: and, if that bishop were

* Until after the year 1688, I do not remember ever to have found the term Whig applied except to the religious characteristics of that party: whatever reference it might have to their political distinctions was only secondary and by implication.

not dead, I would here take the liberty of rapping his knuckles—were it only for breaking Priscian's head. To return over to the clerical feud against the Long Parliament,—it was a passage in a very pleasing work of this day (*Ecclesiastical Biography*) which suggested to me the whole of what I have now written. Its learned editor, who is incapable of uncandid feelings except in what concerns the interests of his order, has adopted the usual tone in regard to the men of 1640 throughout his otherwise valuable annotations: and somewhere or other (in the Life of Hammond, according to my remembrance) he has made a statement to this effect—That the custom prevalent among children in that age of asking their parents' blessing was probably first brought into disuse by the Puritans. Is it possible to imagine a perversity of prejudice more unreasonable? The unamiable side of the patriotic character in the seventeenth century was unquestionably its religious bigotry; which, however, had its ground in a real fervour of religious feeling and a real strength of religious principle somewhat exceeding the ordinary standard of the 19th century. But, however palliated, their bigotry is not to be denied; it was often offensive from its excess; and ludicrous in its direction. Many harmless customs, many ceremonies and rituals that had a high positive value, their frantic intolerance quarreled with: and for my part I heartily join in the sentiment of Charles II.—applying it as he did, but a good deal more extensively, that their religion "was not a religion for a gentleman:" indeed all sectarianism, but especially that which has a modern origin—arising and growing up within our own memories, unsupported by a grand traditional history of persecutions—conflicts—and martyrdoms, lurking moreover in blind alleys, holes, corners, and tabernacles, must appear spurious and mean in the eyes of him who has been bred up in the grand classic forms of the Church of England or the Church of Rome. But, because the bigotry of the Puritans was excessive and revolting, is *that* a reason for fastening upon them all the stray evils of omission or commission for which no distinct fathers can be found? The learned editor does not pretend that there is any positive evidence, or presumption even, for imputing to the Puritans a dislike to the custom in question: but, because he thinks it a good custom, his inference is that nobody could have abolished it but the Puritans. Now who does not see that, if this had been amongst the usages discountenanced by the Puritans, it would on that account have been the more pertinaciously maintained by their enemies in church and state? Or, even if this usage were of a nature to be prohibited by authority, as the public use of the liturgy—organs—surplices, &c., who does not see that with regard to *that* as well as to other Puritanical innovations there would have been a reflux of zeal at the restoration of the king which would have established them in more strength than ever? But it is evident to the unprejudiced that the usage in question gradually went out in submission to the altered spirit of the times. It was one feature of a general system of manners, fitted by its piety and simplicity for a pious and simple age, and which therefore even the 17th century had already outgrown. It is not to be inferred that filial affection and reverence have decayed amongst us, because they no longer express themselves in the same way. In an age of imperfect culture, all passions and emotions are in a more elementary state—"speak a plainer language"—and express themselves *externally*: in such an age the frame and constitution of society is more picturesque; the modes of life rest more undisguisedly upon the basis of the absolute and original relation of things: the son is considered in his sonship, the father in his fatherhood: and the manners take an appropriate coloring. Up to the middle of the 17th century there were many families in which the children never presumed to sit down in their parents' presence. But with us, in an age of more complete intellectual culture, a thick disguise is spread over the naked foundations of human life; and the instincts of good taste banish from good company the expression of all the profounder emotions. A son therefore, who should

kneel down in this age to ask his papa's blessing on leaving town for Brighton or Bath—would be felt by himself to be making a theatrical display of filial duty, such as would be painful to him in proportion as his feelings were sincere. All this would have been evident to the learned editor in any case but one which regarded the Puritans: they were at any rate to be molested: in default of any graver matter, a mere fanciful grievance is searched out. Still, however, nothing was effected; fanciful

real, the grievance must be connected with the Puritans: here lies the offence, there lie the Puritans: it would be very agreeable to find some means of connecting the one with the other: but how shall this be done? Why, in default of all other means the learned editor *assumes* the connexion. He leaves the reader with an impression that the Puritans are chargeable with a serious wound to the manners of the nation in a point affecting the most awful of the household charities: and he fails to perceive that for this whole charge his sole ground is—that it would be very agreeable to him if he had a ground.—Such is the power of the *esprit de corps* to palliate and recommend as colorable the very weakest logic to a man of acknowledged learning and talent!——In conclusion I must again disclaim any want of veneration and entire affection for the Established Church: the very prejudices and injustice, with which I tax the English clergy, have a generous origin: but it is right to point the attention of historical students to their strength and the effect which they have had. They have been indulged to excess; they have disfigured the grandest page in English history; they have hid the true descent and tradition of our constitutional history; and, by impressing upon the literature of the country a false conception of the patriotic party in and out of Parliament, they have stood in the way of a great work,—a work which, according to my ideal of it, would be the most useful that could just now be dedicated to the English public—viz. *a philosophic record of the revolutions of English History.* The English Constitution, as proclaimed and ratified in 1688-9, is in it's kind, the noblest work of the human mind working in conjunction with Time, and what in such a case we may allowably call Providence. Of this *chef d'œuvre* of human wisdom it were desirable that we should have a proportionable history: for such a history the great positive qualification would be a philosophic mind: the great negative qualification would be this [which to the established clergy may now be recommended as a fit subject for their magnanimity]; viz. complete conquest over those prejudices which have hitherto discolored the greatest æra of patriotic virtue by contemplating the great men of that æra under their least happy aspect—namely, in relation to the Established Church.

FALSIFICATION OF ENGLISH HISTORY BY HUME.

Now that I am on the subject of English History, I will notice one of the thousand mis-statements of Hume's which becomes a memorable one from the stress which he has laid upon it, and from the manner and situation in which he has introduced it. Standing in the current of a narrative, it would have merited a silent correction in an unpretending note: but it occupies a much more assuming station; for it is introduced in a philosophical essay; and being relied on for a particular purpose with the most unqualified confidence, and being alleged in opposition to the very highest authority [viz. the authority of an eminent person contemporary with the fact] it must be looked on as involving a peremptory defiance to all succeeding critics who might hesitate between the authority of Mr. Hume at the distance of a century from the facts and Sir William Temple speaking to them as a matter within his personal recollections.——Sir William Temple had represented himself as urging in a conversation with Charles the II, the hopelessness of any attempt on the part of an English king to make himself a despotic and absolute monarch, except indeed through the affections of his

people.* This general thesis he had supported by a variety of arguments; and, amongst the rest, he had described himself as urging this—that even Cromwell had been unable to establish himself in unlimited power, though supported by a military force of *eighty thousand men.* Upon this Hume calls the reader's attention to the extreme improbability which there must beforehand appear to be in supposing that Sir W. Temple,—speaking of so recent a case, with so much official knowledge of that case at his command, uncontradicted moreover by the king whose side in the argument gave him an interest in contradicting Sir William's statement, and whose means of information were paramount to those of all others,—could under these circumstances be mistaken. Doubtless, the reader will reply to Mr. Hume, the improbability *is* extreme, and scarcely to be invalidated by any possible authority—which, at best, must terminate in leaving an equilibrium of opposing evidence. And yet, says Mr. Hume, Sir William was unquestionably wrong, and grossly wrong: Cromwell never had an army at all approaching to the number of eighty thousand. Now here is a sufficient proof that Hume had never read lord Clarendon's account of his own life: this book is not so common as his "History of the Rebellion"; and Hume had either not met with it, or had neglected it. For, in the early part of this work, lord Clarendon, speaking of the army which was assembled on Blackheath to welcome the return of Charles II., says that it amounted to fifty thousand men: and, when it is remembered that this army was exclusive of the troops in garrison—of the forces left by Monk in the North—and above all of the entire army in Ireland,—it cannot be doubted that the whole would amount to the number stated by Sir William Temple.——Indeed Charles II. himself, in the year 1678 [i. e. about four years after this conversation] as Sir W. Temple elsewhere tells us, "in six weeks' time raised an army of twenty thousand men, the compleatest—and in all appearance the bravest troops that could be any where seen, and might have raised many more; and it was confest by all the Foreign Ministers that no king in Christendom could have made and compleated such a levy as this appeared in such a time." William III. again, about eleven years afterwards, raised 23 regiments with the same ease and in the same space of six weeks. It may be objected indeed to such cases, as in fact it *was* objected to the case of William III. by Howlett in his sensible Examination of Dr. Price's Essay on the Population of England, that, in an age when manufactures were so little extended, it could never have been difficult to make such a levy of men—provided there were funds for paying and equipping them. But, considering the extraordinary funds which were disposable for this purpose in Ireland, &c. during the period of Cromwell's Protectorate, we may very safely allow the combined authority of Sir William Temple—of the king—and of that very prime minister who disbanded Cromwell's army to outweigh the single authority of Hume at the distance of a century from the facts. Upon any question of fact, indeed, Hume's authority is none at all. X. Y. Z.

* Sir William had quoted to Charles a saying from Gourville (a Frenchman whom the king esteemed, and whom Sir William himself considered the only foreigner he had ever known that understood England) to this effect: "That a king of England, who will be the man of his people, is the greatest king in the world; but, if he will be something more, by G— he is nothing at all."

THE PARISIAN ARISTOCRACY.

In noticing in our last number the new work of M. Benjamin Constant, and in describing the circumstances out of which it arose, and the purposes which it was intended to answer, we had occasion to speak of *La Haute Société de France.* This society is very curiously composed—and as its constitution is not very generally known in England, and as it is an odd state of things arising from the remarkable changes that have of late taken place in the neighbouring country—it may be worth while to

say a few words more of it, which we shall still do in reference to M. Benjamin Constant. The Aristocracy of France is divided virtually into three classes.—1. We have the *Aristocratie ultra* of the fauxbourg St. Germain.—2. The Aristocracy of MM. de Broglie, St. Aulaire, De Staël, who wish to make their class of Aristocracy exactly what the *Les Milords Anglais* are in London.—3. The Aristocratie Lafitte, De Lessert, Perier, &c. whose object it is to make the millions a sufficient title to consideration. These three classes are all just now of a religious cast, for Christianity happens to be at this moment in Paris an engine of power, and a means of triumph; and, for the interests of the respective classes, nothing must be done which is likely to cast a slur upon their several reputations. For instance, a great male leader of the class No. 2. lately lived with a noble female leader of the same class, whom he has quitted within two months, lest the scandal might injure his party. For the last ten years the upper classes have been unjust to the reputation of M. Constant. The reason of this injustice is that he is *poor*. Opinion in France permits all kinds of meanness to a man, provided always that he is rich enough to keep a carriage, and has his button holes decorated with a cross or two. These two points attended to, the authority of the noble society of Paris ordains that he shall be considered *honnête homme*. Now M. Constant has neither got a carriage nor a cross. The low estimation in which he felt himself held, has, in our opinion, driven Benjamin Constant to the only bad thing he ever did—the publication of his *De la Religion*. M. Constant has more than any other man in France, contributed to teach his countrymen what is meant by a *Constitutional Government*. He is not eloquent, but he is smart, epigrammatic, and subtle; his talent resembles very much that of La Bruyere, the celebrated author of the *Caractères*. By the aid of this talent, Constant has made Frenchmen, almost without their knowledge, fully comprehend the constitutional regime. French vanity is such that a man of thirty does not like to be *taught*—a Frenchman is intimately persuaded that he knows *tout ce qu'il est convenable qu'il sache*. Now M. Benjamin Constant has published—from 1814 to 1819—a number of amusing pamphlets; the Frenchman says he reads them *a cause de leur esprit;* all the while, however, he is being instructed. The *ultra* party, led by the Jesuits, a subtle race, easily saw that the royalist pamphlets were dull and stupid by the side of those of Constant—which, and that was worst of all, not only amused, but *instructed*. They therefore set themselves to calumniate him, and they have had abundance of success.

On the return of Napoleon from the Isle of Elba, in 1815, M. Benjamin Constant, not having an army in his pocket to drive him from the palace of the Thuilleries, accepted the place of *Conseiller d'Etat:* not being able to repel the tyrant, he wished, as much as was in his power, to diminish the evil which he was about to inflict. The mere presence in the *Conseil d'Etat*, of a dialectician so dexterous and epigrammatic as M. Benjamin Constant, was enough to seal up the mouths of such men as Regnault de St. Jean d'Angely, Maret, and the other valets of Napoleon. Well—since Constant is poor, the Aristocracy will not see any thing in this action really beneficial to France, but the desire of ensuring to himself some appointments to the amount of a thousand a-year. Constant has felt this injustice very deeply. The calumnies of the Ultra party have caused him to be neglected by the *liberal* part of the middle classes, the real majority of France. He was a year without being re-elected into the chamber; and this has put the finishing stroke to his demoralization. He sees that France is not worthy of having a disinterested defender, and to the bottom of his heart he is *sold* to the Aristocratical party. By the word *sold*, we do not mean that he has taken money, but he has hoped that by publishing a book which should flatter the views of the first class of society in Paris, that he should be recompensed by its praise and its consideration. Madame la Duchesse de Broglie has written twelve pages on *Bible Societies*—this little circumstance is a key to the noble society of

Paris. She envies the consideration which our Aristocracy has obtained all over the nation. The sole end at this moment of one great class of the nobility of Paris is to acquire the precise existence of the English Peerage. The middle class have, however, both too much talent and too much vanity ever to permit this success. The *liberal* peers of France perceive that the spread of education, of the kind which has been spreading in France of late years, is the most likely thing in the world to prevent the attainment of their darling object—the life of the English Peer—and they have consequently joined with the Ultra Peers to commit education into the hands of the Jesuits, or, at least, to the religious corporations. MM. de Broglie, de Sainte Aulaire, de Staël, and the other chiefs of the class of pretended liberals, have actually made up to M. le Cardinal de Lafare, M. de Talaru, and the other *Ultra* peers. The view of the two parties is the same—to found *l'Aristocratie nobiliaire*. The only difference is this—that the party of M. de Broglie has more intellect than that of M. de Talaru, and *comprehends* the limits of their power, and understands that all that it is possible to acquire is the state of the English nobility. M. de Talaru, who is a man of a narrower mind, fancies that they can go beyond that—and become again the insolent GRANDS-SEIGNEURS of the reign of Louis XIV. Constant has bound himself to the least blind of these two parties—but even these despise both his motive and his book, and that which is most particularly mortifying to him is, that he sees them following up all his ideas to the letter, without ever deigning to mention his work. The Broglies, the Staëls, and the Saint Aulaires have formed a powerful club, called the *Society of Christian Morals*. This plan is evidently that which poor Benjamin Constant points out in his book, and yet in this society *de la Morale Chretienne* he is never talked about; we doubt even whether he is a member.

In the meanwhile, the book has entirely ruined Constant with the class of rich merchants and bankers, and the great monied men of Paris; headed by the MM. Lafitte, de Lessert, and Perier. This class never reads, but in this act of the deputy of the Seine (M. Constant has been re-elected some months) it sees a piece of servility towards the party of the *Aristocratic nobiliaire*. The monied men have therefore spread abroad a report, that Constant is sold to the minister Villele, and at this moment this is the general opinion in Paris. This evil action, this bad book, this sad piece of hypocrisy, has made the poor man despised by the nobles, and punished by the bankers.

The end of the monied Aristocracy to make *stock* a fair title to admission among the noble Aristocracy, will, in all probability, be gained. In the course of ten years, it is likely that every man with five millions of francs (about 200,000*l.* sterling) will be as good a noble as a duke. At the present, however, the noble Aristocracy make every effort to prevent this assimilation—and strive to corrupt education by the Jesuits, and bring this back as near as possible to the ancient regime. All the principles of Constant's book are likewise in action, he nevertheless has the pain to see his book forgotten, and himself despised. This is, however, unjust. We regard him as a good man, and a useful citizen, who has made one false step.

THEATRICALS OF THE DAY.

THE "great" theatres have opened for the season. If their greatness is to be estimated by the number of bricks in each building, it is indisputable. And to the name of *theatres*, in its primitive sense, they have nearly as undoubted pretensions as any "Orama" in the metropolis, being little more than permanent and enormous show-boxes. At present indeed they are rather menagerial exhibitions, similar to those at Exeter Change and Bartholomew Fair, than any thing else: they are almost equally well calculated (with the help of outlandish music and orchestras more than commonly uproarious) to amuse the eye and distress the ear. The Germans have monopolized one house for the whole

by-gone month, and the Equestrians the other: monsters and quadrupeds! O wise, erudite, intellectual, and refined People of England! What a feast of reason do we not partake of every night when a stage-full of toads, serpents, crocodiles, hell-hounds, hobgoblins, foul birds and unclean beasts of every indescribable description are served up to us by way of refreshment after a two hours' auscultation of dull dialogue and mad music! What a flow of soul may we not indulge every night when we behold a gentleman in a black mask and a blood-red mantle sweep across our eye-sight, "fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell," crying *fee-fa-fum!* — and another unlucky personage exclaiming *Donner und blitzen!* as he is shot askew with a charmed bullet! Who dares say after this that the drama is no more, that the stage has degenerated, that John Bull has not more taste for theatricals than Bully Bottom (when his ass's head is on) for a bottle of hay or a peck of provender? I would fain see that fellow.—And the quadrupeds too! Ay: it is here that we of all modern civilized nations, we alone imitate and excel that brave and brutal people,—the people of old Rome. We do not only go to see quadrupeds exhibit in an open arena, but we bring them into the room with us, teaching them to mince their footsteps and walk as gingerly over the boards as if they were endeavouring to caper over a field of corn or to dance upon a floor of eggs without bending the one or breaking the other. Look!—it is better than any farce, though a melancholy one — look at the grave, phlegmatic, taciturn, suicidal Englishman when the quadrupeds enter! Behold one of the most thinking people on earth,—the profound and sagacious islander, — the national brother of Newton and Bacon,—the consummation of sublunary wisdom, behold him in the middle of the pit when the snort and the tramp, the clang and the clatter, announce the ingress of a herd of equestrians! His right hand furnished with the symbol of solemnity—a snuff-box, and his nose bestridden by a pair of owl-eyed spectacles, behold him how he stretches his apoplectic neck towards the proscenium, and while drops of the animal oil course one-another down his "piteous nose," groans or rather whinnies with delight as the fourfooted objects of his anxiety make their appearance! Hark'ee: how far eminent does he rise, think you, above the poor dumb brutes whom he contemplates? Why, forsooth, he can laugh at them, whilst they by the parsimony of their natures cannot return the salutation. See how the lax muscles of his visage run into an indistinguishable jelly at the awkward gambols of Roscius on all-four! how his eyes and mouth simultaneously broaden into an expression of dumb-stricken wonder at heavy-heeled Esop scampering up a wooden staircase into the regions of thunder, and the sound of his gravid hoof vibrating through the carpentry of a play-house! O for a pompion to feature out idiotcy in extatics! What anxiety, what amazement, what pleasure, and what praise! To see incogitative matter, hoofed, high-maned, long-eared, and mounted upon four legs, stand on the stage instead of in the stable! To see a bona fide living and long-tailed quadruped, by the mere force of underhand exercise and eternal custom, lie down in a proper place, or bite a biped in tune, —to see him cutting lavoltas and capricoles to the admonition of the rowel, as long as the "great babies" in the house are pleased to applaud him!—Astonishment! Surely God works a miracle now-a-days, making reasonable creatures of horses, and asses of reasonable creatures! Listen, countrymen and lovers: Suppose that there were two roads from the mill-race to the clover-field, and that Giles were accustomed to lead Dobbin by one and the same of these roads every day to and from pasture; would any one stand agape if Dobbin upon being left to himself were to go by the customary road rather than the other?—But in the theatre it is quite another thing: here incessant pains are taken to inure the animal to one routine of action, yet it is perfectly admirable that he should persist in this on the stage as well as at the riding-house,—and in the presence of a greater number of fools than his masters! But it comes to this: the wonder that Nature makes anything whatever but men and blind matter, or that the inferior

classes of animals should be endued with any quality which might resemble human reason in some of its lowest capacities. Yet let the wonder cease when we reflect how frequently the higher class approximates to the lower, so as to differ from it in shape and outward appointments only. How many men do we meet with in society, endowed with less sensibility than an oyster? how many who are distinguishable from asses only by the shortness of their ears? What paddock in Elysium is a fool fit for? Or must he not rather drop, like his brother-brutes, into the river of Oblivion, and die for ever when he dies at all? How much more grateful to its divine Creator must the breathing field-flower be, than the vile and offensive tenement of a sinful and (even though it were pure as a cherub's) a scarcely save-worthy soul?

But the question is:—Who are the real patrons of the quadrupeds and the monsters? Three classes of candidates are named for this honourable distinction: and the pretensions of each generously allowed by the others. The managers are raised by universal acclamation of the two other parties to this bad eminence. Ah! disinterested rivals! But indeed the sacrifice is too great; Truth nor Justice will allow it. So pusillanimous, so little ambitious in this way have the managers been, that it is only lately they have dared to exhibit any thing out of the common track,—such as pantomime, opera, maudlin tragedy, farces in five acts and in two. They have neglected with the most blameworthy indifference to cultivate the perspicient taste of the public, which has long been declining towards the fourth, or MONSTROUS School of the drama.* For my part, were *I* a manager, I would make a bold stroke for popularity, and introduce "the devil and all his works" at once. If the public were determined to be fooled, I would fool them to the very top of their bent. No half measures for me: I would go roundly to work. For this purpose the first thing I should do would be to engage a German dramatist who could produce at least one regular certificate of insanity, — who had attempted to shoot others and hang himself,—who had drunk blood out of scull-cups and played at skittles with dead men's bones,—who could boast the acquaintance of every wild grave, water-king, old witch, &c. &c. within the belt of the nine Circles,—who was cup and can with Von Goethe and per consequence hand in glove with Mephistopheles,—who was in short practically conversant with all the crimes in the calendar and on terms of easy familiarity with all the demons at either side of Hell-gate. Such a noble Trojan as this would I engage for my *Major Domo,* were I a manager; and with his assistance would I cater for the public stomach till it sickened with the very hue of the viands. It would be then time enough to turn about and serve up Adam and Eve in fig-leaves, as a pleasant contrast of nature in a green dress with every thing unnatural in a German one. To relieve the audience, however, by a grateful variety of amusement whilst my tragedist was playing off his men-monsters, and to indulge them in their propensity for quadrupeds, I would occasionally favour them with a performer of this number of legs. But horses would be too common-place for my ingenuity; were *I* theatrical purveyor to an English audience, and did they persevere in their present taste, by all that is solemn and serious, I would give them *a bear!* Not a young biped sewed up in a rug, nor the stuffed Greenlander from Montague-house,—but a real, perpendicular, dancing bear! By thus turning the stage every now and then into a bear-garden I would endeavour to afford the public a consummation of their refined taste in intellectual enjoyments, an union of

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* To the three which I have already enumerated in my "Letters,"—the Dramatic, the Rhetoric, and the Poetic, I am now to add a fourth,—the Monstrous, as making up the very respectable number of schools through which English Tragedy has successively permeated. The last is only now beginning to engage general admiration, but its merits are of so unequivocal a description as to render its ultimate success with a discerning public inevitable. I have not been premature therefore in branding it with a suitable title and speaking of it as the fourth school of our national drama.

the double and dissimilar qualifications of a quadruped and a biped; if it should ever happen to be my lot to turn bearward for the profit and delight of the British nation.

Yet neither is it the public who are to be looked upon as the original patrons of the quadrupeds; nor is it to their encouragement that the Monstrous school of drama in England primarily owes its existence and success. We, that is, the public, have many pairs of shoulders; you may lay any weight of obloquy upon them. Nothing is more easy than to ascribe the present degraded state of the stage to the perversity or depravity of the public taste in theatricals. This is a ready and a favourite solution of the phenomenon,—especially with these who know it to be false. Do I then pretend to assert that the public taste is not vitious and irrational, at present? No. Do I pretend to assert that the countenance and applause with which the quadrupeds and the monsters meet every night, is not the cause of their present occupation of the stage? No. But how far is the public guilty in this? Entertainment of one kind or other must be had. If we cannot have legitimate drama, we must have illegitimate: if we cannot have the noble deeds of men, we must have the damnable gesticulations of monsters; if we cannot have heroes to amuse us, we must have horses. What *choice* has the public? or how can it show its taste and discrimination?—By tearing the concave (I suppose), by blowing the house-roof to the moon, when such splendid ebullitions of dramatic genius as "The Vespers of Palermo," "Caius Gracchus," &c. &c. are played off before us?—and by groaning at the quadrupeds whenever they attempt to enter the lists against the heroes of such doughty performances! This is so reasonable! Seriously, and upon my sincerity, I think the public evinces nothing short of the purest good-taste in *preferring* the quadrupeds and the monsters to the miserable tragedies from which the Dramatists of the Day expect so much immortality and money. There is something to please at least in *one* sense in the former; "*nil admirari*" in a passive sense sounds through every line of the latter. I profess myself a critic in these matters, and yet I honestly declare that I would rather see Mr. Ducrow canter up to the clouds as a knight of a modern pantomime, than Mr. Young stalk across the stage as the hero of a modern tragedy. But granting the postulate, that the public taste is irrational,— whose fault is this? Acknowledging the lamentable truth that the million is prone to idolatry of quadrupeds and monsters, and that it still retains the old Jewish propensity to adore devils for deities (at least on the stage); acknowledging this truth, and that the reigning taste of the public exemplifies it,—whose fault is it? Suppose the pedagogues of all the schools in Great Britain were to drop, as by a thunderstroke, their books and birches, with all other orthodox instruments of edification, and assault the ears alone of their pupils with home-made poetry,—would it be any crime if the sufferers were immediately to cry "Whoop!" and sally out to trap-ball and cricket? Certainly not. If those who ought to be their teachers desert the office, and neglecting legitimate modes of instruction seek to overwhelm their unoffending auditors with a perpetual effusion of poetry,—the inattention of the latter is a subject for praise not blame, and their consequent ignorance or bad taste is not their fault, but their misfortune. Exactly by the same rule we may regret the degenerate taste of the public which can indulge itself so gratefully in contemplating night after night the menagerial exhibitions at Drury Lane and Covent Garden, but we cannot fairly censure it. We may deplore that want of public feeling which permits the boards where Macbeth and Othello have trod to be profaned by the hoof of a quadruped,—which permits the temples of Shakspeare to be metamorphosed into little hells where every unhallowed species of tragic *diablerie* may be perpetrated with impunity,—we may deplore the want, but we cannot set it down to the public as a crime with which *they* are justly chargeable. Those who should have directed the public taste and instructed the public judgment, have deserted their post. The shepherds have left their flocks, which have therefore naturally gone astray. They

return every now and then to be sure with a scrip-full of "home-made poetry," but the flock will not to fold for such insipid provender,—or if they do enter the theatrical pen it is only to *ba-a!* at the shepherd and his collation. This is perhaps allegorizing away too much of the public character. I have been astonished at the interest excited in the breast of the many-headed, by the announcement of a new tragedy, by the general anxiety to witness its exhibition, by the facility with which every poet can agglomerate a sufficient number of ears dispassionately to hear his play, and a competent number of tongues satisfactorily to damn it. Does not this afford some proof that taste is not dead in the general palate, but dormant? is not the judicious exercise of it in the negative sense a partial demonstration that it would be exerted with equal discernment in the positive? Let any dramatist of the day just *tempt* the public with such a play as Julius Cesar, or even Venice Preserved (which is now looked upon as decidedly "a bad thing" by our living tragic-poets), and if the public reject or condemn it, then let the public be gibbeted as those who have turned the theatre into a riding-house and the stage into a Pandemonium.

But it is in truth neither the managers nor the public who have exploded the English drama to make way for the German and Equestrian;—it is the *Poets*. The real patrons of the quadrupeds are our *tragedy-poets:* it is they who have danced in the van (crying—Oh, horrible! all the time), while these four-footed "gentlemen of the sock and buskin" curvetted every step of the way from Astley's to Elliston's. It is they who have led the equestrian troop of performers from Westminster to Vinegar Yard, who have procured engagements for *horses*, and who have established a squadron of mountebank cavalry on the stage for a prospective eternity. *Euge!* Well done! philotetrapodal fellows! It is you who deserve well of your country, is it not? You should be presented, each, with a turban of three tails, a leather apron, and a horse-shoe, like the primitive Turks of the Selinga, for your negative but efficient patronage of the Equestrian Drama. What a splendid office it was to be vaunt-couriers to—His Majesty's Servants, the four-footed company of comedians! What matter of gloriation it is to have introduced Centaurs upon the stage, to have treated the people to a show of actors with double the usual number of legs! bay, black, piebald, cream-coloured, high-maned, long-tailed, solidungular performers!—Bravo!—How the echoes of Parnassus are ringing with the names of Mr. ——, the author of ——, a tragedy; Mr. * *, the author of * *, a drama in five acts; &c. &c. who paved the way with these their performances for a regiment of horse-players to ride triumphant in Drury Lane! How Pegasus must kick up his heels in the Muses' paddock, striking out as many Hippocrenes for your drinking as make the hill look like a quagmire! As Demosthenes said (or any one might say), *improvisamente,*

By earth, by all her fountains, streams, and floods,

you are glorious gentlemen!—But this is not all: you are likewise patrons, not ostensible, but *sub rosa* patrons of the Monstrous School of the Drama. Another bow in your bonnets. It is you who have conjured up that pestilent fry of reptiles, Germans, and cacodemons, which is nightly set before the devouring eyes of this highly intellectual nation. You are justly put into this active capacity, for the nuisance only exists by your passiveness. Yet I myself, loud as I am upon paper, I myself do not as eloquently reprobate, as sonorously bewail, as tristfully deprecate, as vociferously anathematize, the Germans and Equestrians, the quadrupeds and the monsters, as the least eloquent, sonorous, tristful, vociferous *trago*-poet of the day! You are all in a tale: What venal dogs are the managers! What tasteless blockheads are the people!—One cries, that he would as soon bestow a good tragedy on the public, as a fine pearl on a pig: I believe him. Another exclaims, that no mixed audience could appreciate his works: he is wrong, for it damned them. A third (a noble poet, now dead and never a dramatist) concludes the total absence of dramatic taste among his countrymen from—mark the infal-

lible premises, reader!—from their insensibility to the dramatic powers of "Joanna Baillie, and Milman, and John Wilson." O Aristotle! There's an enthymeme! I have no taste for the drama because I am blind to the dramatic powers of Miss Baillie, Milman, and Wilson! Three very meritorious persons, but as fit to write dramas for the stage, as the man in the moon to write music for the spheres. In a note to the preface of his Doge of Venice the abovementioned noble author says: "While I was in the sub-committee of Drury Lane Theatre, I can vouch for my colleagues, and I hope for myself, that we did our best to bring back the legitimate drama. I tried what I could to get De Monfort revived, but in vain, and equally in vain in favour of Sotheby's Ivan, which was thought an acting play; and I endeavoured also to wake Mr. Coleridge to write a tragedy." De Monfort, legitimate drama! Ay, as like as Shakspeare in petticoats to Joanna Baillie in breeches. If any lady *could* write legitimate drama, Miss Baillie is that lady; but the hypothesis is as baseless as a sick man's dream. Sotheby's Ivan, an acting play! Pooh! pooh!—But best of all,—Mr. Coleridge *write a tragedy!* Momus! O god of laughter, hear that! "Wake Mr. Coleridge to write a tragedy?" Who ever thought of asking an Eolian lyre to whistle the Dead March in Saul? or a wild reed to blow Rule Britannia? Would any person with brains enough to keep him from walking on all-four (excepting always poets, who have a licence to be foolish) expect a gossamer to fly in a mathematical right line from Durham to Dover?—Such a person would expect Mr. Coleridge to write a regular tragedy; and, in both cases, his hopes would be about equally gratified.—Again: Our legitimate tragedies, it is said, bring no houses: And why in the name of necessity should they? Our very best pieces of that description are played to empty benches: Why not, my arithmetician? We have a dozen stock plays, "old stagers" as they may well be called; Lear, Othello, Hamlet, Macbeth, Richard, Venice Preserved, and a few others. These have been running a perpetual gauntlet of admiration ever since we knew the shape of a horse-shoe; soup for dinner, soup for supper, and soup for dinner again; yet we are expected to swallow it with as much avidity as if it were the first time of dishing! The miracle is, that these sempiternal plays have not been cut short in the midst of their immortality, and that the gods have not long since cried out in plain English *Ohe jam satis!* when the Madman, the Moor, and the other perennial heroes of our stage have put forth their speech and their noses. But granting that we are tasteless and insensate: Again I ask, whose fault is it? We were not *always* without taste; the nation was at *one* time dramatic in its feelings. Why then not re-create that taste, why not renovate those feelings? This is the office of our poets; taste for any art and sensibility to its beauties must originate with the finest spirits of the nation, i. e. (in drama), as they are nowise backward to proclaim themselves,—the poets. It is not our part to make them play-writers, but theirs to make us play-goers. What is expected from us? Are we to be ever in the dramatic lune, without any fuel to sustain our ardour? Must we be ever open-mouthed for a tragic morceau, though we have not tasted as much for these last forty years as would satisfy a craving Lilliputian? What! is it expected that without why or wherefore we are suddenly to get up as if stung by a tragic oestrus, and having maddened round the whole land of Lud, ransacking every bookseller's shop, and pillaging every poet's pocket, for five-act pieces, we are to cry aloud with a common throat,—*More tragedy! More tragedy! More tragedy else we die!* Yet this is what they look for who accuse the public of want of taste and relish for the drama. No, my friends; we must have some provocation before you can hope to find us in a genuine rage for theatricals. Give us *one* good tragedy; and you shall have no reason to complain of public apathy for the future.

The sum of the matter is this: A tragedy is written, offered, perused, received, rehearsed, puffed, presented, and damned. The managers cry out on the poet, the poet on the public, and the public on both. The managers (after condemnation) pro-

fess themselves unable to see the wit of the piece, though it is pointed out to them by the author as plain as their own noses. The poet complains of want of taste in the public, though he has just received the very best contradictory proof that his charge is groundless. The public, in fine, call the manager a goose, and the poet—"more than I'll say, or he'd believe." Another tragedy is produced: three acts are suffered to pass over in noiseless tranquillity; no sound whatever, but the drawing of an occasional cork, or the blowing of a solitary nose: but at the close of the fourth, the audience begin to yawn, gape, sneeze, cough, and throw orange-peel at the musicians: in the fifth some fall fast asleep, others retire to the lobbies, the pit begins to squabble, the boxes to chatter, and the galleries grow noisy, boozy, and amorous: nothing like interest, attention, or enjoyment—till the horses or the dancing-girls enter! Why? Why because the people (blockheads and barbarians as they are!) cannot perceive the excellence of the piece. Exactly so; and this being the case with every piece written by the Dramatists of the Day, we naturally fly to Germany and Westminster Bridge for a supply of amusement. In this manner are the Quadrupeds naturalized upon the stage; in this manner is the Monstrous School of the Drama permanently established, amongst the most enlightened people on the face of the habitable globe.

JOHN LACY

REPORT OF MUSIC.

ONE great provincial meeting has taken place since our last, which closes the autumnal music of the year, namely, the Edinburgh festival. It was directed by a committee, and conducted by Sir George Smart, and the scale was about equal to that of last year at Liverpool. Miss Stephens, Miss Goodall, and Madame de Begnis, Messrs. Vaughan, Sapio, Phillips, Bellamy, and Signor de Begnis, were originally engaged, but the indisposition of M. Sapio compelled the directors to negociate with Mr. Braham, who attended. The band and chorus numbered under two hundred. We shall not go deeply into the selections, which were of the same character, and, indeed, nearly the same individual pieces which are common to all concerts of such magnitude. Madame de Begnis sang English for the first time, and took Haydn's beautiful song in the Creation, *On Mighty Wings* (we wish musicians would prefer old Mr. Milton to young Mr. Webbe), which she sang exquisitely, pronouncing the words with great propriety. She also performed Cimarosa's *Il Sacrifizio d'Abram*, with deep pathos and effect. This was on the same morning. At the other sacred performances, she took the bravura, *Rejoice greatly*, in the Messiah, and several other things. Braham, and Signor and Madame de Begnis, carried away the palm; but Miss Stephens, Vaughan, Phillips, and Miss Goodall, were heard with scarcely less delight. The Scotch critics admit that the performances were, as a whole, nearly perfect, and only quarrel with the superabundance of singers; a discovery very sensible as we esteem the matter, but one to which they have probably been led by the balance of the receipts and expenditure, leaving very little for the charities, for whose benefit the festival was instituted. One thing we cannot but remark: the observations made by the press are amongst the most sensible we ever remember to have seen, and indicate, if not a general diffusion of musical science, a very philosophical understanding of the art, and very good taste in the individual authors of those reports. Scotland has but lately been invaded by the passion for exotic music, but she seems to be alive to its fullest enjoyment. Mr Kalkbrenner gave one Concert at Edinburgh just before the Festival.

and, in compliance with a wish almost universally expressed, he repeated his entertainment. At Glasgow there had also been Concerts, and Mr. Braham was invited from thence to assist at the Edinburgh Festival.

It has been determined to hold the York Festival next summer, and the preparations are upon such a scale as most probably to exceed all other counties. The band will number six hundred performers; and the greatest pains will be taken to procure novelty and excellence. Expense seems the least matter of consideration with the committee, and this is the way to ensure the looked-for reward. They who deal with the public must now deal liberally. The magnificent Assembly Rooms, upon which six thousand pounds are to be expended, will then be opened. The morning performances will be in the Minster. It is intended that Mr. Greatorex should conduct the morning, Sir George Smart the evening Concerts.

There has never been so complete an apparent pause in the preparations for public music in London as at this moment. The fate of the Opera is become even darker and more involved than ever, by the crisis in the affairs of the principal proprietor, Mr. Chambers. If the world is rightly informed, Mr. Ebers is under a positive contract to pay a rent of ten thousand pounds for the next season, whether the house be opened or not, as well as some not less positive engagements with Signor Garcia and other principal performers. If this be true, individual interest will combine with the general desire of the fashionable world. We cannot, indeed, imagine the metropolis without an Italian Opera, after the time and money that has been spent, in planting and fixing the taste; and, above all, when to frequent the King's Theatre is, perhaps, the strongest public habit (if we may use such a term) of the fashionable world. Luxury among the great in this country is now carried to such an excess, that not one, but thousands of English, would contribute as largely as the Royal sensualist, who offered a largess for the invention of a new pleasure. No establishment in this country touches so many interests, so many feelings, so many hopes, so many fears. If an Asmodeus could develope the strange anomalies of pleasure and of pain,—of fresh delight and past recollections—of innocency indulging its newest hopes, and of vice plotting its darkest intrigues,—the results of this magnificent exhibition of splendour and art,—of intellectual and technical power, when applied to such multifarious combinations of excitement and of passion, as are here displayed; it would afford a speculation to rejoice a fiend. No! too many senses are to be gratified, and too many passions indulged, and too many interests upheld in this, the largest Metropolitan mart of pleasure and iniquity, to allow of its suspension through the operation of slight causes. How the funds are to be raised to re-open the King's Theatre, it is not so easy to foresee, but that it will be re-opened there is scarcely any danger in prophesying. The fittest person to manage the stage department is, probably, Mr. Ayrton, who we happen to know was not long since engaged in some negociations concerning the direction of the house. At present the rumour is, that the property will come to sale, and that it is now contended for (probably only *ad interim*) by one committee of noblemen, and another of the booksellers who have been engaged in the commerce of tickets and boxes. The decision must probably soon be made, otherwise there will be no adequate time to collect the *membra disjecta* of this shattered fabric. Parliament, however, meets late, and a month may be thus deducted from the usual season; but if, on the other hand, a dissolution takes place early, as it is thought will be the case, that season will be but a very short one at the best. The example of former years demonstrates that no time can be lost with impunity, so far as profit is concerned. The best thing that could perhaps arise out of this complication of distress, would be the satisfaction of all matters concerning the house, and the liquidation of all claims under the sweeping powers of a commission. It would be alike a benefit to future managers, the proprietors, and the public. While the property is liable to such incessant

legal litigation, all chance of success must be completely hopeless, if experience is a guide to be trusted. As matters now stand, one thing is quite certain—which is, that the public pays infinitely more for their amusement in this way than at any other theatre in Europe, or than they ought to pay for what may be called the legitimate charges of the establishment.

The Oratorios hang on the same causes of hesitation, namely, the loss experienced by former speculators. The difficulty here lies not upon legal embarrassments or expences; but upon the difference between what the public appetite has been trained to require, and the receipts at the doors. So vast and so various an assembly of principal performers as the public have been accustomed to, has not only the effect of increasing the charges in the ratio of the number of singers employed but also to augment the demands of these singers themselves. The manager is no longer able to play them off against each other; he must perforce have them *all*, and consequently their demands are augmented by the imperious nature of the requisition which they know lies upon him. Hence it is obvious that a new plan must be struck out; for with no other competition than the *Concerts Spirituels* Mr Bochsa still found a great defalcation of receipts. It is yet to be tried: 1, Whether the singers will lower their charges; 2, Whether a lesser number will content the public; or 3, Whether the price of admission can be increased. Against the latter proposition the public will justly take exception. The Oratorios have been hitherto the only concerts of comparatively cheap national resort, and they ought not to be made any thing else. It will be a sufficiently hazardous experiment to try under any circumstances, but particularly under what upon the face of the nightly bills of fare may seem to be a falling off, either in the numbers or the rank of the performers, or in the quantity of the entertainment provided. The singers should be made to understand and to feel this, and learn to relax their grasp. If not, let them pay the penalty of non-engagement. The same train of reasoning applies to all other concerts; and indeed, we hear of none, except of the City Amateur, which it has been in contemplation to revive. They indeed did not expire for want of funds or want of support, but simply from the recession of zeal, which all establishments depending upon the voluntary contributions of the time and talents of Amateur-directors are liable to suffer. Sir George Smart (the former conductor) has been applied to, we are told; but we are not informed as to any ulterior proceedings. They were, however, amongst the best concerts the metropolis ever enjoyed—*malgre* their being held east of Temple Bar.

These embarrassments will probably excite new projectors to new schemes; but as the town will not fill early, their promulgation may be safely delayed a little later than usual. What will Signor Rossini and Madame Catalani undertake? They are not the folks to sit idle with their hands *in their own pockets*.

NEW MUSIC.

The new publications are, viz.

Tems Heureux, Petite Fantasie for the Pianoforte, by J. B. Cramer. Op. 68. This title tells either of the present or the past; and as Mr. Cramer is not now a young man, he, like most other persons, probably looks back to his youth as *le tems heureux*. At least this was our impression on first opening the piece, and we expected to trace visions of the past in every line. Perhaps we were too romantic; for we were mistaken, and even disappointed. The variations upon an original air are similar to those on Rousseau's Dream, but very inferior. They are easy, we suppose intentionally so; and if the lesson be not the production of an ordinary mind, it is beneath that of a Cramer.

Le Carillon du Village, a favorite Air, with Variations, for the Pianoforte, with an Accompaniment for the Flute, ad lib. by T. Latour. Neither has Mr. Latour been quite so fortunate as usual There is much of gracefulness and melody in the composition, and it is of a useful kind, for although the pianoforte part may be played independently of the flute, yet the latter is of considerable importance; and, notwithstanding the height of many of the passages puts it beyond the capabilities of all but accomplished performers, its difficulties will, however, stimulate to exertion.

"*Where the bee sucks,*" *with Variations for the Harp by Chipp.* has much to recommend it; it calls into use passages of moderate difficulty, and these are arranged

with taste and even novelty. The air, which is an old and worthy favourite, is treated with much taste.

Mr. Cianchettini has *a Fantasia for the Pianoforte* upon the *Preghiera* in *Zelmira*. The florid manner of this composer is a little subdued in this instance, and his forbearance is repaid by greater chastity of style and regular accent. Perhaps even here his modulations are redundant, but in many instances they are very effective.

The arrangements are a selection from Pietro l'Eremita as a duet, by Webbe, for the Pianoforte; select movements by Himmel, also as duets by Haigh, and the 15th Book of Mr Bochsa's selections from Rossini's operas, containing *Ricciardo e Zoraide*.

THE DRAMA.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

A Woman never Vext; or, the Widow of Cornhill.

The Taste of the town has at length had one chance offered it of escape from a violent fate on that public scaffold, the stage;—and from the way in which the offer has been met, one would almost be induced to hope that "a disgraceful end" might be avoided, and that, duly penitent for the sinful past, the poor reprieved Taste was about to commence a well-ordered life for the future. The revival of a comedy from the pen of one of Will Shakspeare's *playmates* was a thing scarcely to be looked for in these distempered times,—in these days of Dapples and Ducrows!—these days of talking birds, flying horses, and hell fire!—It seems, however, that the managers of Covent-Garden, warned from the cattle madness by the failure of Elliston's Tale of Enchantment; and, it may be, touched with some respect for the character which their theatre gained in John Kemble's reign by its classic revivals,—have determined on trying to work one of the old mines,—and though the first attempt has not been attended with an absolute *Mexican* result, the success has indisputably proved that the ore will repay the working. It has for a considerable period been conceived by the managers of the great theatres that comedy was not worth its keep,—that wit was of no more value in the market than broken glass or old rags,—and that to command success wonders must be piled upon wonders,—that Buffon' Natural History must be studied as the only Dramatist's Guide. Your two-legged monsters were held to be gone by, and the "coat and breeches comedies" fit only to be cast aside like old garments and in their stead, elephants, horses, dogs, stags, "and such small deer," were only brought up to the stage. Our national theatres became Noah's arks, wherein all creeping things were assembled—and it has been fully believed that the town came to the play only with a couple of eyes, and that the two ears were enjoying sinecure places on the sides of the head. The revival of Rowley's play certainly promises better things in managers,—and, a taste for better things in the town. Farley has had his day,—and he will not object to giving tin foil and red fire a little rest.

William Rowley lived in the reign of James I. and was of the Cambridge University. He was on friendly and authorly terms with Middleton, Massinger, and Webster,—all of them undoubtedly poets of a higher genius than himself,—and for shares in several partnership plays, performances not uncommon in the golden days of those famous men, Rowley might put in his claim. He also acted on the stage, though, like most authors, his dramatic power lay rather in his pen than in his person. The best productions to which Rowley's name appears, are generally those which he wrote in conjunction with others, such as "The Spanish Gipsey," and "The Changeling," in which he was assisted by Middleton:—and there is therefore some ground for supposing that to Middleton much is owing. A man of a fair capacity, in habits of love,

and friending with such men as Fletcher, Webster, Middleton, and Ford,—the last a poet of matchless pathos,—could not but catch the trick of writing,—and of writing well. That Rowley was rather an imitator than a man of original genius, appears from the similarity which his unaided plays bear to the plays of his friends. About twenty productions hold his name,—and the play in question produced somewhere about 1630 was, we believe, his first-born, and perhaps his best [illegible] Drama.

The original title of the play is "A New Wonder, A Woman never Vext;" but [illegible] the title is altered in the play as it is acted. The widow [illegible] lady of fortune and fortune [illegible] one who has had happy hours [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Sir Stephen Foster. [illegible] is the opening of the play, a Brother Foster (not Foster-brother) wealthy, [illegible]. The son of the rich Foster [illegible] Stephen in Ludgate prison, when he [illegible] ruin and ill-fame, and for this, spurred on by the termagant mother-in-law, old Foster drives his boy with indignant hate from his house. Stephen, when rich, takes the boy, Robert, into his affection and care, and Foster and his wife are crazed at the success of the uncle and their child. Towards the end of the play the ship ventures of old Foster fail at sea, and the mouth of the Thames swallows up his wealth,—then the son visits his father in Ludgate, as he had visited his uncle, and Stephen in pretended malice pursues Robert for expending his money on his enemy. The play ends, however, with a generous payment by Stephen of his brother's debts and a reunion of the long severed families. There is an under plot of love, in which a Miss Jane Brown, the daughter of a merchant, is wooed by a prose Sir Toby Belch, yclepped Sir Godfrey Speedwell, and a simpleton called Mr Innocent Lambskin,—but the girl's heart is of course sought and won by Robert Foster. The Knight and his feeble little friend are fools both, and debtors to the widow, who with a generosity only known in 1630 accepts a composition of two shillings in the pound from her debtors without pursuing them with [illegible] bill of Middlesex through all the [illegible] scene of the King's Bench prison and the Insolvent Court.

In the old play the widow tells of having lost her wedding ring while crossing the Thames, and of even [illegible] containing the ring. This incident was borrowed from an anecdote preserved in Fuller's Worthies of one Citizen Anderson, who [illegible] Newcastle [illegible] ring, which he [illegible] the river, and recovered it from a fish caught from the same river. There is [illegible] but little [illegible] the dramatic [illegible] in this incident, and the [illegible] omission in the acted play is judicious.

The plot, which is simple enough, is partly historical. Sir Stephen Foster, son of Mr Foster, Stockfishmonger, was Sheriff of London, in 1444, and Lord Mayor in 1454. Speaking of him, old Stow says:

"This chapped to be a prisoner there, one Stephen Foster, where poor men are at this day wont [illegible] to beg the benevolent charities of pious and compassionate benefactors that passed by. As he was doing his doleful office, a rich widow of London hearing his complaint, enquired of him what would release him? To which he answered, Twenty pound; which she in charity expended, and clearing him out of prison, entertained him in her service, who, afterward falling into the way of merchandize, and increasing as well in wealth as courage, wooed his mistress, Dame Agnes, and married her.

"Her riches and his industry brought him both great wealth and honour, being afterward no less than Sir Stephen Foster, Lord Mayor of the honourable City of London. Yet whilst he lived in this great

honour and dignity, he forgot not the place of his captivity; but mindful of the sad and irksome place wherein poor men were imprisoned, bethought himself of enlarging it, to make it a little more delightful and pleasant for those who in aftertimes should be imprisoned and shut up therein. And, in order thereunto, acquainted his lady with this his pious purpose and intention, in whom likewise he found so affable and willing a mind to do good to the poor, that she promised to expend as much as he should do for the carrying on of the work; and having possessions adjoining thereunto, they caused to be erected and built the rooms and places following, that is to say, the paper house, the porch, the watch-hall, the upper and lower lambries, the cellar, the long ward, and the chapel for divine service; in which chapel is an inscription on the wall, containing these words:

"*This chapel was erected and ordained for the divine worship and service of God, by the Right Honourable Sir Stephen Foster, Knight, some time Lord Maior of this honourable city, and by Dame Agnes his wife, for the use and godly exercise of the prisoners in this prison of Ludgate, Anno* 1454.

"He likewise gave maintenance for a preaching minister," and "ordained what he had so built, with that little which was before, should be free for all freemen, and that they, providing their own bedding, should pay nothing at their departure for lodging or chamber-rent."

This worthy Knight, whose memory should be married to that of Cat-Whittington, deserved his fortune--for it is not now, in these tread-mill days, the fashion to make prisons "a little more delightful and pleasant" for those who are to abide in them. In speaking of Ludgate prison, Stow says:

"The said quadrant strongly builded of stone, by the before-named Stephen Foster, and Agnes his wife, contayneth a large walking place by grounde, the like roome it hath over it for lodgings, and over all a fayre leades to walke upon, well imbattayled, all for ease of prisoners, to the ende they shoulde have lodging and water free without charge: as by certaine verses grauen in copper, and fixed on the said quadrant, I haue read in forme following:

Deuout soules that passe this way,
for Stephen Foster late mayor, hartely pray.
And Dame Agnes his spouse, to God consecrate,
that of pitty this house made for Lodoners in Ludgate.
So that for lodging and water prisoners here nought pay,
as their keepers shall answere at dreadfull domes day.

"This plate, and one other of his armes, taken downe with the old gate, I caused to be fixed over the entrie of the said quadrant, but the verses being unhappily turned inward to the wall, the like in effect is graven outward in prose, declaring him to be a fishmonger, because some upon a light occasion (as a maydens heade in a glasse window) had *fabuled* him to bee a mercer, and to *have begged there* at Ludgate."

It is well remarked by the editor of Old English Plays, to whom Mr. Planche (the patron of the present comedy) is, with ourselves, indebted for much interesting information, that the play is filled with gross anachronisms; but we will warrant that an audience would not think it wrong if Falstaff, Sir William Curtis, and Anne Bullein, were produced on the stage at one time as contemporaries.

There is little poetry in the play, and less wit. The widow, perhaps, speaks fairly, and there are some good popular lines about prisons and liberty, which come sounding from the boards with good effect; but the talk of the widow's clown is homespun enough, and the dialogue is, taken generally, rather in the costume than in the true spirit of the age of Fletcher and Ford. Mr. Planche has endeavoured, in various places, to pamper up the language into poetry; and, to this end, he has introduced the following very passable imitation of the old style.

Rob. (*Aside*, L.) Can she be mortal? I have read of shapes
Like that, in legends of the olden days—
The beautiful imaginings of men,
Rapt and inspired! Such a form she wore,
The nymph of Elis, whom the river god
Through earth and ocean follow'd—or young Thisbe,
The fond, ill-fated girl of Babylon!
How fair her forehead is! and that soft cheek
Wherein the bashful blood seems loath to dwell
Lest it should stain such purity! her eyes,
How bright, and yet how full of gentleness!
Fit lamps for such a shrine! what heart may 'scape
The silken meshes of yon nut brown hair,
That clusters round her neck, like a dark vine,

About the shaft of some unspotted column!
I will not wink, for fear the vision pass,
And leave me sorrowing!

These are well interlined, but with all the labour of Mr. Planche, the comedy is but bald in its dialogue.

It falls to us now to speak of the style in which the old play has been produced, and we are really happy in being able to speak in terms of unlimited commendation. The performers appear to have been struck with a laudable desire to show themselves worthy in a worthy cause; and there is not one whose popularity is not increased by the revival. Mr. Young exerted himself strenuously in Old Foster, and his severe *digging* style suited well the hard merchant and father. Miss Lacy, as the wife, shewed talents of a better order than we have hitherto detected in her.—We fear, however, that her excellence as a shrew will mar her domestic fortunes. She looks a bitter soul truly! Mr. C. Kemble was all spirit and manliness as Stephen Foster, the best character in the play; he gave the old English as though it was dear to his heart. Mr. Cooper was content to play the part of Robert, an unassuming part,—but given in a manner that reflects the highest character for good sense upon the performer. Bartley had little to do in Speedwell; but he made us wish he had been blessed with more. Keeley is always Keeley,—and luckily Innocent Lambskin is a part of him. Blanchard's clown is inestimable—but when does Blanchard fail us in a genuine play?

Miss Chester, the handsome Miss Chester! was the Widow of Cornhill, and her looks recommended the character to our especial favour. In this part there is little to exercise this spirited actress's boundless gaiety or natural pathos, in both of which she is at present unrivalled;—but there are pleasant speeches and liberal actions which she gives with the utmost ease and spirit.

The scenery is Covent-Garden scenery,—and we need say no more. The dresses have evidently been got up at great labour and cost, and are correct we suppose. Mr. Sheriff Whittaker and Mr. Alderman Garratt should go some early evening, and look at the gone-by gowns and civic breeches of the shrievalty of old,—and endeavour to reform the liveries of their fellows. The procession on a Lord Mayor's Day, of some centuries back, is admirably managed, and much shames the gingerbread coach and paltry chariots of our degenerate corporation. The houses are thronged, as Cheapside might be on the ninth ultimo,—and the procession *walks* along to Guildhall with the banners of all the companies, and the companies themselves. We missed *the Girdlers*, one of the most ancient of the set; Gog and Magog were not above appearing in the procession, which, of late years, they are accustomed only inactively to look down upon. The last scene in Guildhall, with the king, &c. is "more like than the original," and nothing was wanting but the victuals to have made us date the day as the ninth of November. This procession, our readers are aware, is an interloper in Rowley's comedy.

In conclusion, we cannot but add, that we rejoice at the prospect of wholesome revivals from the old dramatists, and Mr. Planche has shown himself to be a man worthy to be trusted as a Miner.

DRURY-LANE.

Der Freischütz.

We are beginning to get very sick of this very good music,—or rather of the fuss that is made about it by those who, under the pretence of doing honour to the genius of Weber, and of fostering the musical taste of the country, are paying only the most rigid attention to the galleries, and to the silver that is caught from the lovers of melo-dramatic effect. Every little and every large theatre in England, is now casting the magic balls, and hell is raging from one extremity of the country to the other. The piece at Drury-lane, with very great pretensions, is no better than that at Covent-garden, and not half so good as the piece at the English Opera House, which had the merit of being the *first* production in every sense of the word. We are told in the Lessee's own peculiar prose, that this version of the German mystery is something

very superior to any thing of the kind at other houses: or rather we are to infer as much from the cunning and pleasant bills of His Acting Majesty! The Pit is apologized to for the unavoidable curtailment of its magnitude, in order to meet the demands of the enlarged orchestra;—this is something like a manager asking permission of the Gentlemen in the Two Shilling Gallery to address the Gentlemen in the *One!*—And further it is announced, as a matter of moment, that "The band will be led by Mr. Mountain, who has kindly offered his valuable services on this occasion."—Poor old Mountain must stare to find his application for an engagement thus trumpeted to the world, as a condescension; to be sure it is no trifle when the Mountain does come to Mahomet. The music is stated also as being "the original music, introduced and *adapted to the English stage,* by Mr. H. R. Bishop." as though, original as it is, Weber's music must be filtered through Mr. Bishop before it can be fit for a London ear. The opera too, which is mysterious and dull enough at the best, is given into the hands of a new translator, who has made confusion worse confounded. The only thing in which the present opera surpasses any of its brothers, is in the noise, light, and fog, of its hell, and in the consumption of its gunpowder.

Mr. T. Cooke plays Braham's part much as Braham plays it, but he does not sing it as Braham sings it. Mr. Horn, as Caspar, although he acts with great spirit, is not to be mentioned in the same century with Mr. Bennett, the old original Caspar, who goes about his work like an inspired workman. The music in the incantation scene is rather aided than injured in effect, by the words *spoken* by Caspar; at this theatre the whole scene is one mass of music.—Mr. Knight as Killian was deadly lively.

A new singer, a Miss Graddon, took the part of Linda: but,—we would rather not speak of her just yet.

The scenery is magnificent.

We perceive that the songs are printed, as though they were *the* songs for such an opera,—but the poor rogue that lays out his tenpence in the purchase of a copy, will find that he has secured to himself tenpenny-worth of miserable doggrel, which he would blush to read at the inn of a country village on a wet Sunday. The dialogue appears throughout to be very empty and bombastic.

Mr. Macready,—who, we were given to understand, had taken the *Seven Compasses* at Buxton,—has again appeared on this stage as Macbeth and Leontes. He certainly is full of vicious peculiarities, but there is a spirit, an earnestness,—an originality, in his conception and execution of the higher characters in Tragedies, which place him far above all actors, except Kean. One of the Sunday papers is continually talking of a sensible letter which this gentleman has written in it; he is really so good an actor, that we only wish he would but perform, and never write sensible letters, to divide our attention.

The Children in the Wood.

Rayner has been trying a fall with Elliston, in the part of Walter in this Robin Redbreast Tragedy and is found undermost. We are not surprised at this. The part of Walter, which is a jumble of merriment and pathos, is suited exactly to the talents of Elliston. Rayner is too slow and determined for so unsettled a part. We are surprised that an actor of Rayner's judgment and experience should have been so rash in his conduct; he would not find Elliston very ready to try Giles or Robert Tyke with *him.*

A brace of Tragedies are promised at the two Theatres. The newspapers speak highly of them, as being highly spoken of.—We have not yet seen Mrs. Slowman, a new tragic actress, and said to be a lady of great talent.

VIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

Nov. 24, 1824.

There has not occurred a month since the publication of our Magazine, during which less has occurred to interest our readers than the last. An event is, however, now on the eve of taking place, if we may credit the foreign journals, from which it is not at all improbable that results of a very important nature indeed may arise—we allude to the projected evacuation of Spain by the French troops. It is announced, and apparently on good authority, that the great body of these troops are going to take up a position on the line of the Ebro, and that only 22,000 men are to be left behind to garrison five large places, of which Cadiz and Barcelona are to be the principal. Various councils were held daily for some time previous to this determination, at the Escurial. The subject of their discussions was the demands made by the cabinet of the Thuilleries as antecedent to their final determination; these demands are now understood to have been the recognition by the Spanish government of the capitulations of the constitutional generals and the publication of a complete amnesty. M. Lea, the Spanish minister, is said to have asked the envoys of Russia and Prussia if they had received from their respective governments instructions to make a similar requisition; to which answers in the negative were given. The troops had accordingly actually commenced evacuating the fortresses, which were to be given up according to the terms of the treaty, and the blindest and most unbounded joy was evinced by the fanatic faction, at the head of whom are the Ministers of War and Justice, at the idea of their fondly cherished unrestrained excesses. Some moderate men, however, aided by the Ministers of Foreign Affairs, of Finance, and of the Marine, who saw the real situation of affairs, interposed, and, as is said, with some probability of success. Viscount Digeon, the French commander, also unfolded to them his view of the state of the kingdom, and in some degree succeeded in restoring these fanatics to reason. The ministers of Ferdinand at length consented to listen to proposals for acknowledging the loans of the Cortes, for having a full amnesty, designating by name the exceptions; and for fulfilling the capitulations which had been formally entered into. These proposals they presented to Ferdinand, who had written a letter to the new King of France, the contents of which it is supposed would be decisive. Ferdinand's wishes, which may, however, be counteracted by his fears, would no doubt lead him to the rejection of these proposals, but his determination will depend entirely on the good will and pleasure of the holy allies. By the orders which had been issued various detachments of the French troops were already in motion, and the staff of the army were expected to have totally evacuated Madrid on the 20th of November. The Spanish ministers were busily employed in the organization of a new royal guard, the old one having been dissolved, "because there were too many officers and privates tainted with revolutionary principles." The new one, which is to be exclusively "faithful," will consist of three regiments of foot, each of 2000 men; two regiments of light horse, 500 men; two of mounted grenadiers, 800 men; and one of lancers, 300 men. In the mean time the safety of Madrid and of Ferdinand is to be committed to two Swiss regiments. The expense to France, during her short contest with the Constitutionalists, and her subsequent occupation of the Peninsula, has been enormous; it is estimated in one of the Parisian journals at 800 millions of francs, with what accuracy we cannot pretend to say; but when the military and civil cost are both calculated, in all probability the estimate is not much exaggerated. The purchase-money of Morillo, Abisbal, and Ballasteros, must in itself form a considerable item. If any account of the secret service-money of this campaign and its consequences, should be preserved, we much fear that the document will somewhat dim with posterity the glories of the Trocadero. The result of all this expenditure is so well de-

scribed in the following extract from a private letter from Paris, copied into one of the daily journals, that we give it as we find it, rendering as it does any comment of ours quite unnecessary:—"Ferdinand the Seventh, delivered by the Duke of Angoulême, left Cadiz and returned to Madrid to resume the reins of government. He was then free to give his people the institutions they could receive only from him. He sent them proscriptions, proscribers, and executioners. The judicial murder of the unfortunate Riego was the signal for commencing a series of horrors which have since continually increased. The French, who entered the Peninsula to combat the Constitutionalists, are now every where obliged to undertake their defence, and, for the first time, we see the vanquished with no such generous protectors as their conquerors. There is not a single French officer who has not blushed to hear a conquest described as a brilliant deed of arms, which was entirely gained by corruption; and who has not mourned over the unhappy fate which the French invasion has brought on Spain? Fanatics and intriguers have taken possession of the government. They have stirred up the people against the French, representing them as enemies of God and the king, and as the friends of the Constitutionalists. They have caused the loans of the Cortes to be annulled, and terrible disorder has ensued in the finances—a disorder which is now only equalled by the poverty of the royal treasury. During the scenes of carnage, which are renewed every day in every part of Spain, the French government has not only been obliged to support its own army, but also to provide for the subsistence of the large towns. Civil war now rages from one end of Spain to the other; several provinces are afflicted with famine; others are threatened by it; communication is interrupted; the treasury is empty, the nation debased, and public credit destroyed." Such is part of a picture drawn by one who seems to have taken a full and faithful view of the whole subject. It is a terrible and melancholy proof of the impolicy of foreign interference in the domestic affairs of another country. This interference was undertaken in the words of Louis XVIII. at the opening of the session in 1823, "To set Ferdinand free; to give his people institutions they could receive from no other source but him." What decrees and institutions he has issued we shall see presently. But has France gained her object? Is Ferdinand one jot more free now than when her army crossed the Pyrenees? Has his safety even been insured except by foreign bayonets? and now that these troops are about to evacuate the country, is not the struggle likely again to re-commence with all the energy of a direfully exasperated vengeance? The truth is, we suspect, the invaders have at length found out that they made war on the wrong party, and that a country governed by a king, even under the restraint of a constitutional charter, is better than when misgoverned by one amid the nominal freedom of unrestrained fanaticism. The advice so boldly and so wisely given by Talleyrand on the project of this interference will now perhaps begin to be recollected. The treasury of Madrid is notoriously insolvent—the capitalists of Europe are unwilling to negotiate any loan which has not for its basis the recognition of those of the Cortes, and Ferdinand continues deaf to that stipulation; he is however so far impoverished as to have endeavoured some time since, according to the report, to raise some money on the security of the Crown jewels; but as it was understood that their possession was to vest in a committee resident in Madrid, the negotiation was abruptly terminated. As a proof of the subjection in which the Spanish King is held by his priest-ridden superiors, there is a curious anecdote related in a letter from Madrid. It seems the Archbishops of Tarragona and Crous and the Bishop of Tortosa, the celebrated monk Saez, had given such offence, on some late occasion, that orders were given for their arrest. Saez received the officers very coolly, and told them they could not and should not take him, and therefore that they had better at once retire. They remonstrated, hoping that he would not oblige them to resort to force. "Oh my friends," replied Saez, "no force on either side is necessary; I see you are un-

der a mistake. Are you not aware that I am *the Pope's subject*, and your warrant is not backed by him. I am his domestic chaplain. The King of Spain has no control over me; if he meddles with me, he subjects himself to a severe reprimand, and who knows what may follow? *Will he run the risk of excommunication?* Tell those who sent you what I say, and they will see it right to consider the matter and write for further instructions." Saez was suffered to remain unmolested. It would however be quite superfluous to multiply anecdotes tending to prove what no one ever disputed, namely, that though Ferdinand is nominally King of Spain, the priests in fact are Viceroys over him. In proof, if indeed proof were now necessary, of the sanguinary spirit with which these men are animated, we give a few articles from a decree issued by Ferdinand from the Escurial on the 21st of October. It commences by declaring that "his Majesty not being able to regard with indifference the notorious and shameful abuse which the revolutionists make of his *natural clemency*, in contempt of his dignity and to the scandal of Europe, finds himself compelled to *do violence to the benevolence of his heart*, and by the advice of his supreme council of war, he wills and orders (amongst other things,) as follows. 1. "All those who, since October the 1st, 1823, have declared or proved themselves, *by any acts whatever*, to be enemies of the legitimate rights of the throne, or *partisans of the self-called Constitution of Cadiz*, shall be considered guilty of high treason, and, as such, subject to the punishment of death!" 2. "All those who shall write pamphlets or journals, with the same object in view, shall be comprehended in the preceding article, and subject to the same penalty." 9. "The Freemasons, Communeros, and *Sectarians, being necessarily regarded as enemies to the throne* are subject to the *punishment of death and confiscation of all their goods to the profit of the Royal treasury*, as guilty of *high treason* against DIVINE!! and human laws, excepting those who are comprehended in the amnesty of August the 1st in the present year!" 6. "Intoxication shall not be permitted as an excuse, where it shall be proved that the delinquent is subject to that vice!!"—We offer these as specimens of the moderation which adversity teaches such men as Ferdinand. How long he will be able thus to abuse prosperity, depends most probably upon the presence of the French. Even the fanatics of his Cabinet, all athirst for vengeance as they are, must see this, and therefore it is not improbable that their fears may induce them to purchase the continuance of their protectors by acceding to the very reasonable, and indeed merely honest, terms required of them. It appears that the Baron de Erolles, one of the leaders of the faction, has gone mad we should like to see a list of those who are supposed to be in full possession of their senses.

Accounts have been received lately from Portugal which prove the state of that country to be scarcely preferable to that of Spain. Our readers are aware that Don Miguel, the King's son, was obliged to depart rather suddenly for France with a retinue of bears and bulls and badgers, in consequence of his showing an inclination to turn himself to rather more serious pursuits in Portugal than his intellect was ever intended for. The factious, headed by the Queen and the Patriarch, seem however still determined to use his name (perhaps his best requisite) for the disturbance of the state, and accordingly fresh conspiracies are enacting every day. According to good dramatic authority, at all events, these are genuine plots, as there is both 'a priest and a woman' in them. The first conspiracy, which was to have commenced its operations on the 26th of September, was prematurely discovered by one of the instruments employed, and government was put in full possession, not only of its designs but its means, which proved so powerful that the executive, from a sense of its weakness, was for a time afraid to act rigorously. The necessity for some decisive act however became, on further investigation, so apparent that, as a first step, the Queen was arrested. Her place of confinement is at Quelez, a town four miles from Lisbon, and no person, male or female, is allowed to enter the place without the strictest

search and the clearest disclosure of the object of their visit. The military commander to whom the Queen has been confided is obliged to sleep in a chamber close to her's. With respect to the Patriarch, the proof is not so strong against him; but still the suspicions of the government, amounting almost to conviction, induced them to order him into exile. Such however is his audacity, that, acting on the model of Saez, quoted above, he has refused to go, and such is the feebleness of the executive, that they have not the means of enforcing obedience to their order. Even the Intendant of the Police himself is more than suspected, and yet the government cannot venture to dismiss him! Scarcely had the alarm thus created begun to subside, than another and an equally serious conspiracy was also detected through the defection of one of the initiated. The object is now known to be the murder of the ministers and the enforced resignation of the King in favour of Don Miguel. In this latter plot, it is said that many of the regiments were implicated. Government had accordingly begun to act more decidedly, and monks, curés, officers, and many gentlemen were seized and lodged in the prisons of Fort St. George and the Tower of Belem. The Patriarch however still successfully defied their power; and his influence, combined with that of the Queen, was so powerful that the convocation of the Cortes, who were to have met in Lisbon during the month of October, was obliged to be postponed, it was supposed, indefinitely. A vessel laden with cannon balls had arrived in the river from England, and Government had ordered quantities of ammunition and military stores. Portugal affords at this moment somewhat of a test as to the sincerity of the principles by which France professed to be actuated in her Spanish invasion. If it be true that the war was undertaken merely to free Ferdinand from the factious, why do the legitimates now leave a brother monarch to their machinations in Portugal? Surely no one will attempt to solve the difficulty by alleging that Ferdinand was beset by moderate Constitutionalists, whereas Don John is only encumbered by legitimate serviles. Yet there certainly is this difference in their situations.

The proclamation of the Greeks to which we adverted in our last, and which gave such dire offence to our authorities in the Ionian Isles, has been modified. In place of the denunciation there inserted against neutral shipping and transports in the pay and employ of the Turks, they are now subjected to the general laws in force against neutrals on such occasions. We again repeat that we regret exceedingly that any hyper-criticism on such proclamations should have been indulged in on the part of our country. It does not look well that a great, free, and Christian power should be seen straining its critical faculties on such an occasion. Whatever may be the motive, it has a very bad effect in such an interesting conflict, and we hope it may be the last instance of the kind which we shall be called upon to record and to condemn. The Turkish Campaign may now be considered, as for this season, concluded, and peculiarly adverse to them it has proved. The failure of their naval expeditions has been most remarkable. In order that our readers may duly estimate, and, as we hope, rejoice at it, we may as well just briefly state the most authentic calculation we have seen of the naval force employed by the Barbarians. Of the exact number of vessels sent out from Constantinople under the Captain Pacha we have not been accurately informed; but that they must have been numerous, appears from the fact that they transported from Asia to Samos a force estimated at from 40,000 to 60,000 men. The details of the grand Egyptian expedition are more certain. The Viceroy of Egypt collected 56 vessels of war of various sizes, about 100 Egyptian transports, and 86 transports under European flags. This last item we would willingly have omitted if we could; but surely the fact affords sufficient justification for some slight extravagance in the Greek proclamation. This Egyptian armament therefore amounted to 210 sail at the least, and is reported to have carried, besides their crews, 20,000 cavalry and infantry. To oppose these combined

fleets, the Hydra paper (a Greek government Journal) states the Christian force to have amounted to only 95 sail, generally of smaller sizes than those of their enemy. In the various naval engagements, first with the Turkish fleet and its detachments alone, and then with the combined Turkish and Egyptian armaments, the Greeks were universally and completely successful. The remnant of the Egyptian squadron fled shamefully; and of the combined fleets only five vessels had returned to the Dardanelles, including that of the Captain Pacha, who, however, it was rumoured was not on board. According to some accounts, he had committed suicide in despair; according to others, he had arrived incognito at Constantinople: either way his fate is pretty similar. In the engagements of the 16th, 18th, 26th, and 30th of September they are said to have lost twelve frigates, twenty brigs, and more than eighty transports. Canaris is reported to have declared that if the wind continued fair he would go and burn the remainder, even in the mouth of the Dardanelles. While grappling with his fire-ship a noble Egyptian frigate, named the African, this brave commander is reported to have exclaimed, "it is Canaris who destroys you," and she almost immediately blew up. We are happy to add that all doubt about his safety is at an end, and that he still lives to gain a good immortality by the emancipation of his country. The Greeks have been also fortunate on land, and there are now some rumours of an European congress on the subject. The Christian powers have been so tardy in their notice of this contest, that we cannot say we augur much good from their final interference.

Although no official account has appeared, there can be no doubt, from the concurrence of various reports from different quarters, that a partial engagement has taken place between the cavalry of Bolivar and Canterac, headed by their respective commanders in person. The Spanish force is reported to have consisted of above a thousand men, while that of Bolivar did not exceed six hundred. The latter were, however, completely successful, and Canterac was in full retreat; this, though not decisive, is a good omen. A large reinforcement had been ordered from Colombia, and the spirit of the Liberator's troops was excellent. From this it is, however, clear that the Spanish general had abandoned whatever intentions he might have entertained of negotiation, and determined on hostilities. It is strange enough how faithful these Spanish generals have continued in the Colonies, and how deplorably the reverse in the Peninsula. Morillo, stubborn enough in Old Spain, could not resist the magic sword of the Duke of Angoulême. Bolivar, however, though in the land of gold, fights only with steel. In Mexico a severe conflict has taken place for the Presidentship, which has ended in the election of General Vittoria—a choice which they say is very adverse to the Spaniards, and therefore we rejoice in it. The congress has passed a decree, declaring against the farther admission of slaves—an example worthy of the cause in which they are engaged, and which we hope will also be found worthy of imitation.

It is recorded of Bolivar that he set South America a noble example in this respect, having commenced his career by the manumission of all his own slaves at a very considerable personal sacrifice. Accounts have been received from the Brazils, stating the complete success of the Imperial expedition against Pernambuco. The attack was a combined one, by the fleet under Commodore Juett, and the army, under General Lima; Lord Cochrane, who commanded the naval force, was absent at the moment of the surrender, having, owing to the inefficiency of his mortar vessels, gone off to Bahia for better *working tools*, as he expressed it. He had previously received, for the payment of his seamen and the outfit of the expedition, 500,000 dollars from the emperor in part payment of the Bahia prize-money. Previous to this, some misunderstanding had existed. The fall of Pernambuco was followed by the raising of the blockade, and the consequent opening of that port to the flags of all nations. The republican party in the northern provinces of Brazil were much depressed, and Carvalho, the

president, had taken refuge on board His Britannic Majesty's ship, Tweed, the commander of which had refused to give him up.

The war with the Burmese still continues; in the few skirmishes, for we cannot call them engagements, which have taken place, the British have been successful; the enemy however appear actuated by a very hostile spirit. What the object of this war is has not yet been very clearly promulgated; it has been said, indeed, to be in consequence of some ill treatment of some men in our service by the Burmese—an accession of territory in India can hardly be necessary to us now, or even desirable. It seems considerable alarm had prevailed at Calcutta with respect to an invasion; and a private letter dated from that place on the 12th of June, and received by the Sir Edward Paget, states that "all agree the Burmese might have advanced upon Calcutta with the *greatest ease*." This, we confess, is what we scarcely could have contemplated, and what we cannot suppose could take place, without very serious, if not fatal consequences. Our moral hold once loosened in India, our empire must soon vanish.

An expedition, it seems, is gone out to offer the "Olive Branch" to the Ashantee butcher, and fight him if he refuses it. Considering the predilection this legitimate has shown for human jaw bones, really the idea of approaching him at all is enough to make the teeth chatter in one's head. This seems a contest in which we may lose, but cannot possibly gain.

There is not any domestic news of interest. Several fires have, within the last month, occurred, both in London and Edinburgh, to an alarming extent; they are supposed to have been the effect of accident, but we are sorry to say, have ended in the destruction of very considerable property.

An enormous ship built in Canada has just arrived in the river. She is called the Columbus, and carries a timber cargo of 7,875 tons! The value of the ship and cargo is estimated at 48,000*l.* She is the longest ship ever seen in the Thames. She is flat bottomed, and her bottom is two feet wider than her deck. She sailed much better than was expected, and crossed the Atlantic in seven weeks, though she encountered several severe gales.

A late visitor at St. Helena says, that the house inhabited by Napoleon in that island is now converted into a barn, and that there actually is a threshing machine in the chamber in which he breathed his last! Surely this residence so much vaunted by Lowe and Co. could not have been very valuable, if it is thus considered fit only for such "vile uses." What a tell tale, time is!

We stated in our last the result of a late census of the population of Ireland. It appears that the males amount to 3,341,926. The females, to 3,159,901. Those employed in agriculture are 1,138,069—in trades, manufactures or handicraft, 1,170,044. Dublin is supposed to contain 227,335. The state of the whole country is represented as very precarious. There are now public theological disputations, in which the zeal on each side is quite equal to the Christianity displayed. No doubt, if each party could for a season enjoy the pure unmixed ascendancy of the primitive times, neither would want a fine crop of martyrs. The Catholic Association is in full cry, and the project of the Catholic rent has fully succeeded. The average receipt is now at least 500*l.* a week; a pretty good voluntary tax for a population which we were told was *starving!* The following document read in the Association of Ballymore is an amusing instance of real *distress*:—"To be sold by public cant, in the town of Ballymore, on Saturday the 16th instant, *one cow,* the property of James Scully; *one new bed sheet* and *one gown,* the property of John Quin; seven hanks of yarn, the property of the WIDOW Scott; and *one petticoat* and *one apron,* the property of the WIDOW Gallagher, seized under and by virtue of a levying warrant, for *tithe* due to the Rev. John Usher. Dated this 12th day of May, 1824"!!!—Can this be genuine! Mr. O'Connel pledged himself to the fact, and declared it should be brought before parliament. Verily, if the Irish congregations trouble their heads about temporals, it cannot be said to be the fault of the

clergy; they are left little but the world above to think of.

A list of suicides of late years in Paris has been published, which, if correct, proves that crime to be as common amongst our light-hearted neighbours as even in foggy England. In 1821, 318 suicides were attempted, in 244 cases of which death occurred. The following curious scale of motives is given.

Amorous passions	35
Alienation of mind, domestic troubles and afflictions	126
Debauchery, gambling and lottery	43
Indigence, loss of place and derangement of affairs	45
Fear of reproach and punishment	10
Unknown motives	88

AGRICULTURE.

The weather during the last month has been most unfavourable for the important business of wheat sowing, with which the farmers are usually occupied at this season. The rain has been so incessant, that upon heavy wet soils operations have been completely at a stand; upon light soils the cultivation has, however, been more fortunate, although even they have been much retarded. The rain has rendered the low meadows very wet, and the second feed has not been available. This would have been most injurious to the farmer, had the crop of turnips not been generally most productive; as it is, he will not suffer much loss, especially as the aftermath upon the uplands is equally good. The crops of peas and beans are allowed to be very nearly an average. Clover seed has been very much injured by the weather. Store cattle of all kinds have risen considerably, in consequence of the great demand arising from the plenteousness of feed. Horses have risen very rapidly in value, large quantities having been bought for exportation. There are persons whose sole employment it is to collect horses and colts for exportation, and who always find a good and ready market.

The hop trade is improved, the sale being much brisker, and the advance may be reckoned at full 20*s*. per cwt. Sussex pockets fetch from 120*s*. to 140*s*.; Kent from 126*s*. to 160*s*. and are steady at these prices.

The Bedfordshire, Lancaster, Kendal, and West Calder Agricultural Societies have held their annual meetings during the last month, and were all very fully attended.

The corn trade has been a source of great anxiety and watchfulness to Agriculturists during the last few weeks, in consequence of similar attempts to those which opened the ports for oats, having been again put in practice to open them for barley. The excitation was very great at the country corn markets, particularly in Norfolk and Suffolk, on receiving the London return (made for the week ending Saturday, Nov. 6th) of 25,792 quarters, at 46*s*. 5*d*. This return was held to be almost conclusive, for it was much feared that it would be next to impossible to affect the return by any large sales of inferior barley. Exertions were, however, made in Norfolk, and stained and damp barleys were sold to a large amount, at about 13*s*. and 14*s*. per coomb. These fraudulent returns will, there is no doubt, be the means of preventing any further attempts of a similar kind, as the attention of the legislature will be again turned to the corn laws. Mr. Wodehouse, the member for Norfolk, has been making lately some inquiries among the Agriculturists, respecting the rate of duty they are inclined to think will be sufficient to protect the farmer, in case of an open importation. The extent of the late fictitious sales may be formed from the following table.

Quantity of barley arrived in London in the following weeks.

	qrs.
Sept. 27 to Oct. 2	631
Oct. 4 to — 9	976
— 11 to — 16	3427
— 18 to — 23	5878
— 25 to — 30	5043
Nov. 1 to Nov. 6	9352
	25307

Quantity of barley returned by the corn factors, as having been sold and delivered in the following weeks.

	qrs.
Sept. 27 to Oct. 2	318
Oct. 4 to — 9	716
— 11 to — 16	5507
— 18 to — 23	5449
— 25 to — 30	8449
Nov. 1 to Nov. 6	25792
	40231

By this it appears that the return of sales made to the corn inspector exceeds the arrivals by 20,924 quarters. According to a paragraph in the Farmer's Journal of November 15, it should seem that forgery has also been resorted to. In that paper, an affidavit has appeared from Messrs. Ford and Hewitt, contradicting a return stated to have been made by them of 2400 quarters of barley, at 49*s*. per quarter. These merchants expressly state that they have not sold, or offered for sale, a single grain of barley at that price, and that they have purchased only 1000 quarters at 49*s*. which they consumed in making malt. In consequence of these facts becoming known, considerable agitation has prevailed in Mark-lane. A meeting was to be immediately called of the respectable

factors, for the purpose of taking such efficacious steps as might remove from them the stigma that would otherwise attach to the trade generally. The ports have since been declared closed.

In the Gazette of Saturday, Nov. 20, the following returns were published for the six weeks ending 16th, 23d, and 30th of October.

	qrs.	£.	s.	d.
Oct. 16,	3829	8782	16	2
—— 23,	3527	7530	16	6
—— 30,	4878	10792	19	8

The rise in the price of wheat has been a matter of some surprise to those who have paid close attention to the subject of corn generally. It was supposed from the improvements in Agriculture—the long period since any importation of foreign wheat had taken place, from the allowed deficiency of the crop of 1823, and from the protracted harvest of 1824—that the growth of this country equalled, and on the average of years exceeded its consumption. It was inferred, therefore, from the knowledge that the crop of 1823, notwithstanding its deficiency, would more than supply the demand; that the harvest of 1824, from its greater productiveness, would leave a surplus after the supply of the year, and that in consequence of this fore-knowledge the prices would fall. The rise, therefore, can only be occasioned by the demand which has been created by the necessities of the millers and bakers, who having outrun their stocks, under the supposition that prices would fall, are now obliged to buy largely—by the yield of the crop being less than anticipated, by the slowness with which the market has been supplied, and by the demand not being always proportioned to the supply. The improved and improving condition of the Agriculturists has also had great effect upon the price, since they are enabled to hold their stocks and thus regulate the market. Their necessities not being immediate, they can glut or starve the market just so far as may be necessary to admit the bonded wheats, should his safety require such a measure to preserve him from foreign importation. It is this improved state that has caused the late importation of foreign oats of 356,000 quarters to be taken off at increasing prices. Notwithstanding these apparently strong facts against the opinion that prices will fall, this supposition still appears fully probable, because it will be found that upon the average of years this country grows sufficient for its consumption. Prices must therefore ultimately fall, although the prosperous condition of the country may for a time enable the merchant to prevent any sudden re-action.

The average arrivals have been in the last four weeks:—wheat, 10,773; barley, 7687; oats, 3142; flour, 12,638.

Aggregate average of the six weeks preceding November 15, by which importation is regulated:—wheat, 60*s.* 10*d.*; barley, 38*s.* 5*d.*; oats, 20*s.* 10*d.*

In Smithfield, beef and mutton are lower; beef, 3*s.* 4*d.* to 4*s.* 2*d.*; mutton, 4*s.* to 4*s.* 6*d.*

COMMERCE.

(*London, Nov.* 16.)

Cotton.—In the course of the last month there has been much more done than usual in the London market; accounts from America stating that the crops had suffered considerable injury by floods, having led to a spirited buying in Liverpool. The sales were in the week ending October 26, 2200 bales. In the following week the sales were, 5500 Surats, 5*d.* to 6*d.*; 1450 Bengals, 5*d.* to 5⅞*d.*; 300 Madras, 6¼*d.* to 6¾*d.*; 800 Pernams, 10¾*d.* to 10⅞*d.*; 150 Boweds, 7½*d.* to 8½*d.*; and in the next week, Surat, 2800 bales, good fair to good, 6*d.* to 6½*d.* in bond; 3700, ordinary to fair, 5*d.* to 5¾*d.*; Bengal, 400, good fair, 5⅞*d.* to 6*d.*; 950, middling to fair, 5⅛*d.* to 5⅝*d.*; Madras, 200, fair to good fair, 6*d.* to 6⅛*d.*; Pernambuco and Paraiba, 1750, 10⅞*d.* to 11⅜*d.*; Orleans, 170, good fair, 9¼*d.* to 9½*d.*; Boweds, 350, fair to good fair, 8½*d.* to 8¾*d.*; Demerara, 26, 11*d.*; Cariacou, 75, 10½*d.*; Egyptian, 150, 9⅛*d.* duty paid. These large purchases however caused a pause in the market, which has been very quiet for this last week, and purchases have been made at rather lower prices, but holders, in general, are very firm, and prefer waiting a revival of the demand to selling at any reduction; Bourbons have been more in request than for some time past, and may be quoted a little higher. The total sales amount to nearly 1900 bales, all in bond, viz.—700 Surats, 5⅛*d.* to 6⅞*d*; 100 Bengals, 5⅛*d.* to 6*d.*; 200 Madras, 6¼*d.* to 6½*d.*; 300 Pernams, 11⅛*d.* to 11½*d.*; 100 Boweds, 8⅛*d.* to 8½*d.*; 50 Orleans, 9½*d.* to 9¾*d.*; 400 Bourbons, 9½*d.* to 11½*d.*; 20 Egyptians, 9½*d.*

The sales at Liverpool in four weeks, to 13th November, were 67,350 bags; the arrivals, 30,679.

Sugar.—The market has been on the whole very favourable, which has been caused by the diminishing stock, and the extensive deliveries from the West India warehouses. In the last week of October there was a great appearance of improvement, and rather higher prices obtained; refined goods likewise advanced. In the two following weeks, the holders evinced the same firmness, and rather better prices were obtained both for Muscovades and refined. The purchases of Muscovades

during the last week were very considerable; the sugars, strong and fine quality, obtained rather higher prices; the inferior, 55s. to 57s. were much pressed upon the market, and were purchased on lower terms.

There is not so much business doing in sugars this forenoon; the prices are without the slightest variation.

By public sale this forenoon, 111 hhds. 9 tierces Barbadoes sugar went off with great briskness at 1s. advance, 57s. to 67s. 6d.

In the refined there was much heaviness in the parcels for shipping, on account of the season for export being so far advanced; there was, however, little variation in the prices. Molasses were 26s. 6d.

In Foreign sugars no purchases to any extent are lately reported.

Coffee.—The market has, on the whole, been heavy for these four weeks, but the prices advanced about 2s. on the second of November, which advance was maintained in the following week. St. Domingo, 59s. to 60s. Berbice middling, 96s. to 98s.; good middling, 106s.; good ordinary Jamaica, clean, 59s. 6d. Last week the market was heavy, but without diminution of the prices. Several extensive brokers withdrew their sales, on account of the languid demand, and the advanced season for export. The market is dull, but not lower than last week.

Spices.—The only alteration since the East India sale on the 9th, (see retrospective view) is, that nutmegs bear a premium of 2d. to 3d. per lb.

Hemp, Flax, and Tallow.—Tallow is not so brisk; new yellow candle, 35s. and 1823 at 34s. 3d. to 34s. 6d.; for October and September shipments, 35s.; in hemp or flax there is little alteration.

Silk.—The prices of silk are a shade lower; the market is heavy at the decline.

Oils.—Whale oil is very dull; Greenland, 24l.; cod oil is scarce, and in consequence 26l. has been obtained.

Rice.—There continues to be a great inquiry for rice; Carolina, 33s.; white Bengal, 14s. to 15s.

Wine.—The purchases of wine last week, 200 pipes of port, 1820 and 1821, at about 37l. per pipe; 140 pipes Cape, fair quality, 12l. to 13l.

Cocoa.—The Government contract renders the prices of cocoa nominal.

By public sale this forenoon, 78 casks Grenada cocoa, good quality, sold at 81s. to 83s.

Rum, Brandy, and Hollands.—The Government contract for rum, 100,000 gallons, has affected the prices and demand for Leewards; there are no parcels offering under 1s. 4d. Jamaica descriptions are also held with much firmness. The only alteration in brandy is that there are sellers of parcels at 2s. 9d. housed.—In Geneva there is no alteration.

POSTSCRIPT, Nov. 23. *Cotton.*—Above 12,000 bales have been sold this week, owing to the great animation of the Liverpool market, where 26,500 bales were sold from 13th to 20th Nov. at advanced prices. *Spices* of all kinds rising; especially Nutmegs, which are to day 4s. 6d. to 4s. 9d. *Tallow*, 35s. 3d. *Rum.*—Government contract taken to day at 1s. 3½d. per gallon.

RETROSPECT

OF THE COMMERCE OF GREAT BRITAIN

FOR THE LAST SIX MONTHS.

(*London*, *Nov.* 1824.)

THE comparative stagnation of public business, following the close of the session of Parliament, will render our preliminary observations less copious perhaps than they otherwise might have been; and while the system adopted by the government for the regulation of the commerce of the kingdom continues to be uniformly pursued, we of course do not feel ourselves called upon to take up the time of our readers by restating the opinions which we have already explicitly given; though on the other hand, we gladly notice every fact, that seems to justify the favourable expectations which we hav[e enter]tained of the result of th[e measures] adopted by his Majesty's [ministers,] which naturally authorize [the hope] that they will be induced [to persevere in] their laudable efforts to relieve commerce from the shackles which have so long restrained it, and which are entirely incompatible with the actual state of foreign countries, and the great advances which they have made towards rivalling the manufactures of Great Britain. One of [the] most satisfactory tests of the effects of the new system is the produce of the revenue,

and it is therefore satisfactory to find that the accounts for the quarter, ending October 10, exhibit an increase of 64,000*l.* beyond the corresponding quarter of the last year, notwithstanding the repeal of taxes. The revenues of the Post Office and Excise, both grand criteria of internal prosperity, have increased materially; the former 100,000*l.* on the year's calculation, and the latter 270,000*l.* for the quarter. Some other countries have concluded, or are actually negociating, treaties with Great Britain on the principles laid down by the reciprocity bill. Among the latter is the Netherlands, the negociations with which kingdom are doubtless difficult in proportion to their importance. The government of the Netherlands, too, seems still to have some attachment to the prohibitory system, or we should rather say, there is a powerful party averse to the freedom of commerce, and which has had influence enough in the second chamber to oblige the government to bring forward a law, imposing heavy duties on the importation of grain of all descriptions, with a view to relieve the land-holders, who suffer by the great depression of agricultural produce. This having been conceded to the landed interest, it is not improbable that the manufacturing interest, which is very powerful in the south division of the kingdom, may be able to procure the continuance of commercial restrictions, notwithstanding the avowed wish of the King to remove them with regard to those nations which shall manifest a similar feeling towards the kingdom of the Netherlands. In expectation of the conclusion of a commercial treaty with Great Britain, the Dutch government has issued a provisional arrangement, placing British ships in certain cases on the same footing with those of the Netherlands.

With respect to the new American States, no further change has yet taken place. As far as can be judged from the statements of their own journals, they seem well satisfied with the manner in which Great Britain has acted; and it is thought by many persons, who at least ought to be as well informed as private individuals deeply interested in the question can be expected to be, that the British (and perhaps also the French) government would prefer deferring the recognition of the independence of any of the States till the decision of the struggle in Peru shall have shown whether Spain is likely to retain any part of her colonies, or whether she will irretrievably lose the whole; in which latter very probable case, a general acknowledgment of the independence of all those states might be made at once by the European Powers in concert, and even with the consent, however reluctant, of Spain itself, which after the expected withdrawing of the French army of occupation from the Peninsula, will be too much occupied, as there is every reason to fear, in domestic dissensions to make any further attempt to recover its former possessions.

Sugar.—The market reports from the end of May, and through the whole of June, noted the prices of sugar without any variation, and without tendency either to rise or fall, so that the fluctuations must have been transient and unimportant. At the close of the third week of June, it appeared that there had been an improvement in the refined market; above 1000 hogsheads of crushed sugars, chiefly from the Mediterranean, had been purchased, and lumps for the Hamburg market being in demand and scarce, were not to be had at less than 76*s.* The very extensive arrivals at the end of June, of course, tended to depress the market, but not so much as had been anticipated, because the samples from the Docks were not so large as might have been expected. At a public sale on the 29th, 200 hhds. of Barbadoes sold at full prices, viz. 57*s.* to 66*s.* 6*d.*; 237 hhds. St. Lucia, sold 1*s.* per cwt lower, and indeed, all low sugars had experienced the same reduction. Through the month of July we do not find any fluctuations of consequence; the buyers having held back in expectation that the extensive arrivals, and the good show of new Muscovades would materially depress the prices, while the sellers were not disposed to submit to any further reduction, and at the close of the month there was even a small improvement, especially in the refined market; for several weeks the deliveries from the West India warehouses were very extensive, viz. almost 10,000 hhds. in the fortnight, ending Aug. 3 (on which day, 2,000 hhds. were sold), and on the following week, no less than 7000 hhds, and 7000 hhds. more in four days of the following week; partly because the season was come for the wholesale grocers to lay in their stock, partly because the low prices tempted buyers, and partly because an alarm was created by exaggerated accounts of an insurrection, said to have broken out in Jamaica. All this of course led to an increase in the prices, which though not very considerable, probably prevented the business transacted from being much more extensive. The market report now began to note the prices as rising, with a tendency to advance; no great change however took place. In the last week of August and first week of September, the market was languid, and did not revive till the holders seemed disposed to give way a little in order to effect sales. On the 31st of Aug. there was a rather remarkable sale of 28,000 bags of Mauritius sugars, which sold much higher than had been anticipated, viz. 22*s.* to 24*s.* for the brown and

yellow. The market reports begin on the 21st of September to note the prices as disposed to decline, but do not make any change in the quotations; and though the market has on the whole improved since the middle of October, it is not till the 9th of November that we find any advance stated, where the report quotes sugars as rising.

Coffee.— The market was tolerably steady during the greater part of June, but declined in the last week of that month, and on the 29th was very heavy, on which day 270 casks of Jamaica, and 1168 of foreign were sold by public auction at a decline of 1*s.* to 2*s.* per cwt viz. Jamaica, good ordinary, 57*s.* to 58*s.*; fine ordinary, 60*s.* to 63*s.*; fine fine ditto, 65*s.*; low middling, 69*s.* to 74*s.*; middling, 76*s.* 6*d.* to 78*s.*; very ordinary and broken St. Domingo sold at 59*s.*; good taken in at 61*s*. Though the public sales through the month of July were very extensive, the market improved considerably; the finer and middling descriptions having advanced, and the foreign having experienced a much more extensive demand, though without any considerable rise in the prices. At the end of July there was a falling off; the prices after a partial decline, continued fluctuating, but on the whole, favourable during August, in the last week of which month, ordinary descriptions advanced from 2*s.* to 3*s.*; and the finer qualities from 4*s.* to 6*s.* per cwt. During the first three weeks of September the prices were on the whole maintained, only the Jamaica was brought forward in such large quantities that a small decline was naturally to be expected. The market during the remainder of September, and up to the 9th of November was reported heavy, but without any extraordinary variation in the prices; the ordinary Jamaica, however, after having been very much depressed, has begun again to sell pretty freely at full prices.

Cotton.—The market was on the whole dull through the month of June, on the 25th of which month there was a sale at the India house, of which the following are the particulars;—Surat, 2732 bales, 69 good, 6$\frac{5}{8}$*d.*; 873, fair and good fair, 5$\frac{3}{4}$*d.* to 6, *d*; 1530, ordinary to middling, 5$\frac{3}{8}$*d.* to 5$\frac{1}{4}$*d.*; 260, damaged, 2$\frac{3}{4}$*d.* to 5$\frac{3}{8}$*d.*; Bengal, 1761 bales, 1750, fair, 5$\frac{1}{2}$*d.*; middling, 5$\frac{1}{4}$*d.* to 5$\frac{3}{8}$*d.*; 11, damaged, 4$\frac{7}{8}$*d.* to 5*d.*; Madras, 38, fair, 6$\frac{1}{4}$*d.* to 6$\frac{3}{8}$*d.*; Bourbon, 215, fine and crapley, 10$\frac{1}{4}$*d.* to 10$\frac{1}{2}$*d.*; fleecy bright, 9$\frac{3}{4}$*d.* to 10*d.*; ordinary and middling, 7$\frac{1}{4}$*d.* to 9$\frac{3}{8}$*d.*;—Total 4646 bales.

The fair and good fair Surats were principally disposed of for home consumption at the late currency; but those of ordinary and middling quality were all bought in for account of the proprietors. The Bengals, which belonged to the Company, and were taxed at 5*d.* per lb., sold with spirit, but at a reduction of $\frac{1}{8}$*d.* on the prices of the sale on the 21st. ult. The Bourbons were taken for the country at full rates.

In the months of July, August, and September, the business done was on the whole inconsiderable; in September especially it was trifling, with respect to East India descriptions in expectation of the sale on the 24th of that month at the India house of 16,000 bales, which proved very unfavourable. In the following month the market was still heavy, till about the close of the third week in October the inquiry revived, and in the last three weeks, ending the 16th of November, the demand has become very animated both in the London market, and at Liverpool and Glasgow, chiefly on account of information from America, announcing great damage to the cotton crop in south Carolina and Georgia, by rains and floods, for the particulars we refer to our report for this month. The arrivals at Liverpool in the last six months were 212,800 bags, the sales 280,700 bags.

Saltpetre and Spices.—At the end of June there was a great demand for cinnamon of the best quality, for which 7*s.* 4*d.* was asked, and also for pimento at 7$\frac{3}{4}$*d* to 8*d.* for good quality. Pepper was also in demand, and the saltpetre rose from 18*s.* 6*d.* to 20*s.* 6*d.* chiefly because the East India Company had not declared any sale. The market continued pretty much in the same state till the East India Company's sale on the 5th of August, the particulars of which are to be found in our number for September last. Pimento and nutmegs continued in demand at steady and even improving prices; and white pepper suddenly rose at the latter end of September, 1*s.* per lb. from the loss of a vessel with a large quantity on board, the East India Company having none in their warehouses; the demand, however, soon relaxed, as well as that for nutmegs, which however remained steady at 3*s.* 6*d.* Pimento, in one instance, realised 9$\frac{1}{8}$*d.* but this was an exception, the nearest price being 8$\frac{1}{4}$*d.* From that time (the middle of October) very little alteration took place, in consequence of the East India Company's sale declared for the 9th of this month, of which the following are the particulars: Saltpetre, Company's, 21*s.* 6*d.* to 22*s.*; ditto licensed, 21*s.* to 23*s.*; pepper, black, licensed, 5$\frac{3}{4}$*d.* to 5*d.* chiefly at the latter price; a few 4$\frac{7}{8}$*d.*; cinnamon, 1st, 6*s.* 7*d.* to 6*s.* 10*d*; ditto 2d, 5*s.* 7*d.* to 5*s.* 8*d.*; ditto 3d, 4*s.* 7*d.*; ditto 4th, 2*s.* 4*d.* to 2*s.* 9*d.*; mace, 4*s.* 7*d.*; nutmegs, 3*s.* 1*d.* to 3*s.* 6*d.*; cloves, 2*s.* 2*d.* to 3*s.*

Indigo.—In our last general report, we stated the improvement in the prices of this article, which still continued, so that on the second of July, in two public auctions, 50 serons of Guatimala were sold for 7*s.* 6*d.*

to 11*s.* 7*d.* per lb. chiefly from 9*s.* to 10*s.*; 62 serons of Caracas, from 9*s.* 11*d.* to 13*s.* chiefly from 10*s.* to 11*s.* At the Company's sale on the 15th of July, the prices were 4*d.* 6*d.* and, in some instances, even 9*d.* per lb. above the prices of the preceding sale The prices of the sale were fully maintained, though the demand was rather more languid at the end of August. On Tuesday, October 19, there was a sale of 5000 chests at the India House, and as there were only 10,000 chests in the warehouses, and but 4000 expected, till this year's crop can come to market, it was anticipated that the prices, particularly for the good and fine would be fully maintained, which was justified by the event, for the shipping qualities sold from 6*d.* to 1*s.* per lb. and the consuming from 9*d.* to 1*s.* 3*d.* per lb. higher than last sale. Madras Indigo, none fine; the good middling went about 6*d.* per lb. higher, and the ordinary about 6*d.* per lb. lower. Oude Indigo sold nearly the same as the July sale, excepting the very low and bad, which were chiefly bought in at somewhat reduced prices. The proprietors took in about 1000 chests of the Oude, and a small proportion of the shipping sorts of Indigo.

The Company had 1136 chests, which being taxed low, were all sold, with the exception of ten chests of ordinary.

The present prices are: fine blue and violet, 13*s.* to 13*s.* 6*d.*; fine purple and violet, 12*s.* to 12*s.* 9*d.*; good ditto, 11*s.* to 11*s.* 9*d.*; fine and good violet and copper, 11*s.* to 11*s.* 6*d.*; middling, 10*s.* 6*d.* to 11*s.*; fine and good copper, 10*s.* 3*d.* to 13*s.*; fine Oude squares, 8*s.* to 9*s.* 9*d.*; good middling and middling ditto, 5*s.* to 7*s.* 6*d.*; low and bad, 3*s.* to 4*s.*; consuming qualities, 9*s.* to 11*s.*; Madras good middling, 9*s.* to 10*s.*; ditto middling and ordinary, 5*s.* to 8*s.* 6*d.*

Hemp, Flax, and Tallow.—During the months of June and July, the tallow market was in a depressed state, and the demand very limited, though rather improved at the end of July, when the prices were as follows: new yellow candle tallow, 34*s.* 6*d.*; old 33*s.* 6*d.* Tallow for August and September shipments, 36*s.*; free on board, 29*s.* to 29*s.* 10*d.*; at these prices it remained steady, and even improved in consequence of the apprehensions that the Greenland fishery would prove unfavourable. At the end of August the demand here having slackened, and the prices at St. Petersburgh fallen, a reduction of 6*d.* to 1*s.* per cwt. took place here, nor did the news of an advance at St. Petersburgh, received towards the middle of September, produce any favourable effect here; the market continuing to decline to the end of last month, when the prices were: yellow candle tallow on board, 34*s.* to 35*s.* 3*d.*; new, 34*s.* 6*d.* to 35*s.* 9*d.*; for August and September shipments, 34*s.* 9*d.* We do not find any improvement noticed till the middle of October, which, however, was again checked by accounts of large purchases made in St. Petersburg, reported to be for this market. The prices have since rather declined than otherwise, but this has had the effect of improving the demand. The latest prices will be found in our usual monthly report. Hemp at the end of June was at 35*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.* for August and September shipments, and at the end of July 2*s.* 6*d.* higher; and in the middle of August it was at 36*l.* 10*s.* It declined afterwards to 36*l.* 5*s.* but it recovered, and at the end of October, St. Petersburgh clean hemp was at 37*l.* 10*s.* and is now about 37*l.* 5*s.*—In *Flax* there has been very little variation. At the end of September, old St. Petersburgh twelve head flax was at 45*l.* For some time very little was done, there being hardly any flax at market. The price of the newly arrived St. Petersburgh twelve head is from 45*l.* to 50*l.*

Rum, Brandy, and Hollands.—At the end of June and beginning of July, the purchases for home consumption were very inconsiderable, but large quantities of old rum were taken for exportation; but as the parcels offering for sale were very considerable, the increased demand had not led to an augmentation in the prices, which even declined a little when the demand subsided. The accounts respecting the vintage in France having continued unfavourable for some time, a rise in the prices took place here at the beginning of August, but not equal to the augmentation in France itself. The holders, however, were more firm, and were not disposed to sell for arrival. For some weeks but little was done in the market; rum continued firm, but the buyers held back; and in the second week of September an extensive failure caused an entire suspension of business for some days; other failures followed, which so much depressed the trade, that even the unfavourable news of the vintage in France did not raise the prices of brandy here as would otherwise have been the case. At the beginning of October, however, brandy housed could with difficulty be purchased at 2*s.* 7*d.* and the good and fine qualities of rum, of which the supply was deficient, maintained their price, while the inferior were exceedingly heavy and low. The demand for the low Leewards however revived, and that for the finer descriptions of Jamaica for home consumption was considerable. In the first week of November, 1200 puncheons were sold, chiefly strong Jamaica for home consumption. The produce of the vintage in France will only be one-third of last year; but though this fact is now ascertained, it has had but little effect on the prices of brandy, the market is, however, firm, and on the 5th instant, parcels housed

could not be had under 2*s.* 9*d.* In Geneva, few purchases have been reported, nor have there been any fluctuations worth noticing; the prices have, however, gradually advanced from 1*s.* 7*d.* to 1*s.* 11*d.* but at present there is none in the market.

Tea.—At the India sale in the beginning of June the prices were rather lower than at the preceding sale; but in about a month afterwards, some kinds bore a premium, especially Pekoes, which were in great request, at an advance of 2*d.* per lb. At the September sale, Boheas and Congous sold rather higher, and Twankays rather cheaper. No alteration worth notice has since occurred.

Oils.—The uncertainty respecting the produce of the fishery naturally prevented any very considerable fluctuations. The prices at the beginning of July were for Greenland, 21*l.* 10*s.*, and Sperm 37*l.* The number of vessels sent out has diminished of late years, being in 1822, 121 vessels; 1823, 115; 1824, 111. The first accounts of the Greenland fishery were received on the 26th, from Altona; they were unfavourable, but were not credited, and had little effect. Subsequent accounts, however, were not favourable, but then the season for fishing was not over; Greenland oil, therefore, was still at 22*l* and accounts were anxiously expected of the fishery in Davis' Straits, to which the greatest number of vessels was sent. No accounts were received till an unusually late period, so that it was feared the vessels had got inclosed in the ice. The accounts, however, by the first vessels in the first week of October being unfavourable, considerable speculations were made, and Greenland oil rose to 25*l.* and by the third week in October to 27*l* 10*s.* and by the latter end of the month some holders even asked 30*l.* But the ships from Davis' Straits having, contrary to the previous reports, arrived in general well fished, the prices have since declined, and Greenland has fallen to 24*l.* the market being dull at that price.

THE FUNDS.

View of the Fluctuations of the principal Stocks, viz. Bank; 3 per Cent. Consols; and 4 per Cent. of 1822.

Bank Stock.—*June* 28th, 238¼.—*July* 2d, 237¾; 6th, 237; fluctuating about ½ per cent. above or below 237 (reaching however 238 on the 12th) till the 16th, when it was at 235½. It did not again rise above 236 till the 28th, when it was at 236¼, and on the 29th, 237½; but it fell immediately to 236½, and on *August* 10th was again at 237½. It did not exceed that price above ¼, or fall below 237 till the 19th, when it was 236½, 237. It did not afterwards reach 237, but with a tendency to decline, fluctuated between 236¼ and 235¼, till it closed, *September* 3d at 235, 4¾; and no price is quoted till *October* 12th, when it was at 237½, ex div. On the 13th, 233¼, ex div. From that time to *November* 3d, it fluctuated, not rising above 234¼, or falling below 233. The 6th and 8th it was at 232, 1½, 1, 2; then to the 2d, between 231¼, 233¾; then on the 10th, 231½, 2, which is the price on the 16th, 231 having been the lowest.

Three per Cent. Consols.—*June* 1st, 93¼, shut from 2d to *July* 6th, when they opened at 93¼; they have since been very steady, without any great fluctuations: the 16th, 93¼; 20th, 92⅝; 24th, 91⅞, which was the lowest, the price being generally above 92, not rising till *August* 5th to 93; the 7th, 94½, 93⅞. They continued above 93, and on *September* 4th reached 94. They did not again fall below 93¼; reached 95 on the 20th; 95¼, the 27; and continuing above 95 till *October* 13th, when they were at 96½. They have since been generally above 96, declining only occasionally to 95 and a fraction; are now, *November* 16th, 95⅞.

Four per Cents. of 1822.—*June* 1st, 107⅞; shut till *July* 6th, 106¼; 17th, 105¼; 21st, 105; above which they remained, once or twice reaching 106, till *August* 7th, 106. Through the whole of *August* and *September* they seldom fell below 106; but it was not till *October* 8th that they rose to 107; the 13th 108, at a fraction above or below which, they have since been, and are now, *November* 16th, 108⅛.

Foreign Funds.—The fluctuations in these Funds have not been so ruinous and sudden as in former periods. The *Colombian 6 per Cent. Bonds*, which were at 80 on the 1st of *June*, are now 82½. The highest price was, *June* 15th, 86; and the lowest, *September* 14th, 71½. The *Chili 6 per Cent. Bonds* at 79 on the 8th of *June*; and now, *November* 16th, 77¼; have not been above 79¼ (10th *August* and 2d *November*) nor below 72½ (27th *July*). *Mexican*, at 52¼ the 27th *July*, is now 66½; the lowest price was, *August* 20th, 41½; the highest, *November* 2d, 67¼. We have now also a Greek loan, which has varied much, being on *July* 20th at 18 discount; and the 9th *November*, 4¾ discount. A Buenos Ayres loan, having been at a small premium, and afterwards at 4 per cent. discount, is now at par.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE

The following works are in the press —

An Epistle to Archdeacon Nares, V P of the Royal Society of Literature, from R Polwhele, an Honorary Associate

Maps and Plans Illustrative of Herodotus, Thucydides, and Xenophon, chiefly selected from D Anville, Rennell, Anacharsis, and Gail

Chronicles of London Bridge By an Antiquary of London

A Greek Derivative Index in pocket size, containing the principal Technical Terms, used in Anatomy, Botany, Chemistry, Medicine, Pharmacy, and Surgery for the use of Students By Mr J. C. Latchfield, MRCS &c

Wanderings in Wales, 1 vol post 8vo

An Estimate of the true Value of Vaccination as a Security against the Small Pox By T M Greenhow

The Good Nurse, or Hints on the Management of the Sick and Dying—in the Chamber and the Nursery By a Lady In 1 vol 12mo

The Third Volume of Mr Britton's Beauties of Wiltshire was consumed in the fire at Mr Moyes's, and is reprinting It will be principally devoted to North Wiltshire, and comprise Accounts of Malmsbury and Lacock Abbeys, Avebury, &c, a Map of the County, and 13 Engravings

The Housekeeper's Ledger, a Plain and Easy Plan of keeping Accurate Accounts of the Expenses of Housekeeping, and the Elements of Domestic Economy By William Kitchiner, MD Author of the Cook's Oracle, to which is added Tom Thrifty's Essay on the Pleasure of Early Rising, and Scheme for an Early Hour Company

A small Collection of Geographical Papers, by various Hands, respecting New South Wales, by Mr Field, late Chief Justice of the Colony

The Sertum Cantabrigiense, or Cambridge Garland, containing an Alphabetical Digest of the Tripos Lists from 1754 to 1823, by the Rev Archdeacon Wrangham

The Museum, a Poem, Cantos I and II, by John Bull

Odd Moments, or Time Beguiled

Mr Britton's History and Antiquities of Bath Abbey Church, with 10 Engravings by J and H Le Keux, &c from Drawings by Mackenzie &c

The First Volume of Architectural Illustrations of the Public Buildings of London By J Britton and A Pugin It will consist of 70 Engravings, and at least 300 pages of letter press illustrative of the Architecture and History of the Theatres, St Paul's Cathedral Westminster Abbey and Hall, the Churches of St Martin, St Stephen, Walbrook, and St Bride, Fleet street, and other edifices

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WORKS LATELY PUBLISHED

Architecture, &c

The History and Antiquities of Wells Cathedral, illustrated by 24 Engravings, by J and H Le Keux, Sands, &c from original drawings by Martin, Gandy, Shaw, &c comprising a comprehensive Account of the See and Church, &c By J Britton, F S A, &c Price 2l 10s Med 4to, and 4l 4s Impl 4to

History and Biography

The Life of John Buncle, Esq By Thomas Amory, Gent 3 Vols Post 8vo. 1l 10s

Memoirs of the Life of John Law of Lawriston. By John Phillip Wood, Esq Foolscap 6s

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The Duty of Family Prayer, a Sermon. By C. J. Blomfield, DD. (now Bishop of Chester), Rector of St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate. 8vo 1*s*

A Manual of Family Prayer. By The Lord Bishop of Chester. 18mo. 1*s* 6*d*; fine paper, 3*s.*

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ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

The Rev W B[illegible]kett to the Vicarage of South Tawton Devonshire—The Reverend Chancellor March to the Prebend of Chute and Chisenbury and The Rev W H Majendie, to the Prebend of Beaminster Prima Salisbury Cathedral—The Rev Frederick Charles Blackstone to the Vicarage of He[illegible]knell, Hants vacant by the death of the Rev W Milton—The Rev [illegible] H [illegible]lwin to the Rectory of Bradfield St Clare Suffolk vacant by the death of the Rev R Dwers The Rev Edw[illegible] [illegible] to the Rectory of D[illegible]nkston Suffolk—[illegible] W Maldo[illegible] Williams BA of [illegible] College Oxf [illegible] appointed Domestic Chaplain to the Marquis of [illegible]londerry—The Rev Dr [illegible], appointed Domestic Chaplain to HRH the Duke of Sussex—The Hon and Rev Southwell Keppel MA to the Rectory of Snitte[illegible]n St Andrew with All Saints Norfolk Patron the Earl of Albemarle—The Rev R Cobbold, to the United Rectories of [illegible] and Wortham Jervis, Suffolk—The Rev C Cutler, MA to the Mastership of the Free Grammar School at Dorchester—The Rev Thos Mills, to the living of [illegible]ston and Brinchurst, Leicestershire—The Rev Joshua Rowley to the Rectory of Holton, Suffolk—The Rev Hugh Owen, DCL Rector of Beccles cum Endgate, Suffolk to the Vicarage of Rendisham in the same county

CAMBRIDGE—The Seatonian Prize is adjudged to the Rev Hamilton Sidney Beresford, MA of Clare Hall, for his Poem on "the Death of Absalom"

Thomas Le Blanc Esq LLD Master of Trinity Hall is elected Vice Chancellor of this University [illegible]

The following is the subject of the Norrisian Prize Essay for the ensuing year—"No valid argument can be drawn from the incredulity of the Heathen Philosophers against the Truth of the Christian Religion"

BIRTHS.

Oct 17—At Queenhithe, the lady of Alderman Venables, a son

22 At [illegible]nkie House, the lady of Sir J Hope, of Craighall, a son

27 At Shooter's Hill, Kent, the lady of Sir Thos Bloomefield, Bart a son

Nov 1—The Hon Mrs Toler a son

2 In Stanhope street, Mayfair, the lady of the Rt Hon Robert Peel a son

5 At the house of her father, Sir George M'Keith, Bart the lady of J I Ellerton of the Hon East India Company's Civil Service, a daughter

8 At the Palace at Chester, the lady of the Bishop of Chester, a daughter

9 At Yester, the Marchioness of Tweedale, a son

11 At Jersey, the lady of Major Fyers, of the Royal Engineers, a daughter

12 The lady of A I Prevost, Esq a daughter

— At South Lambeth, the lady of W Hesseltine, Esq a daughter

— At Brighton the Countess of Normanton, a son

14 The lady of Dr Goodenough head master of Westminster School, a daughter

— At Richings Lodge, Bucks, the lady of the Rev. H Pepys, a son

15 In Albemarle street, the lady of Lieut Colonel Weldon, twins

19 The lady of Robert Haig, Esq of Green-street, Grosvenor square, a son

SCOTLAND.

In George street, Edinburgh, the lady of Lieut-Gen Sir John Hope GCB a son

In Prince's street, Edinburgh (Nov 8), the Hon Mrs Sinclair, of Ulbster, a son

MARRIAGES.

Oct 25.—At Whimple, Devon, Sir Gregory A. Lewin, Barrister at Law, to Elizabeth Caroline, daughter of the late Wm Buller, Esq of Maldwell Hall, Northamptonshire, and niece of Jas Buller, Esq of Downes, near Exeter.

30. At Croydon by Archdeacon Law, the Rev Edward S. Pearce only son of the late Dean of Ely, to Elizabeth, fifth daughter of Geo Smith, Esq MP

— By Special Licence, at Hepburn Hall, Durham, George John Vernon, Esq eldest son of the Hon G. Vernon of Sudbury Hall, in the county of Derby, to Miss Ellison, eldest daughter of Cuthbert Ellison, Esq MP for Newcastle upon Tyne

Nov 1. At Fulham Church Robert Mangles, Esq of Sunning Hill, Berks, to Charlotte, third daughter of Rear Admiral Ross Donelly, of Sussex House, Hammersmith

2. At Marylebone Church John Skelton, Esq of Spanish Town, Jamaica to Elizabeth Jane only daughter of Col Pritchard Royal Artillery

— At Marylebone Church, Henry, son of the Hon Matthew Fortescue, to Caroline, daughter of the Rt Hon Sir Henry Russell, Bart

— By Special Licence at West Grinstead Park, Sussex, the seat of Sir Walter Burrell, MP. for that county, by the Hon and Rev Lord Erskine, Gabriel Shaw, Esq to the Hon Frances Erskine, eldest daughter of the Rt Hon Lord Erskine

— At Hartshead, Yorkshire, Charles John Brandling, Esq of the 10th Royal Hussars to Henrietta youngest daughter of Sir George Armytage, Bart of Kirklees, in the same county

9.—At Lakenham, near Norwich, Capt W Bragge, of the 3d Light Dragoons to Margaret, second daughter of James Goodeve Sparrow, Esq of Gosfield place, Essex

— At Marylebone Church, Mr Thomas Lanham, of Bentinck street, Manchester square second son of Mr John Lanham of Newton Harcourt, Leicestershire, to Miss Frances Brooks Young, only daughter of Mr J. T. Young, Coleman street

— At Newcastle under Lyme James Smith Esq one of the Magistrates of that place, to Eliza, youngest daughter of the late John Clewes, Esq formerly an Alderman of that Borough

11. At Gwennepp, Cornwall Joseph Moore, Esq MD of Lincoln's inn Fields, to Elizabeth, daughter of J Williams, Esq of Scorrierhouse in that county

18. At St Pancras' Church, Arthur Taylor, Esq youngest son of John Taylor, Esq of Norwich, to Elizabeth Emily youngest daughter of the late Commissioner Lane of his Majesty's navy, and niece of John Hunter, Esq Hunter street, Brunswick square

— At Marylebone church, James Weale Esq of York buildings, Baker-street, to Susan Caroline, eldest daughter of Ellis Ellis, Esq of Weymouth street, Port and place

20. At Marylebone church, Robert M'William, Esq of Furnival's inn, to Charlotte, daughter and Co-heiress of the late Wm Horsfall, Esq of Norfolk-street, and of Wath, Yorkshire

IN SCOTLAND.

At Edinburgh (Nov 3) the Right Hon the Earl of Glasgow, to Julia, daughter of the Right Hon Sir John Sinclair, Bart

ABROAD.

At Paris, at the chapel of the British Ambassador, Henry R Bagshawe Esq second son of Sir W Bagshawe, Bart. of the Oaks Derbyshire, to Catherine Elizabeth, eldest daughter of John Gunning Esq late of Lower Grosvenor street

At Paris, (Oct 14), at the British Ambassador's Wm Duncan Godfrey, Esq eldest son of Sir John Godfrey, Bart of Kilcolemin Abbey, Ireland to Mary, daughter of John Coltsman, Esq of Flesk Castle, Killarney.

At Corfu Oct 19, Capt Holmes, of the 90th Light Infantry, to Amelia, eldest daughter of Major Gen, Sir Patrick Ross.

— By Special Licence at the Cape of Good Hope, Capt P Cortlandt Anderson, of the Hon East India Company's military service, to Lucy, only daughter of Harry Young, Esq. of Madeira

At Lausanne (Nov 2) Thomas Medwin, Esq late of the 24th Dragoons, to Anne Henrietta, Comtesse de Starnford.

DEATHS.

Oct 14.—At Earl's Terrace, Kensington, Mrs M'Arthur, widow of the late Col M'Arthur, in her 74th year

17 Elizabeth, wife of John Cobbold, Esq of Holywells, Ipswich, a lady well known for her various attainments and as a cultivator and patroness of Literature and the Fine Arts

22 At Dullingham house Cambridge, Lieut Gen Christopher Jefferson, in his 63d year

25 Mrs Jackson, widow of the late W Jackson, Esq Deputy Commissary Gen to the Forces

27 At Hopwell hall, Derbyshire, Thomas Pares, Esq

28 In Sloane street Chelsea, Mrs Smith, widow of the late Col George Smith, of the Hon East India Company's service

29 At Beaumont Cote, near Lancaster, aged 55, Thomas Butler, Esq eldest son of the Rev Thomas Butler, Rector of Bentham and Whittington and nephew of the late Alex Butler, Esq of Kirkland hall, in the same county

Nov 3.—At Hastings, in his 47th year Sir W Young Bart

3 In his 63d year, Wm Cotter, Esq of Beaumont place Shepherd's Bush

— Lately Wm Villers, Esq of Worsley green, Worcestershire, senior Magistrate of Birmingham

4 At Torquay, Devon Catherine Mary wife of the Hon Abraham A Hely Hutchinson one of the Commissioners of Customs for the United Kingdom

5 At Margate the Dowager Lady Dryden of Canons Ashby Northamptonshire

8 At Portswood house Hants, Elizabeth, relict of the late Count Dupont

— At Sandgate Kent Sophia wife of Henry Merrick Hoare, Esq of York place, Portman square

9.—In Upper Montagu street, Montagu square, George Thomas Bulleley, Esq formerly of Lisbon, aged 85

— At Samuel Smith's Esq MP Berkeley, Major Gen F Carey of the 3d Regt Guards

10 At Esher Surrey, in her 82d year, Elizabeth relict of Major Abingdon, of Cobham, in the same county

13 At Copt hall, Hendon, Thomas Nicholl, Esq formerly Lieut Col of the [illegible]0th Regt

17 In Hatton garden aged [illegible] Daniel Ellison Esq formerly of the firm of Cold [illegible], Son, and Ellison

IN SCOTLAND.

At Dalkeith, (Nov 4) Dr Andrew Graham, aged 74

IN IRELAND.

At Dublin Oct 30), the Rev C Maturin, Curate of St Peter's, Dublin author of Bertram, Melmoth, and many other popular productions

ABROAD.

At St Addresse, Normandy (Oct 21), aged 70, Robert Charles Dallas, Esq formerly of the Island of Jamaica, an author of the History of the Maroon War, Percival, Aubrey, and other novels and of the Recollections of the Life of Lord Byron

At Brussels (Oct. 27), Alex Ramsay Robinson Esq of Kensington

In the Island of New Providence, West Indies, Captain W. R. Dawkins, Commander of His Majesty's ship, Helicon.

At Florence, Capt. Donald Macalister, of Loup and Torrisdale, in his 54th year

At Kandy, the Hon Sir John D'Oyley Bart member of his Majesty's Council in Ceylon, and President and First Commissioner of Government in the Kandyan Provinces